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ONCE A WEEK.

AN

Illustrated Miscellany

OF

LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE, & POPULAR INFORMATION.

VOLUME III.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1860.

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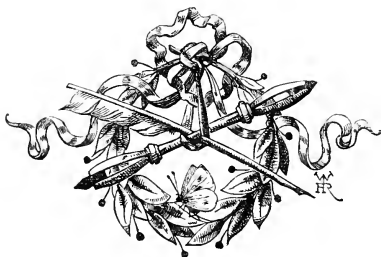


ADVENTURES with a Passport in	PAGE	Few Words on Steam Navigation, A	PAGE	Lebanon, The Druses of	PAGE
Russia	550	Finding of the Saviour in the	331	Legend of the Redbreast, The	119
Agreeable Monk, The	300	Temple, The	64	Little Redcaps of Kerleat, The	497
Aimless	437	Fins and Wings of War-Ships, The	494	London Changes	124
Amata	458	First Love	322	London Season, The	37
Armoured Ships	396, 494, 631	First Love and the Last, The	26		
Assize Intelligence	146, 232	Flemish Town, An Old	463		
At Night	102	For Hong Kong, care of Ah Leen		MAN in the Iron Mask, The	242
Artist, The	370	and Co, this Side Up	639	Manners	414
Art in Ivory	161	For Valour	5	Mar-ham's Revenge	180
Auroras	380	France, Vineyards of	44	Mask, The Man in the Iron	242
				Master Olaf	63
BAKER, The	540			Me-tung, The	276
Balloon, Up in a	178	GAME of Life, The	118	Minstrel's Curse, The	351
Barlow Brothers' Books	467	Glow-worm, The	578	Money Value of an Inventor, The	456
Bee in the Bonnet, The	72	Gossip about Organs, A	684	Monk, The Agreeable	300
Beech Tree, The	388	Governess, The		Mouths, The	46, 174, 287, 425, 567, 679
Bells, Notes on	707	Great Guns and Armoured War-	396	Morbid Memory	285
Betrayed, The	154	Ships	396	Mrs Haddock's Hair-pins	102
Black Venn	582	Group of Graves, A	272	Museum, The Hunterian	623
Britannia's Smelling Bottle	665			My Adventures with a Passport in	
				Russia	550
CAMBERWELL Assemblies, Beauties		HEAD of Hair for Sale, A	519	My Angel's Visit	656
of	459	Herberts of Elfdale, The	449, 477, 50		
Casket of Rings, A	323	His Hand upon the Latch	668	NAMES, Christian	352
Christian Names	352	How I got Shaved in Exeter	6-7	Need Fire, Kindling the	237
Christmas, Putting up the	72	How some People get on in London	9	Needlowman, The	595
Christmas, Sam Bentley's	686, 719	Hunterian Museum at the College		Negro's Revenge, The	51
College of Surgeons, The	623	of Surgeons, The	623	Nepenthes; or, Pitcher Plants	190
Contrasts	84			Night Adventure in Ireland, A	374
				Noctuary of Terror, A	298
DARK Gordon's Bride	238	ICEBERG, The	467, 431	Non Satus	575
Defences, Our Second Line of,	544, 600	India-Rubber Artist, The	239	Notes on Bells	707
Diamond Ring, Wanted a	210	Ireland, Night Adventure in	374	Now, and Then	528
Druses of Lebanon, The	119	Iron Mask, The Man in the	242	Nuremberg	718
		Is the Yellow Jack at Shorncliffe?	239		
		I've Lost My Heart	190	OF Some Odd People and Odd	
ELEPHANTS, Essex	53	JAPANESE Fragments, 33, 110, 157,		Sights in London	66
Elfin Meadows	303	201, 260, 313, 383, 437.		Old Flemish Town, An	463
Eltham Palace	400	Jeanie	444	Old Player's Story, The	134
Emigrant Artist, The	606	Jersey, Jottings in	216	Once Upon a Time	23
England's Lost Ground	187	Jolly Anglers	267	Organs, A Gossip about	684
Essentials of Armoured Ships	631	Jottings in Jersey	216	Oriental Recollections	16
Essex Elephants	53			Our Second Line of Defences	544, 600
Evau Harrington; or, He Would		KEBLEAU, The Little Red Caps of	497	Our Volunteers	81
be a Gentleman, 1, 29, 57, 83,		Kindling the Need Fire	237	Out of the Depths	323
113, 141, 169, 197, 225, 253, 281,		Knight's Grave, The	500	Oysters and Pearls	78
3-9, 337, 365, 393, 4. 1.					
Exeter, How I got Shaved at.	637	LAST Week, 165, 193, 221, 249, 277,		PALACE at Eltham	400
		305, 323, 361, 389, 417, 445, 473,		Part of the Sunbeam, The	348
FAIR and False	710	501, 559, 555, 585, 613, 641, 669,		Passport in Russia, Adventures	550
Famozz City of Prague, The	579, 660	697, 724.		with a	550
Faristan and Fatima	377				

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
Petrarch, Sonnet from	691	Score of Years Ago, A	416	Trains and Tramways	522
Physic: A Fortune	327	September	332	Tramways of London and Environs	316
Pillion, The	106, 132	Shu and I	56	Two Beauties of the Camberwell	
Pipes of Paper	215	Shorncliffe, Is Yellow Jack at	236	Assemblies, 1778	459
Pitcher Plants	190	Silver Cord, The, 533, 561, 589, 617, 645, 673, 701.		Two Days in Weimar	274
Pouring Wet Day, A	7	Snail Supper, A	155	Two Hands, The	640
Player's Story, The Old	134	Sonnet from Petrarch	691	UNCONSCIOUS Body-Guard, The	354
Prague	579, 660	Spirit Rapping Made Easy	403, 489	Up in a Balloon	173
Public Schools of London, The	95	Steady Students, The	691		
Putting up the Christmas	722	Steam Navigation, A Few Words on	331		
		Steel-Grinder, The	91		
RECENT Spirit Rappings	212	Story, The Old Player's	134	VINEYARDS of La Belle France, The	44
Red-bait, Legend of the	722	Suasion Post, The	130	Violet	139
Representative Men and Women, 205, 318, 483, 651.		Sunbeam, Parentage of the	348	Visit to an Old Hall at Eltham	400
Rings, A Casket of	523	Surgeons, The College of	623	Volunteer-Day in 1803	20
Romance of the Ranks	576	TAP Dressing	188		
Rum for a Place, A	573	Telegraph Reporting in Canada and United States	258	WANTED a Diamond Ring	210
Russia, Adventures with a Passport in	550	Tennuin	629	War-ships	396, 494, 631
		Tenby	345	Weather and the Price of Food	149
SAM BENTLEY's Christmas	686, 710	Thames, The	168	Weimar, Two Days in	274
Saviour in the Temple, The	64	Tomb of Mausolus, The	55	Westward Ho!	341
		Training of Nurses, The		Won	612
				Wormwood	632

INDEX TO ILLUSTRATIONS.

BROOKS, J. W.—546, 547, 602, 603.	KEENE, C.—1, 20, 29, 57, 85, 113, 141, 169, 197, 225, 233, 281, 309, 337, 365, 393, 416, 421, 608, 687, 712.	WALKER, F.—24, 25, 182, 184, 210, 294, 322, 359, 449, 454, 477, 505, 508, 583, 668, 723.
BROWNE, HÆFLOT K.—108, 108, 132, 133, 528, 710.	LAWLESS, M. J.—79, 155, 304, 351, 462, 638.	WOODS, R. T.—163.
DU MAURIER, G.—378, 379, 553, 557, 575, 640, 691, 695.	LEECH, J.—9, 14, 43, 71, 98, 126, 266.	
GREEN, C.—246, 327, 330, 375, 472, 612, 633.	LUARD, J.—84.	DIAGRAMS, Various.—398, 403 <i>sqq.</i> 489 <i>sqq.</i> , 514 <i>sqq.</i> , 605.
HINE, H. G.—100, 189, 192, 217, 219, 220, 273, 412, 463, 466, 589, 581, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 661, 663, 665, 684, 718, 720, 721.	MACQUOID, T. R.—46, 174, 288, 426, 498, 568, 681, 707.	INDIA-RUBBER SPECIMENS.—240, 241.
HULL, E.—347, 401.	MILLAIS, J. E.—63, 140, 238, 276, 407, 435, 519.	JAPANESE SKETCHES.—34, 36, 112, 158, 160, 202, 204, 261, 263, 314, 316, 384, 385, 387, 433, 440, 441, 444.
HUNT, W. HOLMAN—102, 630.	SKELTON, P. J.—301, 346, 500.	
	TENNIEL, J.—52, 533, 561, 589, 617, 645, 673, 701.	



ONCE A WEEK.



EVAN HARRINGTON ; or, HE WOULD BE A GENTLEMAN.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.



CHAPTER XXVII. EXHIBITS ROSE'S GENERALSHIP ;
EVAN'S PERFORMANCE ON THE SECOND FIDDLE ;
AND THE WRETCHEDNESS OF THE COUNTESS.

We left Rose and Evan on their way to Lady Jocelyn. At the library-door Rose turned to him, and with her chin archly lifted sideways, said :

" I know what you feel ; you feel foolish."

Now the sense of honour, and of the necessity of

acting the part it imposes on him, may be very strong in a young man ; but certainly, as a rule, the sense of ridicule is more poignant, and Evan was suffering horrid pangs. We none of us like to play second fiddle. To play second fiddle to a woman is an abomination to us all. But to have to perform upon that instrument to the darling of our hearts—would we not rather die ? nay, almost

rather end the duct precipitately and with violence. Evan, when he passed Drummond into the house, and quietly returned his gaze, endured the first shock of this strange feeling. There could be no doubt that he was playing second fiddle to Rose. And what was he about to do? Oh, horror! to stand like a criminal, and say, or worse, have said for him, things to tip the ears with fire! To tell the young lady's mother that he had won her daughter's love, and meant—what did he mean? He knew not. Alas! he was second fiddle; he could only mean what she meant. Evan loved Rose deeply and completely, but noble manhood was strong in him. You may sneer at us if you please, ladies. We have been educated in a theory, that when you lead off with the bow, the order of Nature is reversed, and it is no wonder, therefore, that, having stript us of one attribute, our fine feathers moult, and the majestic cock-like march which distinguishes us degenerates. You unsex us, if I may dare to say so. Ceasing to be men, what are we? If we are to please you rightly, always allow us to play First.

Poor Rose did feel foolish. Whether Rose saw it in his walk, or had a loving feminine intuition of it, and was aware of the golden rule I have just laid down, we need not inquire. She hit the fact, and he could only stammer, and bid her open the door.

"No," she said, after a slight hesitation, "it will be better that I should speak to mama alone, I see. Walk out on the lawn, dear, and wait for me. And if you meet Drummond, don't be angry with him. Drummond is very fond of me, and of course I shall teach him to be fond of you. He only thinks . . . what is not true, because he does not know you. I do thoroughly, and there, you see, I give you my hand."

Evan drew the dear hand humbly to his lips. Rose then nodded meaningly, and let her eyes dwell on him, and went in to her mother to open the battle.

Could it be that a flame had sprung up in those grey eyes latterly? Once they were like morning before sunrise. How soft and warm and tenderly transparent they could now be! Assuredly she loved him. And he, beloved by the noblest girl ever fashioned, why should he hang his head, and shrink at the thought of human faces, like a wretch doomed to the pillory? He visioned her last glance, and lightning emotions of pride and happiness flashed through his veins. The generous, brave heart! Yes, with her hand in his, he could stand at bay—meet any fate. Evan accepted Rose because he believed in her love, and judged it by the strength of his own; her sacrifice of her position he accepted, because in his soul he knew he should have done no less. He mounted to the level of her nobleness, and losing nothing of the beauty of what she did, it was not so strange to him.

Still there was the baleful reflection that he was second fiddle to his beloved. No harmony came of it in his mind. How could he take an initiative? He walked forth on the lawn, where a group had gathered under the shade of a maple,

consisting of Drummond Forth, Mrs. Evremonde, Mrs. Shorne, Mr. George Uploft, Seymour Jocelyn, and Ferdinand Laxley. A little apart Juliana Bonner was walking with Miss Carrington. Juliana, when she saw him, left her companion, and passing him swiftly, said, "Follow me presently into the conservatory."

Evan strolled near the group, and bowed to Mrs. Shorne, whom he had not seen that morning.

The lady's acknowledgment of his salute was constrained, and but a shade on the side of recognition. They were silent till he was out of ear-shot. He noticed that his second approach produced the same effect. In the conservatory Juliana was awaiting him.

"It is not to give you roses I called you here, Mr. Harrington," she said.

"Not if I beg one?" he responded.

"Ah! but you do not want them from . . . It depends on the person."

"Pluck this," said Evan, pointing to a white rose.

She put her fingers to the stem.

"What folly!" she cried, and turned from it.

"Are you afraid that I shall compromise you?" asked Evan.

"You care for me too little for that."

"My dear Miss Bonner!"

"How long did you know Rose before you called her by her Christian name?"

Evan really could not remember, and was beginning to wonder what he had been called there for. The little lady had feverish eyes and fingers, and seemed to be burning to speak, but afraid.

"I thought you had gone," she dropped her voice, "without wishing me good bye."

"I certainly should not do that, Miss Bonner."

"Formal!" she exclaimed, half to herself. "Miss Bonner thanks you. Do you think I wish you to stay? No friend of yours would wish it. You do not know the selfishness—brutal!—of these people of birth, as they call it."

"I have met with nothing but kindness here," said Evan.

"Then go while you can feel that," she answered; "for it cannot last another hour. Here is the rose." She broke it from the stem and handed it to him. "You may wear that, and they are not so likely to call you an adventurer, and names of that sort. I am hardly considered a lady by them."

An adventurer! The full meaning of the phrase struck Evan's senses when he was alone. Miss Bonner knew something of his condition, evidently. Perhaps it was generally known, and perhaps it was thought that he had come to win Rose for his worldly advantage! The idea was overwhelmingly new to him. Upstarted self-love in arms. He would renounce her.

It is no insignificant contest when love has to crush self-love utterly. At moments it can be done. Love has divine moments. There are times also when Love draws part of his being from self-love, and can find no support without it.

But how could he renounce her, when she came

forth to him, smiling, speaking freshly and lightly, and with the colour on her cheeks which showed that she had done her part? How could he retract a step?

"I have told mama, Evan. That's over. She heard it first from me."

"And she?"

"Dear Evan, if you are going to be sensitive, I'll run away. You that fear no danger, and are the bravest man I ever knew! I think you are really trembling. She will speak to papa, and then—and then, I suppose, they will both ask you whether you intend to give me up, or no. I'm afraid you'll do the former."

"Your mother—Lady Jocelyn listened to you, Rose? You told her all?"

"Every bit."

"And what does she think of me?"

"Thinks you very handsome and astonishing, and me very idiotic and natural, and that there is a great deal of bother in the world, and that my noble relations will lay the blame of it on her. No, dear, not all that: but she talked very sensibly to me, and kindly. You know she is called a philosopher: nobody knows how deep-hearted she is, though. My mother is true as steel. I can't separate the kindness from the sense, or I would tell you all she said. When I say, kindness, I don't mean any 'Oh, my child,' and tears, and kisses, and maudering, you know. You mustn't mind her thinking me a little fool. You want to know what she thinks you? She said nothing to hurt you, Evan, and we have gained ground so far, and now we'll go and face our enemies. Uncle Mel expects to hear about your appointment, in a day or two, and——"

"Oh, Rose!" Evan burst out.

"What is it?"

"Why must I owe everything to you?"

"Why, dear? Why, because, if you do, it's very much better than your owing it to anybody else. Proud again?"

Not proud: only second fiddle.

"You know, dear Evan, when two people love, there is no such thing as owing between them."

"Rose, I have been thinking. It is not too late. I love you, God knows! I did in Portugal: I do now—more and more. But—Oh, my bright angel!" he ended the sentence in his breast.

"Well? but—what?"

Evan sounded down the meaning of his "but." Stripped of the usual heroics, it was, "what will be thought of me?" not a small matter to any of us. He caught a distant glimpse of the little bit of bare selfishness, and shrank from it.

"Too late," cried Rose. "The battle has commenced now, and, Mr. Harrington, I will lean on your arm, and be led to my dear friends yonder. Do they think that I am going to put on a mask to please them? Not for anybody! What they are to know they may as well know at once."

She looked in Evan's face.

"Do you hesitate?"

He felt the contrast between his own and hers; between the niggard spirit of the beggarly receiver, and the high bloom of the exalted

giver. Nevertheless, he loved her too well not to share much of her nature, and wedding it suddenly, he said:

"Rose; tell me, now. If you were to see the place where I was born, could you love me still?"

"Yes, Evan."

"If you were to hear me spoken of with contempt——"

"Who dares?" cried Rose. "Never to me!"

"Contempt of what I spring from, Rose. Names used . . . Names are used . . ."

"Tush!—names!" said Rose, reddening.

"How cowardly that is! Have you finished? Oh, faint heart! I suppose I'm not a fair lady, or you wouldn't have won me. Now, come. Remember, Evan, I conceal nothing; and if anything makes you wretched here, do think how I love you."

In his own firm belief he had said everything to arrest her in her course, and been silenced by transcendent logic. She thought the same.

Leaning on his arm, Rose made up to the concave under the maple.

The voices hushed as they approached.

"Capital weather," said Rose. "Does Harry come back from London to-morrow—does anybody know?"

"Not awaaah," Laxley was heard to reply.

Rose had not relinquished Evan's arm. She clung to it ostentatiously, with her right hand stuck in her side.

"Do you find support necessary?" inquired Mrs. Shorne.

"No, aunt," Rose answered, immovably.

"Singular habit!" Mrs. Shorne interjected.

"No habit at all, aunt. A whim."

"More suitable for public assemblies, I should think."

"Depends almost entirely upon the gentleman; doesn't it, aunt?"

Anger at her niece's impertinence provoked the riposte:

"Yes, upon its being a gentleman."

Mrs. Shorne spoke under her breath, but there was an uneasy movement through the company after she had spoken. Seymour Jocelyn screwed his moustache: Mr. George Uploft tugged at his waistcoat: Laxley grimaced: and the ladies exchanged glances: all very quietly and of the lightest kind—a mere ruffle of the surface. It was enough for Evan.

"I want to speak a word to you, Rose," said Mrs. Shorne.

"With the greatest pleasure, my dear aunt:" and Rose walked after her.

"My dear Rose," Mrs. Shorne commenced, "your conduct requires that I should really talk to you most seriously. You are probably not aware of what you are doing. Nobody likes ease and natural familiarity more than I do. I am persuaded it is nothing but your innocence. You are young to the world's ways, and perhaps a little too headstrong, and vain."

"Conceited and wilful," added Rose.

"If you like the words better. But I must say—I do not wish to trouble your father—you know

he cannot bear worry—but I must say, that if you do not listen to me, he must be spoken to.”

“Why not mama?”

“I should naturally select my brother first. No doubt you understand me.”

“Any distant allusion to Mr. Harrington?”

“Pertness will not avail you, Rose.”

“So you want me to do secretly what I am doing openly?”

“You must and shall remember you are a Jocelyn, Rose.”

“Only half, my dear aunt.”

“And by birth a lady, Rose.”

“And I ought to look under my eyes, and blush, and shrink, whenever I come near a gentleman, aunt!”

“Ah! my dear. No doubt you will do what is most telling. Since you have spoken of this Mr. Harrington, I must inform you that I have it on certain authority from two or three sources, that he is the son of a small shopkeeper at Lympert.”

Mrs. Shorne watched the effect she had produced.

“Indeed, aunt?” cried Rose. “And do you know this to be true?”

“So when you talk of gentlemen, Rose, please be careful whom you include.”

“I mustn't include poor Mr. Harrington? Then my grandpapa Bonner is out of the list, and such numbers of good, worthy men?”

Mrs. Shorne understood the hit at the defunct manufacturer. She said: “You must most distinctly give me your promise, while this young adventurer remains here—I think it will not be long—not to be compromising yourself further, as you now do. Or—indeed I must—I shall let your parents perceive that such conduct is ruin to a young girl in your position, and certainly you will be sent to Elburne House for the winter.”

Rose lifted her hands, crying: “Ye Gods!—as Harry says. But I'm very much obliged to you, my dear aunt. Concerning Mr. Harrington, wonderfully obliged. Son of a small——! Is it a t-t-tailor, aunt?”

“It is—I have heard.”

“And that is much worse. Cloth is viler than cotton! And don't they call these creatures sn-snips? Some word of that sort?”

“It makes little difference what they are called.”

“Well, aunt, I sincerely thank you. As this subject seems to interest you, go and see mama, now. She can tell you a great deal more; and, if you want her authority, come back to me.”

Rose then left her aunt in a state of extreme indignation. It was a clever move to send Mrs. Shorne to Lady Jocelyn. They were antagonistic, and rational as Lady Jocelyn was, and with her passions under control, she was unlikely to side with Mrs. Shorne.

Now Rose had fought against herself, and had, as she thought, conquered. In Portugal Evan's half insinuations had given her small suspicions, which the scene on board the *Jocasta* had half confirmed: and since she came to communicate with her own mind, she bore the attack of all that rose against him, bit by bit. She had not been too blind to see the unpleasantness of the fresh

facts revealed to her. They did not change her; on the contrary, drew her to him faster—and she thought she had completely conquered whatever could rise against him. But when Juliana Bonner told her that day that Evan was not only the son of the thing, but the thing himself, and that his name could be seen any day in Lympert, and that he had come from the shop to Beckley, poor Rosey had a sick feeling that almost sank her. For a moment she looked back wildly to the doors of retreat. Her eyes had to feed on Evan, she had to taste some of the luxury of love, before she could gain composure, and then her arrogance towards those she called her enemies did not quite return.

“In that letter you told me all—all—all, Evan?”

“Yes, all—religiously.”

“Oh, why did I miss it!”

“Would it give you pleasure?”

She feared to speak, being tender as a mother to his sensitiveness. The expressive action of her eyebrows sufficed. She could not bear concealment, or doubt, or a shadow of dishonesty; and he, gaining force of soul to join with hers, took her hands and related the contents of the letter fully. She was pale when he had finished. It was some time before she was able to get free from the trammels of prejudice, but when she did, she did without reserve, saying: “Evan, there is no man who would have done so much.” and he was told that he was better loved than ever. These little exaltations and generousities bind lovers tightly. He accepted the credit she gave him, and at that we need not wonder. It helped him further to accept herself, otherwise could he—with his name known to be on a shop-front—have aspired to her still? But, as an unexampled man, princely in soul, as he felt, why, he might kneel to Rose Jocelyn. So they listened to one another, and blinded the world by putting bandages on their eyes, after the fashion of little boys and girls.

Meantime the fair being who had brought these two from the ends of the social scale into this happy tangle, the beneficent Countess, was wretched. When you are in the enemy's country you are dependent on the activity and zeal of your spies and scouts, and the best of these—Polly Wheelde, to wit—had proved defective, recalcitrant even. And because a letter had been lost in her room! as the Countess exclaimed to herself, though Polly gave her no reasons. The Countess had, therefore, to rely chiefly upon personal observation, upon her intuitions, upon her sensations in the proximity of the people to whom she was opposed; and from these she gathered that she was, to use the word which seemed fitting to her, betrayed. Still to be sweet, still to smile and to amuse,—still to give her zealous attention to the business of the diplomatist's election, still to go through her church-services devoutly, required heroism; she was equal to it, for she had remarkable courage; but it was hard to feel no longer one with Providence. Had not Providence suggested Sir Abraham to her? killed him off at the right moment in aid of her? And now Providence had turned, and the assistance she had formerly

received from that Power, and given thanks for so profusely, was the cause of her terror. It was absolutely as if she had been borrowing from an abhorred Jew, and were called upon to pay fifty-fold interest!

"Evan!" she writes in a gasp to Harriet. "We must pack up and depart. Abandon everything. He has disgraced us all, and ruined himself. The greater his punishment, the greater the mercy to him. Impossible that we can stay for the pic-nic. We are *known*, dear. Think of my position one day in this house! Particulars when I embrace you. I *dare* not trust a letter here. If Evan had confided in me! He is impenetrable. He will be low all his life, and I *refuse* any more to sully myself in attempting to lift him. For Silva's sake I must positively break the connection. Heaven knows what I have done for this boy, and will support me in the feeling that I have done enough. My conscience at least is safe."

Like many illustrious generals, the Countess had, for the hour, lost heart. We find her, however, the next day, writing:

"Oh! Harriet! what trials for sisterly affection! Can I possibly—weather the gale, as the old L—sailors used to say? It is dreadful. I fear I am, by duty bound to stop on.—Little Bonner thinks Evan quite a duke's son,—has been speaking to her grandmama, and *to-day*, this morning, the venerable old lady quite as much as gave me to understand that an union between our brother and her son's child would sweetly gratify her, and help her to go to her rest in peace. Can I chase that spark of comfort from one so truly pious? Dearest Juliana! I have anticipated Evan's feeling for her, and so she thinks his conduct cold. Indeed, I told her, point blank, he loved her. That, you know, is different from saying *dying* of love, which would have been an untruth. But, Evan, of course! No getting him! Should Juliana ever reproach me, I can assure the child that any man is in love with any woman—which is really the case. It is, you dear humdrum! what the dictionary calls '*nascent*.' I never liked the word, but it stands for a fact, though I would rather have had it '*sweet scent*.'"

The Countess here exhibits the weakness of a self-educated intelligence. She does not comprehend the joys of scholarship in her employment of Latinisms. It will be pardoned to her by those who perceive the profound piece of feminine discernment which precedes it.

"I do think I shall now have courage to stay out the pic-nic," she continues. "I really do not think *all* is known. Very little *can* be known, or I am sure I could not feel as I do. It would burn me up. George Up—does not dare; and his most beautiful lady-love had far better not. Mr. Forth may repent his whispers. But, Oh! what Evan may do! Rose is almost detestable. Manners, my dear? Totally deficient!

"An ally has just come. Evan's good fortune is most miraculous. His low friend turns out to be a young Fortunatus; very original, sparkling, and in *my* hands to be made much of. I do think he will—for he is most zealous—he will counteract that hateful Mr. Forth, who may soon have work

enough. Mr. Raikes (Evan's friend) met a mad captain in Fallowfield! Dear Mr. Raikes is ready to say anything; not from love of falsehood, but because he is ready to *think* it. He has confessed to me that Evan told him! Louisa de Saldar has changed his opinion, and much impressed this eccentric young gentleman. Do you know any young girl who wants a fortune, and would be *grateful*?

"Dearest! I have decided on the pic-nic. Let your conscience be clear, and Providence *cannot* be against you. So I feel. Mr. Parsley spoke very beautifully to that purpose last Sunday in the morning service. A little too much through his nose, perhaps; but the poor young man's nose is a great organ, and we will not cast it in his teeth more than nature has done. I said so to my diplomatist, who was amused. Oh! what principle we women require in the thorny walk of life. I can show you a letter when we meet that will astonish humdrum. Not so diplomatic as the writer thought! Mrs. Melville (sweet woman!) must continue to practise civility; for a woman who is a wife, my dear, in verity she lives in a glass house, and let her fling no stones. 'Let him who is without sin.' How beautiful that Christian sentiment! I hope I shall be pardoned, but it *always* seems to me that what *we* have to endure is infinitely worse than any other suffering, for you find no comfort for the children of T—s in scripture, nor any defence of their dreadful position. Robbers, thieves, Magdalens! but, no! the unfortunate offspring of that class are not even mentioned: at least, in my most diligent perusal of the Scriptures, I never lighted upon any remote allusion; and we know the Jews did wear clothing. Outcasts, verily! And Evan, could go, and write—but I have no patience with him. He is the blind tool of his mother, and anybody's puppet."

The letter concludes, with horrid emphasis:

"The Madré in Beckley! Has sent for Evan from a low public-house! I have intercepted the messenger. Evan closeted with Sir Franks. Andrew's horrible old brother with Lady Jocelyn. The whole house, from garret to kitchen, full of whispers!"

A prayer to Providence closes the communication.

(To be continued.)

FOR VALOUR.

WHEN we read the accounts of the great battles of the Peninsular war, and indeed of all wars of the past generation, in which Englishmen have borne their flag to victory, we are inclined to ask the question, What records have we of the deeds of daring of our subalterns and common soldiers? Successful generals have founded great families; and ministers, who have played with the lives of the rank and file as though they were so many inorganic pawns, have gone down to posterity as the saviours of their country; but what attempt has there ever been up to the present time to single out the simple soldier for honours and rewards for gallant deeds done on the field of battle? The Duke of Wellington used to

say that the difference between himself and Marshal Soult was, that when the latter got his troops into a mess he used to run away from them, but that when *he* got his army into a fix it was sure to get him out of it. Yet the units of this splendid machine of war, which has so often compelled victory, were up to the Crimean campaign treated like so much inanimate material, worthy of a few platitudes published in the Gazette respecting their indomitable valour; but beyond that they did not dare to aspire.

Of all the heroes who fought and conquered at Waterloo, the figure of Shaw the Life Guardsman stands out prominently in the popular mind as the type of valour in that tremendous struggle; and his deed will pass down to posterity, none the less certainly because pompous historians do not condescend to notice him. We have been so be-Prussianised—led to consider our army as so many cogs and wheels, to be directed by some general who puts his hand upon the lever—that we have, or rather had, forgotten that there was such a thing as individual will and intelligence that might possibly be worth something, even in the subordinate officer and common soldier, on the field of battle. To help us out of this delusion, happily came the Enfield rifle; and with arms of precision a general relaxation of all the members of the old tight-braced machine; our army is beginning to find that to individual forethought, prowess, and skill—those small details which make up the grandest totals—some of the most glorious actions, and the most decisive moments of great events, have been owing. It must have been an early appreciation of this new light which led Her Majesty to institute the new and most democratic of all honours—the Victoria Cross. Other decorations may be peacefully obtained by political jobbing, or the silent but irresistible influence of the social screw; but the Victoria Cross must be borne fresh from some noble deed of daring, done under the eye of day. That the institution of this order will have a great effect upon our army, we have no manner of doubt. The British soldier, hitherto considered so stolidly unimpressible by any other than the most animal motives, will be found to be touched with the sacred fire for the mere hope of clutching this materially worthless bit of bronze.

In passing through Mr. Desanges' gallery of pictures of the heroes who have won this much-coveted Cross, one cannot help reflecting that the inspiration of a single moment, sufficient only for the instincts to have play, has been sufficient to earn name and fame for ever. Sergeant Ablett of the Guards, seeing a shell falling in the midst of a number of ammunition waggons, seized and threw it outside the trench, where it burst. Mr. Hewett, acting mate of the *Beagle*, in charge of a Lancaster gun before Sebastopol, seeing a Russian party about to take the gun in flank, with the assistance of a few soldiers slewed it round, blew down the parapet, and checked the advancing column. Colonel Bell, finding a Russian gun limbered up and just about to be drawn off at the Battle of the Alma, seized the horses' heads, and brought the captured trophy to a place of safety.

These actions, the work of a moment's heroic inspiration, would have survived in the recollection of a few comrades only, as thousands of others have done in past wars, had not Mr. Desanges, in a happy moment, conceived the idea of rendering them patent to the world, as long as canvas and colour shall last, by the skill of his pencil. As one surveys the large exhibition room at the Egyptian Hall covered with vigorously painted pictures of the deeds of daring of the winners of the Victoria Cross, it is scarcely possible to believe that they have all been produced by one hand within these last two years. Never was there a better example of the difference between ourselves and France than this exhibition affords. Versailles is crowded with ill-drawn but stirring pictures of national heroism, lavishly paid for by the government: here a single individual undertakes the task, and accomplishes it on his own resources. And has he not added to the value of the Cross itself? We may, if we like, read a dry, bald account in the official Gazette of some glorious deed done by a private or officer in the presence of the enemy, but our artist reproduces the veritable action with all its accessories. Private John M'Dermond left his father's cottage, perchance a raw boy, before the great Crimean fight; when he returns to the paternal roof, he may, if he likes, carry with him a photograph of the noble picture in which he is rescuing Colonel Haly from a party of Russians who had struck him down at the Battle of Inkermann. Private T. R. Roberts might, for all we know, have been considered a ne'er-do-well at home, and, possibly, his enlisting in the Indian Army was thought a good riddance of bad rubbish. But we know not the good that lies hidden in our hearts, only requiring an occasion to call it forth. Roberts, in the great mutiny, brought a wounded comrade on his back through one of the streets of Bolundshahur, under a heavy fire, in doing which he was himself wounded, and of which wound he has since died. But for Mr. Desanges, his glorious deeds of courage and humanity would have died with him, but now the sun-picture will hang on the cottage wall, with the Victoria Cross beneath it, to tell to generations to come of the true nobility of soul of the poor ne'er-do-well.

How can we count the value of the Cross thus illustrated? The English peasant, ill-used as he has been, is a dull clod enough; but, if anything would fire him, it would be such proof as these would afford that, even in the bloody turmoil of battle, his Sovereign's eye was upon him, ready to reward his bravery, his self-denial, and his humanity regardless of personal safety, and that art was at hand to stamp his glory on the canvas, and bring it by means of the sun-pencil to the ken of his friends and kinsmen in his native place.

And the good of such a gallery as that of Mr. Desanges' must tell on the upper as well as the lower ranks. We were too apt to think the officers of the Guards feather-bed soldiers, and to see a young ensign lounging down St. James's Street, it would almost seem as though the smoke of a cannon would place him *hors de combat*. But look at Mr. Desanges' picture of Captain Lindsay rallying

his regiment of Fusilier Guards, with the colours borne aloft, when for a moment they were thrown into disorder by the shower of Russian shot, as they staggered up the hill-side at the Alma. The good old stuff will shine through the fine-laced coat, and the silken boudoirs of May Fair will not less prize some record of such a deed than the homespun people of the country cottage. Of the merits of Mr. Desanges' gallery as an art exhibition it is not our province to speak. His facile pencil is too well known to require any flourish from us; but we think no Englishman can visit the Victoria Cross Gallery without a feeling of national pride, and without the conviction also that the Cross is enhanced in value by Mr. Desanges' characteristic illustrations of the manner in which it has been won. We trust when the gallery is closed that these interesting pictures may pass into the national possession, and that on the walls of Chelsea College they may tell to future heroes how their forefathers fought and conquered in the Crimean and the Indian wars. A. W.

A POURING WET DAY.

JUNE 17TH, 1860.

RAIN! endless rain! methinks the weeping clouds
Should long ere this have deepest grief assuaged
With their fast-falling tears. Quick-footed Winds!
Drive these o'er-gloomy mourners far away,
So pitilessly selfish in their woe.
Poor shiv'ring Earth! when will these spiteful ones
Hear her sad sighs, and cease to interpose
Between her and her love—the god of day—
Ready to woo her with his brightest smiles,
But by these marplots thwarted in his wish?
Say, ill-used orb, who, in most gen'rous mood,
Hast often given these traitor clouds attire
Of roseate hue, superbly fringed with gold,
Canst thou fresh honours on the rebels fling?
Wilt thou again recline thy weary head,
In summer eve, on their ungrateful breasts,
And fondly kiss them with thy ruddy lips?
And ye, sweet, blue-eyed, even-temper'd skies,
That look so happy all the sunlit hours,
And in the night wear such a tranquil face,
When moon and stars hang up their shining lamps,
When shall we see you? Peevish clouds, begone!

THE TRAINING OF NURSES.

IN treating of the profession of the Nurse, some months ago,* I observed that, "it is not the fatigue, nor the disagreeableness, nor the anxiety, nor the low and doubtful position of nurses which keeps us so bare of them, while other departments of female industry overflow. It is that no woman who would be a nurse knows where to go, and what to do to qualify herself." There is now an end of this difficulty. Every woman may now ascertain her own fitness or unfitness for the nursing profession, and, if found capable, can at once enter, without expense or trouble, on the training which shall qualify her for her business.

The fund which was formed in Miss Nightingale's honour, on her return from the East, and placed at her disposal for her great object of train-

ing nurses, has been accumulating since that time, under the care of trustees, the failure of Miss Nightingale's health compelling a long delay in the formation of plans. In spite of illness she has framed her scheme; and the Committee of the Fund have published it in a way so plain that no woman can now be under any difficulty how to proceed.

ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL is to be the training-school. There, in those wards, some of them 100 feet long, and among the new cases coming in by the hundred in a day, and in full view of almost every disease but small pox, and of every conceivable accident, the future nurses of the English people may now learn their business. The matron will be their ruler, the Resident Medical Officer and the "Sisters" (superintendents of the nurses) will be their instructors; and they will act as assistants to the regular day and night nurses. By due diligence, the novices will become fit for professional employment in a year; and a year's training at St. Thomas's Hospital is the amount offered.

The candidate must be fully resolved to stay the year out. There may be circumstances—which as a failure of health, or other accident—which may induce the Committee to allow an earlier departure; but nothing of the sort must be depended on. The candidate must know her own mind, and pledge herself for the twelve months. The authorities of the hospital, on the other hand, have the right of dismissing any "Probationer" (as the nurses in training are called), at any time, for obvious unfitness, as well as for misconduct.

The best age is from twenty-five to thirty-five. Of course, the candidate must be in good health and vigour, and must bear a good character. She will be registered on her entrance on her training, and a record will be kept of her conduct and qualifications, which will be laid before the Committee of the Nightingale Fund once a month. If this record presents a satisfactory account at the end of the year, she will be a certificated nurse,—no doubt eagerly sought, and nearly certain of being provided with an engagement, either in that hospital or some other. The Committee declare that they "look forward with confidence to being able to find situations for their certificated nurses," at the end of their term of probation.

The Probationers will be trained at the expense of the Nightingale Fund. That is, they will have board and separate lodging in the hospital, and their washing, and a certain provision of outer clothing. They will be paid 10*l.* in the course of the year; 2*l.* the first quarter, 2*l.* 10*s.* the second quarter, and also the third; and 3*l.* the last quarter. A certain degree of merit will obtain a gratuity of 3*l.*, and the highest of all a gift of 5*l.*, from the Committee at the end of the first year of independent service.

It does not appear that there is at present any limitation of number. In fact, any woman of the proper age, and good health, and character, may offer herself, with a tolerable certainty that a useful and honourable career is open before her, in which she cannot fail except by some failure in herself.

* "ONCE A WEEK," Vol. I., p. 473.

It is inconceivable that there should not be a crowd of applications when the plan is once known and understood, for in no profession or occupation is there such a scarcity of hands, or therefore so clear a prospect of constant employment.

The candidate has simply to apply to the matron—Mrs. Wardroper—at St. Thomas's Hospital, Southwark; and, if in person, between eleven and twelve in the forenoon. Mrs. Wardroper will supply her with a slip of paper—a form to be filled up with replies to eight inquiries:

Name of applicant.

Age.

Place of birth.

Where educated.

Previous occupation.

Whether single, married, or widow. (If married, the certificate must be produced.)

If married, or a widow, whether with children; and, if so, with how many.

References.

This is all very plain and easy; and here we see the beginning of a new period, in which the traditional "old nurse" will die out, and the sick of our country will have less suffering in illness, and a better chance of recovery than ever before; and in which the most womanly of professional occupations will have been, for the first time, effectually thrown open to all who are worthy to enter it.

It is to be hoped that while the Committee are providing tendance for every disease and every terrible accident which is admitted into a hospital, or is found in any private house, they will not overlook the brain-sick, who are the severest sufferers of all. In the words of one who has known that suffering, and the misery of bad attendance under it, "There is far more need to train attendants for the insane than for the sick. The sick can tell if they are ill-treated, and will be believed; but the poor sick in mind may be neglected and ill-used to an extent that the world knows little of, and find no remedy."

The Lunacy Commissioners, and all the benevolent men in the profession cannot secure justice to the insane, while the race of attendants is what it has always been, and is now. There is actually no existing remedy for the enormous evil of subjecting persons of education and refinement to the management and control of ignorant attendants, coarse in language and manners. Go where we will,—among asylums, physicians, matrons, and patients,—we hear the complaint of the difficulty of obtaining any attendants who can be trusted or tolerated at all, in their demeanour towards the patients. They are not all tyrannical,—not all unkind; but in ignorant minds there is a radically wrong notion of their relation to the brain-sick. Few can conceive that the feelings, and most of the thoughts of the insane, generally speaking, remain very much what they were before the disease set in, and very like other people's; and that therefore they should be treated, as far as possible, with the same consideration shown to other persons, and formerly due to themselves. Few of the ignorant class of "keepers" have any concep-

tion of topical brain disease and partial insanity, except as a curious phenomenon. With them a crazy person is crazy, and must be managed rather than ministered to; and the misery thus caused to sensitive and self-respecting persons is dreadful to think of. The coarse and hard tyranny once prevalent in lunatic asylums has given way, to a considerable extent, under the happy influences of advancing knowledge and improved social conscientiousness; but there is a kind of infliction on the brain-sick which no supervision can obviate, and no vigilance check, while the true remedy of good nursing and fitting attendance is out of reach.

There is no natural or insurmountable reason for its being out of reach. There are humane and enlightened women, full of good sense as well as kind feeling, who would be willing and even eager to nurse and guard the insane, if they knew how to set about it without encountering unknown evils, and committing themselves to the society of persons whom they dread and dislike far more than the patients. It is all a chance whether a woman of this quality can get any training first, or enter on the occupation afterwards, without running risks which amount to an effectual discouragement. It would be a great blessing if the Committee of the Nightingale Fund could open a way to such women, and bring them face to face with the patients who are suffering so keenly, and often so fatally, for want of them.

It could hardly be difficult to do. The teaching and training is small in comparison with that required for hospital-nursing. In fact, it is an opening which is needed; an access to the patients, and a trial of the mode of life. No doubt there is something to be learned in preparation for so peculiar an office. The usual hospital methods of securing good general conditions of air, warmth, food, cleanliness, &c., are as necessary in lunatic asylums as in all other abodes where the recovery of health is the object; but, beyond these general methods, there is not much that can be taught to attendants on the insane. The art necessary for them is that of exerting their own faculties, intellectual and moral, for the benefit of their charge. They have constantly to exercise good sense, readiness of mind, good humour, and never-failing patience. These things cannot be taught: but they may be incited and encouraged by wise authorities in the presence of the duty to be done. This would soon appear if the Nightingale Fund Committee would make arrangements with the authorities of Bethlehem Hospital or St. Luke's, or some other well-managed asylum, by which probationers might be trained for the office of attending on the brain-sick. The increasing proportion of cures among the insane which has rewarded such improvements as we have been able to make in the management of that class of patients, would be rapidly and enormously extended, if we could get rid of the one terrible impediment complained of by all parties,—the bad quality of the attendance. As far as appears, the object is one which fairly comes within the scope of the Nightingale Fund. If the Committee should think so, and should act accordingly, there would be rejoicing, not only in

every corner of every asylum to which the news should penetrate, but in many thousands of English households where it is now a daily and nightly sorrow that the insane member of the family is not, and cannot be, ministered to either

wisely or tenderly. Canot this consolation be afforded? and, as the pattern method is provided, without much delay? I am sure the Nightingale Committee will bear with the question.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

HOW SOME PEOPLE GET ON IN LONDON.



usual definitions in these matters. We have not yet arrived at exact conceptions of likely and unlikely men.

The possession of brilliant intellectual qualities is, in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, a bar, not a help, to advancement in the world. If you try to cut a stone with a razor, the razor will lose its edge, and the stone remain uncut. A very high education again, in the majority of instances, unfits a man for a contest with his fellows. You have rifled the cannon till the strength of the metal is gone. Each individual will just bear so much of intellectual culture, and no more, without loss of moral vigour. A too early and too sudden success has proved the ultimate ruin of thousands; if, again, success be too long deferred, the courage of others will give way. Lord Eldon used to say that the possession of a bare competence was, with rare exceptions indeed, an absolute bar to all chance of forensic distinction. Within my own experience of the struggles of the struggling profession suggested, I have seen the absolute necessity of providing means for a bare livelihood until the opportunity of entering upon the exercise of the profession might arise, produce similar results.

Speaking in general terms, and omitting for the moment all consideration of those extraordinary men who from time to time flash like comets through the firmament of humanity, I should say

LONDON contains 2,500,000 inhabitants, or thereabouts, the great bulk of whom have some amount of coin in their pockets. There must be a living to be made out of them by any lady or gentleman possessed of a moderate degree of ingenuity. Two millions and a half of human beings, who must be fed, and clothed, and lodged; who are afflicted with various diseases; who are constantly at loggerheads with each other; who must be consoled in their miseries, and amused in their prosperity; who must be conveyed hither and thither in cabs and omnibuses; who have immortal aspirations, and are troubled with corns;—surely there must be something grievously amiss in the mental organisation of any one who cannot manage to screw the means of an easy existence out of the complicated necessities and follies of such an enormous mass of human beings.

The unlikelyest men "get on," the likeliest men "get off," in this desperate struggle; for the struggle is a desperate one, save in the cases of those who are born in trade-purple, and who inherit fortunes, or the means of making them. There must, however, be something wrong about our

that a somewhat dull unimaginative man, with great powers of continuous labour, and the patience to abide results, and profit by the failures of his more brilliant fellow-creatures, is the likeliest man ultimately to "get on" in London. Youths of a more filibustering turn of mind, who are impelled by their own inner restlessness to take the chances of the game as it is played out in Australia or California, of course possess, and had need possess, other qualities. In London the faculty of sitting still on a chair or stool is largely rewarded; but then it is a faculty which in the majority of instances can only be educated by culture. Few men on the sunny side of forty can sit still.

Again, it appears to me that people in London obtain great rewards and emoluments, simply because they are forty years of age and upwards. A curate's most brilliant pulpit effusions stand little chance by the side of his rector's prose. Medical men get trusted, simply because their names have remained for twenty years on the same brass plate, on the same green doors. Men of letters, indeed, obtain distinctions and notoriety at an earlier period of life, but they do not very commonly reap the harvest until they are past forty, and are writing not quite for immor-

tality. This, however is fair enough; they are but discounting their past career, and the British public will for a long time continue to honour their drafts, which, in truth, at the time of presentation, should scarcely contain the words "for value received."

There is also another point well worthy of consideration,—it is a great thing to be fat. To be a fat man is a great element of success in London. The world is willing to pay heavily for ballast. In almost every social circle you enter you will find a fat man to be the king of it. How unctuously common-places fall from his mouth, as though they were good things. How impossible it is to maintain against such an one that six times seven are forty-two, or that King George III. used to reside occasionally at Weymouth. He will smile blandly at you over a vast expanse of white waistcoat, and impart to the glass of sherry which he is sipping the force of a syllogism. You are lost in the opinion of the company, and retire into yourself with what our French neighbours would call "a yellow smile," when you are instantly set down as an ill-conditioned fellow, deaf to the voice of reason. Let every one who can contrive it be fat and be forty. So will he surely sit under his own vine and his own fig-tree, and be glad. London is the paradise of men of sixteen stone. The rule, however, is not quite absolute. I have known a few thin men to succeed; but the laurel crown is scarcely ever awarded to them in a hearty and genial way. They get on as vampires and ghouls get on, by sucking the blood of innumerable victims. Their fellow-creatures are to this class of adventurers just so many oysters. They swallow them, but they do not fatten upon them. Neither did the late Mr. Dando. If any scheme be afoot for farming mankind for the profit of a few, of course a fat man will be the chairman, but a thin man will undertake the general management of the business.

I will only venture to add another preliminary remark or two. Next to corpulence I would place the faculty of "self-assertion," as the second qualification of getting on in London, or indeed in any quarter of the globe of which I have had any experience. In sunny days, long since past, I remember to have visited in company with some friends, the beautiful Glen of Amalfi in the Salernitan Gulf. We engaged there a boat with four rowers and a steersman. The father steered, and his four sons laboured at the oars. Scarcely had we got out to sea when the unassuming mariner addressed us in these words: "Signori miei—la mia barca é buona e bella—i miei figliuoli sono buoni e belli—io anche sono buono e bello!" The fellow's boat wasn't a bit better than a dozen others which were lying there on the shore, his sons did not keep very good time, and subsequently when we hoisted a sail, the paternal helmsman was continually sending his marvellous craft up into the wind. But the thing "paid;" by sheer force of bragging the man got more custom than his fellows. It is by no means impolitic in London to follow a similar system to that of my worthy friend, the Amalfote boatman. *My* pill will cure all your ailments; *my* Eureka shirt will fit you to a nicety; remark the tone, the colour,

the design, the what-d'ye-call-it in *my* picture; *my* play—Oh, injured Gallia!—is the only purely original thing of the season, alone I did it: do you bruise your oats in *my* way? If you cannot set any little performance of your own upon its legs, then boldly establish yourself as a censor or critic. Put the world to rights. Although you could not decorate a public-house door with a Cat and Fiddle, or a half-length of Sir Charles Napier in a creditable way, go in boldly, and regret that Mr. Millais has not an eye for colour, that Mr. Watts' portraits are deficient in depth, and that Mr. Hook has such a poor idea of water. The divine art of music also offers a large harvest to any gentleman who may be quite unable to whistle three bars of "Rule Britannia," as they were written. It is not even necessary to say much if you are desirous of founding a reputation as a critic—or oracle. Think of the great statesman in Sheridan's play, who gained his honours by shaking his head in an emphatic manner. Douglas Jerrold in one of those marvellous epigrammatic sketches of his—he was not one of your critical, shake-head men!—drew a picture of a gentleman who passed through life universally respected and feared upon the strength of this short speech—"Ah! I could say something, but I won't." The thunderbolt was always kept in reserve. He walked amongst a crowd with a loaded pistol in his hand which he never discharged. At length when the doctor had taken his last fee, and the patient his last bolus, the mourning friends who surrounded the death-bed of this illustrious man intreated him not to go out of the world without informing them of the true nature of the withering sarcasm which had been kept in store for so many years. The poor fellow tried to shake his head for the last time, and while the pallor of death was stealing over his countenance murmured in a feeble way, "Ah! I could say it, but I won't;" and then the oracle was for ever dumb. This also is a good system.

I protest that when I consider the magnitude of the task I have undertaken, I shudder at my own rashness. Put yourself on the top of an omnibus, and drive through London from north to south, and from west to east through the interminable rows of palaces, villas, houses, cottages, and ask yourself the question how it is that the inhabitants contrive to pay for their subsistence? Whence comes the money with which they are fed, clothed, and lodged? I suppose it requires something about 125,000*l.* simply to feed London for one day, estimating the sum spent on food at one shilling a head. This value is absolutely consumed and made away with, unless some of these wonderful projects for ruining the guano birds should take effect. There is something approaching to 50,000,000*l.* per annum gone at once. If the *l. s.* estimate be thought too high, on account of the babies and beggars, set it at what you will the result will be astounding.

Then there is the clothing, and the lodging, and the physic, and the consumption of horse-life for the purposes of conveyance; and the luxuries and superfluities. Walk along the public streets on any fine Sunday morning, and see the swarming crowds of reasonably well-attired people. The

very servant wenches have upon their heads and backs better bonnets, shawls, and gowns than the grandmothers of their mistresses ever dreamed of. Is it an outside calculation to say, that at noon on any given summer Sunday the apparel then actually worn by every inhabitant of London, including dukes and costermongers, duchesses and beggar-women, might be set at 1*l.* per head as an average term? Why then you have the sum of 2,500,000*l.* sterling, walking about and airing itself in the streets; lounging in fashionable chapels, or waiting about to fetch the baked shoulders of mutton and potatoes, nicely browued, from the various bakers, as soon as service is over. If 2,500,000*l.* is actually worn, surely another equal value is in reserve in cupboards, drawers, wardrobes, and what not. Then you have 5,000,000*l.* worth of clothes at once; and this stock is in course of constant renewal. I wish I knew how to set about making an approximate guess at the money value of London as it stands; but the task is beyond my powers of calculation. No doubt some of those wonderful men who practise as actuaries, and who assist Mr. Mann in his ingenious inquiries, could give us an idea upon this subject.

There then is the golden pippin—but how do men get a bite at it? There are the various trades and professions; there is speculation; there is the marriage-market. Of course it is but fair to notice, in a cursory way, the fact that innumerable fortunes which are made elsewhere are spent in London. River frontages at Melbourne drive about Hyde Park, drawn by pairs of well-stepping bays. The money which pays for calomel in London was earned at Calcutta. All this, however, is beside the purpose of our present inquiry. When we have exhausted all the categories of what may be called, though merely for distinction's sake, the legitimate trades and professions, there remain countless other fashions of getting on in an irregular way. The gleaners sometimes do better on their own account than the harvest-men. Then we have amongst us a numerous class of Bedouins and Mohicans who live comfortably enough, as long as the career lasts, by plundering the community. There are the begging-letter writers, a most ingenious class, admirable for their industry: the regular beggars, who spend the proceeds of their day's whining upon gin, and ham, and eggs: the people who live by loan-offices: the people who live by burning their houses down, and cheating the insurance office: the bill swindlers: the horse chaunters: and so forth. All these people get on somehow; though, happily, it is a well-established rule, that London rogues give themselves the greatest amount of trouble, and produce the smallest results. Lazy men should take to honesty as to an easy-chair.

It may, I think, be safely asserted, that the first and most difficult step for any young adventurer who seriously wants to get on in London, is to pass from the class of servants to that of free-agents. The term "service" must be understood in a wide sense, and applies equally to an upper clerk in the Foreign Office. I hope that is a genteel calling—as to the servant who sits beside

the coachman on the box of his wife's brougham. So long as any other man, or set of men, have a right to discount your labour, to circumscribe your field of action, to monopolise what you would call the sweat of your brow, if you were a ploughman—but which, as you are a Londoner, I will rather speak of as the sweat of your brain—you are not a free-agent, but a servant. If you are a man of moderate wishes and aspirations, you may stand still under these conditions quietly and comfortably enough, and be at sixty years of age cashier in the bank which you entered as junior clerk when you were a boy. If what is termed an appointment was procured for you to Somerset House or the Admiralty, you may ultimately rise to a magnificent income of 700*l.* or 800*l.* a year, live in a nice little semi-detached villa residence at Stamford Hill, and procure admission for one of your children to the Blue Coat School. You may become an admirable specimen of the British Paterfamilias, which is a very respectable position—but I scarcely think you could be said to have "got on" in London. I say that the man who really gets on, is either he who forces his way to distinction by a *coup*—as a fortunate marriage, or a lucky speculation,—or the man who seriously says to himself, from childhood upwards, "if I can induce every Londoner—man, woman, and child—to give me one penny sterling, I shall realise considerably more than 10,000*l.*, and with that sum of 10,000*l.*, I may become a Rothschild or an Overstone: or if I prefer quiet, I can invest it safely in $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. securities, and sit upon a swing-gate and whistle for the remainder of my earthly pilgrimage." That is your style of man to get on. Of course a man does not precisely say this to himself in terms. The more usual calculation is to bring the battering engine to bear upon a particular section of the community, and to extract from each of that section a larger sum; or to become a candle-maker, or tailor, or a brewer, or distiller, or to deal in a wholesale way in bricks or timber, or in some article of general demand, and divide the spoil with a numerous band of competitors or fellow-labourers. Observe throughout, I have taken the acquisition of wealth, or at least competence, as the test of "getting on;" for if I were to speak of philosophers and men of science, and benefactors to their species who care for none of these things,—I wonder where they live—it might lead me a little too far. But if you want to get on in trade, there is the little preliminary difficulty of finding capital, which must be overcome. The difficulty is not uncommonly met by starting in business without it; but then the chapter of accommodation-bills, and selling under cost price, is soon opened, and Basinghall Street looms heavily under your lee—to make no mention of another thoroughfare which connects Ludgate Hill on the south with Aldersgate Street on the north.

It is, however, to be remarked that the greatest fortunes which have been realised in London trade have been made by men who have started with nothing—I believe it is the more usual thing to say, who came to London, each future millionaire, with half-a-crown in his pocket. It is never one shilling, or one sovereign—the

precise sum is half-a-crown. They must have been men of special faculties, and it is probable that the stern preliminary apprenticeship, when they were bound to sweep out the shop, carry parcels, and sleep on the counter, or under it, may have been necessary, in order to harden them for the coming strife. It may be requisite to spend certain years in the Desert before you are fit to carry on the battle amongst the vines and fig-trees of the Promised Land. Our romance-writers have indulged us largely with pictures of the struggles amongst the Professional Classes. I should like to see a few good sketches of the Romance of London Trade. The amount of acuteness, and industry, and energy—all charlatanism apart—brought to bear upon the concerns of any great London tradesman's establishment—be he publisher, wine-merchant, brewer, bill-discounter, dealer in marquetrie and curiosities, or what you will—would be very surprising to those whose attention has not been drawn to the subject in a particular way. Men don't get on in trade in London, so as to attain a high place amongst their thousand rivals, without the possession of some qualities and faculties which would be worthy of one's notice and consideration. I am bound to add, that I have been told by a friend, who himself occupies a very distinguished position in the City of London, and who has had abundant opportunities of knowing the story of the origin and progress of the great City Houses, that to many of them their prosperity came by mere chance; in other cases it was thrust upon them against their will. They happened, for example, to have become involved in certain agencies which they would have gladly disavowed, and which they endeavoured to repudiate by all means at their disposal, but they were held *volentes volentes* to their bargain, and to the acquisition of unbounded wealth. In other cases, the possession of securities, of which they would gladly have washed their hands, has forced their operations into particular channels—and through these channels, in the long run, they have threaded their way into full Pactolus against their own will, despite of their own most strenuous efforts to turn back.

I know it is usual for men of letters in sketches of this kind to call particular attention to the struggles of their own class. But the literary class is but a small class after all, and even if we throw in the artists and musicians, the total number will be comparatively inconsiderable by the side of those who earn their living by buying and selling, and by commerce in its general branches. After all, I do not see why the struggles of gentlemen who write indifferent books and paint indifferent pictures should be more interesting than the efforts of persons who sell indifferent butter, or milk which has been largely drawn from the cow with the iron tail. I leave, of course, out of the question the few men of real genius and originality of conception whom any country contains at any given time—they will surely make their own way through all difficulties, and require but little help or sympathy. In Art or Literature it is a dreadful thing to be a Frog, and to undertake the Bull's business. Any young

man who comes to London with reasonable capacity for literary work, and who is not so silly as to fancy himself a man of genius when he is not one, will, without much difficulty, find the means of earning a respectable living, so he be industrious and punctual to his engagements. Neither the London publishers nor the London public are in a conspiracy to put down literary talent, or even literary energy. The sooner, however, young neophytes of this class leave off writing monodies on Chatterton, and recognise the great fact that unless they can take place amongst the All England Eleven, a literary life is a life of hard labour reasonably well rewarded, the sooner they will be likely to "get on" in London.

I spoke just now of getting on by "*coups*," and divided this class of success mainly into two heads—speculations in the marriage market or the money market. I have hitherto only been considering the case of men; but when we come to this division of the subject we are approaching more sacred ground—how do young ladies get on in London? Unfortunately, marriage is almost a woman's only chance in life. The alternative is—what? A very few may support themselves by literary labour, and if you want to see specimens of ladies who have devoted themselves to that species of industry, they are to be seen in that wonderful new reading-room of the Museum. I would not for any consideration say one word which should suggest ridicule on such a point. God speed them, say I, and that the more that I have known instances amongst them where the proceeds of their honourable toil have been ungrudgingly bestowed upon procuring comforts and medical aid for a sick parent, husband, or child. How industriously they sit all through the long summer days at their work, with just an occasional pause, as though the picture of the little lodging in which the one for whose sake this toil had been undertaken had flashed across their minds. But it won't do—time is too precious to be wasted even on the luxury of home thoughts. Till the hour of closing comes the pen must be busy with the note-book. I wonder what manner of work will be ultimately forthcoming from those piles of huge ponderous volumes by which they are surrounded. It used to be a very hard time of it for these poor ladies in the old reading-room of the Museum where there was that dreadful odour which might be warranted to produce headache in persons of the sonndest constitution within two hours. But now the Museum ladies have a magnificent Pantheon sort of place in which they may prosecute their labours quite in a regal way—as undisturbed and as free from all chances of intrusion as though they were in their own drawing-rooms. Let us hope they may "get on."

Another alternative, which occasionally turns out well enough, but in the majority of instances must be painful in the extreme, is that of the governess's life. Those who draw fortunate numbers in this lottery may glide on quietly enough from youth to womanhood, from womanhood to old age, and be ultimately provided for by their former pupils; but I should fear there must be many internal struggles and heart-burnings even under the most favourable circumstances which

a man can with difficulty appreciate or understand. The picture of the governess is not a pleasant one as she sits surrounded by a parcel of noisy children, into whose reluctant heads it is her duty to instil such portions of human learning as they are capable of containing. She is at the piano, counting "One, two, three,—one, two, three," whilst two of her pupils are endeavouring to thump an infantine duct out of the jingling instrument—which is good enough for the school-room—and a small boy on a stool in the corner is sulking over his Latin grammar. Even when all goes reasonably well, there must, one should think, be moments when the thought will occur to her that such a thing as a home of her own might be a human possibility. In the little desk upstairs in which she keeps her treasures, I should not wonder if there were a few letters written by a hand which is now cold in death, or by one who has thought that it might tend more to his advantage and advancement in life if he did not encumber himself with what are called "responsibilities?" I hope he may lose his digestive powers, at an early period of his career, and if he should marry well, and be thoroughly miserable, it will serve him right. Nor is the duty of acting as "companion" to a peevish old lady, and attending to the nervous ailments of a fat wheezing lap-dog, a very enviable lot. There are troubles, too, with the servants which do not meet the eye of the casual observer, as well as the more patent inconveniences of such a situation. Still food and shelter are to be obtained in such a way as well as a small legacy when the "Resurgam" business is taken in hand, and the will is opened, and the "companion" must again seek her fortune, and try to get on in a new world.

When I think of what a terrible struggle existence is to women who have not the protection of a father or husband interposed between them and the raging battle of life, I can scarcely venture to censure the young ladies, who are ever on the outlook for a good match, with any degree of acrimony. Who can tell what the secret history of their homes may be? What are the scenes of domestic broil to which they are daily and reluctant witnesses?—how are they not worried and baited by their very mothers to make a successful foray upon elder-son-dom? A London ball-room, where the young ladies are busily engaged in "getting on" is, however, a curious scene enough to a philosophic eye. The first condition necessary that you may be able to watch the manoeuvres going on around you in a calm and dispassionate manner, is that an idea should prevail amongst dowagers that you are a man of no account in a money way. You will then be left to conduct your investigations in peace. I like to see three or four of these graceful combatants trying for the same prize. Let us look around us—a tall young man reputed to be the lord of unbounded wealth has just stepped into the arena with his crush hat under his arm. There is a general stir amongst the formidable dowagers in the back-ground, who, by ingenious flutterings of fans and eye-telegrams, hoist the signal for the light craft to engage the enemy. They are nothing loth—the tall dark young lady with a languishing glance fires the

first shot. A spirited gushing young thing with candid blue eyes, and great decision of character, takes a young lady friend by the arm, and in the artless confidence of virgin friendship leads her across the room as if she had some secret of great weight and moment to impart to her,—but as they pass the young millionaire she pours into him a good raking fire from the corner of her eye, and takes up position so as to silence the artillery of the more languid combatant. An elderly lady, with two scraggy, and not very fascinating syrens—her daughters—sails up, and is just on the very point of grappling the prize, when she is cut off by old Lady Sophia Spatterdash, who undertakes, in a professional way, the business of bringing young ladies out, and finding husbands for them. At this moment she has under her charge Miss Eveline Dermott, and Miss Harriett Fluketon; Miss Eveline is all soul, like one of those fair abstractions of Mr. Thorburn's, who look as if they drew their nourishment from the milky way. Miss Harriet is a good deal "body"—a young lady with a cheery laugh, and not a bad hand at going across country. Young Millions must be hard to please if one or other of these entrancing creatures will not suit what the wretch would call "his book." Lady Sophia marches up to the enemy at once with all the confidence of a veteran. The careful mother with the two young ladies who are not inclined to *embonpoint* stands no more chance against her than militia against regular troops. As for the gushing young thing with the blue eyes, Lady Sophia would box her ears upon the spot if she ventured to interfere with her plans, so she has no resource but to look at the Spatterdash detachment with a look of astonishment, whisper something in the ear of her confidante, and burst into a laugh. Lady Sophia sees and appreciates it all, but she is far too old a soldier to waste fire at so critical a moment upon so contemptible a foe, always reserving to herself the privilege of saying something spiteful to our gushing friend at a later period of the evening when apt occasion presents itself for doing so in the most offensive manner possible; and Lady S. is not a bad judge of such an occasion. Before half a minute has elapsed, the experienced dowager has asked Miss Evelina if she would not like to take a turn, and told young Millions off to carry the duty out. In a moment they are threading the mazes of the dance, and Miss Evelina is "getting on."

These struggles have their ludicrous side; but yet we must not judge too harshly of these poor girls who are struggling for prizes in the matrimonial market *per juss et nefas*. Make clean breasts of it my masculine friends, and tell me, when driven to it by sharp necessity, have you never taken extraordinary leaps in order to avoid the pungency of that suggestive bayonet with which Anangke—she of the thin lips and stony eyes—has goaded you on? You must get on in your trades, professions, and callings whatever they may be. Marriage is a woman's profession. We have had impressive biographies by the cart-load, in which we are informed how Lord Eldon, Benjamin Franklin, and other worthies have "got on" in the world. Each of these contains a



C. W. WAIN, 57

A Young Man of Unbounded Wealth.

chapter entitled "Early Struggles." Now I should like to see a true and honest biography of Miss Jane Smith who was so pretty, and had not a penny, and who was worried by her mamma, and teased by her ugly cousins; how hard she practised, how industriously she danced, how ingeniously she contrived to make her few *chiffons* do duty over and over again, like a regiment of stage soldiers. She slew many victims, you will say, in the course of her triumphant career. Perhaps Jane Smith did so—so did Napoleon Buonaparte. But Jane was only solving the subsistence question, whilst the stern Corsican was engaged in cutting throats for glory. The poverty-stricken moths who came fluttering round that clear brilliant taper which was known to mortals in ball-rooms as "Jane Smith," danced round her at their own proper peril. If they singed their wings it was their own affair. Before they took the matter in hand they knew perfectly well that J. S. had not one penny—neither had they. She is now not a little inclined to *embonpoint*, and is the honoured and sentimental wife of Lewis Pimento, Esq., Molasses Lodge, Barnes Common, and recommends her young friends never to listen to any voice, but the voice of the heart. J. S., however, has "got on." Such a biography as the one indicated would be exceedingly difficult of execution, it would require a woman to feel it, and a man to write it.

I would not, however, leave it on record as an opinion of mine that it is only the ladies who do business on the Matrimonial Rialto. I remember well, when I was a youth fresh from the University, calling one morning upon two young wiseacres like myself, scarcely with the down upon their cheeks. I found the foolish boys engaged in preparing lists of the heiresses of that season. Of course, the only difficulty was to decide in what quarters the two handkerchiefs should be thrown. The two Sultans had been distinguished in the University examinations, and they took it as a matter of course that they were to retain the same position throughout life. Alas! they had counted without my revered friend, Lady Sophia Spatterdash, who would think no more of putting her foot on a Senior Wrangler than I would of knocking the ash off a cigar. I am bound to say that they did not subsequently act upon their then views. Perhaps Lady S. S. did put her foot on them; perhaps they did not like the look of the thing when they were brought face to face with the little drawbacks upon their projects. One is now a fat rector in Lincolnshire, with eleven children; he married his cousin, who had not one sixpence. The other took to the bar, and conducted to the hymeneal altar a young lady possessed of 2500*l.*, which he insisted should be settled upon herself. He has toiled like a galley-slave in his profession, and is now beginning to "get on." These two lads were, of course, of the fine metal from which Englishmen are forged. They had indulged in that silly dream for a moment, just as they might have taken up a bad French novel, and imagined themselves the heroes of it; but when they tried to act the parts they broke down, and well was it for them that it was so. Many men, however, will and do take this

fatal leap every season, without considering how miserable the speculation is in a mercantile point of view. Marry 10,000*l.* or 5000*l.* a year, my friends, if you can, and go in, and be stall-fed oxen for the remainder of your days. But do not undertake to support a lady and her family until the end of your lives for an insufficient consideration. The bargain is a bad one on your side. Of course I am speaking of mercenary marriages; but I should think much better of your chances of ultimate success if you had the nerve boldly to throw your hat into the ring, and fight the battle of life out in a manly and creditable way.

Falling back upon the general argument, it would seem by the practice of late years, that one of the surest methods of attaining success is the lavish use of advertisements. This is of course, but self-assertion proclaiming itself in printed characters, a foot and a-half in length, upon dead-walls. It is an ascertained fact with regard to some of the best known quack medicines that their sale bears an exact proportion to the number of times they are advertised. The expenses are enormous, but still if he conducts his operations wisely, the proprietor is able to realise a very comfortable living upon the margin between income and outlay. Say that you have discovered, by a series of judicious experiments suggested by a hint taken from an old Coptic MS., that the ordinary stinging-nettle—so it be properly manipulated—is a sovereign remedy against all the ills that flesh is heir to. You have at length succeeded in educing the virtues of this plant in an irreproachable way, and combining them in the form of a pill—you would then, I conceive, proceed in the following way. You would give your pill a Greek name—you would engage a sufficient number of hands for manufacturing purposes. You would hire a shop in a leading thoroughfare and put something in the windows—say a large snake under glass—which should be so attractive to the *gamins* as to cause a permanent stoppage. You would send men about the streets in Egyptian costumes—they are most telling when they walk solemnly in Indian file—you would cover the walls of the metropolis, and stuff both the metropolitan and provincial papers full of advertisements all laudatory of the pill. At the end of the year your account would probably stand thus:—

Stinging-nettles	Nil.
Expense of collection, and cartage	500 0 0
Rent, wages, and manufacture	1000 0 0
Advertisements	8000 0 0
	<hr/>
	9,500 0 0
By Pills, less commission	12,000 0 0
	<hr/>
Profit	2,500 0 0

No notice is taken of small matters in the above calculation, which is purely approximative—but if a man can succeed in making 9500*l.* breed 2500*l.* in the course of a year, he may really be said to be "getting on" in London. Now, whether you are artist, author, tailor, or owner of the Brandy-Ball line of clippers, running between Liverpool and Melbourn, the point is to make the public swallow your pill. Advertise!

I saw a gentleman the other night who was in a

fair way to earning a handsome fortune by mesmerism. He was a Gaul, with a beautiful black beard. He had with him a young lady, a native also of the French empire, whom, by a few passes, he could throw into a state of seeming repose; when she read letters blindfolded, or when the letters were applied to the pit of her stomach she could tell you the contents without the smallest trouble. It was, however, indispensable that the French gentleman should read them first. There is an old Frenchwoman going about the streets of London who, on her side, "gets on" in a singular way. She is constantly to be seen at the northern end of the Burlington Arcade. Two large poodles are her stock in trade. When the exhibition is about to commence, with a wave of her hand she dismisses her two dogs,—the one straightway runs up Cork Street—the other up Old Burlington Street. In Clifford Street they cross each other, and each returns to his mistress by the route on which the other had set out. This ingenious lady is exceedingly well paid for this gratifying exhibition, and so "gets on" comfortably enough.

It would, however, require a volume to describe the manifold manners in which livings are to be earned in the streets of London. So enormous is the amount of money flying about that an Irish lady can support herself in comfort upon an apple-stall in a reasonably good situation. A crossing in a frequented thoroughfare is an estate. Life in London, however, is conducted on a very high pressure system indeed. There is, I fear, far greater difficulty in keeping money than in earning it. So far I have used simply the subsistence test of "getting on," but if one were to speak of the thousand shifts and meannesses of which people are guilty, in order to "get on" in London society where the money enigma has long since received a satisfactory solution, we should come straightway upon half the social vices and follies of the day. I never thought of opening that chapter in the stories of London Life upon the present occasion. As the result of some little experience of human struggles in this great Babylon in which my lot has been cast, I should strongly incline to the opinion that—save in cases where there is a heavy affliction such as blindness, or some disease which paralyzes action and leaves a man to the mercy of his fellow-creatures—any man can "get on" in London in some fashion or other, save his own vices or bad habits stand in his way. Charlatanism has a good deal, and chance a great deal to do with the brilliant results; but I have not been writing of men who find Golcondas, but of those who are content to get on in London. A far more dismal story might be told about those who "get off."

GAMMA.

ORIENTAL RECOLLECTIONS.

PEEPS INTO THE HAREM.

I HAVE enjoyed some privileges, as a traveller, under the auspices of a doctorial degree, and though I am not dignified with an M.D. title, the LL.D., for all practical and useful purposes, did just as well in the Levant. In fact, having an official position during my progress, I was known among

the Arabs as El Hakim El Kebir, the great doctor—the doctor par excellence, and was not only frequently consulted on medical matters, but permitted and invited to penetrate into some of the mysteries of that domestic life which is in general carefully screened from foreign observation. Much has not been done to convey accurate notions of the family and social interest among Mahomedan races.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu had the advantage of rank and the stimulant of curiosity, and has told her amusing tales of what she saw in Turkey, and some few privileged Christian ladies have since been welcomed into the recesses of the harem—nay, one or two Osmanli women of high position have been seen in European circles. In British India even the Zenanas have opened their doors to receive the visits of distinguished British females, and I have heard from members of my own family various accounts of what they have witnessed within the palace of a Mussulman prince; but, without being able to say much, I will dot down a few memories from my own experience.

The seclusion of women in oriental countries is not a habit introduced by, or even peculiar to, the Mahomedans. In patriarchal times we learn that Sarah, Abraham's life, had a tent of her own, to which Rebekah, when betrothed to Isaac, was conveyed, and the separate tents of the women are frequently spoken of in the book of Genesis.

A description which would serve as a modern princely harem, is found in the provision made for King Ahasuerus (Esther ii. 2 and 3), where fair young virgins are sought by the king, and "all the fair young virgins are gathered together unto Shushan the palace, to the house of the women, under custody of the king's chamberlain"—an eunuch, no doubt—the keeper of the women. The separation of the sexes was carried further by those of elevated rank than among the less opulent classes, but the veiling of women is still practised both by Jews and Christians in the Levant. The poetry of the East is full of the passion of love, yet, whatever may be the admiration for beauty and the professions of attachment to females, I know of no part of the world in which they are raised to a position of absolute equality with men,—certainly the Levant affords no such example. Reverence for parents and ancestors in which, of course, are included mothers, grandmothers, and female progenitors, is a universal religion in China,—the religion of all the sects, whether Confucians, Buddhists, or Taouists; but the condition of woman is generally unenviable and unhappy, and it can hardly be otherwise where polygamy is sanctioned alike by law and by usage.

I once dined with an Aga in a village of Palestine. No Mahomedans, except his own family, were among the guests, and he, like many of his race did not hesitate in allowing himself more than one luxury denounced as sinful by the Koran, especially when he could screen himself from the observations of more severe and more censorious followers of Islam.

I have listened to strange excuses for the enjoyment of intoxicating beverages—wine and spirituous drinks are undoubtedly prohibited by

the positive and imperative commands of the prophet, and denunciations are pronounced against those who shall dare to indulge in their use, but "champagne," it has been averred, is not specially mentioned; the name is not to be found in the Arabic text, and therefore, say the tempted and the yielding sinners, it cannot be considered as included in the interdict. Neither is Moya Inglis (English water) the ordinary term for Cognac brandy when a Mahomedan desires to drink it. Well do I recollect one of the earliest inquiries whispered into my ears by a Mufti, at whose house I descended when visiting the capital of the ancient kings of Syria, Hamath on the river Orontes, and who received me with wonted Oriental hospitality.

"Have you brought with you any Moya Inglis?" and on having ascertained that it would, in good time, be forthcoming, he proposed we should withdraw to a secret chamber immediately after dinner to partake of the delicious water with becoming *kief*, a charming word implying the serenity of repose and tranquil felicity.

The dinner of the Aga over, conversation became more and more lively, and the colloquies ran from tongues, somewhat unbridled, upon the lovelier portion of creation. Under ordinary circumstances it is a great affront to talk to a Mahomedan of the lady portion of his household, or even to suppose or imply the existence of a female sex. You may venture upon a general and vague inquiry as to the well-being or well-doing of a family, but it would be ill-bred and impertinent to show any interest about the health of a mother, wife, or daughter, even though you may have heard rumours of sickness, or even of impending death.

But wine, and still more the Moya Inglis, thaws the frozen reserve and opens the locked lips of conversation to the most forbidden topics, and our Aga began to talk of the beauties of his harem, and to describe to us some of the many handmaidens who looked up to him as their lord and master. We could not but express great interest in communications so eloquent; and complimented him on the possession of so many pearls of great price. At last his enthusiasm mounted to its full height, and his proud satisfaction broke out into an ejaculatory interrogation:—

"Would you like to see the damsels?"

"Above all things," was the natural reply.

"Come along, then,—come."

And he himself led the way to an upper apartment.

It was a large room surrounded by a cushioned divan, and female shawls and robes of silk were scattered over the carpets and rugs on the floor. There were many mirrors on the walls, and lamps hung from the ceiling, and the moment we entered the door, following closely the footsteps of the Aga, clamours and shrieks broke forth from voices more or less melodious and discordant:—

"You Giaours! you infidels! you Christian dogs! what brings you here! Begone! begone!"

The Aga laughed aloud at the reception we experienced; but "the Christian dogs" were not a little perplexed and confounded; it was easy to

perceive, though every one of the women drew her veil more closely over her face and round her shoulders, that the noisiest and loudest were the eldest of the ladies; so addressing myself to one whose accents were harmonious and fascinating, I said:—

"So sweet a voice must belong to a pretty face."

Upon which the damsel suddenly uncovered her countenance, looked penetratingly upon me with her black and brilliant eyes, and exclaiming:—

"You Giaour! You infidel!" laughed aloud, and drew the veil over her blushing cheeks. Again and again the same amusing comedy was performed by other ladies with a readiness or a backwardness which might be measured by the presence or absence of personal charms; there were several who remained veiled through the whole of our visit with the most stubborn and stolid obstinacy. The Aga said, they were the old and ugly ones of the harem. Woman is everywhere woman—proud, and well she may be proud of her attractions.

"Now then, let us withdraw," said the Aga. We bowed to the fair community, and retired, for the visit lasted only a few minutes, amidst many voices not altogether so boisterous, or so impetuous, as at our advance, but still they cried, "Infidels! Infidels!"

I was not quite so fortunate on another occasion when I was the guest of the Pacha of Nablous, the Sechem of the Old Testament, the Sihar of the New. To me Samaria has always appeared—next to Galilee—the most interesting part of the Holy Land, for the lies and legends of the monks have less intruded themselves, or they less haunt the traveller with their contradictions and absurdities, and the whole region represents, far more than does Judea, the unchanged characteristics of the Gospel History. Fables and groundless traditions crowd themselves into every part of Jerusalem, and even the sites of the most memorable events are subjects of doubtful disputation; but Samaria has the charm of being now what it was nineteen centuries ago; and the Samaritans, though reduced to a very small number of families, have retained the language, the religion, the prejudices of their ancestors; and they love the Jews as little as their ancestors did. To the pacha I owed a friendly introduction to the Samaritan sheikhs, one of whom was his principal scribe, and I received from them many courtesies and kindnesses. In answer to some inquiries, my host offered to show me the female apartments of the palace; but this was not after dinner; and he had not accommodated his conscience to his tastes, nor found arguments for surrendering his temperance to temptation, nor in wresting both the letter and the spirit of the Koran to a very free interpretation. A messenger was despatched to the harem, and soon after I accompanied the pacha upstairs. We heard much bustle and confusion; and as the doors were opened we saw women scampering away in all directions along the balconies, and towards the inner apartments, in obvious haste and apprehension. They were all veiled, and the mode in which their garments hung about them showed they had been unpre-

pared for so sudden an exodus. We found the rooms in "most admired disorder," and everything looked as if the late occupants had been menaced with, and taken flight from fire and sword, earthquake, or other convulsion. There were on the carpets and the divans, Cashmere shawls and unfinished embroidery, and decorated slippers, and musical instruments, and broken nosegays; but absolute silence reigned. Beyond these last apartments I neither penetrated nor sought to penetrate, any such attempt would have been alike a great discourtesy to the rules of the country, and an offensive intrusion. The ladies were not unaware of the presence of foreign guests, and the next morning bouquets of fragrant flowers and sweetmeats prepared by their own fair fingers were brought to us for acceptance. The most distinguished and acceptable present from the ladies of the harem is, however, a fairly woven kerchief, or napkin, on which the receiver's name, or a verse of poetry, or a sentence of the Koran, is wrought in Arabic letters of gold.

There is a little hidden coquetry in all women's nature which, conceal it as they may, will break out in the presence of admiring man, and ordinarily the coquetry will be in the proportion of the comeliness of the possessor. No woman is insensible to the charms of her own beauty, and she will seldom fail to exhibit it when she finds the opportunity. It is not an unusual thing among Mussulmans of wealth, when they invite strangers, to give musical or theatrical entertainments after their meals, which the women of the harem honour with their presence; but they are concealed behind gratings and curtains, so that no guest can distinguish their faces, even when their voices are heard; but I have remarked that the *prettiest* feet are invariably put out under the curtain to be observed and admired, and that through every opening of the damask the *brightest* eyes were to be seen; and one might always be certain that the loudest tittle-tattle was from the youngest and fairest of the crowd; the master of the house seldom reproves an exhibition from his birds of paradise when fairly and safely caged. If the chances are few which a pretty girl of the harem has to exhibit her graces, she has the ready ingenuity to avail herself of them. There is no doubt a charm in winning the admiration of the other sex—a charm which in the Levant sometimes tempts a lady beyond the limits of maiden modesty and Western decorum. It is the breaking of the string of an overstretched bow.

The first resting-place on the principal road from Damascus to Jerusalem is a very ancient city, and was known by the name of Khan Shekune. It has still some gates of brass, evidence of the great antiquity of the place. The government is administered by a native Syrian, an old man, to whom, as to all the rulers of the country, I had a general recommendatory firman signed by the Sultan, which had been forwarded to me by the courtesy of the British ambassador at Constantinople; and a circular letter from Mahomet Ali, Pacha of Egypt, for which I was indebted to Boghos Bey, then the prime minister at Cairo,

a man whose history resembled in many respects that of Joseph, for the vicissitudes through which both passed in their ascent to the highest dignities of the Egyptian State; Boghos Bey had been the adviser and the favorite of Mahomet Ali. On one occasion, when he offered some unparalleled counsel to his despotic master, great offence was taken at his boldness, and the Pacha in a moment of rage ordered his attendants to fling Boghos into the Nile. His Highness was informed that his mandate had been obeyed, instead of which, an old friend, an Hungarian by birth, concealed the Bey, under the conviction that when the moment of passion had passed away, Mahomet Ali would regret the loss, and long for the restoration of his ancient and faithful councillor; and so it was, for some months afterwards the Pacha was seen walking up and down the palace in a disturbed and excited state, saying aloud:—

"O, that I had Boghos Bey to consult! what a misery it is that people are so willing to obey the hasty words they hear!"

After some time the attendant, who had been the saviour of Boghos, found courage to ask his master whether, indeed, the Bey would be welcome if he could be restored, and on Mahomet Ali saying he would purchase his return at any cost, Walmas (for that was the name of his protector), told the Pacha what had happened, and how he had dared to disregard the viceregal mandate, believing that reflection would bring regret at its having been issued. And he introduced Boghos Bey to the Pacha, who received him with the most affectionate expressions, and restored him to his office of Prime Minister with greatly extended powers and influence, an office he held to the day of his death.

But we return to our journey towards Khan Shekune, and on our way thither we heard much of the extraordinary beauty of the old Sheikh's young wife, who had the fame of being the most lovely woman that had ever been spoken of in those regions, and who was—jealous and distrustful as Oriental husbands frequently are—the object of special jealousy, but, at the same time, of the most affectionate admiration, on the part of her husband. Concealed and secluded, though she lived in the darkness of the harem, yet the brightness of her fair countenance shone by the reflection of its fame like a remote star in the heavens, and the old Sheikh was an object of envy to a thousand youths less privileged than he in their domestic treasures. It was sunset when we reached the Sheikh's abode, but he came to meet us with the most urbane and perfect courtesy, and the usual phrases that his house was honoured by our presence.

We observed evidence of much disquietude on the good Sheikh's visage, and it was obvious he was wrestling with some sore but untold anxiety, and that he desired to get rid of a burden which pressed heavily on his mind. At last he let fall that there was sorrow in the harem, that the child of his old age was sick, and, as he feared, at the point of death. It is a habit among Orientals to conceal from others, and even from themselves, the extent of any danger or affliction that seems

to menace them, under the influence of that fatalism which is almost a religious creed, and which teaches that what is *not to be* need not be anticipated by an anxiety for which there is no sufficient cause, and what *is to be* cannot be averted by giving way to solicitudes or sorrows. And even after an afflicting event there is an unwillingness to communicate the evil news. Of this there is a touching example in the history of David, whose servants feared to speak to him of the death of his child, for they said: "Behold, while the child was yet alive, we spake to him, and he would not hearken unto our voices; how will he then vex himself if we tell him the child is dead."* But in the whispering of the servants David discovered his bereavement, and in the face of the Sheikh we could perceive his agitation. "Doctor! will you heal my child?" was his inquiry.

Now the infant boy had been born to the beautiful bride, and I own to a petty plot, which I then concocted in my thoughts, that I might possibly, through the desire of the father to save the suffering child, get a peep at the charming mother, the echoed fame of whose loveliness was still sounding in my ears, and, let me own it, much sharpened my curiosity.

"Well, then," I answered, "take me to the harem, and I will see what is to be done!"

"Impossible!" said the Sheikh; "impossible."

"But if the child die, and you should be visited by the thought that the Hakim could and would have saved it?"

"Impossible!" he repeated. "It cannot be."

"If the child is not relieved, he will die."

"Alas! but you cannot be permitted to enter the harem. Shall the infant be brought out?"

"By no means—the child must not be exposed. Besides, men know nothing about the complaints of children. We Western physicians have only one way of proceeding. We talk to the mother—that is invariably our practice. We hear from her the symptoms of the complaint, and we prescribe only after getting all possible information—information which the mother alone is able to give."

"It cannot be! it cannot be!" he repeated with new emphasis.

"I am sorry for it," was all my reply.

He hung down his head, saluted me, and quickly left the apartment.

Meanwhile I was amused by the extraordinary doings of a renowned magician, who had obtained the character of a prophet, whose presence alarmed many of our suit, especially a "jester," who had been attached to our cavalcade by the Governor of Damascus, for the purpose of amusing us with his stories, so as to lighten the fatigues of travel. On hearing the magician was in the house, the jester—called by the Arabs a maskara—fled—but was ordered to be found and brought into the presence of the magician, who cried to him with a loud voice, "Be dumb!" And assuredly the man attempted to speak, but in vain. He exhibited the utmost agony, and trembled like an aspen leaf under the spell of the magician. Undoubtedly he believed himself to be wholly delivered into

the hands of his tormentors. I interfered for his release from this extraordinary thralldom; and, having heard from the magician the word "Speak!" which was loudly and peremptorily pronounced, he ran immediately out of the house, hid himself in the mountain, and only rejoined our party when we had resumed our way towards Jerusalem.

It was some hours after this interlude that the Sheikh again made his appearance and approached me.

"It was very disagreeable—very annoying; but what must be, must. He could not run the risk of losing his child. Would I do him the favour to follow him?"

I bowed, of course, with great complacency, inwardly rejoicing on the success of my admirable arrangement, but giving no outward sign of self-gratulation or delight.

He preceded me with a slow and seemingly hesitating step. He unlocked, he opened the doors of several apartments, through which we advanced to the sanctum sanctorum of the women. Upon a many-coloured rug lay a poor emaciated suffering infant, which seemed two or three months old. It was encumbered with garments; it had the Mahomedan rosary round its neck, and its body was covered with amulets, charms, and verses from the Koran, to whose miraculous influence, aided by prayers to the Prophet, they had ventured to look for the recovery of the patient. Other hope there was none: and that hope had failed, as the child appeared sinking and to be past recovery.

Hanging over the child, looking like a statue of grief, a veiled woman was seated.

To her I addressed myself, but not a word did she reply. She seemed abandoned to sorrow and absorbed in contemplation of the little sufferer on the Persian rug. A sigh escaped her, and my sympathy was strongly excited. I pursued my inquiries as to the complaints of the infant. What was its age? How long had it been ill? What had been done for its recovery? Who had been consulted? What were the symptoms? Did it get any sleep? and so forth: but only indistinct replies were given to my questionings. I said, "You must speak more plainly. If your language were English, I should have difficulty in understanding you talking through that veil, and I comprehend your Syriac-Arabic very imperfectly. You must remove your veil, and you may then be intelligible, and I shall know better what to prescribe for your boy." She shook her head; it seemed as if I made no impression. I insisted more strongly. I said I was an English doctor, only accustomed to the practice of English mothers. We talked to them with unveiled faces; they told us all we wished to know; they gave every particular of their children's indisposition; and we were able then to see more clearly what ought to be done. Moved by my increasing urgency, she raised her hands, threw off her veil, stared me in the face—an ugly hag of a woman, worn and wrinkled. "I am the old wife," were the only words she uttered.

"Sold, sold!" I exclaimed to the Sheikh; and I could not check an outburst of laughter as we

* 2 Sam. xii. 18, 19.

left the harem together. I did, however, give some medicine for the child, and learnt afterwards that he had got well.

The next day, we crossed the Jordan on our way to Nazareth.

I have availed myself of such opportunities as I have had to learn from intelligent Orientals themselves their views as to the comparative influences of polygamy and monogamy upon domestic happiness; and the result has been most favourable to that policy consecrated by Christian laws and Christian usages, by which one man and one woman are exclusively bound together by the marital link, and the children only of such marriages deemed to be the legitimate descendants of their parents. One of the most cultivated Turks I have ever known—a man occupying at the present moment one of the highest positions in the Ottoman empire, and well acquainted with other nations as well as his own—assured me that he had confined his attentions to the lady whom he

had selected for his wife as the best means of securing his own felicity. She was a beautiful Circassian slave, for whom he had paid a high price: he had her instructed in various Oriental languages, so that she talked readily Turkish, Arabic, and Persian. She had visited the holy cities of Mekka and Medina, and was well read in the Koran and in the doctrines and rites of Islamism. He told me I was not to suppose she was free from woman's weaknesses; and assured me that at different times he had adorned her person with diamond necklaces, diamond bracelets, diamond anklets—ay! and even, said he, “presented her with a diamond girdle for her waist.” He said she was a tender and a loving wife and mother: but though I did insinuate that it would gratify me much to be introduced to so meritorious a lady, I received little encouragement, and had never the privilege of setting eyes upon the wife of my illustrious friend, notwithstanding a long and close intimacy. JOHN BOWRING.

VOLUNTEER-DAY IN 1803.



ING (my friend Mr. Charles Keene has drawn an initial K, and therefore I must use it, or I should have liked to begin respectfully with His Gracious Majesty) George the Third reviewed Volunteers in Hyde Park on the 26th and the 28th of October, 1803. I thought, the other day, while everybody was talking about the glorious sight of last Saturday, that it would be interesting, and, what is much better, amusing, to

turn back to the records of the King's Reviews, and see whether fifty-seven years make any remarkable difference in the circumstances under which a Sovereign of England calls Englishmen to arm themselves and learn the quickest way of destroying Frenchmen.

That year, 1803, was a busy one. We were not at actual war with our friend Napoleon when it began, but before it was half through we were committed to a tremendous struggle. The Addington Cabinet was in office, but the “Doctor’s” Ministry was not considered a strong one, and people said that it must go out when any grand crash came.

* Addington's father had been a Doctor, and his own manner was somewhat professional, but the name of “The Doctor” was finally affixed to the respectable statesman by another respectable statesman, best known in these days as having written the “school for Scandal.” In a debate in the Commons, Sheridan, who had been poking a good deal of fun at the Premier, proceeded to quote the English version

of Martial's *Non amo te, Sabule*, and laid such a marked stress upon the penultimate word

Lord Hawkesbury (the Foreign Secretary), and Lord Eldon and Lord Castlereagh, were also in office. Outside were Pitt, and Fox, and Lord Grenville—all strong men—but the people looked to Pitt, in case war should come, just as the people looked a short time ago to another minister—extremely like him, as far as the initial goes—and in each case the people looked the right way. However, war came, but the Ministry did not turn out, though the Doctor made proposals to Mr. Pitt to take office. Pitt knew his own value, and had no idea of being a doctor's assistant. He would come in as head of the firm, or not at all. The medical ministry held on, somehow, until May in the following year, when the heaven-born William came in for the rest of his life, unfortunately a very short term. Pitt, Fox, and Nelson, all went down nearly together.

The Uncle of his Nephew was by no means so polite as is the Nephew of his Uncle. Napoleon was exceedingly arrogant just then, insulting the British Lion whenever he had a chance, saying that England, single-handed, could do nothing against France, and filling his newspapers with all kinds of anti-English matter. He had magnificent armies and a powerful fleet, and he was always making additions to both, though he persisted in saying that he was doing nothing of the kind, and declaring that England wanted war, not he. Perhaps it would have been better to have believed him, and not to have armed, but our fathers and uncles thought otherwise.

Parliament had met in the November of the preceding year, and the debates had been very interesting. With such men to speak as Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, Canning, and Wilberforce, and others whose names every schoolboy remembers (try him, Paterfamilias, he is just home for the holidays,—

of Martial's *Non amo te, Sabule*, and laid such a marked stress upon the penultimate word

“I do not like thee, Doctor Fell,” that thenceforth the name was branded upon him.

make him comfortable), the discussions were likely to be worth reporting, and one only regrets that the wonderful machine, called the Gallery, was then so imperfect, in comparison with what it is now, when oratory is so rare. But although the Ministers had been exposed to constant questionings, and several hot debates had arisen upon the state of the Continent and our own want of adequate defences, the fatal sign of certain war was not given until the 8th of March, when the King sent the House a Message. It was brief and to the purpose, and the answer was an instant vote of Ten Thousand Seamen.

Not much time was lost. On "the very next Sunday of all" our Ambassador, Lord Whitworth, attended a Court at the Tuileries (which used then to be spelt with an "h" in it), and the First Consul, in the presence of two hundred people, thus addressed the Englishman:

"So you want to go to war."

"No," responded the calm English nobleman; "on the contrary, we are too sensible of the advantages of peace."

Thereupon the Uncle of his Nephew flew into a Satanic rage.

"The English want war; but if they are the first to draw the sword, I will not be the first to sheathe it. They don't respect treaties."

Lord Whitworth was, of course, too high-bred a gentleman to burst out laughing at the idea of a Napoleon talking about keeping treaties, and was sufficiently decorous in his reply to our rude Uncle. The latter broke out again:

"What are you arming for? I tell you that you may destroy France, but you cannot frighten her."

There was some more of this kind of thing, which Lord Whitworth duly reported to his chief at home. It became more and more clear that the fight was coming. When an Emperor of France makes pointed remarks at a reception, the knapsacks are all but packed—we have seen something of that in our time. But when he grows abusive, ambassadors order the laundresses to send home those shirts.

The 21st of March was the anniversary of the Battle of Alexandria. If you will go into St. James's Park, you will see a Turkish gun on a beautiful carriage, with sphinxes and other Egyptian ornaments. The gun passed from French hands to English, and other English hands placed it in that corner on this day. On the 11th, Bonaparte, while driving in a carriage and four, was thrown out at St. Cloud, but not much hurt. I wonder whether our fathers and uncles, when they heard the news, said anything about his neck, and put any sort of participle before the noun, and wished. I fear it is possible, from what one knows of their sons and nephews.

Then came the crash. The ambassadors of the two countries, hurrying home, cross each other, and an Order in Council comes out, for granting General Reprisals, and 5*l.* for every seaman. And next day, the 18th May, 1803, comes the DECLARATION OF WAR. Please to note certain points in it.

King George begs to contrast the liberal commercial spirit of England with the spirit of France

in such matters. The King calls attention to Napoleon's military occupation of Holland, to his violation of the liberties of Switzerland, and to his territorial annexations in Italy. Our Sovereign states that Napoleon is threatening the integrity of the Turkish Empire. His Majesty remarks upon Napoleon's having made attempts to shackle the press of England. I really feel bound to repeat that I am writing concerning 1803.

War is declared, and both parties go to work in earnest. Napoleon, in a very scoundrelly fashion, "detains" the English who had been residing in France, 11,000 of them, and 1300 in Holland, an act which is foolish as well as wicked, for it inflames the hatred of England against him to a degree not easily conceivable. The King of England declines entering the war as King of Hanover, and that province surrenders to Mortier—there was no saving it. On the other hand our ships dash at the French colonies, and take them one after the other, and we make the sea no safe place for French vessels. Parliament strengthens the hands of Government, and what opposition is made to the conduct of Ministers is borne down in the Lords by a majority of 142 to 10 (the Earl of Derby one of the ten), and in the Commons by a majority of 398 to 67 (Mr., afterwards Earl Grey, Fox, and Whitbread three of the 67), and Twelve Millions of War Taxes are granted. An army of reserve, of 50,000 men, is planned, and it is not to go out of the country; but an army of nearly eight times that number springs up voluntarily, as you shall see. There is a bill, too, for raising a *levy en masse* in case of invasion. The country is roused. London gives in its assurance of support to Government, and the Common Council raises 800 men. The merchants meet on the Royal Exchange, and do not talk at all in the tone of Lord Overstone, but are ready "to stand or fall with their King and country." Lloyd's raises a noble subscription, and, as in the days of the Pretender, the City—not then the sham it is now voted—"pronounced" for England, and with tremendous effect. Sad, indeed, was the contrast abroad. Napoleon closed the ports, and ruined the traders, and while English merchants were pouring out their gold to be transmuted into steel and lead, thirty wretched Hamburg merchants cut their throats in one week. "*Des buguettes*," said Napoleon, when charged with one of his crimes.

Parliament was content to leave the war to the Ministers, and was prorogued on the 12th August, the King being hugely cheered by the excited people on his way to and from the House. The Volunteer movement had now spread all over the country, and everywhere there was drill, patient, earnest, vigorous, just such as has been going on, to the honour of the manhood of England, for several months past. I must speak of results only—the machinery by which such results are brought about is under the eyes of all of us. It was arranged that the King should review the Volunteers, or rather so many of them as could be brought together in London. There were to be two review days, one for the London men, the other for Westminster, Lambeth, and Southwark.

Everybody will have read the "Times" of last Saturday. Comparatively few are now living who

read the "Times" on the morning of the 26th October, 1803, for fifty-seven years makes awful gaps in households. Still, there may be some who remember being told to read out with proper emphasis and due discretion the Leading Article of the day. Those who did so read as follows:

"This day will offer one of the noblest and most exhilarating spectacles that can possibly be exhibited to an honest and patriotic Briton."

And the now aged reader may recollect that, after some manly and thoughtful remarks upon the subject of the national demonstration, the writer proceeds to say:

"IF THAT PRESUMPTUOUS MAN, BONAPARTE, COULD SEE THE SIGHT, WHAT AN AWFUL LESSON HE MIGHT LEARN."

But he could not see it, and would not learn it in print, and so we had to beat it into him for several years thence following; and having made the final impression upon him about this time of year in 1815, we permitted him to con it over in privacy and comfort for the rest of his life. It was a chivalrous way of treating a foul and bloody-minded burglar; and it may be a question whether, in the interests of humanity, similar treatment of a similar criminal, should such a one arise, will be held to be just. However, on with our notes.

The "Times" of that day is not a large paper. Four sides only; and though a respectable sheet, not an imposing one. It has but fifty-nine advertisements. They are not lively. The Two Original Invisible Girls are announced as included in the Grand Saloon of Arts and Illustrious Men, Wigley's Royal Promenade Rooms, Spring Gardens. Admission to the invisibilities, half-a-crown by day, three shillings at night; so that they might have been spirits like those of the Rapping Jugglers, and performed best in the dark. Mr. Richardson, at the hotel under the Little Piazza, Covent Garden, killed a fine green turtle that day, doubtless for the Volunteers. A person of Character and Connexions (with some interest) wanted to meet a gentleman desirous to retire from office. Honour, secrecy and 5000*l.* are among the advertiser's qualifications. I wonder what came of it. Instead of the column of close print in which all sorts of nobodies proclaim their conjugal and funeral happinesses, there is but a single announcement of a marriage. "Miss Deacon, of Wiggan Hall, near Watford," is married. I trust she has had a happy life. There is a second leading article, containing very sensible counsel as to what we should do with Domingo, when the French were expelled. Then we have the little bits of news. Firing has been heard at Deal. Preparations were being made for a Secret Expedition, and Dr. Addington had had a long interview with Lord St. Vincent. The rest of the paper is occupied chiefly with Volunteer news of all kinds, and a very mercifully long address to the force: the writer, "Edgar," taking immense pains to prove to them that Bonaparte really means to come. It is explained, I am happy to say, that the Chelsea Pensioners have plenty of prayers read to them, though the contrary had been maliciously stated. Commendation of a tradesman's club at Dover, for drinking toasts in ridicule of Mr. Cobbett, and

for burning his books; and a paragraph thanking God that neither the King nor the people want a Minister from Brookes's or Newmarket, and that a man might have talents (contrary to Jacobin notions) without being a swindler or a sharper: mark the departing age of personalities, and curiously contrast with the honourable and manly tone of the paper generally. This was the "Times" of Volunteer-day, 1803; and when I have added that it notices with approbation the performance of "Henry V.," at Covent Garden, overnight, the patriotic character of the play, and John Kemble's acting being its principal merits—and, for the further delectation of theatrical readers, have said that at Drury Lane that night were performed the "Marriage Promise" (Lethe is a brave river), and "Fortune's Frolic" (which survives), and that at Covent Garden there was the opera of the "Cabinet," with Mr. Braham, and the "Irish Widow," I may come on to my notes of the Review.

No, no—one thing more. Will not the ladies like to know that the "Riding Habits of that day were made with *military stomachers*?" which is described as a just "compliment from the *Fair* to those who *defend* them." The *Italics* are those of the compositor of 1803, who, I suppose, has long since ceased to "justify."

And now for the story of the Review of so many of the 379,945 Volunteers as could be brought into Hyde Park in that memorable October.

As early as seven o'clock several of the corps entered the Park at the Grosvenor and Hyde Park Corner Gates. By eight o'clock all the corps stood assembled in close column of companies, in and behind the right of its own ground. A quartermaster, with the camp colour-men of each corps, was on the ground at seven, and one of them belonging to each corps attended at the different gates to conduct his regiment to its proper point. As the corps proceeded to their different stations, each marched with its right in front, so that when it arrived at the proper point the right division stood on the ground it was to occupy in the line, and the other divisions were in close column behind it. The advantage of this arrangement was, that all the corps could, without the slightest confusion, deploy into line as soon as the signal was given. Soon after nine o'clock, a signal gun, a 12-pounder, was fired, and the general line was formed by deploying to the left. The line was formed at close ranks. The ranks were then extended, and the officers advanced in front. The corps that had guns stationed them on their right. The deploying into line, the forming close ranks, and the subsequent opening of the ranks, were executed with the greatest precision.

The Earl of Harrington, who commanded the line, was on the ground by eight, as were Major-Generals Finch, Burrard (do you remember

Sir Arthur and Sir Harry, Sir Harry and Sir Hugh,
Sing, cock-a-doodle, cock-a-doodle, cock-a-doodle-
do;

Sir Arthur was a gallant knight, but for the other two,
Sing, cock-a-doodle, cock-a-doodle, cock-a-doodle-
do?)

Leslie, and Fitzroy. About nine, the Commander-in-Chief entered from Hyde Park Corner, with the Duke of Cambridge, and their aides-de-camp. Then came the Duke of Cumberland, in his Light Dragoon uniform. A few minutes before ten, a 12-pounder announced the King, and the whole army shouldered arms. King George came in his private carriage, with General the Duke of Kent, and Teddington Volunteer the Duke of Clarence. He came at the gate at Kensington, where His Majesty mounted his charger, and rode forward, preceded by the Life Guards and the Royal grooms with four led horses, elegantly caparisoned in caparisons that were not odious. He was attended by the Princes, and followed by Queen Charlotte, and Princesses Augusta and Elizabeth, in an open carriage. Princesses Sophia and Mary, and the Princess of Gloucester, also came. Opposite the entrance of Kensington Gardens the King was met by his son of York and a brilliant following. He was joined by the French Princes, Monsieur and the Princes de Condé, de Bourbon, and de Berri, on horseback—detesting the whole English assemblage, no doubt, but rejoicing in anything that promised mischief to their friend the First Consul and his revolutionary friends. There, too, rode the gallant Dumouriez.

A salute of twenty-one guns from the Artillery Company announced the King's entrance to the Park, and a second cannon his arrival at the centre of the line. The officers saluted, the corps presented arms, and the bands played the National Anthem. A third cannon, and the corps shouldered and then supported arms. The King then proceeded to the right of the line, and passed along from right to left, each corps carrying arms as His Majesty arrived near the right of the corps. While the King passed along the front the music played a variety of martial tunes.

The grandest part of the spectacle was when the King descended the hill to repass, at the "end" of the Serpentine (the report says "the bottom," but I suppose that is to be translated as above), to the corps on the left of the line, which were stationed along the footway to Kensington Gardens, with their front towards the water. By this time an October fog had partially risen, and the whole procession and the immense crowd came well into sight. "The *coup d'œil*," says the reporter of that day, "was grand beyond description," and he then of course endeavours to describe it, and decidedly proves his case so far as he was personally concerned. But the significance of the sight, Twelve Thousand Armed Freemen in presence of their King, was the real grandeur.

On the signal of a seventh gun, volleys were fired by battalions from centre to flanks, and on the eighth there went up three tremendous and unanimous cheers, amid the waving of hats, hands, and kerchiefs, and "God Save the King" from all the bands went once more throbbing into the air. A ninth gun, and the corps wheeled backwards on their left by divisions, and having passed His Majesty in the prescribed order, proceeded to quarters. This was about half-past one, and the King and

his party went by Rotten Row to "Buckingham House," followed by the crowd, whose aroused national sympathies broke out into incessant and enormous shouting. It is stated that no accidents occurred. The report dwells upon the fact, that the multitude was vastly swelled by accumulations from the country, everybody in a circle of twenty miles having gathered, and "many persons" having come "as much as one hundred miles" to be present. The "circle" of Saturday was widened, thanks to certain diagonal lines of iron.

The second review, on the next day but one, paraded a larger number of men, and though the fog—(expressly sent by Bonaparte, who

"Made the quartern loaf and Luddites rise,
And filled the butchers' shops with large blue flies")

—was very gloomy and scowling, it gave way in the presence of British valour, and the day was as splendidly successful as its predecessor. Son Frederick had his father's orders to convey to the Volunteers the expression of their King's highest approbation and heartfelt satisfaction, and the words of the General Order may appropriately be cited: "The spirit of loyalty and patriotism on which the system of the Armed Volunteers throughout the country was originally founded, has risen with the exigencies of the times, and at this moment forms such a bulwark to the constitution and liberties of the country, as will enable us, under the protection of Providence, to bid defiance to the unprovoked malice of our enemies, and to hurl back, with becoming indignation, the threats which they have presumed to vent against our independence, and even our existence, as a nation." It is a long sentence this, and I do not know whose pen helped our Son Frederick to such a breather, but it contained truths for that time, and truths that will serve again in this present year of Grace and month of June. SHIRLEY BROOKS.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

ONLY look at Gaffer Grey
Creeping slowly on his way,
With a staff to help him stand,
Leant on with a shaking hand;
With a step that fears to meet
The pebbles of the village street;
With a cheek that falleth in,
And a very peaked chin;
With a forehead made of wrinkles
Carved in crosses, cranks, and crinkles,
And a voice so thin and numbling
That his glee might pass for grumbling.
See his eyes so bleak and dim,
And his beard so grey and grim;
See his legs, all lean and lank,
Dwindled down to skin and shank.
Poor old Gaffer Grey is labelled

With the words that tune my rhyme:
Read him over—you'll discover
Nought but "Once upon a time."

I wander'd to a spot of earth,
Where Fame had crowned the ruin-crags,
Where ravens in their shrieking mirth
Flapp'd their black wings like conquerors' flags

Waving above a battle-field ;
 Where bat and lizard had allied,
 With mole and owlet by their side,
 And forced the bulwark foe to yield,
 Some phantasy beguiled my sight
 With vision of a gorgeous story, —
 Of jewel'd roof, of halls of light,
 Of purple woof, of walls of might,
 Of pillar'd temples, thrones of state,
 Of pomp and palace, grand and great,
 Of people's shouts, of feasting kings,
 And all the myriad dazzling things

That haunt the place of faded glory.
 —I started, for a frighten'd thrush
 Flew from a tuft of sedgy rush,
 Then, gazing down, I stepp'd aside
 To let the toad crawl back and hide ;
 A squirrel brood ran up the larch
 That sway'd within the oriel arch,
 And then my tread disturb'd the rest
 Of a wild rabbit in its nest.
 I trampled through the dank thick grass,
 To catch the bindweed's trailing flowers,
 That tied themselves in tangled mass



Across the cracking turret towers.
 The topmost battlement was lying
 Co-equal with the buttress pile ;
 And dolefully the wind was sighing
 Through festive court and priestly aisle.
 Time's robe of green was flung about
 The mammoth skeleton of strength ;
 And scatter'd bones of granite stones
 Told of its giant breadth and length.
 I stood upon a scatter'd heap
 Of fragments of the watch-tower Keep ;
 I wander'd on, and stroll'd across
 The banquet-hall, laid down with moss ;
 I climbed some steps shut out from day,
 Till dust and nettles choked my way ;
 I saw a mushroom springing up
 Where royal feet had led the dance ;

I saw the foxglove's swinging cup
 Where knights had hung their banner'd lance ;
 And as I gazed I saw a hand —
 A wither'd hand — stretch forth and write
 A short text fraught with holy thought,
 Easy to read by dullest sight.
 'Twas plain and terse, but sacred page
 Gives nought more simple and sublime,
 It soften'd youth, it solaced age,
 It mock'd the hero and the sage
 In these words — "Once upon a time."

'Twas but yesterday I found
 A score of letters, closely bound :
 Some were torn in treasured pieces,
 Some were worn in careful creases,
 Ink had faded, seals had crumbled,

And my heart felt sad and humbled ;
 For I knew the thoughts, the hopes,
 The earnest wish, the brilliant tropes
 Those letters hasten'd to reveal
 Were symbol'd by the ink and seal.
 I opened one—my pulse grew quicker,
 My eyelid fell, my breath came thicker ;
 I traced its lines, close, firm, and clear,
 Telling how deeply, fondly dear,
 The being was for whose loved sake
 That letter came, with *such* a cake.
 It gave report of Pincher's health,

It told of Muff's increase of wealth
 In five young rabbits, all milk-white,
 That Gyp and Dobbin were "all right,"
 That Midsummer would quickly come,
 And then for holidays and home.
 I gave a gasp, half sob, half sigh,
 While Memory's flood-wave fill'd my eye,
 And folded from my misty gaze
 My mother and my schoolgirl days.
 I look'd upon another hand,
 Bold, free, and dashing in its form ;
 And then I saw the lee-shore strand,



And heard the passion of the storm
 That tore the right arm from its hold,
 And flung it nerveless, still and cold,
 Upon the rocks, no more to send
 Its tidings full of life and joy,
 And cheer his childhood's playmate-friend
 With letters from the sailor boy.
 Another and another scroll
 I opened—one by one I read :
 I gazed as they who may unroll
 A shroud to look upon the dead.
 Love, with its ardent vows, was there,
 Friendship, that promised to be true,
 Words that like summer light and air
 Fill'd my heart's world with gold and blue.
 Where was the lover ? Where the friend ?
 The bond that was to know no end ?

Where was the promise and the vow ?
 Alas, a yawning gulf of gloom,
 Bridged only by the dark grey tomb,
 Had open'd wide 'twixt *then* and *now*.
 A muffled sound seem'd breathing round,
 A mingled tone of merry chime
 And funeral knells, but all the bells
 Gave chorus of the theme which tells
 Sad tales of "Once upon a time."

Come, I will write my epitaph
 In letters shadowy and dim,
 And though the young strong man may laugh,
 'Twill shortly serve as well for him.
 Just heap the clay where frost and sun
 May help the ivy leaf to climb,
 And all I've said, and all I've done,

And all I've lost, and all I've won,
The struggling race that I have run
Shall find full record on the stone
In these few words of solemn tone,—
"Once upon a time." ELIZA COOK.

THE FIRST LOVE AND THE LAST.

CHAPTER I.

It was a scene to be contemplated only in the twilight; when the sun has just sunk below the horizon, and the colours of all objects fade into a uniform blending of grey and purple; for then the old abbey towered up gloomy and silent, like a gigantic sepulchre, through the ancestral trees, and seemed as it were a building abandoned by the living to the spell of some enduring curse, or the spectres of the knights and monks whose bones were resting beneath its marble floors. No light streamed from the turret windows, and no sound broke the still air; save the solemn ring of the old clock bell as it tolled off the fleeting hours into eternity. On one side the walls were washed by a lake whose surface, for many a long year, no barque had furrowed; and on the other stood, now fast crumbling into ruin, the skeleton of a strong semi-circle of fortifications. In addition to the gradual devastations of time, however, there were those committed by the late occupant of the dwelling, whose name and character were remembered with superstitious terror by the natives of the district: for they still trembled and spoke in whispers as they pointed to the spot where one of his enemies had fallen in an unwitnessed duel, or passed near a long stake fixed on the banks of the lake, where they said that he had dragged in his wife by the hair and drowned her. Every step, in short, around the abbey was on the scene of some dark tragedy; and the reputation of its present inhabitants—although not sullied by any actual crime—was but little calculated to efface those sombre recollections.

The young lord who now occupied it with his mother was, like her, impetuous, passionate, and eccentric; and indulged, at the early age of seventeen, a morbid aversion from the world in which he was destined afterwards to be strangely conspicuous. A volcano of high-toned passions was even now surging ominously in his breast; and as the power of song was not yet awakened for the expression of those undefinable emotions, they found an outlet in various forms of extravagant caprice. Sometimes it was a gentle and melancholy reverie that led him wandering all day by the shores of that silent lake; sometimes a shadowy day-dream of glory, of perils by flood and field, and hard-fought battles, guided the flights of his fancy. In the absence of real dangers, he mounted a high-mettled horse; and his eye kindled in wild excitement as the breeze went fluttering through his hair and the ground flew away thundering beneath him. Often he found a pleasure in hearing over again the history of his uncle whose heir he had become by the death of an only son; his habit of always wearing arms—a habit which he afterwards himself adopted; his quarrels with his wife, and the duel for which he was arraigned before the House of Lords; and, at the recital of

these lawless acts, he felt a sort of involuntary interest in the criminal whose acts were a contemptuous defiance of the laws and conventions of society. Frequently, too, when the rest of the household were long asleep, he paced alone through the wide and dilapidated halls, and the mouldering cells and chapel of the monks; and as the tinted moonlight poured in through the monumental windows, gazed upon the blazonry of departed knights mingled with the emblems of religion, and listened to the whispering of the mysterious presentiment, which told him that his name should alone save all the others from oblivion.

One of those days the silence of the Abbey was broken by a violent ebullition of ill-temper: mother and son flew asunder with fierce and angry words—words hastily uttered, but rankling in the wounded heart through after years—spoken in transient irritation, but sounding to the sensitive ear like the cherished hatred of a life. Wandering a while in silent and agonising fury, he returned to the court-yard, and unclined a large savage dog that obeyed no voice but his; and ordering his fleetest horse to be saddled, mounted and darted away like an arrow. Night was falling fast, and still he sped onward through the gloom, his course marked only by the clattering echoes that started from their sleep as he passed, and the fire struck from the stones. It was late in the morning when he returned, calm and exhausted; for the fire that he had fanned in that headlong speed had burnt itself out. His mother, who had also watched through the night in terror and remorse, was nervously awaiting his return, and the next moment they were clasped in each other's arms, and mingling their tears of penitence. No words were exchanged yet, for each of those fiery natures understood the other well.

"Why are we not always on these terms, George?" said his mother, as he reclined at her feet, and laid his head upon her knees. "When Providence gave me a son I was grateful for the opening of a sealed fountain of affection; and yet in my anger I have cursed and insulted him! We have both of us frightful tempers, George."

"At least," said he, "very unlike those of ordinary mortals."

"Tell me, George," she continued, "while we are both calm, why are you more than usually irritable and abstracted for some days past?—Will you not trust me with your vexations?"

"Yes! A cold-hearted, time-serving girl has repulsed and insulted me—a creature without a soul to understand and measure the value of the love I offered her—she answered me with a smile of contemptuous pity—she looked down at this abominable foot, and called me a lame boy!"

"What folly, George, to take a girl's refusal so much to heart! Her affections are engaged; and, besides, do you not know that a violent death has set a gulf between you?—The blood of her father's elder brother is upon our house."

"And why should the crimes or quarrels of ancestors so sever their descendants? The deeds that scare the timid and superstitious have a fascination for the proud and daring. But hers is one

of those narrow and vulgar minds that finds a pleasure in inflicting pain on higher natures ; and thus, by some strange infatuation, the passion she has kindled burns on in spite of me."

"Promise me that you will forget her, George."

"No, she has been too wise an enchantress for that—I may despise, but cannot forget her. She has changed the whole current of my life—my path shall be a track of bitter desolation, cursing and destroying."

"You are but a boy, George ; and you speak and feel like a man !"

"That is, perhaps, because I am fated to die young—if I can be said to have ever been young : for I have long since sounded the pain-strung cord that vibrates in the human heart, and listened to its tones of sorrow. I have said farewell to hope and happiness !"

"What would you have, then ?"

"Forgetfulness—the draught of Lethe."

"At your age, George ! when there is so much yet to learn and enjoy ! You should have been born a Sultan or a Kalif, George. You would make woman the slave of the Zenana. Your idea is that we are born to obey ?"

"I believe so. To our sex belong the stormy emotions of existence—the struggle and the triumph—the ambition that spans the world—the doubts that poison every joy—the hyena thirst of knowledge that soars above the actual and the visible. To you belong silence and repose."

Years rolled away ; and the name of that proud unattractive boy was loud on every tongue. The dim and restless presentiments that haunted him while pacing those tomb-like halls, and watching with creeping nerves the spectre of the grey friar, had worked themselves out into realities.

CHAPTER II.

"WHAT is this gloom that lies so heavily upon me ? It is not the melancholy of the scholar, which is morbid emulation ; nor that of the artist, which is the home-sickness of the soul ; nor that of the courtier, which is ostentation ; nor yet that of the lover, which is all those together : it is a void in my heart ; the emptiness of a fountain whose spring is dried up for ever ! Why do you return, after long years of forgetfulness, ye thoughts that the world should have crushed from memory ? Thus it is that the spirit of poetry can never die. I have spread my sail to every breeze. Fame has cost me happiness and peace ; and now, even still, it is the clash of arms, or some wild and thrilling tempest of emotion that can alone silence this ever sighing whisper of discontent."

Some such was the half-spoken reflection of a man still young in years, but scathed and faded by storms of passion and suffering, who stood on a low balcony outside an open casement, looking down through the clear night air upon the slumbering town, and drinking in the mingled perfumes of the cool sea-breeze and the rich flowering plants that lay drooping at his feet ; while here and there in the distance watch-fires with their lurid blaze marked the line of the coast, and, at intervals, the cry of a sentinel or the neigh of a charger rose on the air.

As he gazed upon the moonbeams breaking

themselves into mimic lightning on the basin of a fountain in the public square—the *agora* of other days—some softer and more pleasing sentiment seemed to reflect itself upon his features : some far-off remembrance of times past or places distant, or it may be some dream of his youth taking him back to the old Abbey from which he had spread his wings like a young eagle ; or the memory of some loved name : perhaps too, while retracing his former visit to the same scene, he asked himself what mysterious hand had guided him back, and if he were come there to return no more.

From this reverie he was awakened by the music of a feminine voice : it was that of a young Moreote girl, who sang a stanza of a love song as she glided like a shadow under the balcony.

"Poor innocent !" said he. "No sorrow like mine darkens your spirit. Love, of which perhaps you know but the name—the vague instinct that turns the opening flower to the sun—is the theme of your careless song. May your heart never be heavier than now !"

The next morning, after daybreak and before the stranger had retired to rest—for he was one of those who double existence by abstinence from sleep—she was passing again under the balcony on her way to the fountain. Again, too, she was singing the same *ritornella* ; but paused suddenly as if she had lost the words. While she questioned her memory apparently, he improvised for her some lines in Romaic ; and as he repeated them she looked up and smiled.

"Thank you," said she, "I always forget those lines ; they are so sad : but you are a foreigner ; how have you learned our language so well ?"

"I have learned so many languages," said he, "that I almost forget my own ; but I am not a stranger in Hellas. I have traversed your plains and scaled your mountains in years past. Then your people were asleep in their chains. I am come now to help to break them."

"Oh !" said she, "I know now who you are—a hero to the world, a demi-god to our brave Palikars, who worship you."

"Hush !" said he, "tell nobody that you have spoken to me."

"Why ?" said she. "Are you not the poet chieftain ?"

"Because you are young and beautiful ; and yet it would be a pleasure to meet you again."

"There is no hindrance," said the young Greek, artlessly. "I am Katinka, the daughter of Dimitri Soutsos : we live in the next street. My brother Theodoro is a Palikar."

"Well, then, to-morrow."

"To-day, if it please you," replied Katinka ; and then took her way to the fountain, without looking back to see if the stranger's eyes were following her.

Wayward and inexplicable are the emotions of the heart. It is a book of deep and wondrous knowledge, and who can read it ? Every man has in his youth some dream of love and innocence ; and there is a later hour, fixed long in advance, when he returns to those deep and long-forgotten impressions—an hour when he looks back through the dim perspective of years, and sighs in vain for

the freshness of that young romance—when the heart seems ready to kindle again beneath the ashes—when the glance of an eye, the sound of a light footstep, the tone of a voice, have all the power of enchantment. And so it was then. That man, who had exhausted every pleasure of sense, and had sneered in cold and bitter scepticism, like a mocking fiend, at the romance of love and every pure and holy sentiment, was again the slave of woman's unconscious witchery. The name and the voice of Katinka rang incessantly in his ears; and her image stood before him, fresh and pure as a dream of childhood.

With a feeble and lingering reluctance, he availed himself of the permission she had given, and in less than a week was a constant and welcome visitor at the house of Soutsos. His rank, his name, his generous sacrifices and enthusiasm in the cause of Greece, and, more than all, the graceful and winning affability that replaced the cold and melancholy reserve of his ordinary manner, gained irresistibly upon the unsophisticated family. It was strange to see them—when he told of his wandering life, his romantic history and mysterious adventures, or spoke of the glory and the heroism and the genius of the immortal Greeks of other times—hanging upon his words, and smiling through their tears.

"I shall visit these people no more," he said, one night, as he passed along the silent street to his own residence. "I shall see Katinka but once again; her beauty and innocence are not for such as I am. When I speak, I see her heart looking through her eyes. Poor child! she is too pure to be guarded or suspicious. Those songs of love and chivalry which I compose in her own soft language she learns eagerly—she is intoxicated. I must leave her before it be too late."

"It is three days since you were here," were Katinka's first words, when they met again.

"Yes, Katinka; and I come now for the last time."

"Why? Are you going to the war?"

He answered only by a look of the most tender and sorrowful interest.

"You will see us no more, then?" she repeated.

"It is well; for you are in love."

"In love! With whom?"

"With me! You come not, I know, for sake of my father or mother; my sister Aspasia is but a child; it is Katinka, then, for whom you come."

"Do you fear, then, for my peace of mind?" he asked, with a smile.

"Much more than for my own."

He was silent again; for those words kindled a tumult of passion that had long slept within him—pride and pity and a rebellious feeling of humiliation. His inmost heart was read; and his power, to which so many haughty beauties had yielded, defied by a guileless and ignorant girl; and while his conscience struggled hard against the impulse to reverse the victory and place her at his mercy, he turned away, and left her still unanswered.

"'Tis all in vain," he said, after some hours of silent and torturing conflict with himself. "Press down the wild fig-tree, and it only grows the

stronger! I cannot steel my heart against the magic of that subtle sorcery that tempted even the bright-winged seraphim from heaven! That spell this girl has now laid upon me. I will meet her again, and she shall be mine!"

It was the hour of sunset—the gorgeous and many-hued sunset of Greece. Katinka and the stranger are moving slowly toward her home; and she walks beside him, free and fearless, as if he were her brother. They have been talking much, but both are silent now, for she guesses at the thought which he has not yet ventured to express.

Katinka was the first to speak; as they sat together in the garden, she on a rustic bench shaded by a pomegranate tree, and he on the ground, playing with the beads of a rosary that hung from her girdle, and looking up into those lustrous eyes to which the deepening twilight lent a fearful power; for she seemed to him that moment the most beautiful being he had ever beheld. Her features were classic as those of the Ionian beauties of the old time, and her long raven hair streamed in thick braids from beneath the small embroidered cap of crimson and gold.

"Many women," she said, "must have been conquered by your words, for they are resistless and fatal as the spell of the evil eye. You do not answer me? You seem as if your thoughts were far away?"

"Yes," said he slowly. "I remember that, on such a night as this, some twenty years ago, I sat by the feet of another maiden, as I do now at yours. I was a suppliant then, as I am now; and she scorned the love I offered her."

"Twenty years! Then she was your first love?"

"Yes; and you are the last."

"She must have loved another, then!"

A cloud of dark and painful suspicion passed over the stranger's face; and he bent his eyes upon her in a look of inquisitive alarm.

"Let us go in," she said. "Night is coming, and I must not be here."

"Katinka," said he, as he arose to leave her, "why do you suppose that the lady of whom I spoke just now loved another? Do you love another?"

"Come again to-morrow," she answered, "and I will tell you all."

The morrow, accordingly, found him at an early hour again beside Katinka. She was singing in a low and trembling voice; but the song was one that he had not heard before, and the words and music both breathed the deepest anguish of despair. Suddenly her voice failed her, and she ceased, as if some convulsive emotion would vent itself in tears. While he turned toward her in alarm, she tottered and fell. In a moment he was bending over her, and supporting her head upon his knee.

"My Palikar is dead!" she murmured, drawing a letter from her bosom. "When he left me, we shared a poison between us; he, that he might not fall alive into the hands of the enemy; and I, that I should not survive him! Byron! avenge my country and my Palikar! *Eis aïna chaire moi!*"

H. O.

EVAN HARRINGTON; or, HE WOULD BE A GENTLEMAN.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.



CHAPTER XXVIII. TOM COGGLESEY'S PROPOSITION.

THE appearance of a curriole and a donkey-cart within the gates of Beckley Court, produced a sensation among the men of the lower halls, and a couple of them rushed out, with the left calf considerably in advance, to defend the house from violation. Towards the curriole they directed what should have been a bow, but was a nod. Their joint attention was then given to the donkey-cart, in which old Tom Cogglesby sat alone, bunched in figure, bunched in face, his shrewd grey eyes twinkling under the bush of his eyebrows.

"Oy, sir—you! my man!" exclaimed the tallest of the pair, resolutely. "This won't do. Don't you know driving this 'ere sort of conveyance slap along the gravel 'ere, up to the pillars 'ere, 's unparliamentary? Can't be allowed. Now, right about. A immediate!"

This address, accompanied by a commanding elevation of the dexter hand, seemed to excite Mr. John Raikes far more than Old Tom. He alighted from his perch in haste, and was running up to the stalwart figure, crying "Fellow! fellow!" when, as you tell a dog to lie down, Old Tom called out, "Be quiet, sir!" and Mr. John Raikes halted with prompt military obedience.

The sight of the curriole acting satellite to the donkey-cart quite staggered the two footmen.

"Are you lords?" sang out Old Tom.

A burst of laughter from the friends of Mr. John Raikes, in the curriole, helped to make the powdered gentlemen aware of a sarcasm, and one, with no little dignity, replied that they were not lords.

"Are ye judges?"

"We are not."

"Oh! Then come and hold my donkey."

Great irresolution was displayed at the injunction, but having consulted the face of Mr. Raikes, one fellow, evidently half overcome by what was put upon him, with the steps of Adam into exile, descended to the gravel and laid his hand on the donkey's head.

"Hold hard!" cried Old Tom. "Whisper in his ear. He'll know your language."

"May I have the felicity of assisting you to terra firma?" interposed Mr. Raikes, with the bow of deferential familiarity.

"Done that once too often," returned Old Tom, jumping out. "There. What's the fee?"

Mr. Raikes begged that all minor arrangements with the menials should be left to him.

"What's the fee?" Old Tom repeated. "There's a fee for everything in this world. If you ain't lords or judges, you ought to be paid for dressing like 'em. Come, there's a crown for you that ain't afraid of a live donkey; and there's a sixpenny bit for you that are—to keep up your courage; and when he's dead you shall have his skin—to shave by."

"Excellent! Most admirable!" shouted Mr. Raikes. "Franco, you heard? Fred?"

"First-rate!" was the unanimous response from the currie: nor was Old Tom altogether displeased at the applause of his audience. The receiver of the sixpenny bit gratified his contempt by spinning it in the air, and remarking to his comrade, as it fell: "Do for the beggars."

"Must be a lord!" interjected Old Tom. "Ain't that their style?"

Mr. Raikes laughed mildly. "When I was in Town, sir, on my late fortunate expedition, I happened to be driving round St. Paul's. Rather a crush. Some particular service going on. In my desire to study humanity in all its aspects, I preferred to acquiesce in the blockade of carriages and avoid manslaughter. My optics were attracted by several effluent men that stood and made a blaze at the lofty doors of the cathedral. Nor mine alone. A dame with an umbrella—she likewise did regard the pageant show. 'Sir,' says she to me. I leaned over to her, affably—as usual. 'Sir, can you be so good as to tell me the names of they noblemen there?' Atrocious grammar is common among the people, but a gentleman passes it by: it being his duty to understand what is *meant* by the poor creatures. You laugh, sir! You agree with me. Consequently I looked about me for the representatives of the country's pride. 'What great lords are they?' she repeats. I followed the level of her umbrella, and felt—astonishment was uppermost. Should I rebuke her? Should I enlighten her? Never, I said to myself: but one, a wretch, a brute, had not these scruples, 'Them 'ere chaps, ma'am?' says he. 'Lords, ma'am? why, Lor' bless you, they're the Lord Mayor's footmen!' The illusion of her life was scattered! I mention the circumstance to show you, sir, that the mistake is perfectly possible. Of course, the old dame in question, if a woman of a great mind, will argue that supposing Lord Mayor's footmen to be plumed like estridges—gorgeous as the sun at Midsummer, what must Lord Mayors be, and semperannual Lords, and so on to the pinnacle?—the footmen

the basis of the aristocratic edifice. Then again she may say, *Can* nature excel that magnificent achievement I behold, and build upon it? She may decide that nature cannot. Hence democratic leanings in her soul! For me, I know and can manage them. Thomas! hand in my card. Mr. John Feversham Raikes."

Mr. Raikes spoke peremptorily; but a wink and the glimpse of his comic face exhibited his manner of management.

"And tell my lady, Tom Cogglesby's come," added the owner of that name. "Be off."

"M.P. let us hope we may shortly append," pursued Jack. "Methinks 'tis a purer ambition to have a tail than a handle to one's name. Sir John F. Raikes were well. John F. Raikes, M.P., is to the patriotic intelligence better. I have heard also—into mine ear it hath been whispered—that of you tail a handle may be made."

"If your gab was paid by the yard, you'd have a good many thousands a year," Old Tom interrupted this monologue.

"You flatter me," returned Jack, sincerely. "The physiologists *have* said that I possess an eloquent feature or so. Ciceronic lips."

"How was it you got away from the menagerie—eh?" said Old Tom.

"By the assistance of the jolliest old bear in the world, I believe," Mr. Raikes replied. "In life I ride on *his* broad back: he to posterity shall ride on mine."

"Ha! that'll do," said Old Tom, for whom Mr. Raikes was too strong.

"May we come to an understanding before we part, sir?" continued the latter. "Your allusion to a certain *endroit*—surely I am not wrong? Indiscreet, perhaps, but the natural emotions of gratitude—a word would much relieve me."

"Go about your business," cried Old Tom; and was at that moment informed that her ladyship would see him, and begged Mr. Raikes to make himself at home.

"Artful!" mused Mr. Raikes, as Old Tom walked away: "Artful! but I have thee by a clue, my royal Henry. Thy very secret soul I can dissect. Strange fits of generosity are thine, beneath a rough exterior; and for me, I'd swear thee client of the Messrs. Grist."

Mentally delivering this, Mr. Raikes made his way towards a company he perceived on the lawn. His friend Harrington chanced to be closeted with Sir Franks: the Countess de Saldar was in her chamber: no one was present whom he knew but Miss Jocelyn, who welcomed him very cordially, and with one glance of her eyes set the mercurial youth thinking whether they ought to come to explanations before or after dinner; and of the advantages to be derived from a good matrimonial connexion, by a young member of our Parliament. He soon let Miss Jocelyn see that he had wit, affording her deep indications of a poetic soul; and he as much as told her, that, though merry by nature, he was quite capable of the melancholy fascinating to her sex, and might shortly be seen under that aspect. He got on remarkably well till Laxley joined them; and then, despite an excessive condescension on his part, the old Fallowfield sore was rubbed, and in a brisk

passage of arms between them, Mr. John Raikes was compelled to be the victor—to have the last word and the best, and to win the laughter of Rose, which was as much to him as a confession of love from that young lady. Then Juliana came out, and Mr. Raikes made apologies to her, rejecting her in the light of a spouse at the first perusal of her face. Then issued forth the swimming Countess de Saldar, and the mutual courtesies between her and Mr. Raikes were elaborate, prolonged, and smacking prodigiously of Louis Quatorze. But Rose suffered laughter to be seen struggling round her mouth; and the Countess dismayed Mr. Raikes by telling him he would be perfect by-and-by, and so dislocating her fair self from the ridicule she opened to him: a stroke which gave him sharp twinges of uneasiness, and an immense respect for her. The Countess subsequently withdrew him, and walked him up and down, and taught him many new things, and so affected him by her graces, that Mr. John Raikes had a passing attack of infidelity to the heiress.

While this hull occurs, we will follow Tom Cogglesby, as he chooses to be called.

Lady Jocelyn rose on his entering the library, and walking up to him, encountered him with a kindly full face.

“So I see you at last, Tom?” she said, without releasing his hand; and Old Tom mounted patches of red in his wrinkled cheeks, and blinked, and betrayed a singular antiquated bashfulness, which ended, after a mumble of “Yes, there he was, and he hoped her ladyship was well,” by his seeking refuge in a chair, where he sat hard, and fixed his attention on the leg of a table.

“Well, Tom, do you find much change in me?” she was woman enough to continue.

He was obliged to look up.

“Can’t say I do, my lady.”

“Don’t you see the grey hairs, Tom?”

“Better than a wig,” rejoined he.

Was it true that her ladyship had behaved rather ill to Old Tom in her youth? Excellent women have been naughty girls, and young beauties will have their train. It is also very possible that Old Tom had presumed upon trifles, and found it difficult to forgive her his own folly.

“Preferable to a wig? Well, I would rather see you with your natural thatch. You’re bent, too. You look as if you had kept away from Beckley a little too long.”

“Told you, my lady, I should come when your daughter was marriageable.

“Oho! that’s it? I thought it was the Election.”

“Election be—hem!—beg pardon, my lady.”

“Swear, Tom, if it relieves you. I think it bad to check an oath or a sneeze.”

“I’m come to see you on business, my lady, or I shouldn’t have troubled you.”

“Malice?”

“You’ll see I don’t bear any, my lady.”

“Ah! if you had only sworn roundly twenty-five years ago, what a much younger man you would have been! and a brave capital old friend whom I should not have missed all that time.”

“Come!” cried Old Tom, varying his eyes

rapidly between her ladyship’s face and the floor, “you acknowledge I had reason to.”

“Mais, cela va sans dire.”

“Cobbler’s sons ain’t scholars, my lady.”

“And are not all in the habit of throwing their fathers in our teeth, I hope!”

Old Tom wriggled in his chair. “Well, my lady, I’m not going to make a fool of myself at my time o’ life. Needn’t be alarmed now. You’ve got the bell-rope handy and a husband on the premises.”

Lady Jocelyn smiled, stood up, and went to him. “I like an honest fist,” she said, taking his. “We’re not going to be doubtful friends, and we won’t snap and snarl. That’s for people who’re independent of wigs, Tom. I find, for my part, that a little grey on the top of my head cools the temper amazingly. I used to be rather hot once.”

“You could be peppery, my lady.”

“Now I’m cool, Tom, and so must you be; or, if you fight, it must be in my cause, as you did when you thrashed that saucy young carter. Do you remember?”

“If you’ll sit ye down, my lady, I’ll just tell you what I’m come for,” said Old Tom, who plainly showed that he did remember, and was alarmingly softened by her ladyship’s retention of the incident.

Lady Jocelyn returned to her place.

“You’ve got a marriageable daughter, my lady?”

“I suppose we may call her so,” said Lady Jocelyn, with a composed glance at the ceiling.

“Gaged to be married to any young chap?”

“You must put the question to her, Tom.”

“Ha! I don’t want to see her.”

At this Lady Jocelyn looked slightly relieved. Old Tom continued,

“Happen to have got a little money—not so much as many a lord’s got, I dare say; such as ’tis, there ’tis. Young fellow I know wants a wife, and he shall have best part of it. Will that suit ye, my lady?”

Lady Jocelyn folded her hands. “Certainly; I’ve no objection. What it has to do with me I can’t perceive.”

“Ahem!” went Old Tom. “It won’t hurt your daughter to be married now, will it?”

“Oho! my daughter is the destined bride of your ‘young fellow,’” said Lady Jocelyn. “Is that how it’s to be?”

“She”—Old Tom cleared his throat—“she won’t marry a lord, my lady; but she—hem—if she don’t mind that—ll have a deuced eight more hard cash than many lord’s son’d give her, and a young fellow for a husband, sound in wind and limb, good bone and muscle, speaks grammar and two or three languages, and—”

“Stop!” cried Lady Jocelyn. “I hope this is not a prize young man? If he belongs, at his age, to the *unco guid*, I refuse to take him for a son-in-law, and I think Rose will, too.”

Old Tom burst out vehemently: “He’s a damned good young fellow, though he isn’t a lord.”

“Well,” said Lady Jocelyn, “I’ve no doubt you’re in earnest, Tom. It’s curious, for this

morning Rose has come to me and given me the first chapter of a botheration, which she declares is to end in the common rash experiment. What is your 'young fellow's' name? Who is he? What is he?"

"Won't take my guarantee, my lady?"

"Rose—if she marries—must have a name, you know?"

Old Tom hit his knee. "Then there's a pill for ye to swallow, for he ain't the son of a lord."

"That's swallowed, Tom. What is he?"

"He's the son of a tradesman, then, my lady." And Old Tom watched her to note the effect he had produced.

"More's the pity," was all she remarked.

"And he'll have his thousand a-year to start with; and he's a tailor, my lady."

Her ladyship opened her eyes.

"Harrington's his name, my lady. Don't know whether you ever heard of it."

Lady Jocelyn flung herself back in her chair. "The queerest thing I ever met!" said she.

"Thousand a-year to start with," Old Tom went on, and if she marries—I mean if he marries *her*, I'll settle a thousand per ann. on the first baby—boy or gal."

"Hum! Is this gross collusion, Mr. Tom?" Lady Jocelyn inquired.

"What does that mean?"

"Have you spoken of this before to any one?"

"I haven't, my lady. Decided on it this morning. Hem! you got a son, too. He's fond of a young gal, or he ought to be. I'll settle him when I've settled the daughter."

"Harry is strongly attached to a dozen, I believe," said his mother. "Well, Tom, we'll think of it. I may as well tell you: Rose has just been here to inform me that this Mr. Harrington has turned her head, and that she has given her troth and all that sort of thing. I believe such was not to be laid to my charge in my day."

"You were open enough, my lady," said Old Tom. "She's fond of the young fellow? She'll have a pill to swallow! poor young woman!"

Old Tom visibly chuckled. Lady Jocelyn had a momentary temptation to lead him out, but she did not like the subject well enough to play with it.

"Apparently Rose has swallowed it," she said.

"Goose, shears, cabbage, and all!" muttered old Tom. "Got a stomach!—she knows he's a tailor, then? The young fellow told her? He hasn't been playing the lord to her?"

"As far as he's concerned, I think he has been tolerably honest, Tom, for a man and a lover."

"And told her he was born and bound a tailor?"

"Rose certainly heard it from him."

Slapping his knee, Old Tom cried: "Bravo!" For though one part of his nature was disappointed, and the best part of his plot disarranged, he liked Evan's proceeding and felt warm at what seemed to him Rose's scorn of rank.

"She must be a good gal, my lady. She couldn't

'a got it from 'tother side. Got it from you. Not that you——"

"No," said Lady Jocelyn, apprehending him. "I'm afraid I have no Republican virtues. I'm afraid I should have rejected the pill. Don't be angry with me," for Old Tom looked sour again; "I like birth and position, and worldly advantages, and, notwithstanding Rose's pledge of the instrument she tells her heart, and in spite of your offer, I shall, I call you honestly, counsel her to have nothing to do with——"

"Anything less than lords," Old Tom struck in. "Very well. Are ye going to lock her up, my lady?"

"No. Nor shall I whip her with rods."

"Leave her free to her choice?"

"She will have my advice. That I shall give her. And I shall take care that before she makes a step she shall know exactly what it leads to. Her father, of course, will exercise his judgment." (Lady Jocelyn said this to uphold the honour of Sir Franks, knowing at the same time perfectly well that he would be wheedled by Rose). "I confess I like this Mr. Harrington. But it's a great misfortune for him to have had a notorious father. A tailor should certainly avoid fame, and this young man will have to carry his father on his back. He'll never throw the great Mel off."

Tom Cogglesby listened, and was really astonished at her ladyship's calm reception of his proposal.

"Shameful of him! shameful!" he muttered perversely: for it would have made Old Tom desolate to have had to change his opinion of her ladyship after cherishing it, and consoling himself with it five-and-twenty years. Fearing the approach of softness, he prepared to take his leave.

"Now—your servant, my lady. I stick to my word, mind: and if your people here are willing, I—I've got a candidate up for Fall'ield—I'll knock him down, and you shall sneak in your Tory. Servant, my lady."

Old Tom rose to go. Lady Jocelyn took his hand cordially, though she could not help smiling at the humility of the cobbler's son in his manner of speaking of the Tory candidate.

"Won't you stop with us a few days?"

"I'd rather not, I thank ye."

"Won't you see Rose?"

"I won't. Not till she's married."

"Well, Tom, we're friends now?"

"Not aware I've ever done you any harm, my lady."

"Look me in the face."

The trial was hard for him. Though she had been five-and-twenty years a wife she was still very handsome: but he was not going to be melted, and when the perverse old fellow obeyed her, it was with an aspect of resolute disgust that would have made any other woman indignant. Lady Jocelyn laughed.

"Why, Tom, your brother Andrew's here, and makes himself comfortable with us. We rode by Brook's farm the other day. Do you remember Copping's pond—how we dragged it that night? What days we had!"

Old Tom tugged once or twice at his imprisoned fist, while these youthful frolics of his too stupid

self and the wild and beautiful Miss Bonner were being recalled.

"I remember!" he said savagely, and reaching the door hurled out: "And I remember the Bull-dogs, too!—servant, my lady." With which he effected a retreat to avoid a ringing laugh he heard in his ears.

Lady Jocelyn had not laughed. She had done no more than look and smile kindly on the old boy. It was at the Bull-dogs, a fall of water on the borders of the park, that Tom Cogglesby, then a hearty young man, had been guilty of his folly: had mistaken her frank friendliness for a return of his passion, and his stubborn vanity still attributed her rejection of his suit to the fact of his descent from a cobbler, or, as he put it, to her infernal worship of rank.

"Poor old Tom!" said her ladyship when alone. "He's rough at the rind, but sound at the core." She had no idea of the long revenge Old Tom cherished, and had just shaped into a plot to be equal with her for the Bull-dogs!

(To be continued.)

JAPANESE FRAGMENTS.

BY CAPTAIN SHERARD OSBOEN, R.N.

THE Japanese Ambassadors are in the United States. The slavery and anti-slavery members have ceased squabbling about that line over which they may use very unparliamentary language, but must not stride. Bowie knives and gonging apparatus have been sheathed *pro tem.*, and shooting at sight deferred, in order that the Envoys of H.I.M., the Taikoon of Japan, be properly received, and that a favourable impression be made on their eastern intellects of the culminating civilisation of American institutions. What a charming relief it must be for that grey-headed chief magistrate of the Great Republic to forget the perils of a committee of both houses especially delegated to destroy a reputation founded on forty years of public service, and to explain to the fresh untutored ambassadors of an Eastern Potentate the blessings of universal suffrage, and the absence of hereditary right. They will come here to England, it is to be hoped,—and before all England has gone to bathe, shoot, and yacht. But if not, we must take them to the Isle of Wight, and show them our big Trafalgars and pretty Blue-bells. We can take them to our great marts of Liverpool and Manchester. We can show them Aldershott and Portsmouth, Oxford and London—but London out of season. They must go to the North, and if we can only get the Kamis into knickerbockers, we may show them Ben Nevis, and remind them feebly of their own beautiful mountain scenery, and we can at least send them away convinced that we are not, all, robbers of gold, or defrauders of foreign customs, as their countrymen very naturally suppose; and that although we possess an uncommon good opinion of ourselves, and do most things with a high hand, except where Americans, French, or Russians are concerned, that still we are not such a bad set of fellows after all: and half-pay officers and workhouse paupers excepted, are fairly clothed, fairly fed, and fairly governed.

It is necessary, however, that we should rub up our knowledge of the people whose ruler has thus sent an embassy to report upon European manners and customs; and as the Japanese have for three centuries refused all intercourse with Europe, we are obliged to go back to ancient documents for much of what we wish to know touching that empire, or of the singular and interesting people dwelling within its boundaries.

Comparing that information with the observations and notes made by us and other recent visitors to Japan, we are struck with the strange immutability of many of the characteristics of the people, and of the institutions under which they have lived for three centuries, whilst, unlike the Chinese, the arts and sciences, the manufactures and industrial produce of the country have advanced considerably. The little compilation, a "Cruise in Japanese Waters," which was so favourably received by the public, was written under all the advantages on the one hand of fresh impressions, and on the other hand, amidst the multifarious duties of an officer commanding a man-of-war, it was consequently impossible to embody in it all the notes hastily thrown together, or to correct and enlarge upon them from old works that I was well aware existed in abundance, touching the condition of the people and country, at a time when it was unreservedly open to Europeans of all denominations. Here in England, in the noble library of the British Museum, we have a fund of valuable information which may, I believe—and the reader shall be my judge—be profitably explored, and I bring to that ancient knowledge modern information, and, what is better still, a series of native illustrations procured in the city of Yedo itself, which will bring before us in vivid relief the scenery, the towns and villages, the highways and byways of that strange land—the costumes, tastes, and, I might almost say, the feelings of the people—so skilful are Japanese artists in the Hogarth-like quality of transferring to their sketches the characteristics of passing scenes.

It is many centuries since Europe heard of Japan, yet our information of her is still fragmentary. The early traders, like our modern ones, did not willingly impart their knowledge lest it should interfere with large profits. The missionaries of that day, the followers of Ignatius Loyola and St. Francis, looked to little else than the ecclesiastical points involved in their discoveries or progress, and, with rare exceptions, it was not until the Hollander and Englishman commenced to supersede the Portuguese and Spaniards that reliable or valuable information touching the geography, the polity, and social condition of the Japanese Empire begun to be recorded—and then in such forms! Such huge tomes, such ponderous volumes wrapt in quaint language and mouldy leanness. One turns in despair from the endless miracles recorded by worthy fathers who lived surrounded by raging heathens and affrighted bonzes, to the wonderful dissertations of worthy John Ogilby, master of the revels to our Charles II. of glorious memory. He insists upon travelling to and fro between Miaco and Thebes, Yedo and Ancient Athens, or

Rome. By dint of perseverance we extract his ore and leave his dross, and then clutch sweet Purchas, who startles us by stating, on authority which may not be denied, that in Japan, "where our countryman Williams Adams doth now reside, and hath been there these many years, therefore hath better means to know than any one," there are two mountains, one of which casteth out flames, and where the Devil might be seen in a bright cloud by such as prepared themselves for the sight by due preparation of mind and body! For a moment we trembled. Could this be our

beautiful Fusi-hama, the "matchless one of Ni-pon?" Was she like other peerless ones, merely a snare and a delusion, handing her votaries over to the Evil One in a bright and dazzling cloud? Gracias a Dios! No; further on we recognised her, for the ancient writer mentioned another mountain, our Fusi-hama, as being "many leagues higher than the clouds." Both that burning mountain and its unpleasant occupant: we felt so relieved, and turning to our "Hundred Phases of the Matchless Mountain," published in Yedo, we rejoiced like the travellers who, in the early



Travellers. First view of Fusi-hama. (Fac-simile.)

morn, halt on the highway, and gaze upon her grand proportions in wonderment and love as she towers above that great empire, and daily blesses the millions at her feet.

But let us begin our tale of Japan, and try to carry our reader back to the old, old time, A.D. 1300, when Venice and Genoa were as great as we yet hope they will, one day, again become. It was, then, five centuries and a half ago, that Zipangu, the Chinese barbarism for Nipon, was first heard of in Europe, and that through the narration of the brothers Polo. They had just returned from their wanderings and sojournings in Tartary and China, and men hardly knew what to believe of the marvels they related.

That first news of Nipon was brief, yet admirably calculated to awaken the curiosity and cupidity of races who had for ever been accus-

tomed to look to the remotest East, as a land of wondrous wealth, where gold, precious stones, and almost as precious spices, were as dross. Lands which, if the mail-clad warlike sons of Western Europe could only reach, their strong arms and stout hearts would enable each impoverished knight and desperate soldier to carve out a kingdom for himself. Marco Polo had not visited Japan, but he had dwelt long in China; he was the first and last European who ever held office under the Chinese Government, and it was from the Chinese that he had learnt of the great islands to the eastward. "Zipangu!" for so he calls Nipon, "is an island in the Eastern sea, very great in size; the people of a white complexion, of gentle behaviour,—in religion idolators,—and they have a king of their own. They have gold in great plenty; their king permits no exportation of it, and they who have

been to that country—and they are few—report the king's house to be covered with gold (as churches are here with lead), gilded windows, and that they also have many jewels !”

We can imagine the excitement in the stately palaces, and on the marble quays of Venice, when her merchants read this tale, the truth of much of which was subsequently proved ; and how they longed that their “talle shippes,” “those proud argosies,” which had explored the inhospitable coasts of Northern Europe, and penetrated to the further shores of the Cimmeric Bosphorus, should likewise attain and secure for the Queen of the Adriatic the promised wealth of that wondrous Zipangu.

They had not, however, been the first to break the Tenth Commandment—to covet that which Providence had given unto others—and Marco Polo relates how his great patron, the conqueror of China, Kublai Khan, had been stimulated to bring the Britain of the Pacific under his paternal sway. Small measure of grace, small persuasion would have fallen to the fair-skinned dwellers in Nipon or Zipangu, could Kublai have reached them with his Tartar hordes. *Dieu merci !* horses may not swim the deep sea, and a small breadth of blue water stayed the charge of the Tartar cut-throat of the olden day, as we trust it may do the *pas accéléré* of the more modern Zouaves or Turcos into our own good land. Kublai Khan proceeded therefore to expound certain philosophical principles to the Wang or King of Nipon, in a communication which would vie, in some respects, with similar documents that we have seen of late years appear from other great potentates who dwell nearer to the meridian of Greenwich. We give it verbatim as a charming exemplification of the ancient fable of the wolf and the lamb.

The “exalted Emperor of the Mongols” from his capital of Cambolu, supposed to be the present Peking, writes in the year of Grace, 1278, to the Wang, or King of Nipon, as follows :

“I am a prince of a formerly small state to which the adjacent lands have united themselves, and my endeavour is to make inviolable truth and friendship reign among us. What is more, my ancestors have, in virtue of their splendid warrant from Heaven, taken possession of Hia dominions (? China). The number of distant countries and of remote cities that fear our power, and love our virtue, passes computation. Nipon lies near, and has, from the beginning held intercourse with the central empire. But, during my reign, not a single envoy has appeared to open a friendly intercourse with me. I apprehend that this state of things is not, as yet, well known in your country, wherefore I send envoys with a letter to make you acquainted with my views, and I hope we shall understand each other. Already philosophers desire to see the whole world form one family. But how may this one family principle be carried into effect if friendly intercourse subsist not between us ? I am resolved to call this principle into existence, even should I be obliged to do so by force of arms ! It is now the business of the Wang of Nipon to decide what course is most agreeable to him !”

As a specimen of imperial correspondence, in the year of Grace, 1278, we may say that this document is not an uninteresting one, though it failed in convincing the ruler of Japan (then called the Zio-goon) of the advisability of entering into “amity and friendship” with such a ruffian. Kublai proceeded to enforce his arguments, and a mighty fleet put forth from the shores of the wide-spreading Yangstye-keang to the shallow waters, and hardier climes of Pechalee and the hosts of Tartary sailed for the subjugation of the Isles of the Day-dawn. It was another Armada, and met with the same well-deserved fate. Storms swept the rocky shores of Kin-su, the southernmost island of the Japanese group, and by shipwreck, famine, and the sword of the islanders, nearly all that vast force perished.

Yet, in days still more remote, a peaceful conquest of Japan had been effected by the swarming hive of human beings located in the great plain which forms the heart of China. The Chinese dwelling in that rich valley of the Yangstye-keang appear from the earliest ages to have been the prey of their neighbours, or else to have been constantly over-run by fresh inroads from those wide plains of Mongolia whence they derived their origin. Pressed on by the sword of a conqueror, or fleeing from the plague, pestilence, and famine which followed in his path, it was but natural, whilst portions of the Chinese masses fled over the lofty mountain ranges which lie south of the Yangstze, and so reached the rich provinces which now constitute the tropical portion of that great empire, that another exodus took place from the seaboard, whence the unhappy fugitives took ship and fled eastward across the great ocean, in search of that peace and security which was denied them at home. Chinese and Japanese records happily approximate in their dates of one such exodus ; and, taking the latter as our guide, we learn that about 300 years before the advent of the Saviour, there arrived from the “setting sun” (China) a number of beneficent strangers, led by one who combined, like another Moses, the triple office of legislator, high priest, and generalissimo. This great leader, Sin-fuh, has since been deified in Japan : but the occasion of his peaceful invasion of that land is otherwise explained by the myth-loving historians of China. They tell, that during the reign of one Hwang-te, 300 couple of young men and women were sent across the eastern sea in search of the waters of immortality ; and that these wanderers elected one Sin-fuh as their leader, and, under his skilful guidance, after dire adventures by sea and land, reached the pleasant shores of Nipon—it was their Canaan. It is more than probable that the aboriginal race then found in Kiu-sin and Nipon Islands was of those same Ainos who now dwell in Yesso and the Kurile Islands ; and the sword, as well as the milder influence of a superior civilisation, had doubtless much to do with the moulding of the Japanese people and government into what we now find them. From the reign of this warrior-priest, Sin-fuh, date most of the arts and sciences now existing in that country, and his rule must have rapidly spread from the southern portion of the empire as far as the latitude of

Yedo, the present capital; for it is said that, although he *only* lived 150 years, his death took place upon Mount Fusi-hama, the Matchless-mountain of Japan. That lofty and beautiful peak is the Sinai of the Japanese islander—for Sin-fuh, with great wisdom, and still better taste, did not trust to the grateful memory of his countrymen for a monument to his fame, or

to perishable statues of marble and brass, but identified his life and death with the handiwork of the great Creator. If the Japanese records tell truly, their wonderful cone of Fusi-hama was projected upward by volcanic action during the lifetime of Sin-fuh, and the thunders of the Deity might have been possibly invoked by the Japanese legislator, to confirm his authority,



Pilgrims to Fusi-hama. (Fac-simile.)

as was done in the olden time by the great Israelite at Sinai. Sin-foism, the ancient faith of the Japanese islander, has its stronghold in that mountain, and in the type of strength, purity, and grandeur which it represents. On its crest is the supposed resting-place of the founder of that faith, and thither have wended the devout of all times in earnest pilgrimage.

Everything in Japan reminds the visitor of this prevailing faith. The love of the people for Fusi-hama in all her phases, and the thousand scenes incident to the yearly pilgrimage to its summit, are the favourite topic of her literati, and the constant subject of her artists' pencils.

Amongst other graphic illustrations of the toil and danger undergone by Japanese devotees, we give a fac-simile of one, which brings vividly before us the "antres vast and deserts idle" through which they have to wend their way; and we can sympathise with the Alpine Club as they view our fac-simile, and regret that no artist has been found in Europe who could as truthfully pourtray their deeds of daring at the shrine of their mountain goddess. There is, however, one hope left for them. A talented Japanese artist is in the suite of this foreign embassy: we should recommend them to engage him to illustrate their next work.

The faith of Sin-fuh, and the theocracy founded by him, lasted nigh upon twelve hundred years, to A.D. 1150, about a century before Kublai Khan, desirous of making war for an idea, made an attack upon the liberties of the Japanese. Those twelve centuries, however, were chequered with an average amount of intestine wars and rebellions, and a warlike spirit was fostered, which tended to the extension of the race over the whole of Nipon Island and a portion of Yesso, the original dwellers being thrust northward, or destroyed. In that period of time, and prior to Kublai's attempt, there was evidently frequent intercourse with the Chinese Empire, though no acknowledgment of its supremacy, and it was doubtless through the traders between Japan and China that Kublai Khan learnt of the wealth and importance of the "Land of the Day-dawn," and with becoming modesty desired to bring it under his beneficent sway. A hundred years, however, before this attempt was made, the Priest-kings, or Dairi, now called Mikados, of Japan, had almost resigned the executive control to the representative of the military forces of the empire. The first Zio-goön, or executive ruler of Japan, crushed out the rebellious spirit of the great fental barons, who, of course, under an ecclesiastical sway, had been nigh independent, and he then placed the head of the church in a secondary position, tendering him allegiance, however, and using his ecclesiastical influence for the purposes of the state. Fresh energy had thus been imparted to the ancient empire founded by Sin-fuh, and Japan was in no mood to bow to Kublai Khan.

The storms which sweep the seas of this Eastern Britain stood Mikado and Zio-goön, priest and soldier, in good stead; and, elated by their first success in resisting the onslaught of the Chinese armies and fleets, they passed an edict, that "Henceforth no Mongol subject should set foot in Nipon under pain of death!" Brave words! of which Kublai Khan tested the sincerity, by rashly despatching an envoy and suite to summon its promulgators to pay tribute; and when the Zio-goön, true to his word, executed them on the sea-board of his kingdom, the indignant conqueror of many realms launched forth another host, to perish as the first had done; and Kublai brought upon all the sea-board of China the curse of a desolating retaliation by Japanese marauders. Through centuries the recollection of that attempt to rob them of their independence, sharpened the sword and nerved the arm of the bold pirates from Nipon, and the Chinese trader ceased to traverse the narrow valley of waters which divided the plains of the Yangstye-keang from the rocky iron-bound coasts of Ziyangu. The traffic between the two countries, and traffic there must have been, now passed entirely into the hands of the Japanese seamen, whom the Chinese historians quaintly paint as half robber, half merchant, strongly resembling those early merchant-explorers from whom we, in Great Britain, date our commercial and maritime greatness.

Whilst such was the state of affairs in Japan, the news brought by Marco Polo to Europe was working—a little leaven was leavening the enterprising spirit of Christendom. Cathay and Zi-

pangu were the goal of popes and kings, priests and soldiers; and a real knowledge of the earth's surface was unrolling itself before the genius and cupidity of Europe. Whilst, therefore, Spaniards, Portuguese, Dutch, and English are rapidly struggling towards the land where "the king's house was covered with gold," let us look upon the fair kingdom of Japan.

(To be continued.)

THE LONDON SEASON.

THIS season is not like most others that we have known. It has afforded a practical answer to the question why we English people have selected the most beautiful time of the year for abandoning our country houses and green retreats, and burying ourselves in the heart of a noisy, dusty, stuffy, burning city. The country is not green, and the town is not hot—not half as hot as it should be for comfort. It is all very well to talk of the romantic aspects of Nature; but surely since last Easter we have rather desiderated cheerful rooms and bright fires and genial assemblages of hearty people, with curtains drawn, and what is called "Nature" carefully excluded, than any tarrying by waterfalls, or coquetry at night with celestial phenomena. The nightingales have all suffered from sore throats: and some time back when I heard a cuckoo in Richmond Park attempting his usual monotonous call, it was done in so peevish a manner that I had not the heart to turn a four-penny-bit for luck's sake. How the people in Covent Garden have got their flowers it is difficult to say. I should rather have expected to see violets growing at Charing Cross, and primroses upon Ludgate Hill, than in the few fields and hedge-rows which it has been my misfortune to see during the last few months.

But, to speak the truth, even at ordinary times, when the terrestrial gases have not been mixed up in such universal hubbub as they have been during the last months of shipwreck, and hurricane, and deluge, when things which should be green are green, and when the ground is pied with daisies where daisies ought to be, and the white-thorns keep their fragrant appointments with the exactest punctuality,—these should rather be taken as relishes and contrasts to life in London during the London season, than as substitutes for all that London can show at such a time. With the best inclination to sympathise with all human pursuits, it is hard to see how a man, in order to employ himself most worthily, should avoid the society of his fellow men. Why should not a Londoner grow sentimental about Wardour Street as well as a Highland gentleman—I have no wish to twit him with his little peculiarities—about Glenlivat? As I walk about the streets of London—oftentimes by night—those dull brick houses are full of echoes of past days. I could tell you how the flutings lie on the marble mantel-pieces, and where the easy-chair on which the grandfather sits must be placed because it would not fit any other part of the room. There was the kindly welcome, and the ready jest, and the little tiffs, and the large reconciliations with the young ladies, and the plans for the coming season, and

all that makes life delightful to the feelings and the senses, and now all that is quite, quite gone! Were I to knock at the door now, and race up the stairs as of old, Betty would be overcome, and the excellent head of the family inside would give me in charge on the suspicion of having a design against the great-coats and umbrellas. No poetry in London! No poetry save a man is sitting and sneezing on a swab of wet moss—a Highland piper being at hand with one of those horrid instruments of torture applied to his hard, horny lips! Why, one could write a sonnet about South Audley Street.

But if London at all times is better than any other place you could name, what is it not during the season, when every joy is at its climax, and when all your friends and acquaintances from all parts of the country, and from all parts of the continent, and from all parts of the world, come dropping in thick as guats used to be in summer evenings—when there were summer evenings, and there were guats. I know that some unneighbourly sort of people will have it that London is most delightful in September, when everybody is out of town, and the Hindu sweeper in Saint James's Square leaves off peddling with the unprofitable mud at his crossing, and, folding his arms across his breast, meekly gives in to Buddhism. Of course London is pleasant in September when the seat of empire is your own—but it is pleasant as sleep is after toil, or night after day. I like, as well as any man, to have the library in the club entirely to myself, and to moralise in the deserts of Old Bond Street, but human nature has also its social and its gorgeous side. I have a rich vein of duchesses in my mind, which I can open up during the London season. If ever there was a loiterer by old bookshops, and a lover of old crinkum-crankums of every kind, I am that idle, useless person: but of all the fair sights which the London streets can show, the fairest are those beautiful young maids and matrons who, as the season grows fervent, are drawn about in their triumphal cars by horses such as Greece never dreamed of, for all the testimony of her Elgin marbles. How all that human ingenuity could contrive, or human industry procure from all quarters of the globe, has been lavished on these Summer Queens; and how they take it as a matter of course, as the rose does its fragrance, or the humming-bird the iridescence of its restless wings! What a pity it would be if humanity could be at all mown down to a dead level like a lawn, and the heavens, in place of containing the greater and the lesser glories, were all lit up with myriads of farthing candles, all of equal dimness. The Londoner who has learned to enjoy his season properly, and to linger over its flavour, as a true scholar in wines would trifle with a beaded glass of amber Sauterne, and bless the Château-Yquem where it was cradled into sweetness, knows well what pleasures can be extracted from the mere contemplation of those more heroic exemplars of humanity who glide about the town in such Elysian guise. Archbishop Whately and the economists are right: you must have duchesses, that it may be well with the beggars; but for poor Dives, who I pro-

test to my thinking, was somewhat hardly used, there would have been no broken victuals, no savoury scraps for starving Lazarus. But these are knotty points;—we had best fall back on the London season.

I lay no great stress on that false start before Easter. It is but a foretaste, or rather a whet before the banquet; indeed it might more aptly be compared to the tuning-up of the fiddle before Signor Costa takes his seat, and with one wave of his magic wand opens the Palace of Music at a blow. If any one should be disposed to take a little turn to the French capital before the occurrence of the Easter winter—of late years we have commonly had snow at that season—if there were not room for actual commendation, you would scarcely think him worthy of absolute blame. It is the time when second and third-rate singers establish their failures as facts on the operatic stage. It is the time when theatrical managers depend upon the fag-ends of worn-out themes, and try the patience of the public whilst they are burnishing up their tinsel and spangles for fresh and unwanted effects. It is a time when shabby-genteel people who but wish to spread a report about their vicinage that they have been up to London “for the season,” spend a fortnight or three weeks in town, and return to their usual and congenial hypocrisies, under the false impression that they are not found out. There is little good, and much bad about that false-birth, the London season before Easter. The real people will not keep open-houses for shadows. Those who constantly inhabit London, maintain the even tenor of their way, and will not suffer themselves to be drawn into demonstrations which can have no substantial results. The country pilgrims have not yet arrived. They wisely stop down in their own domains, and refuse to bear their part in an idle mockery. You may notice that this is the time chosen by the astuter shopkeepers for calling to their aid the skill of the house-painter and decorator. They have put their cleanings and burnishings off till the last moment, that they may show in full brilliancy when it is most needful to be brilliant. They know what can be accomplished in three weeks by a combination between inclement skies and London “blacks,” and will not make their running till the critical moment. Their gains before Easter are nothing but tributes from country cousins, not worthy of serious account.

When the real season has set in, it seems as though all persons who can do anything better than their fellows, in any quarter of the globe, had descended like a swarm of locusts upon the town. The Monsieurs, and the Signori, and the Herra, flock to our shores with the hope of levying tribute from the Londoners in one form or another. One gentleman has a marvellous *ut de poitrine*; another produces musical sounds by merely thumping his chin; a third can do more in the conjuring way than has ever been thought possible before; a fourth relies for success upon the intelligent action of a set of well trained poodles; a fifth will cure all your ailments by throwing her- or him-self into a mesmeric condition, and prescribing apt remedies for your

infirmities; a sixth will transport you in a trice to the banks of the Mississippi, or put on a pig-tail and a Chinese dress, and entertain you with characteristic songs whilst he takes you up and down the Yang-tse-Kiang in a couple of hours, and brings you home to dinner at the appointed time. Why should not a man like to spend eight or nine weeks in the midst of this Arabian Night's dream which mortals call the London season? There is something for all ages, and all conditions of men. Whether you are a fat baby, and are rolled about in a perambulator—or a prosy old gentleman, and take your airings upon a steady cob—whether your heart's desire is for sugar-plums, or a good sleepy discussion of the Church Rate Question—you will find the means of gratifying it, better than you would do anywhere else, in London, when the season is at its height.

The season for very serious people is of course during the May Meetings at Exeter Hall, when so many clergymen and their healthy country-looking wives are to be seen about the Strand and Fleet Street. I have not one word to say against them, or their manner of ordering their lives; but I am writing for those—I am one of them myself—who see no harm in spending an evening with "Norma," or in idling throughout a summer evening in Hyde Park, and criticising the horses and their fair riders. Presently, we will waste a few minutes with them; but I would first ask, in answer to the charge that it is a sin, or a mistake, to abandon the country at the season of the year when it is bursting into beautiful life, if this is really so? What prevents us from riding about Richmond Park, or up the dark avenue of horse-chestnuts in Bushy Park, at our pleasure? There are green lanes Hendon and Edgeware way; there are pleasant heaths in Surrey within a riding distance. There are such events in the career of a Londoner during the season as little excursions to Gravesend and Greenwich. Show me, in any of the English counties, a fairer spot than Cobham Park with its ash trees and its deer leaping amongst the tall fern, while the Meadow rolls beneath your feet! He is not a judicious Londoner who, when the season is in full swing, does not steal away once and again for an afternoon up Thames, and spend it in sunny idleness under the shades of lordly Chiseldon, or, still better, under the dark cool woods of Marlow. If you long for a whiff of sea-air, is not London situated on the Sussex coast? Depart to our Brighton suburb, and when your nerves are re-strung come back to the heart of the town. Woodland, heath, river, sea, park, or common—they are all to be found in and about London, and are in their prime during the height of the season.

Besides, if any one has a licentious taste for floral joys, where can it be gratified so highly as in town? I do not suppose that in any part of the world such floral exhibitions are to be seen as in London. The Directors of the Botanic Gardens in the Regent's Park and their yoke-fellows of the Crystal Palace will cater for your taste in this kind in a way which will outdo your expectations, or you must be hard, indeed, to please. Flora holds her Derby days and her Cup days in London, and if you care to assist at the Olympian struggles

of fruits and flowers, come to London during the season.

If, again, the inclination of your fancy be for painting, you must either be a connoisseur with a hobby, or a sneerer at your own country, or a professed critic, or, generally, a very uncomfortable sort of person, if you do not find much to afford you gratification; and, indeed, far more than the critical stomach of most of us can digest in the three Exhibitions of the Royal Academy, of the Ancient Masters, and of the old Water Colourists. Of late years our French friends have also sent us a collection of pictures during the London season, which always contains some few note-worthy performances—now it is one of those marvellous Horse Fairs, or procession of Spanish Mules by Rosa Bonheur—now the Duel in the Snow after the Masked Ball; but there is always something which will entertain and instruct you, if you are not wilfully resolved not to be instructed or entertained. There is a good week's occupation for a lover of pictures in the four exhibitions named—to make no mention of the more permanent galleries, such as those which contain the Turner and Sheepshanks Collections in the new buildings at South Kensington.

Do you care for music? London, during the season, may be said to be the very Delphi of the musical world. The most famous singers, the most famous performers in Europe seek, and readily find, engagements at one or other of the London Opera Houses. When they have made their proofs elsewhere they come to us. If a London manager accepts them, and a London audience ratifies his choice, they have gained the blue ribbon of their art, and henceforth are "personages." Besides the operas there are concerts innumerable, in which the most skillful pianists and violinists, of whom the world knows, are ready to put forth their full strength for your amusement. One year we have a Handel Festival, when the works of the great master are given in a style which would probably have astonished their author as much as he has contrived to astonish the world with the grandeur of his musical conceptions. Recently Germany sent us her Cologne Choir—last week we had amongst us the chosen members from amongst the French Orphéonistes. Whatever may have been the case in by-gone days, it is clear that, in our own, any musical fanatic might, with safety, leave Paris and Vienna, and Milan and Naples unvisited; if his object be to gratify the most morbid craving for melody and harmony, let him come to London during the season.

Thus far we have spoken of a few heads of attraction—of beautiful women in such crowds that beauty ceases to be a distinction; of some of the loveliest forms of English scenery, and by which London is surrounded; of fruits and flowers; of painting and of music. If any one cares for these things, or any of them, here they are to be found. But when you have said all this you have only spoken of the sensuous side of the London season. But one of the chief causes why that time is so delightful to a man of intelligent and energetic mind, is that then the nation is in its full intellectual stride. During the autumn

most of us—overworked men as most Londoners are—seek for recreation or relaxation on the continent, or at watering-places, or in the country; in the period which intervenes between the return to town and the commencement of the true season, each one is merely occupied with his own private affairs, but when the parliamentary season, which is identical in point of time with that which is commonly spoken of as the London season, has fairly set in, London is the clearing-house of the world. Whether one be in the right or in the wrong, one likes to assist at the discussion of the great questions which are astir. As long as one is upon this earthly stage it is as well to be an actor in the scene, and not a mere loungee in the green-room, nor a critic before the curtain. It is very true, that at the present moment the immediate decision of mortal events seems to reside rather in Paris than in London; but the Parisians, or the French who go to Paris for their season, have marvellously little to do with the matter. England is the only country in Europe where a man can say what he likes, and write what he likes, about public affairs. London is the grand centre of political action, and London transacts its chief business in this kind, during the season.

So far of a few of the principal incidents of this delightful time; but we should also cast a glance at the number and sorts of people whose existence, in some cases, and well-being in all, depend upon the course which a London season may take. Let us think for a moment of the lodging-house keepers, and hair-dressers, and silk-merciers, and milliners, and seamstresses, and job-masters, and all persons who live in Bond Street and Regent Street and the neighbourhood of these localities, and all who depend upon them. Nay, whilst we are about it, why not give a thought to Manchester, and Coventry, and Lyons, and Bordeaux? for in all these famous towns the existence of the inhabitants will be found to be more or less bound up with the fortunes of the London season. The first question, of course, which a visitor to London is obliged to ask himself is, where he shall find "apartments;" for living in hotels is out of the question, save in the case of the very wealthy. I have often wondered what is the real origin of the London lodging-house keeper. From my own small experience of the class, I should say that they were all fallen stars—that they have, at a previous period of their career, before they took to letting lodgings, lived in great luxury and magnificence, but are now in "reduced circumstances." They never appear to have mounted up the rungs of the social ladder until they attained the serene platform on which they could let lodgings calmly and be at peace. They have tumbled down upon the calling, as it were, from above. The fact, I suppose, is, that they suffer, poor people, from a morbid desire to assert their own dignity in the presence of their lodgers. You will commonly enough find two sisters following this pursuit: the eldest will do the bargaining and the necessary acts of severity about coals and extras, while the younger lady, a sort of faded beauty of seven-and-thirty, gives herself the airs which are necessary to support the consideration of the family. If you are a married man, or have ladies in your

party, it will be found extremely difficult to keep this gay young thing out of the "apartments" as soon as your own back is turned. Whenever you venture upon the smallest objections to any of the arrangements or charges, or wish to "get in" things on your own account, you are at once annihilated with the precedent of what Sir Roger This, or Colonel That, who had previously occupied the apartments, did under similar circumstances. Both the baronet and the gallant officer in question invariably proceeded upon the principle of unbounded confidence in the ladies of the house, and found themselves the better for it. As a general rule, I am sorry to say, that our London lodging-house keepers much prefer letting to gentlemen. Ladies, they say, stop at home a great deal, and are always ringing the bells. I suspect, moreover, that the feminine mind is more impatient of small pilfering, and not so easily moved by a passing reference to Sir Roger and the Colonel. On the whole, however, these poor people must have a hard struggle of it in the world; in most cases their "apartments" do little more for them than keep a roof over their heads, and a loaf on their boards; so that we should not be too critical on their little attempts at overcharging during the season. What a weary time it must be for them when London is out of town, and what days of frightful excitement when the season is just beginning, and the furniture is refurbished up, and the anti-macassars are scattered about with no niggard hand, and the bills are in the windows, and the black silk gown and best cap are put on, and they can do no more! As they sit behind the blinds, and watch the passers-by, what a keen insight they must have into their business and objects! They must be able to detect at a glance a family-man in search of lodgings, and even to infer from the expression of his face if he is likely to require an extra bed-room. How their hearts must beat as he pauses opposite the window, half crosses over, and then walks on without ringing! But if he does ring, and Betsy at that moment is gone out for the beer!

The establishments of the leading milliners are pre-eminently dependent upon the fortunes of the London season. The fates of the producers and consumers of dress are very different during this period. It is not a pleasant thing to think of the contrast between the fortune of the poor girl who sits up all night to work at the ball-dress that it may be sent home in time—and that of the young lady who sits up all night to wear it. Do not let us therefore indulge in vulgar sentimentality, and groan over the caprices and selfishness of the queen of the ball-room. If that young person will but give her orders in time, and pay her bill in due season, she is not to be blamed because Madame Haradan Jones works short-handed. The real mischief lies in the suddenness of the order which disturbs the arrangements of Madame H. J., and in the non-payment of the accounts which cripples her resources, and prevents her from making those arrangements on a sufficiently liberal scale. Still, I wish that a milliner's work-room, at about 2 A.M., were esteemed one of the lions or lionesses of London, and that my bright little butterfly friends—the Lucys, and

Fannies, and Marys—were taken occasionally to see a laboratory of this description. The room is generally “stuffy,”—you will find in it two or more long tables with twenty or so sleepy girls stitching away like so many machines. They have just had some strong tea to keep them awake, for there is to be a fête, or a ball, or something of that sort the next day, and the work must be done. At the end of each table there sits a sort of superior officer—a lady maturely young—one of whom presides over the destinies of the caps and bonnets; the other, over those of the gowns and dresses;—this last one “cuts out.” They are generally remarkable for severity of temper during office hours, and with a stern tap of the thimble, and a “*Now, young ladies!*” instantly repress any feeble attempt at conversation which may be made by the poor girls in their several departments. I suppose it is necessary, but it does seem hard to prevent them from talking,—they must have such a deal to say. At the millinery-table some of the young people are working on paste-board heads which seem invariably to have lost their noses. They all look up in a subdued way, because, at that moment, Madame H. J. herself has entered the room with an expression of bland philanthropy on her amiable features, which, as they know by painful experience is the invariable preface to a suggestion, that they should sit up an hour or two longer than usual to “get through” the work. This suggestion is generally offered in a playful way at first, but the young ladies know very well that a sterner mask can be put on if Madame’s hilarity does not receive a cheerful response. By all means let us sit up and enjoy ourselves!

There is a contrast to this picture next day at the fancy fair, held in the grounds of Strawberry Lodge, Twickenham, for the benefit of let us say “The Indigent Governesses Asylum.” Behind that stand, and actually engaged in the wicked attempt to make a stout Archdeacon purchase a pink paper thing for catching flies, you may see the bold but fascinating Lady Dalilah Stopall. She has succeeded. The venerable gentleman has deposited a sovereign in payment, and looks to have the change returned; but this sauey lady informs him with a laugh, that she never gives change at her establishment. His consort, a tall, grim, monumental looking matron, is biting her thin lips with vexation, and looks as if she would give him a little bit of her mind to-night upon the subject of his improvident bargain. The two children ask, “What papa will do with it?” as he holds his flimsy purchase up, and is evidently puzzled how to get off the stage with dignity. “Catch flies, darlings!” says Lady D. S. with an impertinence and levity of manner which the two young officer-looking men in the mandarin hats evidently deplore. Well, Lady Dalilah has on the very identical dress which was the result of Mrs. Haradan Jones’s playful suggestion to her young people on the previous night. The suggestion was dropped at 12:30 A.M., and by 11 A.M. that curious system of small flounces which constitutes a modern dress was punctually delivered at 521, Charles Street, Berkeley Square, and is now at Strawberry Lodge.

If, being a man, you want any practical test beyond the general appearance of Old Bond Street, of whether the London Season is on or not, go to Matchwell’s in the Arcade; and if you have any hair, get it cut. In the season you have to wait for your turn, while all the gentlemen, with “knees” on their heads, are getting trimmed and essenced, and greased and brushed. How I envy that young dog with a head like a mop! How astonished the artiste looks who is called upon to cut the hair of that bullet-headed gentleman who has but two little tufts left just above his ears: his astonishment, however, is but of short duration, and as he takes comb and scissors in hand, he asks in the usual routine way, “Would you like much off, sir?” If there were a grain of irony in his tone, the bullet-headed gentleman, who is an enormously powerful man, would knock him down without a moment’s hesitation; but there is no room for picking a quarrel, so the visitor replies, in a manner equally formal, that he would rather have the operation repeated, for he might take cold if much hair were removed at once. The tiresome people, when you are waiting for your turn, are the gentlemen who insist upon having their heads washed. A fashionable hair-dresser’s establishment is one of the best places you can visit if you want to ascertain about the ebb and flow of the London Season.

Another fair proof that town is full is the aspect of St. James’s Street, and the part of Pall Mall which contains the clubs. I wonder what those dear old gentlemen in the bow-windows of the old clubs into which Gamma and his kind never venture to intrude a profane foot can possibly find to talk about. There they are, year after year,—they never dream of shifting their quarters to another world—gazing complacently at the passers-by with newspapers spread upon their knees, and interchanging remarks upon things in general. Nothing seems to move or excite them—they are calm and serene even when Europe is in flames, or the Jews are let into Parliament. I think I should like to be as one of them for a quarter of an hour. Their heads must be so cool. What must a man feel like who has never been called upon for any exertion, save for his own pleasure, for three-score years and ten? It is a sensation of which one would like to have some practical experience. You never see a hub-bub and turmoil round the doors of their clubs, as in the case of the more noisy and excitable establishments in Pall Mall during the London season.

But of all the glorious sights, during that famous period, give me the Ride in Hyde Park, known to mortals as Rotten Row. I do not think that the great London spectacle was improved last year by the removal of the band from Kensington Gardens to the end of the Ride near Apsley House. It may be that one is under the influence of old feelings. Sentiment is essentially Tory. As we look back—ah! it is now years and years ago—to the golden time when the fair horse-women were as goddesses, and our hearts were in our mouths as we drew near that old elm tree where they sate upon their steeds—lovely, transcendental, and in chimney-pot hats—we do not love to see our old associations disturbed. As

a stout and elderly friend observed to me the other day—the mind never loses its figure! Was it not there that *she* burst upon our astonished vision for the first time? Was it not there that three weeks afterwards, and on the day subsequent to the assembly at old Lady Dandelson's, when *she* had glanced at us looks of encouragement, as we supposed, over two strawberry-creams of which we were then partaking—(alas! strawberry-creams don't taste like that now-o'-days—they are deficient in flavour)—we met her again, and there *she* distinctly flicked her bay mare "Joddles" three times in a way that betrayed her sweet confusion at our presence? Alas! again, I say, my friends, why continue this chapter of painful reminiscences? Were we not, what our French neighbours would call *éconduits*, because a doubt seemed to exist in the paternal mind, whether we could warrant sufficient supplies of nectar and ambrosia for the consumption of the Nymph whilst she adhered to the crust of the planet? Alas! once more were we not consulted by that very Nymph, the other day, upon the propriety of sanctioning a union between her daughter Angelina and the youthful Edwin who enjoys a certain amount of the confidence of his Sovereign as a clerk in the Foreign Office, and did we not reply that the match would be an imprudent one, and that Angelina could do better? Horrible!—most horrible! The corner by the Gardens there is thick with recollections of this kind; I cannot shift my quarters to the other end of the ride with any degree of complacency. When the Band performed in the open, there was no friendly shade under which the Edwins and Angelinas of the present day could exchange furtive glances, whilst the Papas pulled out their watches and calculated the interval between that time and the dinner-hour. In one respect, indeed, the change was far better, for surely the long rows of seats which were then placed both along the Ride and Drive were a great convenience to the ladies who wished to take the air and see the horse-folks, as well as to the gentlemen who wished to gaze upon them with respectful awe. To be sure, we then lost the Watteau-like picture of the promenaders in Kensington Gardens; but I think it was an advantage that the ladies had "deployed into line." Young volunteers, is the phrase a correct one—and such as would be used by you military men? I rejoice to see that the Band has now been moved back to its old place. In another respect, too, a change has come over the Ride since the times I have been describing. We have now three distinct sets of riders, some take their exercise or pastime in the morning, some at noon, some in the evening. Most commonly they are lawyers, and City people, and political men who are to be found in the Ride, before breakfast, proceeding up and down on hard-trotting horses, and endeavouring to cram the exercise of two hours into one. Then we have a large batch of riders, more or less mixed up with fashionable life, who find it more convenient to get the ride over before luncheon, so that they may not be fatigued for their dinner-parties and their operas in the evening. Besides these two earlier batches we have the later riders who adhere to

the good old customs of their forefathers and foremothers, and take their pleasure in the ride between five and seven P.M. during the London Season. Perhaps it is as well that the company is thus divided, because, in consequence of the enormous increase of wealth as well as of inhabitants of London and visitors, there really would scarcely be room for all—if all were to ride at once. As it is the place is crowded, and when the season is at its height I should like to see either the Bois de Boulogne, or the Champs Elysées, or the Thiergarten, or the Prater attempt rivalry with the famous Ride in Hyde Park.

An observer of a philosophical turn of mind might find abundant food for reflection in the hats worn by the ladies. I confess I am not without a sneaking partiality for the Spanish-looking hat and black feathers. Very young ladies may try a bird's wing, for a girl's face will come out victorious of almost any trial to which it may be put. But I would not recommend my stout friend Mrs. Mompesson Todd to mount a pheasant's pinion. The white feathers are too conspicuous, and as a rule are not becoming, nor are the blues and reds to be violently commended. The hat masculine again, when worn upon the lovely heads of certain fair beings before whom the hearts of the spectators quail, is a dangerous weapon of offence, and ought to be put down by the police. Upon some faces, indeed, it is perfectly harmless, and therefore interference on the part of the public authorities would be superfluous. I rejoiced last year to see that the dainty little tails to the jackets of the habits have been once more permitted to the Nymphs in substitution for those flopping paletôt sort of things which made slight Nymphs look stout, and stout Nymphs stouter. But what a wonderful sight the Ride is during the season. You have scarcely recovered your breath from the effect of one vision which has cantered past, when four come on a-breast under the guardianship of two tall wretches with violent whiskers. Then the little gentleman with the tippet—may his shadow never be less!—trots past on his lean horse, and gives time for the restorative agencies of nature to come again into play. Look at that young girl who is cantering past with her feather streaming in the wind, and the bronzed-looking youth upon a pulling, tearing chesnut mare by her side, who is whispering something in her ear—can't you guess what it is about?—how divinely happy she looks! Then four gentlemen in a row trot by you, whose names are famous wherever the English language is spoken, and they are chattering and giggling like a parcel of school-boys. There is no attempt there at melo-dramatic heroism. Next there passes a curious stout man upon a curious stout horse, which canters along in an emphatic way, and gets over the ground at about the rate of four miles an hour upon a liberal computation. That is the celebrated hobby-horse of the Hyde Park Ride. If my space were not contracting so rapidly, I should like to have said a word about the lovely little children—*Angeli non Angli*—with the long silken hair, who are there amongst their elders, upon the rough ponies, which look so full of fun that you would almost expect to hear them neigh-

ing out jokes at each other. That little fellow in Knickerbockers on the Shetland is distinctly laying down the law in a masculine sort of way to the little lady with the partridge wing on the grey pony, who bursts out laughing at him, and brings him to a sense of his situation in true feminine style—for all the world as her sister Ellen, just out of her teens, would do with the

Colonel if he gave himself airs. My young friend, you are imbibing learning of the most valuable kind—attention to your dear governess!

Well, I say that all this is very pleasant—one amongst the pleasant things of London during the season. Nor are the stroll home and the London dinners disagreeable. Should you by hard fate be compelled to go and hear the final strains of



The London Season. (Page 41.)

Madame Grisi, or the fresh warblings of the Hungarian Csillag, at a later period of the evening, I should not be very ready to bewail your misfortune. The danger is, that a man may not know London and the felicities of the London season well until he has exhausted half the term of his pilgrimage. Happy is he who has so carefully arranged his life, that when it is half exhausted, he has surrounded himself with friends, in whose houses he can find a pleasant smile and a hearty welcome; and this is only possible in London. In the country, with enormous wealth at your disposal, you can indeed fill your house with

friends, but, *non cuisis*, we are not all born with golden ladles in our mouths. Besides, be as rich as you will, you can offer your friends a good deal, but you cannot place a London at their disposal, nor are they free agents as long as they are guests at your house. It is better to be in London, and to be free, and to look up the pleasant people as you feel a thirst for their presence. Under ordinary circumstances nothing is duller, as far as society is concerned, than country life in England; and out of England it can scarcely be said to exist. Whatever they may be to the natives of the countries, foreign capitals are to

English people but as watering-places,—delightful for a time, but in the long run poor substitutes for London during the season.

Vanitas vanitatum! omnia vanitas! may be the remark of some dismal person upon what has here been written of London. It may be so; and if it is so, let us make the best of it. I distinctly like vanities of all kinds, and more especially those which involve the society of the most intelligent and pleasant of my fellow-creatures, and an enjoyment of the highest forms of art and literature, and the spectacle of the full-swelling tide of human life. Let us leave Tityrus and Melibeus to their goats and their hexameters if they like them; but let us rather take our stand at Charing Cross. Above all, let as many of us as delight in the sight of happy human faces, come to London—during the season.

GAMMA.

THE VINEYARDS OF LA BELLE FRANCE.

Now that deputations from the British wine merchants, or rather manufacturers, are no longer waiting upon Mr. Gladstone, and the makers and vendors of "publican's port" have done getting up sympathy meetings with the afflicted teetotallers—we will, if you please, good reader, take a trip to the vineyards of La Belle France.

Commencing with the most northerly, it will be necessary to take our tickets to Épernay. This is on the line of railway—constructed, I believe, with English money, as most of the continental railways are—from Paris to Strasbourg, which answers to our Eastern Counties. Starting from the splendid terminus Place de Strasbourg, we pass from the north side of Paris, and soon arrive at the orchards and gardens of Lagny, on the left bank of the Marne. Twice crossing this river, we arrive at Meaux, a large city with eight or nine thousand people, and catch a glimpse of the stately cathedral of St. Stephen, and whirl past the avenue of yews where the learned Bossuet was accustomed to meditate undisturbed by the shrill whistle and whirr of the railway-train. The water-mills on the Marne are always going, to supply Paris with flour, and the land around is productive. The dairymaids make a very delicious cheese, called *fromage de Brie*. Rattling through the tunnel of Armentière, we pass La Ferté-sans-Jouarre, celebrated for the best millstones in the world, cut out of a silicious rock known as Burr stone, forming the uppermost stratum of the fresh-water basin in which Paris is situated. Blocks are extracted in cylinders, but the millstones are usually composed of pieces, bound together by iron, and presenting somewhat the appearance of mosaic work. Some twelve hundred pairs are produced annually: a good stone, six feet and a half in diameter, costs about 48*l*. The river here is varied by islands, one supporting the half-ruined castle of La Barre. All along to the Château Thierry station the banks of the Marne are very pretty, and the surrounding country shows evidence of a recent awakening and progress amongst the farmers. This old town wears a shattered look—it has been hacked and scarred; and seeking to recollect the cause, we revert to

the campaign of 1814, when the plain of Brie was occupied by hordes of Calmucs and Cossacks. We have just time to notice the picturesque castle built by Charles Martel for young King Thierry IV. upon the summit of a pleasing slope, before the railway-train crosses the Marne for the eighth and last time, and we break away into the prettiest part of the ancient province of Champagne—the country of the Champagne wines—a district from whence it is said the kings of France were supplied with Fools—a fact considerably in favour of the intelligence of the people.

Passing Dormans, the birth-place of Pope Urban II., and Port à Binson, where is visible the Gothic castle built by Madame Clignon ("the mother of wines"), we come to the head-quarters of Vins de Champagne, namely, Epernay, and are now about eighty miles from Paris. Making a pleasant trip to Rheims, a little to the north (where we are reminded of the prophesying rustics and the wonderful Maid of Orleans), and observing the vineyards which cover the slopes that surround and arise from the banks of the Vesle, and then visiting the hill of Aï on the Marne, and Hautvilliers, and Dizy, and Avenay, and prosecuting all imaginable inquiries in rather feeble French wherever it is possible to do so, we obtain certain disjointed facts, which, digested, group themselves into something like the following order.

These Champagne wines are divided into Vins de la Rivière and Vins de la Montagne; the former, or those produced from the lands in the valley, being the richest. They occupy a tract of country about five leagues in extent.

It must here be remarked, that position and aspect make prodigious difference in the yield of the vine. In the slope of a hill, from the top to the bottom, there will often be three different sorts of wine. The best and most favourable aspect for a vineyard is upon a rising ground facing the south-east; and thus we generally find them situated. The vine grows in every soil, but only very few are adapted to its economic cultivation. It luxuriates in the débris of granite rocks; and beds bearing marks of volcanic action are peculiarly favourable to its growth. There we find a thin calcareous soil, where very little else would flourish but the vine.

The vineyards upon these slopes remind us of Kent, because the vines, like the hops, are supported by means of poles. In the south they are allowed to trail along the ground for the purpose of preventing evaporation of moisture from the soil; but, in consequence of the cold and wet weather often prevalent in the north, they are here artificially supported.

The vintage commences when the leaves begin to fall, and the juice is sweet, bland, thick, and clammy. The fruit is usually gathered before the sun has risen, by which means a briskness is given to the wine, and its quantity is increased by one ton in twenty-four. A sufficient quantity of fruit is gathered to fill one or two vats, to insure an equal fermentation; and this gathering is performed by women with scissors, cutting the ripest bunches, and mixing with them a small proportion of the slightly unripe berries. For the red Vins

de Champagne (the colour of the wine depending upon the length of time the husks are allowed to ferment with the *must* or wort) the fruit is gathered dry, after the sun has risen.

And now commences the labour and risk which raise the price of these wines so high, irrespective of duty. The fermentation of those intended to be brisk is very tedious. It will be well to defer the chemical description of the process until we have seen the difference with which it is conducted in manufacturing the various wines. It is only necessary now to say, that the liquid, or *must*, is soon passed from the vat into the cask. And while in cask, those wines obtained from the first, second, and third, or final pressure of the fruit, and known relatively as *vins gris*, *œil de perdrix*, and *vins de taille*, which are most coloured, are mixed together. Thus, when *vins gris* have fermented in casks ten or twelve days, the bung-holes are closed, and spigot-holes are left, through which the casks are filled up from time to time with the other varieties, upon a systematic plan. Wines bottled any time between the vintage and the following May will be sparkling. They begin to sparkle after being six weeks in bottle, and the mountain sorts earlier. Bottled in June they will sparkle but little; and bottled so late as October, they will acquire the condition termed *still*.

Being in bottle, a third fermentation is induced by putting into each bottle a small glass of what is called *liqueur*—sugar-candy dissolved in wine, and fined to brightness. "This fermentation produces a fresh deposit of sediment. In this process the greatest attention is requisite, and the bottles are closely watched, the temperature of the air carefully regulated to promote or check the fermentation; yet thousands of bottles explode; so many, that 10 per cent. is always charged as a cost of manufacture." This is particularly the case in seasons of great and sudden heat. In April, 1843, Madame Cliquot, the largest grower in France, lost 25 per cent., or 400,000 bottles, before fermentation could be reduced by large supplies of ice.

"After clouding with fermentation in the bottles, the wine begins to deposit a sediment, and the bottles are placed with their necks downwards in long shelves, having holes obliquely cut in them, so that the bottoms are scarcely raised. Every day the attendant lifts the end of each bottle, and after a slight vibration replaces it a little more upright in the bed, thus detaching the sediment from the side, and letting it pass toward the neck of the bottle." This process is now continued until all the sediment has gravitated to the neck. Then a man takes the bottle to a recess prepared for the operation, holds its mouth downwards, cuts the wire, and away goes the cork, sediment, and, I was about to add, the wine too, which would be the case, were not a lad in attendance with some old corks, one of which is immediately taken to supply the place of the one just ejected. The quantity of wine lost by this operation depends very much upon the cleverness of those who conduct it, and nimble fingers are therefore in great request. The bottle is filled up with purified wine, and again stacked, to

be submitted to a second disgorgement, and sometimes a third. It is finally fitted, by another dose of candy, prepared with white wine, which imparts a pleasant sweetness, and aids its sparkling condition when opened, for the particular market to which it is going.

Thus, before the wine is perfectly cleared, it is calculated that every bottle passes through the hands of the workmen at least two hundred times.

The demand for this class of wine has so much increased latterly (Russia alone consuming 8,000,000 of bottles from France, and three times that quantity from other sources), that we now are introduced to various imitations in sparkling Hock, Burgundy, and Moselle. We might have expected it to be free from adulteration in this quarter, but it is not so; for at Paris and Certe are established manufactories where poor light wines are fined with candy, and passed through an apparatus that charges them with carbonic acid gas, and fits them for sale in ten minutes.

Respecting the quantity that is made, it is understood that the genuine production of the Champagne districts exceeds 50,000,000 of bottles, and the price at Epernay being from two to three francs, or 1s. 8d. to 2s. 6d. per bottle, supposing the duty here to be 3s. per gallon, or 6d. per bottle, and the carriage and wine merchant's profits amount to 1s. per bottle, which is surely an extreme calculation, we shall find the genuine article upon our tables at something like 4s. per bottle. It is, however, proposed to vary the duty according to the strength of the spirit of any given wine, and as Champagne has but a small proportion of alcohol, it will probably be introduced into this country after the 1st of April, 1861, at a charge of 1s. per gallon, instead of 3s., as it now stands in Mr. Gladstone's improved tariff.

The chief lion of importance in connection with this trade is to be found at Chalons-sur-Marne, a town of 14,000 inhabitants, higher up the river than Essemay, and near M. Jaqueson's Champagne Cellars. They are plainly visible from the station, and a little on the right. The statement that the French Government hired his cask and packing sheds for six months to barrack 4000 men, gives some idea as to their extent. There are generally to be found 4,000,000 of bottles, ready for sale. They are deposited in galleries, excavated in the chalk rock, about six miles long, intersected by tramways communicating with the railway, and perfectly lighted by metal reflectors, placed at the bottom of the air-shafts.

Our good teetotal friends—people with excellent intentions and large appetites, will be somewhat scared by this vision, more scared, may be, than the extinct disciples of that school who some years back beheld blessing in sterility, and ruin in fertility, and who accustomed themselves to lament over "the superabundance of production." Let their fears be calmed by the fact, that the peasants in and about these vineyards dance and sing all day long but are never drunk. Cheap wines will surely be more effective than Total Abstinence Pledges, and, Christian though I am, I very much incline to the idea of a heathen poet, who has

elegantly represented wine as a recompense given by the deities for the misery brought upon mankind by the general deluge.

Fill, then, a bumper from the taper-necked bottle, and let us drink to the future vintage of the Marne.

H. R.

THE MONTHS.



HERE is July! In how many different tones is that exclamation made! On the whole, I believe July is not popular in England. The promise of spring is gone, and the peculiar pleasures of autumn are far off; and the first rich summer treats are in June. July is too hot, we are told. July is rainy—at least, after St. Swithin's day. July is too green, with its massive dark foliage—its uniform oaks, and its black sycamores. So say my neighbours. I, however, am of my boys' way of thinking. July is their holiday season, and therefore a glorious and delicious month. I feel with them, not only because we all make holiday with them, but because there is a singular splendour in the full fruition of the summer, and in the depth of summer influences witnessed and felt in July. Its sultriness, its rains, its glare of sunshine and gravity of shade may sober down the exhilaration of the early year; but they create a deeper pleasure than that of exhilaration. Perhaps July is not exactly the month that I should choose for a long journey of pleasure; but it is the month of all the year to make holiday in, in a rural home, with schoolboys and their sisters. There are even more flowers and fruits than

in June; the days are long; and all is ripeness in the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

The time and order of our holidays are determined by the date of the hay-making, and other Midsummer processes. The interval between them and preparations for harvest is the best time for farmers and country-gentlemen to look about them, and penetrate into neighbouring districts, to note the condition of agriculture and the prospects of the crops. This good old custom is kept up in my family, not only for the advantage of anybody's estate, but because it yields knowledge, health and pleasure at once to the young people, who go with me, two or three at a time, on each of the three or four excursions which precede our usual visit to the sea. Some of these trips occupy only a day,—though a long one. Others require two days, or three, according to weather. The ponies are in training for some time before. There is great thankfulness if the season serves for getting in the hay before June is gone; and, if we have not begun to mow by old Midsummer (July 6th), we have our fears of being caught by the rains of St. Swithin.

This year, the wet close of May, followed by a

watery June, has so favoured the grass as to make us nearly secure of a timely haymaking; and our July pleasures are laid out with a confidence which we must hope will not be disappointed.

Little Master Harry, after all, decides what our first trip of this month shall be. He bursts in upon mamma with news that he is going to ride in a cart,—going a long way off, to see beautiful flowers and gooseberries,—going to see a great many people in a great town. Nanny told him so,—his dear Nanny, the nursemaid, who married away from us in April, but contrives to see her pet Harry several times a week. Nanny appears, and explains that her husband has some flowers and some wonderful gooseberries at the horticultural show at N—, and that she begs to be allowed to take Harry with her in the donkey-cart for the ride and the show. It is settled at once that not only Harry, but everybody shall go. My wife will drive two in the pony-carriage from the Crown, and three will ride.

The three who ride will make a circuit by bridle paths: and the others start early, to avoid the dust of the high road at mid-day, when the county is crowding to the show. The dust is still laid with the dew in the avenue as we pace down it after our early breakfast, and the grass is fresh in the broad lane we first turn into from the high-road.

Some people are here before us, however. There are three or four girls, with a woman in the midst of them, crouched down by the ditch, and half-hidden in the hedge, and so busy that they do not notice us till some jingle of stirrup or rein—as we are passing on the grass—makes them look round all at once.

They are herb-gathering. The herbalists have a notion that deadly night-shade, for instance, and several other materials for medicines, are of better quality in their wild state than when grown for sale. What a quantity of that night-shade there is in this lane! There are bundles of other plants, too, in the woman's basket. She has been at work since before four o'clock, and is going home now the sun is drying up the last of the dew.

How rich the hedges are! For half a mile together they are starred over with wild roses, and the foxgloves are taller than ever: honeysuckles dangle forth in streamers from the hazel-stems and the thorns, and the bindweed chains up everything in its tangles. On the bank are the meadow-sweet, and mallows out of number, and the ladies' bed-straw, and spreading borage, and long trails of wild strawberry, with its scarlet fruit peeping out here and there; and running vetches, and scabious standing up stiff; and under them, for the searching eye of herb-gatherers, there is a wondrous mosaic of tiny blossoms,—scarlet, yellow, blue, white, and purple. The ditch is nearly dry; but, in the moister places, there is forget-me-not, and yellow loose-strife, and rushes enough to supply dragon-flies to glance about the lane.

Bell turns on her saddle to look once more at the woman and her brood, and thinks it must be pleasant to be a herb-gatherer: at least, on a sweet fragrant morning in July. I remark that there

are other occupations for children which look highly agreeable on a summer morning. We must remember the evil of uncertain crops to herb-gatherers, and of changeable weather which makes their calling a very precarious one. It is fatiguing too. Whether it be from superstition or experience, some of the gathering is done in the night, and some in the hot noon, as well as the dewy morning; and many plants lie wide apart—low down in swamps and high up in rocky places, and in the depths of woods, or sprinkled scantily over wild moors.

But Charles wants to know what other children's occupations have such an agreeable appearance in summer. He is advised to look about him this very morning, and see whether he can observe any. In the midst of his guesses, he is about to dismount to open a gate when he sees there is a girl running to save him that trouble. There is also a boy, but we do not see him till we are just upon him. He lies on his face in the thick grass. As we look back, we see him motion his little sister to him, twist the halfpenny out of her hand and pocket it, and then dismiss her with a kick to her post. She clearly wishes to sit down in the shade; but he thrusts her to the sunny side, whence a longer stretch of the lane is visible. Charles volunteers the observation that he should not like to be either that girl or that boy; but the occupation might be a pleasant one enough. All boys in lanes are not tyrants, he supposes, nor all girls slaves.

Next, he points with his whip to a field on the left, observing that the field is ugly enough, but not the work, he should fancy. It is a brick-field; and, as far as the clay-heaps, and the holes, and the puddles go, nothing can be uglier; but the sheds have a cool appearance; just a picturesque thatch of furze and heather, laid on four poles; and a wattled side, moveable as the sun travels round. The boys and girls under those sheds have a cool material in clay and water; it must be pretty work moulding the bricks, and turning out the smooth slabs, and ranging them for drying in the form of a perforated wall. Besides, the wages are good and certain, till the winter frost shuts up the season. Still, as Bell observes, it is dirty work, and there is no beauty in wet clay.

“What do you say to this?” I ask, as we see a long, low roof in a turning of the lane, as we way before us. We hear a wheel first, and then we look into a very long shed, entirely open throughout its length, and at present chequered with moving shadows from a row of elder bushes on the further side. It is a rope walk; and half-a-dozen men and women are walking backwards, with each a great coil of tow about the waist, while at either end is a wheel, one turned by a boy and the other by a girl. The girl looks hot, the boy looks dull; and when we consider that they will be at their wheels till evening, except at meals, we think it no bad thing for children that the twisting of ropes will soon cease to be done by human hands.

Some real out-door work, something to do in field, or wood, or garden, is what Bell inquires for, to compare with herb-gathering.

Before we have ridden many yards further, we

find what we want. What is that shrill and monotonous "halloo!" far away to the right, but nearer and nearer, and alternating with a clapping sound? Charley rises in his stirrups and sees the bird-boy in the next field but one. The bird-boy was out of the question from the beginning, we admit, because of the dreary solitude of his life. Then the shepherd-boy must be excluded also,—far up in the hills. No; the shepherd-boy has his dog to converse with. He is not to be pitied at this time of year. There are children in rows in yonder field to the left, — what are they doing? They are giving the last weeding to the pea-crop; and, in the next field, older lads and lasses are thinning the turnips, work which requires more discretion than weeding. It is to be hoped they get used to the stooping; but in glaring sunshine it must be very trying; and in wet weather, it must be as dirty as the brick-field. Turning a wheel in shade and shelter might be preferable, we all agree. Even as we pace leisurely along, we find the heat rather an evil, and watch for the entrance of the wood into which we mean to turn.

We certainly do not agree in the complaint of the monotony of the foliage in July. There is scarcely a tree which has not interior beauties seen some way off by observing eyes. Not only are there many shades of the same tint when one looks up from below; but there are varying growths of the leaves of the present season which cast lights and shadows through and through the whole structure. Leaves and blossoms have gone on unfolding up to last week, though the great dome was covered in nearly two months since. In the same way I dispute the monotony of the open area of the laud. We stop at the entrance of the wood to look over to the far horizon, and note the sameness or variety of the green.

"Can green be more diversified?" we exclaim. Behind us there is a depth of shade that is almost black. Overhead, as we stand under the beeches, a green light is shed upon us, like that which we imagine at the bottom of the sea. Opposite is the deep green of the turnip-fields, and beyond them the more dusky hue of the unripe corn as it waves in the breeze. Then there is an expanse of lately-mown meadows of the brightest emerald tint, and on the hillside above is a fir-grove, made the more black by the breadths of yellow rye interspersed here and there. This is enough. We shall set up our testimony henceforth whenever July is reproached with the monotony of its colouring.

There are sounds of voices and implements in the depth of this wood; and here are more children at work. My boys had supposed all the cutting and barking in the woods would be over before their holidays; but they forgot the squire's great birches, which annually afford work to the fellers and barkers till the 15th of July,—the day on which the last load must be carried, and the last chips cleared away.

As I am always ready to own, I never can get past that particular piece of rural business without a stop; and, as usual, we dismount to watch the proceedings. Boys come running to hold our horses

or fasten them up; and we sit down in the shade. Bell, however, cannot make out what those children are about, sprawling on their stomachs at the roots of the trees in a glade which runs backward, and poking and stabbing the ground with old knives. They are digging for truffles; and Bell wants no better entertainment than to sit and watch them, and talk to them till summoned by me. Here, at last, is something as pleasant in its way as herb-gathering, only a yet more temporary resource. For the time, however, what can be pleasanter than spending the day in a wood, digging for truffles? At the end of a hot day, it must be pleasant to go forth into the next grass-field where mushrooms may be looked for. To be learned in fungi, which are more eaten, and in larger variety, every year, and to be trusted to bring only what is wholesome; to spend days in pleasant places, and find eager customers in the evenings, must be pleasant labour. So thinks Bell, as she sits at the foot of a beech, where the white butterflies are chasing one another up into the roof of the green tent: but at once the children scramble up, the horses stamp and struggle as if they would break their brides, and the woodmen throw their axes and saws far from them in the grass. There has been a vivid flash of lightning, and a crash of thunder immediately follows, which makes the heart stop for the moment. It is wonderfully sudden: but we had not looked abroad for many minutes; and now that we do, we see the further region of the open country still lying in yellow sunshine, while a leaden gloom is hurrying thitherward from behind us. More lightning—forked, this time—and crash upon crash of thunder: and above it we hear the roar of the wind in the wood, and then the splash of the rain upon the roof-like foliage. All parties rush into one group, and the group rushes in the direction of the woodmen's hut. The hut, which is only a structure of planks with a thatch of faggots, will not hold half of us. Bell is thrust in first, and her father and brother next, just as the first stream pours down from every tree. The children do not want shelter, and show signs of crying if forced to take it. To ride ponies is beyond their expectation; but to sit the ponies under the tree, in order to keep the saddles dry, seems now worth a dashing effort: and there they are, two on each steed, winking as the rain dashes in their faces, and the lightning dazzles their eyes, and spreading themselves and their poor clothing over the ponies' backs so as to catch the utmost amount of wet. As the woodmen say, they would be wet at all events, and they are used to it; and they will fancy they get a ride by it. It is difficult to make the woodmen come in far enough; but we have insisted on their coats being brought in, and all who are in their shirt-sleeves coming in too.

Charles says he remarked the stillness of the wood, except for the noises we made, before the storm: but the men remind us that it is the still season, when no bird sings by day, so that the insects seem to have the covert to themselves, except when a leveret rustles in the fern, or the wood-pecker's tap is heard from the far side of some great trunk. Except the constant yellow-

hammer, or the strong blackbird who says what is in him under all circumstances, or the thrush, closing the day with more or less of song, there is nothing to be heard of the birds in July. In the meadows there is the lark sometimes, and in the marshes there is plenty of noise among the water-fowl; but the woods are still at noon as human dwellings at midnight.

The storm travels fast over the open country—now wrapping a village or a farmstead in a mist of rain, and then leaving it behind; so that we are soon inquiring whether the splash around us is mere drip from the trees or the skirts of the shower. Presently we are off on dry saddles, leaving the children rich in coppers and in pride at having had a ride under the tree. We shall be at N—— in twenty minutes; and our steeds will be well looked to there. Fast as our pace is, we watch the storm; and the last we see of it is the bank of black cloud obscuring the horizon line, and making the church spire at L—— stand out white instead of dark against the sky. A burst of red light from the heart of the blackness shows that the electric element is not yet expended. While watching it from the high road we come in view of a group of people, backed by a barouche and a cart. It is not a carriage accident. A large elm has been shivered to the root by the lightning, and its fragments lie round like the spokes of a wheel, showing that it was struck perpendicularly at the summit. As we return in the evening, my wife remarks on the extent to which the corn has been laid since she passed in the morning; but there is time for it to rise again; and beyond this we know of no harm done till we learn from the squire that three sheep of his, and two horses of a neighbour, have been laid low on the hills by one tremendous flash.

The Show meantime is as gay and glorious as if no shadow of gloom had passed over the great tent (or line of tents) in which it is spread out. This is the place to learn what is the fruition of July. The roses seem to be the spoil of the whole county; yet we scarcely passed a house which was not covered with them from the door-step to the eaves. What banks of blossom against either wall of the tent! What tablets of rich colour in the middle! In the other range, what prodigious vegetables coming out of small cottage gardens! and what weighty and noble fruits grown by humble hands! In this department we meet Harry, proud of carrying the largest gooseberry but two on the ground. It has not got the prize; but Nanny is smiling too. A cabbage of her husband's and a favourite pink have been successful, and Nanny goes home a proud wife.

We take our farewell of roses and carnations for this year, as we did of the bulbous flowers a fortnight since. Our porch and everybody's garden will have roses, more or less, through the month; but this is the last show of them; and the summer is thus sighing as it passes away over our heads.

We see this lapse of summer as we ride home by the road, which is no longer dusty. The oats, which have escaped the weight of the storm, or which have already been lifted again by the hot sun, flicker in the evening light almost like spangles. They are fully in ear. The scarlet

poppy and blue cornflower dot the wheat and barley fields with colour. The thistles are in their beauty; and very beautiful they are, in my opinion. As we pass the village pound at Highcross we hear a bovine voice of complaint, and see that three cows are restlessly moving about, and getting into one another's way. As usual at this season, they have been irritated by the heat and the flies, and have discovered and made use of the weak points in fences to get into shady gardens, and eat juicy vegetables, and drink from private ponds. We spread the news as we go, that the poor creatures may get home, and their scolding over before night. Such incidents should make old-fashioned people attend more to the arguments for stall-feeding than they do. Even the cows that we see standing knee-deep in the stream by the roadside are sorely teased by the flies. Every movement shows it: and, however the sketching tourist may miss their presence under the slanting trees, and amidst the mirror of the water, it is better for themselves that they should be under a roof in an airy stable where flies are not tolerated. As my wife pours out the rich cream over the strawberries at tea, after our day's exertions, she tells us that there is a manifest superiority in the milk of cows which lead a cool tranquil life in their airy stalls over that of cows which break fences and run restlessly about, lashing at the flies, only to find themselves in the pound at last.

In two days I must begin my rounds—weather permitting. The two lads are to be my companions on the first occasion, and I hope we may have as prosperous a trip as their sisters and I had last year. The object is to see how the upland farmers get on, and how they are managing the new machines and unheard-of manures introduced among them by the Lords Paramount of their district. It is a charming circuit of forty miles, over the moors and among the hills. Last year there was the stamp of drought over the whole region. We rode in the night more than in the day—the heat was so extreme. It was strange, in the morning twilight, to come upon a group of women in a hollow, or beside a dry cistern in the hedge, some knitting, some chatting, some dozing with sleeping babies in their arms, and every one with a pitcher beside her. Night after night these women sat there to watch the springs. Wherever there was hope of a dribble of water, however small, some anxious housewife crept to the spot when neighbours might be supposed asleep; and there was always somebody there, or sure to follow presently. It was like “prospecting” in the diggings in gold countries, except that the water was more precious than any gold.

This year the grass will be green in the intervals of the gorse and heather, and there will not be the danger of moorland fires which haunts the inhabitants in very dry seasons. There is no keeping lucifer matches out of the hands of children; there is no teaching packmen to be careful about the ashes of their pipes, or gipsies about disposing of their wood and peat ashes; and the consequence is that the sky is now and then red at midnight, and the breeze hot with fires of a mile broad, and hundreds of acres of young plantations are destroyed. Sportsmen

mourn over the game, and improvers over their young woods. The scene cannot compare with the forest and prairie fires of America, which drive all sorts of wild and tame beasts into the ponds together—wolves and lambs, bears and deer, Red Indians and white Christians and negro fugitives—all crouching under water, and putting out their noses into the hot and smoky air when they must breathe. We have no such spectacle as this to watch; but our moorland fires in a droughty July are sublime and terrible in their way, and sadly disastrous.

We shall find something different this year. The peat-cutters will see the brown water ooze into the trenches as they form them: the children will swim their rush-boats in the blue pools among the heather, while their elders are digging and piling the peat. The older children will go bilberry gathering to some purpose in a season like this. Even cranberries are not out of the question. Here and there, as we come upon some little rill glistening in the turf, or muttering among little sandy shoals and pebbles, we shall find women and children, each with a tin pot, picking the red berries from among the dark leaves. I don't know which is the prettier sight, a basketful of bleaberries with the bloom upon them, or a bowl of cranberries in the sunlight on the grass. There are flowers to all this fruit, too. Clumps and rows and large beds of wild thyme, where the bees are humming all day long; and some of the earlier heaths; and blue-bells quivering with every breath, or sheltering under the gorse; these abound over our whole track. Then, when we stop by the pools where the bulrush waves and nods, and where the cotton-rush hangs out its little banners, as if a fairy host were marching beneath, we look for the curlew's nest, and, if it be early or late enough, we are sure to hear the plover all along our way. All these things are different in a season of drought. And so it is when we reach the tilled lands, where the quail should be heard in the corn-fields, and the young partridges should be beginning to fly.

It will not take us many miles round to see how the salmon-fishing goes on in the estuary, where the spearing in the pools, as the tide goes out, is a fine night-spectacle. I am always glad of an excuse for a night's watching, to see the glitter of the torches in the long lines and broad patches of water left by the tide, and the long shadows of the men on the wet sand, and the black circle of figures round the pool, with a yellow face now and then visible from a flash of the torch within, and the basket of silvery, shining fish when there has been good success.

My children tell me I am an animal of nocturnal habits—at least, in the middle of summer. Well! why not? The savans have astonished us with the news that seven-ninths of the known animal creation are now found to be nocturnal in their habits: and why should not I go with the great majority? The laugh is on my side against those who conceitedly suppose the universe to have been made and arranged for them, so that light is better than darkness, and the day than the night, because it suits them better! However, for three parts in four of the year, I am willing to follow

the fashion of my kind in shutting my eyes upon the night; but in the hot season, why not enjoy the sweetest hours of the twenty-four?

Then we look for lights, as in the day we look for flowers. Not only in the sky—though the meteors are splendid in the thundery season—but in the woods, in the gardens, and on the sea. The glow-worm is gone: but there is a more diffused and mysterious light about the roots of trees than the glow-worm gives; and where felled trees have lain long, we may see it playing on and under the prostrate trunk. It is the phosphorescent light which hangs about certain fungi, and especially those which infest decaying wood. There have been rare nights at this season when I have caught the flash of light which certain flowers give out, and there is no doubt to my mind about the soft veil of floating radiance which wraps round some of the boldest blossoms in our greenhouses and parterres in sultry nights. Where there is a finespread of nasturtiums, or a large clump of the hairy red poppy, or a group of orange lilies, the pretty sight may be seen, quite independently of the amusement of holding a light to fraxinellas, and other flowers which abound in volatile oils.

Our grand night-adventure, however, will be at the close of the month. The boys' holidays are to end at the sea, this summer, as in many former ones, and it is an old promise that we should spend a night at sea with the herring-boats. Besides stars and meteors, we may then see lights of many hues. The lighthouse gleam, waxing and waning the whole night through, with the long train it casts over the heaving sea, has an inexhaustible charm for me. To watch it from an inland hill is very bewitching, or from a distant point on the sands, especially if they are wet; but this is nothing to the pleasure at sea, where that path lies straight to one's feet, wherever one may go, growing bright and dim, and bright again, as by a regular pulsation, answering to one within one's-self. Then, in the wake of the boat, there may perhaps be the phosphorescent light so familiar to voyagers, now glancing in large sparkles, and now breaking out along the ridge of a billow. Moonlight there will not be: for the choice is of a dark night for the fishery. A dark night, with breeze enough to ripple the water, is the best.

We have often seen the watcher on the cliffs, looking out with experienced eyes for the peculiar sheen and movement of the water which betoken the presence of the herrings. It will be rather too early for the great shoals on which the fortunes of the fishermen for the year depend. If it were not, there would be no chance for us; for the men want every inch of room in their boats for themselves in the full season. But we may be in time for the first-fruits of the fishery; and if so, we are to make a night of it, starting at sunset or later, according to where the fish may be. We rather hope to go far out, and get some notion of deep-sea fishing, and of the smell, and the handling of the nets and other gear; and of the look of the fish as they come tumbling in, and glitter in the rays of the lantern; and of the appearance of the setting of stars and rising of dawn from the very surface of the sea, which is quite different from the elevation of a large vessel; and, not

least, of the notions, and talk, and manners of the fishermen, and how they sup, and how they manage their craft, so that in future we may know how to think of them, when, from the cliff or the beach, we see their fleet put off for the night-fishing, or returning in the early sunlight.

July must certainly be a favourite month with me, so hard as I find it to turn away from the mere inventory of its pleasures. But there is business to be looked to.

The greenhouses must be repaired and painted while we can keep the plants out of doors. We must put an end to the delay about opening the drinking-fountain in the village, which was promised before the dog-days. The trough below is more wanted for the dogs than even the cup and basin above for working-men and wayfarers. If the policeman keeps an eye on that trough, to see that it is not meddled with, and on any strange hungry dog that may appear, we need have no more horrible alarms about mad dogs, such as we had last year. There would be nearly an end of that terror if there were water-troughs for dogs wherever dogs abound. We must get the people at N—— stirred up to erect drinking-fountains, and open their baths before the hot weather is gone. When down in the low grounds, I must see after the cygnets for the park-mere, and take a lesson in swan-doctoring for the languid season, when it is not easy to replenish the still waters sufficiently. My neighbours entreat me to ascertain the truth about the potato-disease. Now is the time for it to give hints, if it is going to afflict us again; and to inquire into this is the main object of my next circuit among the farms. The field peas will be cut in the forwardst places by the time we return from our last round; and the lads are to see the thatching of the ricks, as we are learning to do it now. More children's employments! There is driving home the peat-crate, drawn by pony or ass, and cranberry gathering, and helping in fishing and curing, both salmon and herrings, to say nothing of all the other fish which abound in July,—the cod and smelts, the turbot, soles, skate, and plenty more. Then there is the gathering of unripe apples and plums, to sell for puddings and pies; and carrying to market the thinnings of the apricot crops, which make the best tarts in the world; and the supplying all housewives with fruit for preserving,—currants and raspberries, gooseberries and strawberries. Then the stout country lads can get in the peas, cut them close to the ground with sickles, and bind them with the least possible shaking; and the girls meantime must be looking after the ailing hens, which will be moulting for a month to come. There is plenty for everybody to do in July, though the barley will not put on its dazzling whiteness till the end of the month, nor the red wheat yet look as if it was tanned by the sun. We call it an interval of leisure between the hay and the corn harvests; but there is plenty to do and to learn, as my lads and I shall find, from beginning to end of our holiday time. If there is any leisure, it is when St. Swithin's Day makes good its old promise; but July rains keep no rational people within doors for many hours at a time. Some of us like them as well as sunshine,

when seen from a boat-house or the shelter of a hollow tree: and an alternation of the two, which would be our choice, is usually our happy fate. And so marches July, in his gay pathway between ripening harvests!

THE NEGRO'S REVENGE.

(FROM AN UNACTED DRAMA.)

[ANTONIO, surnamed *El Matador*, a sea-captain, and in reality a pirate from the Spanish Main, having excited the admiration of a company of actors and actresses, in Italy, by a sudden passionate outburst, is requested by them to narrate a story, in order to elicit from him a specimen of his natural aptitude for the stage.]

Antonio. The shark had followed us for a week. Night and day, day and night, his back-fin glistened in our wake—fifty fathom astern, it was always there. We had none sick on board; but we had been too long cruising in the tropics not to know that at least one of us would lose the number of his mess ere the creature parted company with the ship.

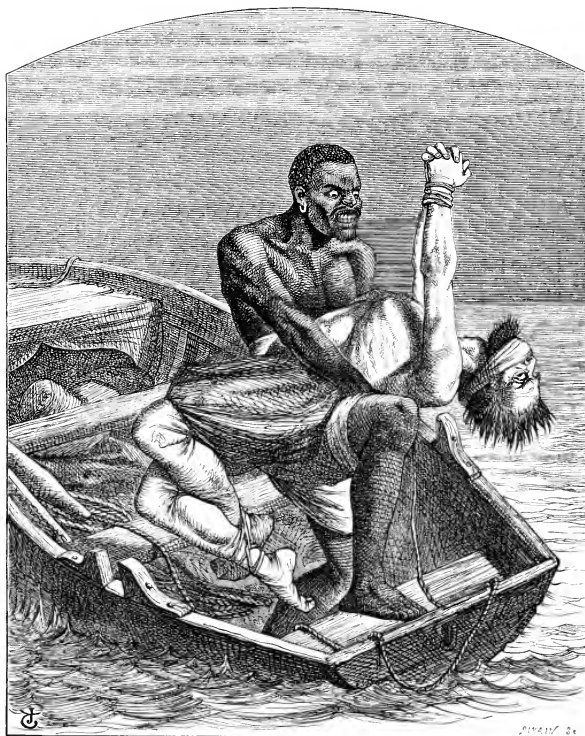
The weather being very sultry the sailors became irritable, until if a man but chanced to look at another it gave offence, as if each thought his neighbour wished him to glut the monster's ravening maw, and so solve the doom which threatened all alike. At length, on the seventh day, the third mate, a scowling Portingallo, quarrelled with the black cook Zanga, who, he swore, put cock-roaches purposely in the dishes that underwent the sable preparation of his most greasy hands. Now this Zanga was a tall Ashantee, who had been a king in his native land—a laughing, merry-hearted fellow, but proud as the Prince of Darkness after his own fashion. I did not hear all that was said between them; but the negro turned the laugh against the Portingallo, who was jeered at for his unsavoury complaint. That evening, Zanga's son, a boy about twelve years old, a child in arms when his father was taken captive, was seen on the fore-castle playing, as was his wont, with the captain's favourite bloodhound, which it was his sole charge to feed. It had fallen a dead calm, and the shark had come some twenty fathoms nearer, and its huge sides gleamed ghastly with phosphoric light. We had some thought of shooting at it with a falconet; but the captain was in a surly mood, and would brook no waste of powder to gratify our desire. The next day the boy was missing, and when we looked astern for the shark, it was no longer there (*pauses*).

An actress. Nay, continue, I pray you. Had the poor child fallen overboard?

Antonio. I kiss your fingers, Señorita. During the morning the dog became furious, and twice flew at the Portingallo's throat, so that we were forced to chain the animal to the capstan, being alarmed at his sudden frenzy. Had the Portingallo dared to brave the captain's wrath, he would have slain the hound with a boarding-pike as he lay there securely fastened, by turns growling and whining, his head couched motionless between his paws, his tail ever and anon beating the deck with quick impatient knocks, and the fiery glitter of his deep-sunk, blood-shot eyes following every movement

of him whom he had so strangely assailed. During the evening there was a hot and noisy altercation forward as to whether or not the dog had capsized the boy overboard in anger or boisterous sport. Some, among whom the Portingallo was most vehement, swore with oaths and curses that it was so. Two or three declared that the dog had been shut up aft in the sail-room a full hour before they last saw the missing lad busy with his fishing

lines close to the open porthole of a culverin. As for Zanga, he spoke to none, answered none, and none cared to question his grief. Have any of you ever chanced to see a negro's face turn ashen pale—all the villanous ink of his complexion precipitated from the dry parchment of his skin by the deep inward chemistry of an agonising breast? That night, about eight bells, being toward the end of the Portingallo's watch on deck, a cry from



the still surface of the ocean but a little way off, which seemed to vibrate through the ship's timbers, roused us from sleep. We tumbled up from our hammocks and looked anxiously around. Scarce a stone's throw distant, on the starboard side, in the very track of the moonlight, we saw the jollyboat adrift, and in it the gigantic figure of the negro stooping over something which lay prostrate at his feet. It was the Portingallo, naked to the waist, gagged and bound hand and foot. As we gazed, the negro attached a second rope to one of those by which the Portingallo was already fastened. In the thrilling light of the moonbeams every detail shone distinct and clear as in the picture of a

martyrdom lighted by a thousand tapers at high mass. (*Crosses himself.*) We shuddered as we saw the negro make this rope well fast, while the Portingallo lay writhing in the boat before him. We saw his white teeth glisten again as he grinned in his revenge, and the metallic shine of agony on the Portingallo's face, and the sweat pouring down him, and the wrinkled anguish of his brow, and the bristling of his hair in the extremity of his terror; and then, last of all, we heard the gentle plashing of the water as the boat swayed with their movement, and the fretting of the rope, and each touch of their naked limbs, and the gurgle in the victim's throat, and the breathing of the avenger and the doomed.

Your stage-lamps, ladies, do not cast so fair and true a light as that beautiful tropic moonshine on the face. Then the negro carefully lifted his victim over the boat's side, payed out his rope, and paddled a little distance off. His purpose flashed simultaneously upon us. He was fishing with a human live-bait for sharks.

An Actor. Saints of mercy! and did none of you interfere?

Antonio. An Imperial lady at a bull-fight could not be more entranced than we were. Presently a dark shadow rose from the water near the boat, and then another and another, until a dozen sharks, small and large, slowly moving their rudder-like tails, were poised in full sight beneath. When the Portingallo saw them, he leapt half out of the water with a convulsive effort that nearly bent him double, as ye may have seen a fish on dry land jerk itself spasmodically towards ocean. The largest shark quickly turned over underneath; but Zanga twitched his line, and then a second and a third essayed to seize that living bait. Then the gag got loose, and the doomed man yelled to Heaven and to the ship for aid, and shrieked a brief and piteous tale, how the boy overbalanced fell into the sea, and how but for the shark he would himself have saved him. But Zanga yelled with triumph, and they both yelled together, until you could scarcely distinguish between their cries, and untwist the sacred harmony of revenge from the howling discord of despair. Oh! revenge, I tell you, is the gift of the gods, the only joy that the grudging immortals freely share! So the black cried in his fury, and the white man in his agony, until the ship's crew suddenly found their sweet voices, and raised a chorus to them both; and the dog, who had got loose, bayed in fierce answer to all; and the sharks made a bubbling and commotion, that you would have thought hell itself had risen from the deep. But Zanga pulled his line no longer; and, like hounds in at the death, the sharks closed upon their prey, and the boat rocked to and fro, and the black danced screeching and howling; and by the time we had lowered the gig and long-boat—both of which we found staved full of holes, as a woman's reputation when handled by a score of her own sex—we saw nothing save a few shivered planks, and a dark-red stain on the placid water, to tell us of the scene that had been there. Within an hour a breeze sprung up, within two it had freshened to a gale, within three we were scudding under bare poles. During four days the hurricane raged, on the fifth the ship struck and foundered, and I alone escaped to tell the story of the Negro's Revenge. Methinks you look pale, ladies—there is nothing for the complexion, believe me, like sea-air.

ALFRED B. RICHARDS.

ESSEX ELEPHANTS.

THE great home county of Essex is less explored by strangers than almost any shire in England. Its margin, seen from the Thames, is so truly uninviting, and the way to it through the eastern limb of London, by Aldgate, Whitechapel, Mile End, and Stratford, is so dull, so flat, so poverty-stricken, and so redolent of odours, that persons

who have travelled their country tolerably well, have left this material portion of it unvisited.

Yet Essex has its claims on our attention. It possesses decided beauties—its Chigwell Row, its Laindon Hills, and, till lately, its large and picturesque forests of Epping and Hainault. Within their shade rose Havering-atte-Bower, the residence of Edward the Confessor, and Wanstead House and Park, where a king, "out by rotation," found a princely home. Within the last few years, alas! the woodcutter's axe has been busy among the Hornbeams and other trees, and the deer-trodden thickets are fast disappearing before modern improvements.

To the antiquary the eastern kingdom is filled with interest. Who it was that embanked the Thames and the Lea, and by converting swamps into rivers gave large pastures to Essex and Hertfordshire, is a question still to be answered. Being done, the Danish snake-ships, entering the Lea at Barking Creek, sailed up to Hertford, as they probably sailed up the Fleta to Battle Bridge. The great street, proceeding due east from London, crosses the Lea and several of its branches; the latter having their origin in trenches and counter-trenches cut for strategic purposes. Stratford-le-Bow—*i.e.*, the street-ford with a bridge (*de arcu*)—is memorable as the locality of the first stone arch, and is supposed to be the place intended in the ancient nursery song—

London Bridge is broken down,
Dance over my Lady Lea.

Adjoining Bow, the chapel of St. Leonard's, Bronley, marks the escape from drowning of the Empress Matilda. Across the river commences Stratford Langthorne, where, in Mary's reign, eleven persons were burnt to death. Looking northward from the road, which, through the lower portion of Stratford, is constructed on a causeway, Leyton Church is seen, planted on a slight elevation, the first from the river in a distance of about five miles. The site was probably taken for a Prætorium by the Romans, and a stone coffin, in good preservation, was here discovered in making the cutting for the Cambridge line of railway. Half a mile from the church, on the winding Lea, beloved by Izaak Walton, is situated Temple Mill. Corn-mills were property not at all despised by the lofty Knights Templars.

Still keeping our faces turned to the rising sun, three or four miles brings us to the village of Ilford, a word commemorating difficulties once experienced in crossing the little river Roden, which here opposed the traveller's passage. An equal distance onward, another small affluent of the Thames imparts its name to the town of Romford. But our special business at present is with the former locality, and we dismiss our antiquarian guide and ask a geologist cicerone.

To "those who understand their epoch," it is a result of exceeding interest to have witnessed a great science grow, in their own life of forty years, from stammering childhood to adolescence; to have seen almost the first uncertain beams of geology struggling in the morning sky, and then, from hour to hour, pouring in a flood of accumulating facts,

and classifying them into a marvellous system. Persons born since the commencement of the present century remember geology in its prescientific condition, and will recall with a thoughtful smile the detached fact, the isolated mineral specimen, or remarkable local formation, which first drew their attention to the subject.

The long, grey, old church of West Ham, which stands half a mile riverward of Stratford, contained, in years past, some objects likely to attract the wandering eyes of a child during a sermon. The great silken colours of the West Ham Volunteers hung dustily and discoloured below the tall chancel arch. Below them, an elaborate lion and unicorn, the size of cubs, smiled ferociously on the preacher as he passed between them to his elevated pulpit; and at the east end of the church, leaning against an altar-tomb, two immense bones rested—one being a shoulder-blade, three feet in length, and the other a rib—concerning which relics the inquirer was shortly answered that they were *mammoth bones*. The spark of interest thus kindled in our own breast towards osteology might have easily died out again, had it not been followed, some two and thirty years ago, by a neighbour presenting to our youthful collection of curiosities a few pieces of fossilated ivory, exhumed at Ilford in a spot where the ground had been opened for brick-making. Many persons visited the *diggings* daily; but until lately, when an enlightened curiosity has been established, the discoveries ceased to command attention; and, doubtless, great numbers of mammoth relics have been found, and then lost for ever. During the last two years, however, greater care has been taken. The proprietor of the brick-field gave to a gentleman in the neighbourhood, much devoted to geology, full powers over all the animal remains discovered—and, what was of the highest importance, left orders that his workmen should notify to Mr. Brady their having come upon any bones. Thus he was able to examine them *in situ*, and to prevent, in a great measure, their injury or destruction. In this one field (and there are two other brick-fields near it) the remains of at least eight elephants have been brought to light. A short account of their discovery was read by Mr. Brady at the meeting of the British Association at Aberdeen, in September last. The bones of the elephant (*Elephas primigenius*) are found associated with those of the rhinoceros, the Irish elk, the horse, and the ox. An immense tusk was discovered, fourteen feet below the level of the soil, to see which, before it was disturbed, Sir Charles Lyell and other eminent geologists were invited. The tusk was deficient of both extremities, but the portion rescued was nine feet long and of great thickness. Since that time a bone of enormous size belonging to a whale has been extracted.

The geological position of these relics is the Pleistocene, or latest tertiary formation. The vein in which they occur varies from five to ten feet in thickness, and consists of sandy gravel. It underlies the band of brick-earth already mentioned, into which some of the bones intrude, and thus attract the notice of the brick-makers. Above the brick-earth is the extensive and valuable bed of scarlet gravel for which this part of Essex is

celebrated. This bed, with the vegetable mould which covers it in, is from four to six feet in depth at Ilford. In other spots the gravel has been worked as deep as twenty feet. Beneath all is the great deposit of the London clay.

Though the excavations at Ilford have been singularly productive in the discovery of animal remains, it is not to be understood that they exist in that site only. In other parts of Essex and also in Middlesex coming within the basin of the Thames, similar bones have been brought to light. Remains of the elephant have been met with at Grays, at Harwich, at Erith, at Brentford, at Kingsland, and, within a few months past, at Charing Cross. At Erith the lion and hyæna, and at Grays the bear, add the carnivora order to the list of animals given above.

A view of the circumstances leads to the plausible conjecture that, in its main features, the configuration of land and water was the same when these herds of strangely associated animals lived as it is now. The estuary of the Thames probably ran up farther inland; and the waters of the river, before they had cut themselves deep channels, and before the hand of man was at work to confine them within useful limits, spread widely in marsh and morass, till they touched the feet of the hills in Kent and Essex. Dr. Anderson has lately speculated on the condition of the Mediterranean, before a sinking of the ground-level between the Pillars of Hercules allowed the Atlantic waves to fill the depressed savannah through which the Eastern waters made their way to the ocean, and expatiated to great distances on either side their centre course. Thus, he accounts for the remains of hippopotami found there—the herds of which must have been counted not by thousands, but by tens of thousands.

But it must always be remembered in the case of the Essex deposits we have described, that they are in the *drift*—a name at once suggestive of the washing together, or other transportation of rocks and organisms, which may previously have been scattered, and distant from each other. Indeed, where carnivora abound, the weaker kinds among the other orders must necessarily disappear. To meet with traces of their association in one place would indicate a disturbance either of the surface on which they dwelt, or of their very natures. We can hardly conceive of “a happy and united family” on so grand a scale, and without the restraints of a cage or a keeper.

In all this search for bones in the drift, and it has now been long and extensive, no flint instruments or any presumptive remains of man have been discovered. This evidence is, it is true, negative only; but it has its significance, and must be allowed its due weight in the discussion proceeding as to the first era of mankind. The drift and the gravel are the concluding page of geological history. The animals found do not differ greatly in their construction from existing species; some of them are identical; the date of their disappearance does not require to be removed very greatly from our historic period. Therefore, if anywhere, we have here a right to anticipate the discovery of traces of human existence; but there are none—none up to the present time have been

brought to light; nothing has been lifted from the ground to picture to our imagination the noble savage contending for existence with foes exceeding himself in passion and in strength—his whole armoury consisting of a sharpened flint, and the fires of his enkindled eye.

The fact that, still more recently, even within the last few months, a wrought millstone has been discovered near the bone deposits, does not militate against these remarks, for it was found in a peaty earth of yet more recent date, though undoubtedly very ancient, and in the society of remains of existing species. Thus, transported materials are likely, for the present, to create trouble and doubts amongst geologists, till science, advancing in its lesson, fits in these additional pieces to its puzzle.

Our inquiries as to the fate of the "mammoth bones" which formed the ossuary of All Saints, West Ham, are unsuccessful. Three things may have happened. They may have been decently interred in the churchyard before it was closed for sepulture; or they may have been crushed to manure the corn-lands of that parish; or they may have entered more immediately into our cereal food by being ground and mixed with flour.

MANLEY HOPKINS.

THE TOMB OF MAUSOLUS.

WHILE Greek ruins excite our attention as well as admiration, few people are aware of the rich works of art which have been lately deposited in the British Museum, and which have not yet been exhibited to the public. We allude to those Greek marbles, a portion of a building which has been called—and, from what now remains of it, probably most justly—one of the Seven Wonders of the World. This is the famous Mausoleum erected by Queen Artemisia to the memory of her husband, Mausolus, King of Caria, or rather of Halicarnassus. She loved him with such tender affection, and was so greatly afflicted at his death, that, according to the custom in those days, after his body had been burnt to ashes, historians tell us that she daily eat a portion of those ashes, and died soon after she had finished them.

However this may be, it is certain that she determined to erect a monument to his memory, sufficient at the same time to prove her own affection for one she so tenderly loved, and to show the world the estimation in which he was held by his subjects. Mausolus is said to have died immensely rich; and with his wealth his queen began to erect a monument, which she called a Mausoleum, after the name of her husband, and from which afterwards all magnificent sepulchres and tombs have received the same appellation. This celebrated Mausoleum was erected three hundred and fifty-three years before the birth of our blessed Saviour; and on reading the following account of the interesting marbles now in the British Museum, this date should not be lost sight of. In fact, their antiquity, and the exquisite beauty of their workmanship, cannot fail of filling the mind with admiration.

Four different architects are stated to have been employed upon this noble monument of affection. Scopas erected the side which faced the east,

Timotheus had the south, Leochares had the west, and Bryaxis the north. Over this stately Mausoleum a pyramid was raised, executed by Pitheus, who adorned the top of it with a chariot drawn by four horses. The expenses of this edifice must have been enormous, and this gave occasion to the philosopher Anaxagoras to exclaim when he saw it, "How much money is changed into stones." Artemisia died before it was finished, as supposed of grief, but not until after she had expended her husband's wealth in the building. But so great was the admiration it occasioned, that her subjects united together to complete it.

The site of this vast monument of antiquity was for a great number of years unknown, although the interest felt for the discovery had never ceased. Many persons thought, and it now appears not without reason, that it must have been swallowed up by an earthquake. It is certain that the French Government sent men of science to endeavour to discover these interesting ruins. Russia, Prussia, and Austria did the same, all with the hopes of enriching their several countries with these ancient marbles, but altogether without success. It remained for an Englishman to make the discovery, and that Englishman's name was Newton.

Mr. Newton was employed for twelve or thirteen years in the British Museum, where he not only acquired a great love of ancient marbles and a considerable knowledge of their history, but also had his curiosity much excited in order to ascertain the site of the tomb of Mausolus. Fortunately for antiquarians, and also for his country, Mr. Newton was appointed Vice-Consul at Mitylene, and from thence he had the best opportunities of prosecuting his inquiries respecting the tomb of Mausolus. Having at length ascertained the spot, and means being placed at his disposal by the British Government, he procured some sappers and miners from Malta, and began his excavations. It is not intended to particularise the discoveries he made. It will be sufficient to mention a few of them. Amongst others, he has brought to light a noble statue of Mausolus, nearly perfect. It is impossible to view it without feelings of wonder and admiration. The whole character of the head much resembles the ideal portraits of Alexander the Great on the coins of Lysimachus and in several extant marble busts. The face is slightly bearded, the features massive but finely formed, and with a most noble expression. Indeed, where shall we find in classical art any head in which such majesty is combined with the traits of individual likeness?

A fine colossal female statue was also found, supposed to be that of Artemisia; but, unfortunately, it wants the head, which has not yet been recovered. The figure and drapery are very finely executed.

Portions of colossal horses have also been discovered; and these no doubt formed a portion of the marble *Quadriga* by which the Mausoleum was surmounted. Nothing can be finer than these marbles, especially the head of one of the horses, which may vie with the celebrated one in the Elgin Marbles.

Finely sculptured lions and a leopard have also

been brought to light, and many other remains of the greatest interest, amongst which are some friezes, beautifully executed, and which have been preserved and deposited in the British Museum, the whole of them extending to a length of eighty feet: and Mr. Newton is of opinion that no museum in Europe can show so magnificent a series of high reliefs. These marbles will no doubt form a fine study for artists, and it is to be hoped that drawings of them will be published.

As to the Mausoleum itself, we learn from Pliny that it was surrounded by thirty-six columns, and that the whole height was a hundred and forty feet, and the length on each side sixty-three feet, making two hundred and fifty-two feet in all, and that the whole was adorned with appropriate sculpture.

Mr. Newton has the credit of having conducted the excavations of these magnificent remains, and also for having satisfactorily set at rest the question of the locality of the Mausoleum. His success can only be properly appreciated by viewing the vast quantity of interesting relics he has sent to this country, and which must form only a small portion of the original building, the materials of which, through a long succession of ages, have been used for various erections and the burning of the marbles to procure lime.

Mr. Newton is now the English Consul at Rome, where it is to be hoped that his scientific knowledge and thirst for new discoveries may enable him to enrich his country with further objects of interest and antiquity.

EDWARD JESSE.

SHE AND I.

Now married half a score of years,
With children growing tall,
I muse on former hopes and fears,
On long past smiles and sighs and tears,
And bygone days recall.

Yes! twelve, twelve months have passed away,
Since "She and I" first met,
But still the dress she wore that day,
And almost all she chanced to say,
I well remember yet.

Of course I cannot tell if she
Was conscious of her power;
I know that on that day for me
Commenced a long captivity
Which lasts until this hour.

My love was faint and feeble then,
And almost self-denied;
Yet still I'd jealous promptings when
I chanced to witness other men
Attentive at her side.

And, oh! what jealous pangs I bore
As love increased in force;
I often turned and left her door,
With firm resolve to go no more,—
And went next day of course.

What trifling matters then inclined
My hopes to rise or fall;
It wasn't difficult to find
A plea for my sad state of mind
In anything at all.

While I was in this wretched state,
Some friends, one summer day,
Arranged a little rural *fête*;
I made a sham of self-debate,
But went—I needn't say.

Although I own that in my eyes
A pic-nic's no great treat;
I don't like gnats, or wasps, or flies,
Or dust that spreads, or damps that rise,
Or rain, or broiling heat.

Well! at this *fête*—tho' what about
I've not discovered yet—
Clara began to sulk and pout,
And I, from sympathy, no doubt,
Began to fume and fret.

Our words were very sharp and curt,
We spoke, and nothing more;
And then, I always will assert,
That she began to laugh and flirt
With people by the score.

(I do sometimes assert it now—
It's not a bit of use—
She positively won't allow
One single thing, but asks me how
I *can* be such a goose.)

What happen'd next I cannot say,
Except from what I hear:
I'm told that I was very gay,
And chattered'd in the wildest way
With everybody near.

The sequence of events I own
I've never understood,
But when my mind regain'd its tone,
I found that we were quite alone,
And walking in a wood.

Yes, there we were, with no one by,
No sound the silence broke,
Till Clara gave a little sigh,
Which startled me so much that I
Took heart of grace, and spoke.

I sought a smile, I fear'd a frown,
But scarce had I begun,
When she, to veil her face, shook down
Those clust'ring curls, in shadow brown,
But golden in the sun.

Ah, then came bliss, so long deferr'd,
Which paid for everything!
What joy one little whisper'd word,
So low it scarcely can be heard,
Is large enough to bring!

O, what a calm, delicious change
From jealousy to rest!
And then the trifles to arrange,
So numerous, so sweet, and strange,
Which give love half its zest.

The slender ring, the stolen tress,
(Inestimable prize!)
The loving glance, the shy caress:
If such as these be foolishness,
I envy not the wise.

No bitter memories remain
Of all that stormy past;
May those who feel a kindred pain
By fortune's kindly aid attain
A kindred joy at last!

C. P. WILLIAM.

EVAN HARRINGTON; OR, HE WOULD BE A GENTLEMAN.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.



CHAPTER XXIX. PRELUDE TO AN ENGAGEMENT.

MONEY was a strong point with the Elburne brood. The Jocelyns very properly respected blood; but being, as Harry, their youngest representative, termed them, poor as rats, they were justified in considering it a marketable stuff; and when they married they married for money. The Hon. Miss Jocelyn had espoused a manufacturer, who failed in his contract, and deserved his death. The diplomatist, Melville, had not stepped aside from the family traditions in his alliance with Miss Black, the daughter of a bold bankrupt, educated in affluence; and if he touched nothing but 5000*l.* and some very pretty ringlets, that was not his fault. Sir Franks, too, mixed his pure stream with gold. As yet, however, the gold had done little more than shine on him; and, belonging to expectancy, it might be thought unsubstantial. Beckley Court was in the hands of Mrs.

Bonner, who, with the highest sense of duty towards her only living child, was the last to appreciate Lady Jocelyn's entire absence of demonstrative affection, and severely reprobated her daughter's philosophic handling of certain serious subjects. Sir Franks, no doubt, came better off than the others. Her ladyship brought him twenty thousand pounds, and Harry had ten in the past tense, and Rose in the future; but living, as he had done, a score of years anticipating the demise of an incurable invalid, he, though an excellent husband and father, could scarcely be taught to imagine that the Jocelyn object of his bargain was attained. He had the semblance of wealth, without the personal glow which absolute possession brings. It was his habit to call himself a poor man, and it was his dream that Rose should marry a rich one. Harry was hopeless. He had been his grandmother's pet up to the years of

adolescence: he was getting too old for any prospect of a military career: he had no turn for diplomacy, no taste for any of the walks open to blood and birth, and was in headlong disgrace with the fountain of goodness at Beckley Court, where he was still kept in the tacit understanding that, should Juliana inherit the place, he must be at hand to marry her instantly, after the fashion of the Jocelyns. They were an injured family; for what they gave was good, and the commercial world had not behaved honourably to them.

Now Ferdinand Laxley was just the match for Rose. Born to a title and fine estate, he was evidently fond of her, and there had been a gentle hope in the bosom of Sir Franks that the family fatality would cease, and that Rose would marry both money and blood.

From this happy delusion poor Sir Franks was awakened to hear that his daughter had plighted herself to the son of a tradesman: that, as the climax to their evil fate, she who had some blood and some money of her own—the only Jocelyn who had ever united the two—was desirous of wasting herself on one who had neither. The idea was so utterly opposed to the principles Sir Franks had been trained in, that his intellect could not grasp it. He listened to his sister, Mrs. Shorne: he listened to his wife: he agreed with all they said, though what they said was widely diverse: he consented to see and speak to Evan, and he did so, and was much the most distressed. For Sir Franks liked many things in life, and hated one thing alone—which was “bother.” A smooth world was his delight. Rose knew this, and her instruction to Evan was: “You cannot give me up—you will go, but you cannot give me up while I am faithful to you: tell him that.” She knew that to impress this fact at once on the mind of Sir Franks would be a great gain; for in his detestation of both he would soon grow reconciled to things monstrous; and hearing the same on both sides, the matter would assume an inevitable shape to him. Mr. Second Fiddle had no difficulty in declaring the eternity of his sentiments; but he toned them with a despair Rose did not contemplate, and added also his readiness to repair, in any way possible, the evil done. He spoke of his birth and position. Sir Franks, with a gentlemanly delicacy natural to all lovers of a smooth world, begged him to see the main and the insurmountable objection. Birth was to be desired, of course, and position, and so forth: but without money how can two young people marry? Evan’s heart melted at this generous way of putting it. He said he saw it, he had no hope: he would go and be forgotten: and begged that for any annoyance his visit might have caused Sir Franks and Lady Jocelyn, they would pardon him. Sir Franks shook him by the hand, and the interview ended in an animated dialogue on the condition of the knees of Black Lymport, and on horseflesh in Portugal and Spain.

Following Evan, Rose went to her father and gave him a good hour’s excitement, after which the worthy gentleman hurried for consolation to Lady Jocelyn, whom he found reading a book of French memoirs, in her usual attitude, with her

feet stretched out, as if she made a footstool of trouble. Her ladyship read him a piquant story, and Sir Franks capped it with another from memory; whereupon her ladyship held him wrong in one turn of the story, and Sir Franks rose to get the volume to verify, and while he was turning over the leaves, Lady Jocelyn told him incidentally of old Tom Cogglesby’s visit and proposition. Sir Franks found the passage, and that her ladyship was right, which it did not move her countenance to hear.

“Ah!” said he, finding it no use to pretend there was no bother in the world, “here’s a pretty pickle! Rose says she will have that fellow.”

“Hum! it’s a nuisance,” replied her ladyship. “And if she keeps her mind a couple of years, it will be a wonder.”

“Very bad for her, this sort of thing—talked about,” muttered Sir Franks. “Ferdinand was just the man.”

“Well, yes; I suppose it’s her mistake to think brains an absolute requisite,” said Lady Jocelyn, opening her book again, and scanning down a column.

Sir Franks, being imitative, adopted a similar refuge, and the talk between them was varied by quotations and choice bits from the authors they had recourse to. Both leaned back in their chairs, and spoke with their eyes on their books.

“Julia’s going to write to her mother,” said he.

“Very filial and proper,” said she.

“There’ll be a horrible hubbub, you know, Emily.”

“Most probably. I shall get the blame; cela se conçoit.”

“Young Harrington goes the day after tomorrow. Thought it better not to pack him off in a hurry.”

“And just before the pic-nic; no, certainly. I suppose it would look odd.”

“How are we to get rid of the Countess?”

“Eh? This Bantru is amusing, Franks; but he’s nothing to Vandy. Homme incomparable! On the whole I find Ménage rather dull. The Countess? what an accomplished liar that woman is! She seems to have stepped out of Tallemant’s Gallery. Concerning the Countess, I suppose you had better apply to Melville.”

“Where the deuce did this young Harrington get his breeding from?”

“He comes of a notable sire.”

“Yes, but there’s no sign of the snob in him.”

“And I exonerate him from the charge of ‘adventuring’ after Rose. George Uploft tells me—I had him in just now—that the mother is a woman of mark and strong principle. She has probably corrected the too luxuriant nature of Mel in her offspring. That is to say, in this one. Pour les autres, je ne dis pas. Well, the young man will go; and if Rose chooses to become a monument of constancy, we can do nothing. I shall give my advice; but as she has not deceived me, and she is a reasonable being, I shan’t interfere. Putting the case at the worst, they will not want money. I have no doubt Tom Cogglesby means what he

says, and will do it. So there we will leave the matter till we hear from Elburne House.

Sir Franks groaned at the thought.

"How much does he offer to settle on them?" he asked.

"A thousand a-year on the marriage, and the same amount to the first child. I dare say the end would be that they would get all."

Sir Franks nodded, and remained with one eyebrow pitifully elevated above the level of the other.

"Anything but a tailor!" he exclaimed presently, half to himself.

"There is a prejudice against that craft, isn't there?" her ladyship acquiesced. "Béranger—let me see—your favourite Frenchman, Franks, wasn't it his father?—no, his grandfather. 'Mon pauvre et humble grandpère,' I think, was a tailor. Hum! the degrees of the thing, I confess, don't affect me. One trade I imagine to be no worse than another."

"Ferdinand's allowance is about a thousand," said Sir Franks, meditatively.

"And won't be a farthing more till he comes to the title," added her ladyship.

"Well, resumed Sir Franks, "it's a horrible bother!"

His wife philosophically agreed with him, and the subject was dropped.

Lady Jocelyn felt with her husband, more than she chose to let him know, and Sir Franks could have burst into anathemas against fate and circumstance, more than his love of a smooth world permitted. He, however, was subdued by her calmness; and she, with ten times the weight of brain, was manoeuvred by the wonderful dash of General Rose Jocelyn. For her ladyship, thinking, "I shall get the blame of all this," rather sided insensibly with the offenders against those who condemned them jointly; and seeing that Rose had been scrupulously honest and straightforward in a very delicate matter, this lady was so constituted that she could not but applaud her daughter in her heart. A worldly woman would have acted, if she had not thought, differently, but her ladyship was not a worldly woman. Evan's bearing and character had, during his residence at Beckley Court, become so thoroughly accepted as those of a gentleman, and one of their own rank, that, after an allusion to the origin of his breeding, not a word more was said by either of them on that topic. Besides, Rose had dignified him by her decided conduct.

By the time poor Sir Franks had read himself into tranquillity, Mrs. Shorne, who knew him well, and was determined that he should not enter upon his usual negotiation with an unpleasantness, that is to say, to forget it, joined them in the library, bringing with her Sir John Loring and Hamilton Jocelyn. Her first measure was to compel Sir Franks to put down his book. Lady Jocelyn subsequently had to do the same.

"Well, what have you done, Franks?" said Mrs. Shorne.

"Done?" answered the poor gentleman. "What is there to be done? I've spoken to young Harrington."

"Spoken to him! He deserves horsewhipping!

Have you not told him to quit the house instantly?"

Lady Jocelyn came to her husband's aid: "It wouldn't do, I think, to kick him out. In the first place, he hasn't deserved it."

"Not deserved it, Emily!—the commonest of low, vile, adventuring tradesmen!"

"In the second place," pursued her ladyship, "it's not advisable to do anything that will make Rose enter into the young woman's subtilities. It's better not to let a lunatic see that you think him stark mad, and the same holds with young women afflicted with the love-mania. The sound of sense, even if they can't understand it, flatters them so as to keep them within bounds. Otherwise you drive them into excesses best avoided."

"Really, Emily," said Mrs. Shorne, "you speak almost, one would say, as an advocate of such unions."

"You must know perfectly well that I entirely condemn them," replied her ladyship, who had once, and once only, delivered her opinion of the nuptials of Mr. and Mrs. Shorne.

In self-defence, and to show the total difference between the cases, Mrs. Shorne interjected: "An utterly penniless young adventurer!"

"Oh, no; there's money," remarked Sir Franks.

"Money, is there?" quoth Hamilton, respectfully.

"And there's wit," added Sir John, "if he has half his sister's talent."

"Astounding woman!" Hamilton chimed in; adding, with a shrug, "But, egad!"

"Well, we don't want him to resemble his sister," said Lady Jocelyn. "I acknowledge she's amusing."

"Amusing, Emily!" Mrs. Shorne never encountered her sister-in-law's calmness without indignation. "I could not rest in the house with such a person, knowing her what she is. A vile adventuress, as I firmly believe. What does she do all day with your mother? Depend upon it, you will repent her visit in more ways than one."

"A prophecy?" asked Lady Jocelyn, smiling.

On the grounds of common sense, on the grounds of propriety, and consideration of what was due to themselves, all agreed to condemn the notion of Rose casting herself away on Evan. Lady Jocelyn agreed with Mrs. Shorne; Sir Franks with his brother, and Sir John. But as to what they were to do, they were divided. Lady Jocelyn said she should not prevent Rose from writing to Evan, if she had the wish to do so.

"Folly must come out," said her ladyship. "It's a combustible material. I won't have her health injured. She shall go into the world more. She will be presented at Court, and if it's necessary to give her a dose or two to counteract her vanity, I don't object. This will wear off, or, si c'est véritablement une grande passion, eh bien! we must take what Providence sends us."

"And which we might have prevented if we had condescended to listen to the plainest worldly wisdom," added Mrs. Shorne.

"Yes?" said Lady Jocelyn, equably, "you

know, you and I, Julia, argue from two distinct points. Girls may be shut up, as you propose. I don't think nature intended to have them the obverse of men. I'm sure their mothers never designed that they should run away with footmen, riding-masters, chance curates, as they occasionally do, and wouldn't, if they had points of comparison. My opinion is that Prospero was just saved by the Prince of Naples being wrecked on his island, from a shocking misalliance between his daughter and the son of Sycorax. I see it clearly. Poetry conceals the extreme probability, but from what I know of my sex, I should have no hesitation in turning prophet also, as to that."

What could Mrs. Shorne do? Mrs. Melville, when she arrived to take part in the conference, which gradually swelled to a family one, was equally unable to make Lady Jocelyn perceive that her plan of bringing up Rose was, in the present result of it, other than unlucky.

Now the two generals—Rose Jocelyn and the Countess de Saldar—had brought matters to this pass; and from the two tactical extremes: the former by openness and dash: the latter by subtlety, and her own interpretations of the means extended to her by Providence. I will not be so bold as to state which of the two I think right. Good and evil work together in this world. If the Countess had not woven the tangle, and gained Evan time, Rose would never have seen his blood,—never have had her spirit hurried out of all shows and form, and habits of thought, up to the gates of existence, as it were, where she took him simply as God created him and her, and gave to him. Again, had Rose been secret, when this turn in her nature came, she would have forfeited the strange power she received from it, and which endowed her with decision to say what was in her heart, and stamp it lastingly there. The two generals were quite antagonistic, but no two, in perfect ignorance of one another's proceedings, ever worked so harmoniously towards the main result. The Countess was the skilful engineer: Rose the general of cavalry. And it did really seem that with Tom Cogglesby and his thousands in reserve, the victory was about to be gained. The male Jocelyns, an easy race, decided that, if the worst came to the worst, and Rose proved a wonder, there was money, which was something.

But social prejudice was about to claim its champion. Hitherto there had been no general on the opposite side. Love, aided by the Countess, had engaged an inert mass. The champion was discovered in the person of the provincial Don Juan, Mr. Harry Jocelyn. Harry had gone on a mysterious business of his own to London. He returned with a green box under his arm, which, five minutes after his arrival, was entrusted to Conning, in company with a general present for herself, of a kind not perhaps so fit for exhibition, at least they both thought so, for it was given in the shades. Harry then went to pay his respects to his mother, who received him with her customary ironical tolerance. His father, to whom he was an incarnation of bother, likewise nodded to him and gave him a finger. Duty done, Harry

looked around him for pleasure, and observed nothing but glum faces. Even the face of Mr. John Raikes was heavy. He had been hovering about the Duke and Miss Current for an hour, hoping the Countess would come and give him a promised introduction. The Countess stirred not from above, and Jack drifted from group to group on the lawn, and grew conscious that wherever he went he brought silence with him. His isolation made him humble, and when Harry shook his hand, and said he remembered Fallowfield and the fun there, Mr. Raikes thanked him, and in a small speech, in which he contrived to introduce the curricie, remarked that the Hampshire air suited his genius, and that the friendship of Mr. Harry Jocelyn would be agreeable to him.

"Where's the tailor?" cried Harry, laughing.

"Tailor!" Jack exclaimed, reprovingly, "oh! now, my dear fellow, you must positively drop that. Harrington's sisters! consider! superb women! unmatched for style! No, no; Harrington's father was an officer. I know it. A distant relative of Sir Abraham Harrington, the proud baronet of Torquay, who refused to notice them. Why? Because of the handle to his name. One could understand a man of genius!—a member of parliament! but proud of a baronetcy! His conduct was hideous. The Countess herself informed me."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Harry, "I was only joking. I shall see you again." And Mr. Raikes was left to fresh meditation.

Harry made his way to join his friend Ferdinand, and furnished him with the latest London news not likely to appear in the papers. Laxley was distant and unamused. From the fact, too, that Harry was known to be the Countess's slave, his presence produced the same effect in the different circles about the grounds, as did that of Mr. John Raikes. Harry began to yawn and wish very ardently for his sweet lady. She, however, had too fine an instinct to descend.

An hour before dinner, Juliana sent him a message that she desired to see him.

"Jove! I hope that girl's not going to be blowing hot again," sighed the conqueror.

He had nothing to fear from Juliana. The moment they were alone she asked him, "Have you heard of it?"

Harry shook his head and shrugged.

"They haven't told you? Rose has engaged herself to Mr. Harrington, a tradesman, a tailor!"

"Pooh! have you got hold of that story?" said Harry. "But I'm sorry for old Ferdy. He was fond of Rosey. Here's another bother!"

"You don't believe me, Harry?"

Harry was mentally debating whether, in this new posture of affairs, his friend Ferdinand would press his claim for certain monies lent.

"Oh, I believe you," he said. "Harrington has the knack with you women. Why, you made eyes at him. It was a toss-up between you and Rosey once."

Juliana let this accusation pass.

"He is a tradesman. He has a shop in Lymport, I tell you, Harry, and his name on it. And he came here on purpose to catch Rose. And now he has caught her, he tells her. And his mother

is now at one of the village inns, waiting to see him. Go to Mr. George Uplott; he knows the family. Yes, the Countess has turned your head, of course; but she has schemed and schemed, and told such stories—God forgive her!”—

The girl had to veil her eyes in a spasm of angry weeping.

“Oh, come! July!” murmured her killing cousin. Harry boasted an extraordinary weakness at the sight of feminine tears. “I say! July! you know if you begin crying I’m done for, and it isn’t fair.”

He dropped his arm on her waist to console her, and generously declared to her that he always had been very fond of her. These scenes were not foreign to the youth. Her fits of crying, from which she would burst in a frenzy of contempt at him, had made Harry say stronger things; and the assurances of profound affection uttered in a most languid voice will sting the hearts of women.

Harry still went on with his declarations, heating them rapidly, so as to bring on himself the usual outburst and check. She was longer in coming to it this time, and he had a horrid fear, that instead of dismissing him fiercely, and so annulling his words, the strange little person was going to be soft, and hold him to them. There were her tears, however, which she could not stop.

“Well, then, July, look. I do, upon my honour, yes—there, don’t cry any more—I do love you.”

Harry held his breath in awful suspense. Juliana quietly disengaged her waist, and looking at him, said, “Poor Harry! You need not lie any more to please me.”

Such was Harry’s astonishment, that he exclaimed, “It isn’t a lie! I say, I do love you.” And for an instant he thought and hoped that he did love her.

“Well, then, Harry, I don’t love you,” said Juliana; which at once revealed to our friend that he had been utterly mistaken in his own emotions. Nevertheless, his vanity was hurt when he saw she was sincere, and he listened to her, a moody being. This may account for his excessive wrath at Evan Harrington after Juliana had given him proofs of the truth of what she said.

But the Countess was Harrington’s sister! The image of the Countess swam before him. Was it possible? Harry went about asking everybody he met. The initiated were discreet; those who had the whispers were open. A bare truth is not so convincing as one that discretion confirms. Harry found the detestable news perfectly true.

“Stop it by all means if you can,” said his father.

“Yes, try a fall with Rose,” said his mother.

“And I must sit down to dinner to day with a confounded fellow, the son of a tailor, who’s had the — impudence to make love to my sister!” cried Harry. “I’m determined to kick him out of the house!—half.”

“To what is the modification of your determination due?” Lady Jocelyn inquired, probably suspecting the sweet and gracious person who divided Harry’s mind.

Her ladyship treated her children as she did

mankind generally, from her intellectual eminence. Harry was compelled to fly from her cruel shafts. He found comfort with his Aunt Shorne, as the wicked called that honourable lady. Mrs. Shorne as much as told Harry that he was the head of the house, and must take up the matter summarily. It was expected of him. Now was the time for him to show his manhood.

Harry could think of but one way to do that.

“Yes, and if I do—all up with the old lady,” he said, and had to explain that his grandmama Bonner would never leave a penny to a fellow who had fought a duel.

“A duel!” said Mrs. Shorne. “No, there are other ways. Insist upon his renouncing her. And Rose—treat her with a high hand, as becomes you. Your mother is incorrigible, and as for your father, one knows him of old. This devolves upon you. Our family honour is in your hands, Harry.”

Considering Harry’s reputation, the family honour must have got low. Harry, of course, was not disposed to think so. He discovered a great deal of unused pride within him, for which he had hitherto not found an agreeable vent. He vowed to his aunt that he would not suffer the disgrace, and while still that blandishing olive-hued visage swam before his eyes, he pledged his word to Mrs. Shorne that he would come to an understanding with Harrington that night.

“Quietly,” said she. “No scandal, pray.”

“Oh, never mind how I do it,” returned Harry, manfully. “How am I to do it, then?” he added, suddenly remembering his debt to Evan.

Mrs. Shorne instructed him how to do it quietly, and without fear of scandal. The miserable champion replied that it was very well for her to tell him to say this and that, but—and she thought him demented—he must, previous to addressing Harrington in those terms, have money.

“Money!” echoed the lady. “Money!”

“Yes, money!” he iterated doggedly, and she learnt that he had borrowed a sum of Harrington, and the amount of the sum.

It was a disastrous plight, for Mrs. Shorne was penniless.

She cited Ferdinand Laxley as a likely lender.

“Oh, I’m deep with him already,” said Harry, in apparent dejection.

“How dreadful are these everlasting borrowings of yours!” exclaimed his aunt, unaware of a triding incongruity in her sentiments. “You must speak to him without—pay him by and by. We must scrape the money together. I will write to your grandfather.”

“Yes; speak to him! How can I when I owe him? I can’t tell a fellow he’s a blackguard when I owe him, and I can’t speak any other way. I ain’t a diplomatist. Dashed if I know what to do!”

“Juliana,” murmured his aunt.

“Can’t ask her, you know.”

Mrs. Shorne combatted the one prominent reason for the objection: but there were two. Harry believed that he had exhausted Juliana’s treasury. Reproaching him further for his wastefulness, Mrs. Shorne promised him the money should be got, by hook or by crook, next day.

"And you will speak to this Mr. Harrington to-night, Harry. No allusion to the loan till you return it. Appeal to his sense of honour."

The dinner-bell assembled the inmates of the house. Evan was not among them. He had gone, as the Countess said aloud, on a diplomatic mission to Fallowfield, with Andrew Cogglesby. The truth being that he had finally taken Andrew into his confidence concerning the letter, the annuity, and the bond. Upon which occasion Andrew had burst into a laugh, and said he could lay his hand on the writer of the letter.

"Trust old Tom for plots, Van! He'll blow you up in a twinkling. Cunning old dog! He pretends to be hard—he's as soft as I am, if it wasn't for his crotchets. We'll hand him back the cash, and that's ended. And—eh? what a dear girl she is! Not that I'm astonished. My Harry might have married a lord—sit at top of any table in the land! And you're as good as any man. That's my opinion. But I say she's a wonderful girl to see it."

Chattering thus, Andrew drove with the dear boy into Fallowfield. Evan was still in his dream. To him the generous love and valiant openness of Rose, though they were matched and mated in his own bosom, seemed scarcely human. Almost as noble to him were the gentlemanly plain-speaking of Sir Franks and Lady Jocelyn's kind common sense. But the more he esteemed them, the more unbounded and miraculous appeared the prospect of his calling their daughter by the sacred name, and kneeling with her at their feet. Did the dear heavens have that in store for him? The horizon edges were dimly lighted.

Harry looked about under his eyelids for Evan, trying at the same time to compose himself for the martyrdom he had to endure in sitting at table with the presumptuous fellow. The Countess signalled him to come within the presence. As he was crossing the room, Rose entered, and moved to meet him, with: "Ah, Harry! back again? Glad to see you."

Harry gave her a blunt nod, to which she was inattentive.

"What!" whispered the Countess, after he pressed the tips of her fingers. "Have you brought back the grocer?"

Now this was hard to stand. Harry could forgive her her birth, and pass it utterly by if she chose to fall in love with him; but to hear the grocer mentioned, when he knew of the tailor, was a little too much, and what Harry felt his ingenuous countenance was accustomed to exhibit. The Countess saw it. She turned her head from him to the diplomatist, and he had to remain like a sentinel at her feet. He did not want to be thanked for the green box: still he thought she might have favoured him with one of her much-embracing smiles.

In the evening, after wine, when he was warm, and had almost forgotten the insult to his family and himself, their representative, the Countess snubbed him. It was unwise on her part: but she had the ghastly thought that facts were oozing out, and were already half known. She was therefore sensitive tenfold to appearances: savage

if one failed to keep up her lie to her, and was guilty of a shadow of difference of behaviour. The pic-nic over, our General would evacuate Beckley Court, and shake the dust off her shoes, and leave the harvest of what she had sown to Providence. Till then, respect, and the honours of war! So the Countess snubbed him, and he being full of wine, fell into the hands of Juliana, who had witnessed the little scene.

"She has made a fool of others as well as of you," said Juliana.

"How has she?" he inquired.

"Never mind. Do you want to make her humble and crouch to you?"

"I want to see Harrington," said Harry.

"He will not return to-night from Fallowfield. He has gone there to get Mr. Andrew Cogglesby's brother to do something for him. You won't have such another chance of humbling them both—both! I told you his mother is at an inn here. The Countess has sent Mr. Harrington to Fallowfield to be out of the way, and she has told her mother all sorts of falsehoods."

"How do you know all that?" quoth Harry.

"By Jove, July! talk about plotters! No keeping anything from you, ever!"

"Never mind. The mother is here. She must be a vulgar woman. Oh! if you could manage, Harry, to get this woman to come—you could do it so easily!—while they are at the pic-nic to-morrow. It would have the best effect on Rose. She would then understand! And the Countess!"

"I could send the old woman a message!" cried Harry, rushing into the scheme, inspired by Juliana's fiery eyes. "Send her a sort of message to say where we all were."

"Let her know that her son is here, in some way," July resumed.

"And, egad! what an explosion!" pursued Harry. "But, suppose—"

"No one shall know, if you leave it to me—if you do just as I tell you, Harry. You won't be treated as you were this evening after that, if you bring down her pride. And, Harry, I hear you want money—I can give you some."

"You're a perfect trump, July!" exclaimed her enthusiastic cousin. "But, no; I can't take it. I must kiss you, though."

He put a kiss upon her cheek. Once his kisses had left a red waxen stamp; she was callous to these compliments now.

"Will you do what I advise you to-morrow?" she asked.

After a slight hesitation, during which the olive-hued visage flitted faintly in the distances of his brain, Harry said:

"It'll do Rose good, and make Harrington cut. Yes! I declare I will!"

Then they parted. Juliana went to her bedroom, and flung herself upon the bed, hysterically. As the tears came thick and fast, she jumped up to lock the door, for this outrageous habit of crying had made her contemptible in the eyes of Lady Jocelyn, and an object *o* to Rose. Some excellent and noble natures cannot tolerate disease, and are mystified by its ebullitions. It was sad to see the slight thin frame grasped by

those wan hands to contain the violence of the frenzy that possessed her! the pale, hapless face rigid above the torment in her bosom! She had prayed to be loved like other girls, and her readiness to give her heart in return had made her a by-word in the house. She went to the window and leaned out on the casement, looking towards Fallowfield over the downs, weeping bitterly, with a hard shut mouth. One brilliant star hung above the ridge, and danced on her tears.

"Will he forgive me?" she murmured. "Oh, my God! I wish we were dead together!"

Her weeping ceased, and she closed the window, and undressed as far away from the mirror as she could get, but its force was too much for her, and drew her to it. Some undefined hope had sprung

in her suddenly. With nervous slow steps she approached the glass, and first brushing back the masses of black hair from her brow, looked as for some new revelation. Long and anxiously she perused her features: the wide bony forehead; the eyes deep-set and rounded with the scarlet of recent tears, the thin nose—sharp as the dead; the weak irritable mouth and sunken cheeks. She gazed like a spirit disconnected with what she saw. Presently a sort of forlorn negative was indicated by the motion of her head.

"I can pardon him," she said, and sighed. "How could he love such a face!"

I doubt if she really thought so, seeing that she did not pardon him.

(To be continued.)

MASTER OLAF. (FROM THE GERMAN.)



MASTER OLAF, the smith of Heligoland,
At midnight layeth his hammer by;
Along the sea-shore the tempest howls,
When a knock at the door comes heavily.

"Come out, come out, and shoe me my horse!
I must yet far, and the day is at hand!"
Master Olaf opens the door, and sees
A stately Ritter before him stand.

Black is his mail shirt, helm, and shield,
A broad sword hangeth upon his thigh,
His black horse tosses his mane so wild,
And paws the ground impatiently.

"Whence so late! Whither so fast?"
"I yesterday lighted in Nordernie;
My steed is swift, the night is clear,
Ere sunrise I must in Norway be."

"Haddest thou wings, that might I believe."
"My horse with the wind right well hath raced,
Yet already a star pales here and there,
So the iron bring hither, and make thou hast."

Master Olaf taketh the shoe in hand,
It is too small, but it spread and spread:
And as it grew to the edge of the hoof,
There seized the master fear and dread.

The Ritter mounts, and his broad sword clangs :
 "Master Olaf, I bid thee now good night!
 Know, thou hast the horse of Odin shod;
 I hasten across to the bloody fight."

The black horse shoots forward o'er land and sea,
 Round Odin's head a splendour shone ;
 Twelve eagles are straining in flight behind,
 Swiftly they fly,—he rides foremost on. L. B.

THE FINDING OF THE SAVIOUR IN THE TEMPLE.

NOTES ON MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S PICTURE.

The picture commenced by Mr. Hunt at Jerusalem, in 1854, is finished at last. One picture, and that not very large, is the fruit of more than five years of a painter's labour! This is worth thinking about, not as affording curious data for calculating the number of pictures a man might produce at such a consumption of time, during the comparatively short period wherein he possesses his greatest powers, because if we desire great pictures, or any other thing which is really great, we must not be over-anxious for speed of production. This labour of five years evidences the possession of those very faculties which are needful for the creation of the greatest works—patient labour, unwearied devotion, tenacity of purpose, a willingness to forego immediate fame,—these are the means by which the highest creative power receives its fullest development.

For the last year or two rumours have come from the artist's studio that the picture was all but finished; the lucky few who had seen it were full of satisfaction; but the painter himself was not satisfied,—the idea was still too far above the embodiment; much that seemed very good had to be painted out and the labour begun anew.

I think that we who are not artists are too apt to under-estimate the artist's labour. We accept the beautiful outline and splendid colours as a sort of holiday-work wrought in perpetual joy of heart. We do not bear in mind that if the work is truly great it has been executed at the full tension of the artist's powers, that there has been in all probability a bitter struggle with doubt and uncertainty before the easel, till the man grew disgusted over his brightest thoughts, and had to leave his painting awhile and seek fresh strength ere he could return to his labour. We know that authors are forced to put down the pen. Recollect the grim way in which "Jane Eyre" was written—long intervals when it was not in the heart to work. When we look on a great painting, let us sympathise with the stern labour which is hidden beneath its loveliness.

The pre-Raphaelites will point to this picture in absolute vindication of their principles—it was a reproach to them that the force of their accessories destroyed the main interest of their pictures. You must paint *down* your objects of still life was the cry. Not so, they replied; we must repair our error by striving to paint our countenances *up*; if all parts of the picture are *truly* painted, the interest of the human face will give it due dominance in the composition.

It is curious to observe how this adherence to truth of detail has led the pre-Raphaelites to

create a principle in religious painting opposed to previous methods. Great religious painters hitherto have striven to attain their aim through idealisation—the countenance was idealised until it had almost lost its human interest—to mark the divineness of the subject the surrounding accessories were generally of a purely conventional character—the heavenly host introduced;—by making the picture *unearthly* it was sought to make it divine. With the pre-Raphaelites the reverse; their principle is realisation; in showing us as truly as possible *the real*, we are to behold the wonder of the divine.

So on this principle it was necessary for Mr. Hunt to strive for the utmost possible truth. It was necessary to resuscitate an architecture whereof all records beyond certain traditions have passed away—the Temple, of which not one stone remains upon another, had to be reproduced in its *most probable* aspect. According to tradition, one portion of that Temple yet remains—the natural rock pavement, reddish limestone fading at the edges into slate-colour, over which is now reared the mosque of Omar. This pavement forms the foreground of the picture, and above it is raised, as of old, one of the covered outer courts or cloisters of the Temple—slender golden columns in the form of palm and pomegranate stems conventionalised, supporting a series of low arched roofs which run horizontally with the picture; this roofing is of gilt fretted work, the interstices filled in with ruby, purple, and other coloured glass. So by the law of perspective, as we look up, we behold ridge below ridge of jewel-work resting on the golden columns, and glowing with transmitted light. The background, shutting in the court, is a screen of delicate metal work, the details standing out against the bright glare of day. There is an opening in the screen which shows the distant country, clear outline in the noon-day heat, untempered by the slightest mist. To the right of the picture, in the foreground, is a brazen gate opening from a flight of steps which leads down to the Court of the Gentile. Now the architecture of this court follows the fashion of the Greeks,—marble columns and Corinthian capitals, in strong contrast with the distinctive Hebrew character of the holier portions of the Temple. According to a tradition, this court was constructed during our Saviour's childhood, and the association at such a period of Gentile art with the architecture of the exclusive Jew in the great edifice dedicated to the worship of Jehovah, possesses a strange significance. The builders are still at work, the space for the "corner stone" is unfilled. Beyond the wall of this court rises Mount Scopus, cypress trees and olive gardens; a long range of barren hills in the furthest distance.

After this manner was the glory of the second Temple which Herod the Great had rebuilt with great magnificence to flatter the pride of the Jews, and in the thought of that glory they made their angry retort, "Forty and six years was this Temple in building, and wilt thou rear it up in three days?"

Although this representation of the architecture of the Temple may not be quite historically true, yet, as regards the other portions of the picture, the

unchanging character of Eastern life has retained till now the old forms of costume and other common objects as they existed at the period of our Saviour's life on earth. Almost every detail of the present, truly painted, becomes a fact of the past.

But, more wonderful than this, the old customs still continue; the learned Jews still sit together in places of public resort, to talk of doctrine and tradition; the Roll of the Law is as sacred, and as zealously to be kept from profanation, now that the Moslem holds the sacred city, as it was before the Roman had destroyed the Temple of Jehovah.

On its naturalistic principle, the picture aims at showing us one of the ordinary days of religious life in the courts of the Temple. The Doctors are sitting together on a semi-circular bench, and some matter of strange interest animates their discussion. A peasant boy has joined himself to their company, sitting at the feet of one of the youngest of their number,—tradition says, Nicodemus; and this boy has been listening to their arguments, and has asked them certain questions, and has astonished them by his understanding and answers. The questions of the boy have sounded strangely in the ears of these learned men. The blind High Priest holds with nervous grasp the sacred Rolls of the Law, as the Rabbi at his side repeats in his dulled ear something that the boy has said. No wonder the old man holds the Rolls of the Law so tightly in his feeble hands, for it may well be that the words which he hears contain the germ of those questions which on another day were to put the chief priests to silence and confusion.

God's words at both periods, but spoken now in the voice and timid manner of childhood, to be spoken again in the lapse of years with the force of Perfect Man.

"Only the strange questions of a precocious child," think these learned Doctors, and the whole occurrence will presently pass from their minds. Not so with Him: the questions which had arisen in long communings on the hill-side at Nazareth are answered now. He has spoken to the men of highest intellect in the land. Their answers to His questions, given with the weight of authority, and the dignity of age, will abide in His mind. The hollowness and falsehood of those answers will grow more and more apparent with His *increase* in wisdom during those after years that he dwelt in Nazareth subject to His parents.

"Gifted with extraordinary mind, yet only a peasant boy!" think these learned men. Those are His parents—humble folk, who have sought him, and are standing there amazed, as well they may be, at the position in which they have found their son; and He, seeing his parents enter the court, has broken suddenly from His thoughts, and risen to meet them, but in a moment every feeling is absorbed again in the great idea which is forming in His mind, and though His mother draws him anxiously to her arms, He is lost to all earthly consciousness—one hand is passive in her tender grasp, and the other, with purposeless energy, is twitching at the fastening of His girdle. Presently His reply to their exposu-

lation, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

I said we were to see in the *real* the wonder of the Divine.

We behold Him in the picture as they beheld Him that one day at Jerusalem, clad in an ordinary garment, the son of a poor carpenter, but we know that He is the Son of God. The occurrence, which a few days will efface from their recollection, is sacred to us—merely the wondering eyes of an intelligent child, as they beheld his earnest gaze,—unfathomable depth of divine spirit to us. The sadness of that young face, which would be scarcely perceptible to them, deepens in our eyes, a foreshadow of that sorrow which was to cling to His life on earth. They thought it was the surprising talent of a child; we know that it was the development of that wisdom which is divine.

With regard to Mr. Hunt's conception of the Holy Family.—As far as I am aware, the Virgin and Joseph have been generally painted as conscious of the real nature of their child,—that they did not comprehend it is certain. "And they understood not the saying which he spake unto them."

There is the mother's tender love in the Virgin's countenance, troubled with amazement—amazement too, and deep feeling, in the father's countenance; but there is the absence of that responsive sympathy which arises from comprehension and appreciation. He stands isolated even in his mother's arms. Alone, as regards *human* sympathy, in this great era of His childhood, though in the midst of the busy life of the Temple, as He was so often to stand alone, without the solace of human sympathy and love, in his after life.

When we turn from the group of the Holy Family, a unity of purpose binds together the separate details of the picture, and insensibly draws our thoughts back again to Him. The consecration of the first-born—the lamb without blemish borne away for sacrifice—the table of the money-changer—the seller of doves—the blind cripple at the gate—the superstitious reverence for the Books of the Law, shown by a child who is reverently kissing the outer covering—the phylacteries on the brow—the musicians who have been assisting in the ceremonial of the Temple, and are gazing curiously on the scene, little witting that the boy before them is the descendant of the Royal Psalmist. So it comes to pass that this truthful rendering of detail strikes the chords of those feelings which vibrate in our hearts with every incident of His sacred career. A grand prelude to the after ministry of Christ—conceived in a fine spirit—as the great musician places the theme of his leading ideas in the overture, which ideas are to be wrought to their fulness in the after portions of his work.

It has not been my object to consider the picture technically; that question has been already very fully discussed in other critiques. Everybody must acknowledge the marvellous finish of the execution—atmost delicacy combined with power of effect—the harmony and richness of the colouring—the brightness, true to Eastern climes, though dazzling to Western eyes—the wonderful

painting of the countenances. There is no danger that the technical merit of the picture will be overlooked, but the high position that it holds stands on other grounds than manipulative skill. We must bear this in mind, that the picture, to be judged fairly, must be judged by the principle of realisation—not hastily condemned because it does not follow the commonly adopted method of idealisation. Looking at it solely from the ideal point of view, the meaning and purpose of the picture would be utterly misunderstood. And after all, with regard to this question of idealisation, it is evident, in a system of treatment which is based upon the principle of embodying the greatest possible amount of truth, that in the highest parts of this picture the very power of realising necessitates the fullest powers of idealising—and so, in painting the head of Christ, the terms realise and idealise become almost synonymous. In his earnest desire to represent our Saviour with the greatest possible truthfulness, Mr. Hunt has attained by his method a result which, in holiness of feeling and depth of tenderness, rivals the efforts of the greatest masters of religious art.

I will urge this in conclusion. We may appreciate either principle of religious painting, without depreciating the other. We may admire the examples of both methods. It is especially an error in art-criticism to become a vehement partisan. There is an appropriateness and a value in both these principles, and we miserably narrow the kingdom of Art if we condemn Raphael because he was not a realist, or Holman Hunt because he is not an idealist.

G. U. S.

OF SOME ODD PEOPLE AND ODD SIGHTS IN LONDON.

WALK about the streets of London with an observant eye, and amongst other strange sights you will notice many persons who pass you by with so abstracted an air that you feel sure that though their bodies are in London their souls are out of town. They are smiling fantastically—they are making strange gestures—they are muttering to themselves—their minds are far indeed from the turmoil of cabs, and omnibuses, and jostling people amongst whom they are making their way. These are the somnambulists of London. They exist in far greater numbers than is supposed.

By the term somnambulists, I do not of course mean that these people are asleep in the ordinary acceptance of the word, but that they are quite unconscious of all sights and sounds around them as poor Madame Malibran assumed to be when she stepped over the wooden bridge in the last act of the famous opera, and let the candlestick fall. They are dreaming by daylight, and if you compel their attention by stopping, and addressing them, you would find them for a moment puzzled and disconcerted, just as a sleeper is when he is awakened before his regular time, and pressed back into life. I have more than once seen an illustrious writer and orator, who has recently passed away from amongst us, walking rapidly along the streets, and favouring the little boys with the sonorous periods which, at a later hour,

he was about to pour upon the heads of his Parliamentary antagonists. How the little fellow with the muffins and the bell would stop short in his ringing upon being suddenly informed in a stern way by a casual passer-by, "that the impulses of a wild democracy—and a democracy had its impulses—were as phosphorus on the match, not Phosphorus the morning star." How the man who carried the Dutch clocks about, and was giving notice of his presence by striking the hammer against the bell, desisted from his monotonous amusement on being told "that it was now notorious that he possessed enemies in all the Cabinets of Europe—friends in none!" The orators, and declaimers, and thinkers-aloud of the London streets are very numerous. So long, however, as these outward expressions are merely references to the business of the day, which may really occupy their thoughts, there is not much wonder that it should be so. The sights of London are familiar to them; some particular idea has got possession of their brain, and their attention is absorbed. If they are not retentive of speech, the ideas become words, and fly out to the astonishment of mankind.

These, however, are but the reasonable and natural somnambulists. The irrelevant speechifying apart, most of us walk about at times with the soul's eyes cast inwards; but I rather mean that there is in London a large class of persons who pass through life engaged in a series of imaginary adventures, and who walk about our streets utterly unconscious of what is passing around them. The occasions of questioning people who suffer from this strange fancy are of course not very numerous; but it would probably be found that they did not carry out their dreams to legitimate conclusions, as authors do when they invent the incidents of a novel. They would rather travel round the same small circle of fancies, like tethered cattle. With all Dream-land before them, they are content with half an acre or so for their own use. Given a sensitive disposition—a monotonous occupation which requires no particular effort of attention—a solitary or an unhappy home—and one would expect a London somnambulist as the result. In the country a man could scarcely indulge in this continuous dreaming without becoming absolutely demented: in London the movement and stir, and the sight of the shops, and the constant necessity of avoiding the poles of the omnibuses and carriages are just sufficient to assist a man in keeping his wits at call even though he does not habitually make much use of them. In the neighbourhood of the Law Courts you may constantly see strange clients of this sort whose lives have been one feverish dream of bills and answers, and demurrers and rejoinders. The little old lady who haunts the precincts of the Chancellor's Court at Lincoln's Inn is not a mere delusion, nor the invention of an imaginative writer. You may see her there at her regular times and occasions passing in and out of the archway of Lincoln's Inn which opens upon Chancery Lane, chirruping along with a bundle of papers in her hand, just as though she were in high practice, and getting on as a solicitor.

On the whole, perhaps, the Court of Chancery

is more prolific of our London somnambulists than any other of our national institutions. Why should not the court, which does them so much harm, also endeavour to do to its poor suitors a little good? Ever since I have known London, certain houses on the northern side of Snow Hill have been shut up; so have certain others in Stamford Street, just where it abuts upon the Blackfriars Road. The houses are in Chancery; so are many other houses, and blocks of houses, which are scattered about the great town. Until a man has carefully examined them externally, and visited them internally, he has no idea of what urban desolation means. Generally there is a report in the neighbourhood that they are haunted; but the real spectres which hold them as their own, and keep the human race at bay, are old Parchments and Dry Forms, and Equitable Doctrines, and such like. I know it is usual for our learned lawyers in such cases to say that the complaints of the laity on such points are ignorant and inconsiderate. "If we look to the great improvements which have been introduced of late years into the doctrines, as well as the practice, of the Court of Chancery;—if we reflect that it is the guardian of the orphan and the widow;—that it is called upon to exercise a transcendent jurisdiction over trusts, and that it has already, with a graceful obedience to the desires of the nation, pensioned off the Six Clerks and the Masters;—if we take into consideration that where delay occurs—and delay will sometimes occur even in the administration of the jurisdiction of Chancery—the suitors, and not the court, are in fault," &c., &c., &c. I say, that when I hear arguments of this kind propounded by old Law, or rather Equity Lords in the House of Peers,—or printed in fine type in Law Magazines, and so forth,—my thoughts will recur to the old abandoned houses on Snow Hill, in Stamford Street, and elsewhere, as a practical answer to all these alarming denunciations. There are the arguments, and there are the results. At any rate, why should Chancery tenants—for such indeed are the poor suitors—want houses?—and why should Chancery houses want tenants? As an intermediate step, until conclusive justice could be done, why should not these poor people be allowed to keep these poor houses warm? Why should the Chancery houses tumble down, and the Chancery suitors almost perish, for want of lodgings, in the streets? They are amongst the odd people, and the odd sights of London.

How few outward demonstrations of grief—save amongst professional beggars who assume the semblance of the pauper from interested motives—do you find about the streets of a town which contains a population approaching to something like 3,000,000 of human beings! London laments itself in-doors. There may indeed be seen a few examples of noisy, feminine sorrow in the stern, strong courtyard of the Central Criminal Court, when some trial is going on which keeps the minds of the outsiders in suspense. Such a one—amongst some other painful enough incidents of the like kind—was this. A lad was to be tried—for what precise offence I am not able to say; but at any rate his wretched mother was deluded by one of the vile touters who hang about the

court, to place her confidence in his employer. In order to make up the necessary sum for his defence, she had sold her bed—she had sold or pawned her table and chairs—her clothes, with the exception of the few rags she had on her back—and even to her flat-irons. Still the sum was incomplete—still the touter was inexorable—still the case was about to be called on—and the counsel would not appear, save the fee was there—at least so the agent said. The woman had done all she could—her last bolt was shot—she sat rocking backwards and forwards, feeling that her boy was innocent—(he really was acquitted at a later hour, and upon very conclusive evidence),—but that he certainly would be condemned, because no gentleman was there to take his cause in hand. At this moment a strongly-built, ill-favoured sort of girl—she might have been seventeen years of age—the mourner's daughter, and the prisoner's sister, came in, and passed a few shillings into the mother's hand. No questions were asked as to how she had become possessed of the money; it was handed straightway to the touter, and he disappeared into the body of the court. Siddons or O'Neil, Rachel or Ristori, might have tasked their marvellous dramatic powers to the utmost, but they could scarcely have simulated the woe-worn look of the mother, or the cool indifference of the daughter, who was rather disposed than not to laugh and joke with the other women about, whilst waiting for the verdict. This also was one of the odd sights of London, if we speak of real grief; but the simulation of it is as absurd as the reality is what a man had rather not witness if he cannot be of help.

There are men who go about London, and levy contributions on the charitable, by falling down apparently into fits. They fill their mouths with some preparation, probably of the nature of soap, in order to produce foam; and really, until you know that the exhibition is a mere trick, it is one of the most appalling nature. One of the professors of this mystery I remember to have seen busy in the exercise of his profession close to the National Gallery. He had chosen the place for his entertainment very happily just in the corner at the western side, where the rails make an angle with the houses, and there is a kind of comfortable little sick-bay, full in the public sight, but yet unprofaned by the public tread. The poor wretch was just getting himself into the full swing of his little exhibition, that is to say, he had fallen or thrown himself down on the ground; he was writhing about in strange agony; he was beating his poor head against the pavement; he was rolling his eyes about in a manner terrible to behold; and he had just succeeded in producing a fine rich foam. There was a crowd about him full of sympathy and sorrow. One good Samaritan was holding up his head, and another had loosed his shirt-collar. Some were for a cab and the hospital: others for letting the poor sufferer lie still until the fit had spent its fury. At this moment a policeman came up, and made his way through the crowd. No sooner had he caught sight of the sufferer, than he denounced him as one of the biggest vagabonds and imposters of London; and true to his instincts as a guardian of the public

peace, desired the false convulsionist instantly "to leave off them games, and move on!" A person who happened casually to be present, suggested that the purposes of public justice would be much better answered if this clever performer were allowed to bring his entertaining and interesting performance to its natural conclusion. Policeman Z 999, happened, for once in a way, to be a man of some little intelligence, and assented to the proposition. The more the man in the sham-tit twisted and writhed about, the more the crowd were delighted; and when he foamed at the mouth with extra energy, as though to vindicate his ailment, they cheered him as they would a favourite performer who had made a good hit. A more ridiculous scene could scarcely be imagined. At last the man condescended to recover his senses, and slunk away in a very sheepish manner indeed, with a mild reproach to the by-standers upon their ignorance of the treatment which ought to be adopted in cases so distressing as his own.*

Let us not linger too long amongst the dismsals and the sham-dismsals, for really in human life there is no use in "piling up the agony" too high. He must be a cross-grained, morbid sort of curmudgeon who does not see, that with all its trials and troubles, this world contains more blessings than curses. Shall we cast a glance at these Ethiopian Serenaders and jugglers? It is a curious fact, that the Ethiopian Serenader has become hardened into an institution. The trade of the mere street-singer was not a very thriving one, when the sublime thought occurred to some manager, or undertaker of enterprises of this kind, that it would be well to give the London public a taste of "Nigger music." The idea was a prolific one: it has proved one of the most successful hits of our time. For awhile we all of us abandoned our martial, and maritime, and poaching, and sporting, and sentimental melodies, and took to "goin' down de river on de Ohio!" or asking the young ladies of Buffalo if "they couldn't come out to-night?" or bewailing ourselves over the untimely fates of Mary Blane or Lucy Neal. If I remember right, the speculation was originally a Yankee one—a new and a not very illegitimate endeavour to discount the domestic institution in another form. Well—we had these Ethiops of all kinds, and with all varieties of costume; but they always adhered to the particular instruments with which the original black men had first won their way to public favour—the banjo, the guitar, the tambourine, and the bones. The gentleman with the banjo always undertook the more sentimental business; he of the guitar graceful passion, but not without a vein of true feeling; the bearer of the tambourine gave himself up to the madness of the moment; and "bones" was always the merry fellow—the low-comedian of the party. This division of labour has been steadily maintained, now that Ethiopian serenaders perambulate our streets in every direc-

tion, and the exercise of the craft has taken its place amongst the legitimate professions. Were a son of mine to come to me and say, "Father, I have turned the matter over in my mind, and I had rather become an Ethioop than be called to the Bar, as a means of livelihood!" I would not dismiss the youth in a harsh and sudden way from the paternal presence. To be sure, the prizes at the Bar are greater, but there is an earlier competence to be found amongst the serenaders. If an experienced banjo-man, now, would take you up and give you an opening, or if you could marry into the family of a well-established "bones," there might be something in it. I had the curiosity once to invite a troop of these fellows to a public-house, and to endeavour to find out their histories. They were young men with the regular wigs (just like the Bar), and the blackened faces, and the tight white trousers, and wonderful hats. One told me he had been apprenticed to the river; "bones" had a most decided Irish accent; and the tambourine-man had originally been a shoemaker. I forget about the fourth. What a change for the better it must have been from the shoemaker's low stool and monotonous employment, to the full, rich, rollicking life of the London streets! I understood at once how it was that my swart and sable friend had taken the tambourine part. Pent-up Nature would have her way. He was making amends for the cobbler's wax of years. What a difference between the confinement of his limbs on that wretched stool of industry, and his strange antics as he struck his tambourine—now upon his head—now with his hand—now against his knee—and revelled, as it were, in the very madness of Ethiopian ecstasy. I wish that I could remember the exact sum they told me they were able to divide amongst their little band one day with another; but certainly I am not wrong when I say it was considerably more than they could have earned unless they had taken rank amongst the skilled workmen of a good trade. But, then, they had besides a full freedom from restraint, and from the foreman's watchful eye. They could go in and out as they pleased. On race-days at Epsom or Ascot they were there. There was the glorious uncertainty of the thing as well to be taken into account as an additional inducement to a young man of ill-regulated mind. A lad of an adventurous spirit might do worse than join the Ethiopians.

It is to be doubted if the calling of the juggler possesses as many advantages. The training for the profession is so severe that it kills many neophytes, and then they are a rough set. The only test of excellence is bodily strength or agility. He who would attain to anything like social distinction amongst his fellows must be able to knock them all down in succession—or, if knocked down himself, to jump up with a summersault, and land upon his opponent's shoulders. The training for this sort of career begins at a very early age, when the joints are most supple, and the human frame is capable of being twisted into as many shapes as though it were made of gutta-percha. Of course, in the streets, we only see the result of the training when the members of the family of Mark Tubbs resolve themselves into a

* One of these performers, a thirstier soul than the rest, wore a placard round his neck, which became visible as soon as his waistcoat came open, which it did invariably. The placard said: "I was lable to these fits; don't bleed me; give me some brandy-and-water."

pyramid, of which Mr. M. T. is the base and Bobby the apex. Two young gentlemen—the second and third sons—take their stand upon the paternal shoulders, and poor little Robert, when this arrangement is completed, swarms up in some inconceivable way to his proper and exalted position upon the shoulders of his brethren. He has ceased to feel any pride in his exaltation. With his little conjuror's band or fillet round his head, and his flesh-coloured suit of tights very dirty at the knees, and his poor little hollow stomach, and his worn-out pumps, he knows too well the meaning of all this grandeur. Let him make but a false step, or a slip in the course of the performance, and, independently of the risk of breaking his small neck, he knows what he has to expect from the justice of his muscular kinsfolk. Just let them get away from the archway out of public sight, and down by the dead-wall, and our young friend Robert knows well enough that he will be held up by his ear, as though he were a black-and-tan terrier, and passed from foot to foot like a football in the west country upon a summer's evening. This is the result of an unsuccessful performance: but when matters go well, and the treasury is full, Robert knows that his share of the plunder will be confined to a stealthy and childish "pull" at the pot of porter for which he has been despatched to the adjacent public-house (he replaces the froth with his dirty hand), and, possibly, to the greasy paper in which the cooked ham from the ham-and-beef shop has been "fetched." It is certainly very nice to lick this well over—especially when little bits of fat adhere to it—but, still, exertions so violent, and so successful, might have deserved a higher reward.

Let no one imagine that the juggler's or acrobat's triumphs are easily won. It is not so easy as it looks at first sight to keep half-a-dozen balls up in the air at one time, nor to catch all those rings in the horn, nor to do the sword trick, nor to keep the long pole well balanced on the belt whilst your youngest child is sprawling upon his stomach upon the small piece of wood at the top, and staring into the drawing-room windows. It seems as nothing when you see the feat accomplished by passed-masters in the art; but let any Paterfamilias just lie down on his back on the floor, toss his feet up in the air, and then select from amongst his progeny some small thing about two or three years of age, and keep it twisting in the air merely by slightly kicking it as he can touch it with his feet. Nay, any one who had not devoted some little time and attention to the acquisition of the necessary skill would find not a little difficulty in swinging that kind of rope about with which the acrobats clear the ground, and keep a proper area for their performances. It is a curious enough sight, if you can procure admission to the domestic circle of such a professor as Mr. Mark Tubbs. The plan I employed myself was to seek instruction in the art of keeping the balls in the air; but, of course, all that is necessary is to find a colourable excuse for presenting Mr. M. T. with a trifling gratuity. The man I got hold of appeared a very honest fellow; he came from near Sittingbourne; he was not a gipsy, you could tell that from his skin and

his eyes; and he was not a drunkard, that could be inferred in great measure from his own appearance, still more so from that of his wife. The face of a drunkard's wife well-nigh invariably gives you the key to the story. They lived or lodged on a ground-floor on the Surrey side of the Thames, not far distant from the Victoria Theatre. I spent a very delightful evening with the Tubbses. The great idea of the head of the family was to get out with all his belongings to Australia; but it was very strange, that although Mrs. T. evidently disliked that her youngest child should be brought up to the family profession—although she was exceedingly averse to see her second daughter committed to the career of an operadancer, upon which that young lady had already entered; and although her crowning infelicity was that the twins, who, at the moment she was speaking of them, were running after a cat upon the low wall of the court-yard at the back of the house, should take infantine parts in one of the transpontine theatres which I forbear to name,—still she talked of the sacrifices which they must make if they abandoned their native land, and all the associations so dear to their hearts. Poor people—they seemed so grateful that anybody with a decent coat on his back should take an interest in their fortunes—otherwise than by offering them tracts and unctuous advice—that it was with difficulty I could restrain them from giving me a private performance. What young pirates the boys were, to be sure; and although they were only fifteen or sixteen years of age, how awkwardly they would have turned upon you in the street if, swelling with patrician disdain, you had called them "young scoundrels," and threatened them with a touch of the horse-whip. I protest I would as soon have had two of the hunting leopards in the Zoological Gardens let loose upon me about feeding time, with a suggestion from the keeper that I was toothsome and nice. They could walk about on their hands, and keep balls up in the air by merely developing and contracting the inner muscle of the arm, and catching the ball upon it as it fell. They walked round the ledge of the room, which was so narrow that you would scarcely have thought a cat could find a foot-hold upon it. This was the famous feat of which Jackson the pugilist—Lord Byron's tutor—was so proud; but these boys thought nothing of it. Even if you could have hit a stronger blow than these young gentlemen—a fact which I much doubt—you would scarcely have had a chance of touching them, so nimble and agile were they in shifting their ground; and if by a miracle you had touched them, you would have hurt your own knuckles much more than their hard heads. I must not, however, dwell too long upon my recollections of this delightful *soirée*. The end of the tale was tragical enough. Some months afterwards, on calling at Acrobat Lodge, I found no one at home save Mrs. Tubbs, who was with her arms in the wash-tub. Since our pleasant evening she had been relieved from all anxiety upon the subject of the Twins. It appeared that the poor children had caught the measles, without anybody being the wiser. "They seemed ailing and out of sorts," Mrs.

T. said: "but then childern are allays gettin in sarts and out o' sarts, and we didn't think nothink on it." The result was, that the young Thespians attended at their theatre at the usual time to fulfil their engagements. They had to appear as Peace and Plenty, amidst a great display of red-light, at the end of a grand *spectacle*, which was drawing uncommonly well. They did so appear, and scattered their choicest blessings upon the world in general, and this dear, dear England in particular. When they got home, after the conclusion of this act of benevolence, there was no doubt any longer as to their being out of sorts. The measles had been driven in—or had struck in—I really do not know the exact phrase which is used upon such occasions; but the end was, that poor little Peace and Plenty were carried out of Acrobat Lodge next Sunday morning in two little coffins, and slept quietly henceforward side by side—and the cat in the back-yard sate purring on the wall on a space which was tolerably clear of broken glass, and was puzzled to think why the Twins did not come to chase her in the usual way.

I fear that some of our readers may think that I am attaching too much weight to the sorrows and trials of the poor. A man now-a-days is said to be fond of the "slums," whenever he gets out of the stratum in which Lords Frederick and Augustus, and Ladies Blanche and Mildred, are to be found; or out of the groove along which pale scholar-like young Puseyite clergymen quickly slide along to all the beatitudes, and, like dear, good fellows as they are, do not refuse to associate the destinies of wealthy Evelinas with their own, as soon as they are satisfied that the young ladies in question hold correct opinions upon the subject of the rheumatic ailment with which Saint Margaret's favourite pigeon was afflicted. Still, as the world goes, the "slums" are so very populous, and the more blessed and interesting people are so few in number, and have had such numerous biographers, that one may be pardoned for occasionally sparing a word to the sorrows and struggles of those unfortunate persons who have to fight a round for very existence every day of their lives. Never mind—*paullo majora canamus*. Let us get to the corner of St. James's Street upon a Drawing Room day, and if you cannot spend an hour or two there in philosophic investigation, and see odd people and odd sights in abundance, you must be hard indeed to please, and rather wanting in powers of discernment. As a general rule the ladies do not look their best in that more than evening costume, and under the garish light of the sun. They are somewhat—I beg their pardons for the profane suggestion—as the belated masquers whom a very late, or a very early, Londoner occasionally comes across in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden when a masked ball has been held on the previous night. Still there are bright young faces enough to satisfy even the most critical spectators, although in the case of many of the dowagers, one might wish that a little of their ample skirts had been transferred to another portion of their costly habiliments. The prettiest sight is that of the young girl who is

going to be presented, and upon whose white soul the shadows of gold sticks, and chamberlains, and ushers have fallen heavily. She really believes in all these things, and is struck with awe. The drawing-room days, however, are now very different from what they were when I was a lad—not that I therefore wish to wring my hands and lament myself over the tarnished lustre of the British crown. Twenty-five years have told with much effect upon the social arrangements of the country, and the country is all the better for it. Why should the upper-lobby be left in the possession of a few hundred persons, when there are thousands upon thousands whose strong heads have conquered for their country a high place amongst the nations of the world, and for themselves influence and substantial power and wealth? It would have been an ill-day for the Court had it been determined that, under no circumstances, Miss Spillsby should be presented by her illustrious parent, Mrs. Spillsby, "upon the occasion of having purchased her Brussels lace fall," or Mr. Dobbs by Mr. Lobbs "upon his return from the Isle of Wight." If our friend Spillsby is the great pivot upon which the return of the Yorkshire members must always depend; and if Mr. Dobbs employs some thousands of hands in his Welsh Iron Works, it would be somewhat unsafe to offend their not very unpardonable vanity. They have won their way to the top of the tree; they want to pluck a plum or two, and drop it in the parched mouths of their wives and daughters, sick and pining with legends of Ladies Flora, Wilhelmina, &c. &c.; why not? Still, with all this—oh, vanity of vanities!—do not, oh, excellent Mrs. John Smith!—do not turn up your sweet nose in that disdainful way upon your poor fellow-creatures who have gathered together this day to admire and reverence your majesty and grandeur. The game of scorn is a double-wicket business. Your husband, the revered J. S., worked early and late at his mill—whether it was a cotton-mill, or a law-mill, or a money-mill—and there you are; but do not forget, that at the bottom of that sloping street, and within those old brick walls, there are hundreds of ladies, all radiant with diamonds and jewels, even as you are yourself, but who have a clear logical right to think of you as dirt, if your theory be correct. Go, therefore, to the Drawing-Room, and make your curtesy in the most approved fashion; and I trust that our Gracious Sovereign will so far recognise your importance as to send you subsequently an intimation that one of her balls would not be complete without your presence; but be calm, Mrs. Smith, be thankful and calm.

What on earth is that brass band playing away for with such energy in Arlington Street? Surely that cannot be a feature in the festivities of the Court. There has been a marriage there this morning; and although the happy couple whose destinies were united by the art magic of the Very Reverend Somebody, assisted by the Reverend Otherbody, have long since departed for the sylvan shades of Broghill, *en route* for the Continent, these German musicians are of opinion that there are still a few shillings to be blown out of the house.

They are the third band that has been there this morning, and by dint of energy and perseverance they will no doubt carry their point in the long run, for the very housemaids would think it a shame if the musicians were to go unrewarded upon so solemn an occasion as that of Miss Lucy's marriage—she is now Lady Malthop of four hours' standing—a capital match, in which the old Shropshire Stukeleys bartered away that amount of consideration which results from living in the same place against the golden results of

Malthop's Entire. We are not, however, concerned with the marriage—it is to the brass band of Germans that I wished to call a moment's attention. It is a fact that it is a very gainful speculation for the poorer children of the "Fatherland" to unite in these harmonious troops, and to spend a few months amongst us, or even a few years. They are, for the most part, respectable lads, and the sons of respectable people. During their stay amongst us there is little to be said against them—much in their favour. There



(Page 69.)

is but one case in my recollection—it occurred the other day—in which a German band has been brought up for annoying a family or neighbourhood after they had been warned to move off. Has anyone ever seen any of these German musicians drunk about the streets? I never have. They have done much to cultivate and refine the national taste for instrumental music, and may fairly say that what we give them is for value received. Their instrumentation is generally good—at times, excellent and faultless. It may, not, perhaps, be sufficiently known how far these wanderers have inoculated us with their fondness for music. You will find them not only about the streets of London—which is their title to mention here—

but in all the watering places and large country towns—nay, in our very villages and country houses—in all tea-gardens, and Tivolis, and dancing places. The humblest dancers in our day can have as good music to dance to as that which regulated the courtly steps of the mistresses and masters of their grandmothers and grandfathers. There is no reason to regret that the old trio of harp, fiddle, and cornopean, which so long constituted the instrumental music of the London streets, is at an end.

The other evening, when it was just dusk, during the inclement season of June, as I was coming home, I fell upon three of the *pifferari* whom you find at Christmas time in such num-

bers in the Piazza di Spagna at Rome, and about the Chiaja of Naples, dancing and grinding away at their little hurdy-gurdies, just as though London in the awful month of June, 1860, was any fitting place for such dirty children of the South. It is clear enough that these poor people never came here on their own account, nor upon the suggestions of their own brains. They must be the human merchandise out of which some Italian slave-dealer looks to make a good profit; and it is to be hoped he will be disappointed. Were they exported direct from Naples? did they grind their way all through Italy, and across the Swiss mountains, and down the Rhine? How did they manage to find money to pay their fares across the Channel? The first supposition is probably the correct one; but really our own Scotch bag-pipers are quite a sufficient affliction for a human society, without any leaven from abroad. It never can be worth the while of the wretched creatures themselves to try this English journey as a commercial adventure like the Germans. The Germans are tradesmen—these people are beggars. It is scarcely advisable to come so far as England from Italy in search of alms. The little Savoyards with the white mice, and the organ-grinders from Parma, have become an institution; it would be useless to say a word about them. They, too, are mainly imported by speculators upon a venture; and oftentimes, if their stories are to be believed, have enough to bear. One night on coming home through the Regent's Park, and on the side of the enclosure by the wooden palings, I saw something which looked at first in the gloom like an overturned cab, or something of that description. On crossing over I found that it was an encampment of little Savoyards, who had piled their organs up so as to give them shelter from the wind, and had clubbed their filth and their warmth, and were lying all together asleep. London was the Prairie to these little travellers from the South. Their story was, that they had not earned money enough in the day to secure them a favourable reception from the *padrone* at night. They were afraid of being beaten if they returned home, and so had preferred taking their rest *al fresco* in the Regent's Park.

The native ballad-singers are at best a dreary set, and not to be encouraged. It is not, however, one of the pleasant sights of London when you see a drab of a woman with an infant at her breast, dragging two wretched children by the hands through the muck and mire of the streets after a day of down-pour, such as we have known of late, and when the pavement, illuminated by the gas-light, is glossy with rain. What a cruel irony it is to hear such a creature shouting out in a husky way—

Through pleasures and palaces, where'er we may roam,
Yet go where we can there is no place like home.
Home, home, sweet home.

Nor is one quite disposed to believe in the genuineness of the destitution of that tidily-dressed man in the rusty but well-brushed suit of black who perambulates the streets, accompanied by his lady and their numerous family—all neatly though

poorly dressed—and the youngest ones with white pinafores of irreproachable cleanliness. He looks like a schoolmaster, and the presumption is that he is in difficulties. It is, however, to be feared that there is something too professional about the manner in which every member of the family, from the parents down to the youngest child, pauses every now and then, pivots about on her or his own heel, and sweeps the windows of the street which they may at that moment happen to be making tuneful with hungry gaze. They know what they are about too well. Again, no one can be said to have made a complete study of the streets of London unless he has mastered the difficult subject of the sweepers, from the dear old lady at the bottom of the Haymarket, who is, I am told, a millionaire, and the Hindu gentleman in St. James's Square, downwards. These two are well-nigh, if not quite, at the top of the profession.

I have only spoken—and quite in a random and disjointed way—of a few of the odd sights and persons which any person of common observation must notice as he walks about the streets of London. It would be a very different tale if I were to ask the reader to accompany me in a little stroll whilst I talked to him of what was passing through the brains of the passers-by—plain, well-dressed men, with nothing very noticeable about them. But now it is John Sadleir fumbling with the cream-jug; now Felice Orsini with a hand-grenade in a side-pocket; now Pullinger on the way to attend the funeral of his relative, whilst the directors of the Union and the Bank-parlour people are talking him over. These are notabilities; but, reader, if you are a person who would rather study human life from realities than from books, keep your eyes open as you walk about the streets of London, and you will find in them odd sights and odd people enough.

GAMMA.

THE BEE IN THE BONNET.

OF course when I received a letter from little Ned Ward, announcing that at last he was going to be happy, I ought to have felt sympathetically joyful. When the letter went on to state that I must, under extraordinary penalties, present myself that evening at his chambers in Crown Office Row, to partake of a gorgeous banquet in honour of the occasion, and to drink *her* health in a great number of bumpers, I ought to have accepted the invitation with a rapt alacrity, and have conducted myself generally in a light-hearted and genial manner. No doubt that would have been the right sort of tone to have taken. I accepted the invitation, certainly. I wrote a short letter of congratulation even. I hoped he might be happy—no end of happy—with *her*, whoever she might be: and yet I did not feel very warmly or very cheerfully in the business. It seemed to me as though I were coming in second in a race.

He had always been little Ned Ward to me. He was my junior: he had been my fag at school. He had been a little pale-faced boy, very thin and weakly, with dry, fair hair, and a blue jacket and bright buttons, when I had been an ultra-grown youth suffering acutely in stick-ups, and perplexedly grand in a tail-coat. But now things

were changed. Professionally he was a barrister in the Temple. I was simply an attorney in Essex Street. He had been decidedly successful. I had been decidedly less fortunate. Socially, I think I may be permitted to say, that he was a swell. He was the neatest hand at tying a white neckcloth I ever saw; he wore exquisite gloves, and boots of exceeding varnish; he could sing light tenor songs (his F was a comfortable and melodious note, his G certainly more hazardous and less harmonic); he could play (a little) on the flageolet; his hair curled naturally, and his amber whiskers were so luxuriously pendent, that I sometimes wondered he was not rebuked by the Bench for excess of hairsuteness on their account. Of myself it behoves me to speak with reserve; but I will admit that I don't count myself a great drawing-room triumph. I never could tie a white neckerchief. I am uneasy in lacquered boots. I have no ear for music; my hair does not curl, and my whiskers are of rather a common-place pattern. Of old, I used to patronise him, and considered I had done rather a generous thing when I admitted a junior boy to terms of equal friendship. Now, however, I had begun to fancy that he had lately been rather patting me on the head. He had gone past me in a number of ways; and now he was going to be married before me. Ned Ward had beaten me, in fact. I did not like owning it; yet I felt it to be true, and, somehow, the feeling grated a little on my self-conceit.

It was a dull November afternoon, and though the clock of St. Clement Danes had only just struck three, it was so dark and foggy that the office candles—massive dips, with a tendency to gutter, and otherwise conduct themselves disagreeably—were already lighted. I had as yet no staff of clerks, to be partitioned out into Chancery, Conveyancing, and Common Law sections. The office boy, Mason, who bore the courtesy title of "Mr." Mason—and whose supposed occupation it was to be "generally useful," a mission which he construed into getting into complicated dilemmas with the ink-bottles, and being a perpetual obstruction in all business matters with which he was entrusted—had been sent round to Crown Office Row with my letter to little Ned Ward. I was just considering whether there was really any more work to be done that required me to adhere to routine office hours, or whether I might not just as well walk down the Strand to St. James's Park and back, by way of getting myself into a better humour and improving my appetite for my friend's dinner, when entered my room my other clerk, Mr. Beale, and presented me with a card, informing me that the gentleman whose name it bore desired very much to see me. "Captain Brigham, R.N." Could he be a new client! But I had no time for reflection. I raised the shades of my candlesticks, to distribute the light more generally about the room, and became conscious of the presence of a tall, stont, elderly gentleman, with a flaxen wig and gold spectacles. I begged him to be seated. He bowed politely, placed an ebony walking-stick heavily mounted with silver and decked with copious black silk tassels on the table beside him, and a

very shiny hat with a vivid white lining on the floor, and then calmly seated himself facing me at my desk. Without speaking, he drew off his black kid gloves and dropped each into his hat. He produced a heavy gold snuff-box, and solaced himself with no stinted pinch. He waved away all stray grains of snuff with a large red and green silk handkerchief, and then addressed me.

"My name is Brigham, as you see by my card, —Captain Brigham, Royal Navy. I have come to you on a matter of business. Do you take snuff? No? Quite right—bad habit—wish I could leave it off. I have been recommended to come to you, and place myself entirely in your hands. No matter who gave me that advice. I intend to follow it. You will give me your assistance?"

I assured him that I should be happy to aid him, as far as lay in my power.

"You're very kind. Quite the answer I expected: I may say quite. Are you alone here? May I speak to you in confidence—in perfect confidence?"

For his satisfaction, I rose to see that the door leading into the clerk's office was securely closed.

He resumed.

"I am placed, sir, at this present moment, in a position of extreme pain."

He drew himself nearer to the fire.

"Few men, sir, can venture to say that they are suffering as I am."

He put his feet on the fender, and rubbed his plump white hands blandly together.

"I can assure you, sir, I have not brought myself to open this business to you without the most intense deliberation."

He arranged his flaxen wig in a calm, careful way, pulling it down tightly over his ears.

He made five distinct Gothic arches by joining his hands, very careful that the crowns of the arches, represented by the tops of his fingers, should meet and fit in a thoroughly workmanlike manner; and through the vista thus established contemplated steadily his feet on the fender. He appeared to me quite an ideal old gentleman, dined, and at peace with all the world. He resumed:

"It is a very common saying, sir, that there is a skeleton in every house. The saying may be utterly false in regard to many houses; it is enough to say that I feel it to be true in regard to mine. I have a skeleton in my house."

I could only look attentive and curious: I could only bow acquiescently, and motion him to proceed.

"My daughter, sir, is *my* skeleton."

He said it abruptly, with a snap of his snuff-box lid by way of an effective accompaniment.

"Indeed!"

"True, sir, true, painfully true. Here it is, sir, here"—and he touched his forehead two or three times with a fat forefinger, still holding his gold snuff-box in his hand. "I believe a 'loose slate' is the vulgar title of the malady she suffers under. Her mother was a poor creature, very weak and frail. Dead, sir, dead, many years. Still I could hardly assert that the 'loose slate' was fully developed in her case. But the state of

my poor child admits of no doubt. Others may be duped; the cunning of lunacy may impose upon many; but a parent's eye, sir, a parent's eye! Do you think, sir, that you can take in a parent's eye?"

He removed his spectacles, and rubbed his eyes violently with his red-and-green silk handkerchief, as though he were polishing them up for exhibition.

"And is her present state such as to require control?"

"Upon some such points as these, and generally as to the measures that may be legally taken respecting her, I desire to ask your opinion. Is she dangerous? you would say. Well, perhaps I should be disinclined to apply so painful a term. Lunacy, as I have before hinted, is gifted with great cunning. Upon many points those in the habit of seeing her constantly and intimately would very probably pronounce her sane."

"She suffers then, I conclude, from some kind of monomania."

"Precisely. It is a dreadful thing to say, sir, but I am positively persecuted by my own child."

He warmed his hands, and rubbed them comfortably together.

"I am her victim, sir. The vials of her lunacy, if I may be allowed to say so, are turned upon me—her father, sir, her poor old father! She is a dear good girl, sir, a good dear girl, though I say it, but she renders my life completely unendurable. I am subjected, sir, to a persecution that is killing me."

To see that smooth, bland, rotund old gentleman, calmly warming his silk handkerchief by the fire, one would have thought that his dying of persecution was quite the last fate he was undergoing, or likely to undergo. He was one of those old gentlemen who have a sort of picturesque daintiness about them. His linen was perfectly got up—his frill seemed to have been plated by machinery, it was so even; his black satin waistcoat was singularly glossy; and his tight grey trousers were strapped over the most resplendently polished Wellingtons I ever saw.

"What particular form does this persecution assume?"

He paused for a minute, as though reflecting, turning about the while the massive seals which, suspended from a thick curb chain, acted as buoys, and demonstrated where his watch was sunk.

"It is one of the well-known characteristics of lunacy, and thoroughly understood by those who have studied its economy, when the sufferer is thoroughly convinced of his sanity, and strenuous in accusing those around him—even those who should be dearest to him—of his own malady. Thus my poor child, in the most alarming paroxysms of her attacks, does not hesitate to charge even me with lightheadedness! This is not much, you will say. But when with the subtlety of her complaint she proceeds to induce others to believe her accusation—when I find there is a deep-laid plan to pursue me everywhere with this strange idea, and to surround me with a system of surveillance that is positively terrible in its perfectness—then, sir, I begin to take alarm, and I complain of persecution; not unnaturally, I think."

"A very singular case."

"I believe entirely without precedent."

"Are you prepared with any medical evidence?"

"Not at present. But—I see—it is necessary. I will at once proceed with this, and then see you again. Will not that be the better course?"

"Certainly. I would only suggest great caution and secrecy in all that you do, and your at once seeing your medical man with a view to some examination of the sufferer."

"Sir, I cannot thank you too much for your admirable counsel. Just what I could have expected of you. I will be prepared to lay before you certain ascertained facts touching the case, and then see you again. When? Will Monday suit? Let us say, then, Monday, at three o'clock. Again let me thank you. Oh, this is the way out, is it? Thank you. Good-day—Good-day."

I sat for some time considering the matter over. I took down from the book-shelves certain of the authorities on lunacy. I began to study the practice in regard to lunatics, and especially as to what it was necessary to do in the office of the Masters in Lunacy in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. Then it occurred to me, what little information I was possessed of after all, and how foolishly I had abstained from making inquiries. How old was Miss Brigham? Was she a minor? Was she an heiress? Would it be necessary to place her under the benign protection of the Court of Chancery? To appoint a Committee, and take the accounts of her estate in the usual manner? He was a gentlemanly old man: was he rich? would he pay my bill? He was very courteous and polite; but little affected, though, at his daughter's sad state. He had nothing of the naval officer about him—nothing whatever; in fact, he looked much more like a wholesale wine merchant with a villa residence at Tooting or Muswell Hill.

Mr. Mason entered precipitately: very inky as to his fingers, and with a piece of red tape tied round his head to prevent his hair falling over his eyes, which imparted to him an acrobatic rather than a legal aspect.

"I have no more letters, Mr. Mason."

A grin broke up the sallow monotony of his face.

"Please, sir, here's a lady wants to see you; don't give her name."

"Show her in, sir, directly."

And a little lady presently entered. I had only just time to notice that she was dressed in black silk, with puce velvet trimmings, and an ample black velvet cloak. Her bonnet and gloves were also puce colour, and she wore her black veil half down, which, being sprinkled with embroidery, gave a pleasant variegation to the upper part of her face; while the pretty little red-lipped mouth and daintily pointed chin, nibbed, as it were, by a dimple, made the lower half look very winning indeed. She carried a handsome mother-of-pearl card-case, but had evidently forgotten to make use of her cards. At any rate, she made no attempt in the first instance to put me in possession of her name.

"Oh pray excuse me,"—such a light, soft, silvery voice. "I am sure I owe you a hundred

apologies for intruding upon you in this way. So unceremoniously too, and your time, of course, so valuable; but really I— You—”

But the poor little bird became so fluttered, that she could not continue. I hastened to assure her that my time was all hers; that I was quite at her service; that I should be only too happy to assist her in any way. I begged her to be seated,—to compose herself,—and not to trouble herself with any conversation until she felt quite equal to it. I fidgeted about with my papers; I opened and shut my table drawers; I wrote my name on my blotting-paper:—all so many devices to give the little lady time to overcome her embarrassment.

“What disagreeable weather,” I observed.

“Very, indeed, especially for walking.”

“Especially. Have you been walking?”

And so on. We threw out skirmishing remarks, under cover of which she might bring up the heavy division of her discourse. She was gradually improving, and in a minute raised her half veil and permitted me to see a very pretty, small-featured, delicately-fair face, with smoothly-braided light-brown hair, brightly twinkling blue eyes, and, oh! such long lashes, that seemed always on the quiver, and gave a wonderfully winking vividness to her glances.

“I am afraid you will really think me very tiresome—very troublesome. I am sure you will say so when I’m gone. You’re very kind; but really I am quite ashamed of my intrusion. Only I have been so anxious—so very anxious. I had better, perhaps, proceed to ask you at once directly what I want to know. Pray tell me. Has papa been here?”

“Papa?”

“Yes; papa. Oh, perhaps—Oh dear me, how very thoughtless of me. You don’t know. No, of course not. What could I have been thinking about? My name is Brigham—Miss Brigham. I am the daughter of—”

“Captain Brigham. Royal Navy?”

“Oh, then he has been here? Oh, I see he has. Oh, I was afraid he had.”

“And you are his daughter—his *only* daughter?”

“Yes. I am his only child indeed.”

Poor girl! She was, then, the unhappy sufferer—the melancholy subject of our late conversation. Was it possible? Was there a loose slate under those charming light-brown braids? Was she the persecutor of that poor benign old gentleman? And the delicious sparkle of those blue eyes, was it not then wholly attributable to the light of reason?

“Please excuse him, sir,” she went on; “he really should not; but he can’t help it. The fact is, he is not quite himself.”

Poor thing: the ruling idea was firmly fixed in her mind.

“I do all I can to stop him. I never, if I can help it, trust him out of my sight. He is sure to get into mischief, if I do.”

What could I say? The fit was evidently very strongly upon her.

“I assure you I do all I can to watch him, and have others expressly engaged to keep him always in view.”

Just so, I thought. This is the persecution!

“But I see there has been great remissness. I must have more precautions taken. He must be more rigidly watched: he must never be left alone.”

Poor old victim! But the Masters in Lunacy will give you relief. Yes, I could see it now. There was a hectic brilliancy about those glances; there was a restlessness about that manner; there was even now and then a hurry and want of harmony about that silver-toned voice, which betrayed the terrible calamity under which the little lady unconsciously suffered. Yes, there was an undoubted bee in that puce bonnet. It seemed to me that I was falling deeply in love with her, nevertheless. I was even loving her more on account of her misfortune. It was love, strengthened by the addition of pity.

“It is, perhaps, the best way to adopt the course you have no doubt followed. To hear all he has to say. He mentioned me, perhaps? He is always talking curiously about me. It is one of the strange fancies that have possessed him.”

Such a sharp, inquiring bird’s glance out of the corner of the blue eyes.

“He did refer to his daughter,” I confessed.

“Poor dear! he is always doing that,” she said, with a small, soft sigh. “I traced him to this neighbourhood, and, unseen, I saw him come out of this house. From my inquiries, I soon ascertained that he had been to see you, and I guessed his mission. Pray forgive him, sir. Forgive me too, for troubling you: and forget all that he has told you.”

Forget all my client’s instructions! How cunning these lightheaded folks are, I thought.

She thanked me over and over again for my attention to her. She lowered the half veil with its freckle of embroidery, leaving still one red lip and the pointed little chin uncovered. She curtsied very politely as she drew towards the door, and then, as though thinking better of it, with a very winning smile gave me a small, puce-kidded hand to shake. It was so small, it was more like the toy hand fixed on to an ornamental pen-wiper, than an ordinary human hand. I conducted her through the office, and showed her the way down the stairs.

Mr. Mason chose to see some profound cause for mirth in all this, becoming at length so violently convulsed with suppressed laughter, that it became necessary for him to conceal his head in his desk.

With a feeling of bereavement, yet of deep interest, I went to my lonely room. Without that puce bonnet it seemed especially lonely. I looked at my watch: it was half-past six o’clock. And how about Ned Ward’s banquet at half-past five?

II.

“HULLO! here you are at last. Why, I’d quite given you up. Gilkes and Jeffries, both of whom you know. Mrs. Brisket, bring back some of those things; this gentleman has not dined. My dear boy, what have you been doing with yourself? How could you make any mistake about the time? I wrote *half-past five*, as plainly as any

man could. Have a glass of sherry; you look quite pale."

Little Ned was busy pressing kind hospitalities upon me, in his old, bright, chirping way.

"Make a good dinner, old fellow. Don't hurry yourself; there's loads of time. We'd given you up. I thought something had occurred to prevent your coming altogether, or else we would have waited for you. I'm so sorry the things should be half cold, as I'm afraid they are. Now let's have a glass of wine all round."

"And the disclosure," said Jeffries.

"No, no. That's to come afterwards."

I had finished dinner, and the cloth had been removed. Mrs. Brisket bore an expression of intense thanksgiving that hitherto the banquet—the responsibilities of which evidently weighed heavily upon her—had passed off with a success that amounted almost to *éclat*. I found, however, that she looked grimly at me, as one who had threatened to become a sort of incarnate hitch in the business.

"Now then, gentlemen, try the port—the peculiar, old, crusted, many years in bottle: the port of extraordinary vintage, of the light green seal."

"Are we to come now to the event of the evening?" asked Gilkes.

"Are you going to make a speech?" inquired Jeffries.

"No; this is a private meeting; speeches are for the public: besides, I don't think I can conscientiously make one without a fee: and I know that none of you fellows have got any money. I'll simply give you *her* health. I'm going to be married. I give you *her* health!"

"*Her* health!" we all echoed, solemnly, draining glasses of 'the peculiar.'

"Are we to know no more?"

"Name! name!"

"Hear! hear!"

Little Ned rose. He was as near blushing as could be expected of a barrister—certainly he stammered a little.

"The lady's name is Brigham."

"What!" I cried.

"Brigham—Fanny Brigham."

"The daughter of—"

"Captain Brigham—Royal Navy."

I sank back in my chair.

"You're ill I think, old man, ain't you. Have some brandy—have some soda-water—have a cigar."

"No, thank you. All right, pass the bottle."

"Gilkes, the wine's with you."

It was evident I could say nothing in the presence of those two men, Gilkes and Jeffries. I must refrain from alluding further to the subject until they had taken their departure. They seemed to divine that I had some such object: and "the peculiar" that Gilkes got through! the cigars that Jeffries smoked! They moved at last, certainly with difficulty.

"Goo'-night! Goo'-night, old feller!"

And I was alone with Ned Ward. He doubled himself upon the sofa. Something seemed to have affected him to tears. It must have been the excitement of the occasion, or could it have been "the peculiar?"

"My dear Ned!"

"All right! Fire away—help yourself."

"*You must not marry Fanny Brigham!*"

"Not marry Fanny Brigham? Who says I mustn't marry Fanny Brigham? Who wants his head punched?"

"Now do be calm! Certain circumstances have come to my knowledge—"

"Oh, certain circumstances have come to your knowledge (very incoherently spoken); have they indeed?"

"Now, pray listen!"

"All right, old fellow!"

"She has a bee in her bonnet!"

I spoke as distinctly as possible. He opened his eyes as wide as he could, and seemed to be trying to stare through the wall, in a strange, vague, senseless way.

"Bee in her bonnet!" he staggeringly repeated; "bee in her bonnet! Go along—get out. She wears lilies of the valley and puce velvet ribbons. Soon, sir, the orange blossom, the orange blossom! Hip—hip! Charge your glasses! I give you Fanny Brigham—Fanny Brigham! Hurrah! For she's a jolly good—"

He collapsed altogether on to the hearth-rug. It was useless to attempt to discuss the matter further. I lifted him on to his bed, and went out into the dismal early morning November air.

III.

About noon the next day I received a visit from Ward. He looked rather pale and fatigued; but, in answer to inquiries, said that he had never felt better in his life. He called, as he stated, to inquire after my health, as he was persuaded, from my sudden departure on the previous evening, that I had been exceedingly unwell.

"And about this Brigham business?" I said.

"Ah—yes. Was there not some discussion about it last night? Was it not Gilkes who said that the marriage should not take place?"

"No; I said so."

"You! What extraordinary port wine that must have been! Why, my dear fellow, I was coming to you to ask you to act as my solicitor in the matter—to peruse the settlements, you know, and that sort of thing: it's more delicate than doing it myself. More than that, I was going to ask you to be best man at the wedding."

"But, my dear Ward, you don't know all. Captain Brigham—"

"Ah, poor old fellow! Yes—I know. It's sad, but it can't be helped."

"What do you mean? I've seen him!"

"What! poor old Brigham!"

"He came down here to consult me."

"About the settlement?"

"No: his unhappy daughter's state of mind."

"Oh! he's imposed upon you, has he? Went over all that old story."

"And I've seen his daughter."

"You have?"

"She also came here."

"Well?"

"And I regret to say, that her manner confirmed her father's statement. She's light-headed, my dear Ward! I know she's an angel—a

darling! But, my dear Ward, a wife with a loose slate! a mother, perhaps, with a bee in her bonnet! and the infant family taking after her!"

Ward was moved—but only to laughter. He would not listen to my advice. We parted. It was arranged that I was to act as his solicitor in the matter of the marriage settlement, but my assisting at the wedding was to remain an open question.

I had an appointment in the city at three, and hurried away to keep it. Cheapside was more than normally crowded. Near Bow Church there was great obstruction: a throng of persons nearly blocked up the footway altogether. An elderly gentleman was quarrelling with a cabman. I thought I recognised a shiny hat and a flaxen wig. I forced my way through the crowd, and found Captain Brigham, bright and glossy as usual in apparel, but palpably excited in manner.

"Where's the use?" cried the cabman. "Don't talk of pulling a fellow up: you know that ain't the question at all. Tell me where to go, and I'll drive you fast enough—fast as you like."

"No. I object to be driven by you—I object to be driven by a man not in his right mind!"

"O, gammon!" said the cabman: "jump in."

"No, cabman, you're mad!" replied Captain Brigham. "I pity you: you ought not to be trusted out with a cab."

"Why, I've druv a cab for fourteen year—leastwise an omnibus."

"I'll not be driven by you. Legally, I'm not bound to pay you: but I'll give you sixpence. Mind, it's not your right, but I give it you."

"Bravo, old 'un!" from the crowd.

"Here, my man, take your sixpence."

"Shan't! why the fare's eightpence."

City Policeman, No. 123, cut his way through.

"What's this here about? Cabby, why don't you take what the gent offers?"

"Oh! ah! Here I've druv the old beggar all the way from the Burlington Arcade; and he shoving me in the back till I'm sore with his walking-stick, and crying out that I'm mad: ain't it enough to aggravate a feller? and then he offers sixpence! He oughtn't to ride in cabs—he oughtn't."

"The fare's eightpence, sir," said No. 123.

"Policeman, I won't be driven by a cabman who is a raging maniac. I tell you I will not. What! Now I look again, policeman, you'd better go home; you're mad, sir, quite mad. I can see it in your eyes, sir; aye, and in your whiskers."

"Three cheers for the old 'un!" proposed by an Electric Telegraph boy, seconded by a Blacking Brigade ditto, carried unanimously, and given by the crowd.

I paid the cabman his fare; and, aided by the policeman, carried off Captain Brigham. A crowd followed us for a short distance, but gradually fell away.

"You're not in your right mind," said Captain Brigham to me, when I had brought him as far as St. Paul's Churchyard, "but your interference was kindly meant, and for a confirmed lunatic, as of course you are, was really a sensible thing. I thank you for it. Don't you find your insanity interfere rather with your professional pursuits?"

I began to think I had been mistaken about Fanny Brigham's malady.

At my office I found a letter:

BETHLEHEM HOUSE, *Isleworth*.

MY DEAR SIR.—I have sent you a client. He is one of my most difficult customers—a rational lunatic—too lunatic to be at large, too rational to be confined. What can we do? He wants to take law proceedings to lock up his daughter; I believe, to indict me for conspiracy; all sorts of things. Listen to him—talk to him—humour him—and do just nothing. His name is Brigham. He has been in the Navy. He was wounded on the head in some slave squadron fight off the coast of Guinea, and has never been quite right since. He is not at all dangerous, only a little difficult to manage. When are you coming to see me? I dine every day at six, &c. &c.

Yours faithfully,

GEORGE JOHNSTON, M.D.

On a subsequent day Captain Brigham called on me.

"I find," he said, "that I shall be relieved from all difficulty in my daughter's case. I am pleased that it is so. A man of the name of Ward has proposed to marry her. Of course I could not contemplate such a thing for one moment without his being fully apprised of her melancholy state. I laid bare to him the whole matter. But he is mad, sir—stark mad; he would go on in spite of me. He takes her with all her imperfections on her head, and she him. It is hard to say which has the worst of it."

In due time little Ned Ward was made happy, I should say supremely happy. I owned that he had beaten me utterly. Fanny Brigham looked almost as exquisite in her veil and orange blossoms as in her puce bonnet on the occasion of her one visit to my office in Essex Street. Ned Ward was very great in his superfine, double extra, blue Saxony frock coat. He looked so kindly and lovingly on his dear little bride, that I almost fancied at last that he deserved his good fortune, though a moment before I thought I should have fainted when I heard that deliciously touching answer, "I will," steal from those rosy lips. People said that they formed a charming couple. They seemed to me a sort of statuette group of a happy pair. For myself, I signed the church books: I proposed healths: I made speeches: I drank champagne at unwholesome hours: I threw the old shoe. I made myself hopelessly and conspicuously ridiculous; went through a wonderfully exhilarating course of events, and then home, utterly wretched and desponding. The delighted couple repaired to Baden. I secluded myself for a fortnight in Essex Street, and was seen by no mortal eye.

Some time afterwards I paid a visit to my old friend Dr. Johnston, at Isleworth.

"Here's a gentleman I think you know," he said. It was Captain Brigham. He recognised me at once.

"Ah! my dear friend, my mad lawyer!" he cried out, shaking me cordially by the hand. "I'm delighted to see you. Yes, thank you, I am extremely comfortable here. A number of gentlemen, who, like myself, are of opinion that the world is mad, sir, quite mad, have established

this snug retreat. We felt that such a poor handful of sane men as we composed, could not individually combat fairly with the insane multitude outside these walls, so we clubbed and collected together for mutual support and protection. With all your confirmed lunacy, you have occasionally very decided bursts of what I may almost call reason, or lucidity; and I'm very proud to see you here. Not but what," and he sank his voice to a low whisper, "I cannot refrain from mentioning to you, that there are some who have got into this institution who have clearly very little title to be in it. Look here, now," and he pointed through an open doorway to a little wizen old man in a velvet cap, busily occupied in writing letters; "he's not altogether sound: he's not free, entirely, from the 'bee in the bonnet.' This is one of his bad days. Quite forgotten himself—quite oblivious of everything. He is the rightful heir to the throne of Siam, and is unjustly deprived of his inheritance by the Hudson's Bay Company. His usual uniform consists of three peacock's feathers in his cap, worn very much in the style of our Prince of Wales, you know. Curious similarity, is it not? He's a wonderful hand at cribbage. But to-day, you see, he's quite quiet, and has forgotten all about his lawful claims. He's writing home to his grandson, who manages his affairs for him. He's clearly not sound. I am indeed glad to have seen you. Many, many thanks for this visit, my dear friend. I only wish you were properly qualified, and I could propose you as a member of this delightful institution. But, alas! alas! you know that cannot be. Good-bye, good-bye."

"Curious case, isn't it?" said Dr. Johnston, as we moved away. "He'll probably get quite round again in time, though he may be liable to a return of the attack. He's intensely happy. I'm not sure that he wants our pity much. I think the dinner must be ready—come along."

I went home with rather entangled views about the sanity question. As to who had, and who hadn't, "a bee in his bonnet?" I wondered whether I had. Really I thought I must consider before I answer: and I went to sleep without giving one.

DUTTON COOK.

OYSTERS AND PEARLS.

LOGLOO, Mootoo, Mootie, Margarite, Perles, Perli, Perlas: all sweet, pretty, mouth-rounding names, but worthy to be applied to the lustrous and beautiful spheres which we call pearls. *Principium culmenque omnium rerum pretii tenent:* "Of all things, pearls," said Pliny, two thousand years ago, "kept the very top, highest, best, and first price." What was true then is true now. There are few things so immortal as good taste. Let us pay something "on account" of our debt to the oyster. I propose to regard that placid creditor, not as an article of food, but as an assistant at the toilet. And looking at him in that point of view, here is not a bad instalment of the aforesaid debt. It is contributed by Barry Cornwall:

Within the midnight of her hair,
Half-hidden in its deepest deeps,

A single peerless, priceless pearl
(All filmy-eyed) for ever sleeps.
Without the diamond's sparkling eyes,
The ruby's blushes,—there it lies,
Modest as the tender dawn,
When her purple veil's withdrawn,—
The flower of gems, a lily cold and pale.
Yet, what doth all avail?—
All its beauty, all its grace?
All the honours of its place?
He who pluck'd it from its bed,
In the far blue Indian Ocean,
Lieth, without life or motion,
In his earthy dwelling—dead!
All his children, one by one,
When they look up to the sun,
Curse the toil by which he drew
The treasure from its bed of blue.

Well, pearls are costly. Yet they are merely the calcareous production of the class Mollusca. Diamonds, as a certain pen has elsewhere noted, have been shown to be merely charcoal; the pearl is little else but concentric layers of membrane and carbonate of lime. All the class Mollusca are instances of that beneficent law of nature, that the hard parts accommodate themselves to the soft. The common naked snail, the mussel, cockle, oyster, garden helix, strombus, and nautilus, elegant or rough, rare or common, each illustrate this grand law. The body of a soft consistence is enclosed in an elastic skin. From this skin calcareous matter is continually exuded. This protects the animal, and forms the shell. Where the waves are rough, and rocks superabundant, then the shell is rough, hard, stony, fit to weather anything; where only smooth water and halcyon days are to be looked for, Nature, who never works in vain, provides but paper sides and an egg-shell boat, such as the little nautilus navigates and tacks and steers in.

Besides forming the rough outside, the calcareous exuvium, the mucus of the oyster and other mollusca, forms that beautiful substance, so smooth, and polished, and dyed with rainbow tints, and a glorious opalescence, which, be it as common as luxury has made it, still charms the eye. This is the lining of the shell, the mother-of-pearl, nacre. "The inside of the shell," said old Dampier, that old sailor with a poet's mind, "is more glorious even than the pearl itself."

It is glorious, it has the look of the morning, and the tint of the evening sky; the colours of the prism chastened, softened, retained, and made perpetual in it: this is mother-o'-pearl.

To render its bed always soft and cosy, to lie warm, packed as one might at Malvern in wet sheets, seems to be the oyster's pleasure. This singular exuvium, this mucus, not only creates pleasure, but alleviates pain. Some irritating substance, some internal worry and annoyance, it may be a dead embryo, or a grain of sand insinuates itself, and, lo! the creature covers it with this substance to ease off its unkind tooth, and converts it into a pearl.

That is the way they are made, these wondrous beauties!

"If," said Sir Everard Home, "if I can prove that this, the richest jewel in a monarch's crown, which cannot be imitated by any art of man" (he

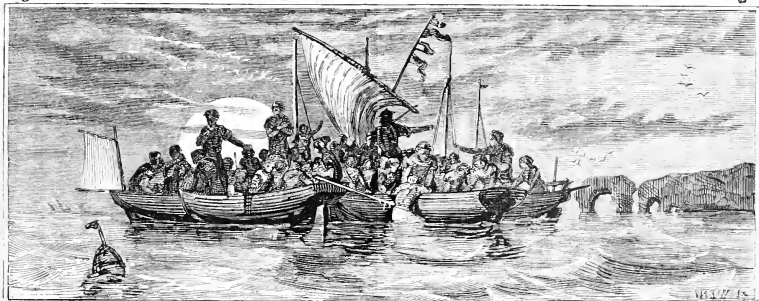
is rather wrong there; it can be imitated, and wonderfully imitated too.) "either in beauty of form or brilliancy of lustre, is the abortive egg of an oyster enveloped in its own naere, who will not be struck with wonder and astonishment?" Wonder and astonishment are words which scarcely exist now. Science has shown so many wonders that we are hardly astonished at anything; but Sir Everard's assertion admits of proof. A pearl cut in two exhibits the concentric layers like an onion, as may be seen through a strong glass; and in the centre is a round hole, very minute it may be, but wherein the ovum has been deposited.

Sometimes the ovum, or sand, or enclosed substance has attached itself to the shell, and has then been covered with mucus, forming a pearl which cannot be separated from the shell. There are several specimens of such pearls in the British Museum.

The great beauty in pearls is their opalescence, and a lustre which, however clever men are, they have never yet given to artificial pearls. Sir Everard Home supposes that this lustre arises from the highly polished coat of the centre cell, the pearl itself being diaphanous. Sir David Brewster accounts for it by the pearl and mother-of-pearl



Pearl wearers and Pearl winners.



having a grooved substance on its surface resembling the minute corrugations often seen on substances covered with oil, paint, or varnish. Philosophers are sometimes not very explanatory. Sir David means to say that beneath the immediate polish of the pearl there are certain wavelets and dimples from which the light is reflected. "The direction of the grooves," again to quote Sir David, "is in every case at right angles to the line joining the coloured image; hence, in irregularly formed mother-of-pearl, where the grooves are often circular, and have every possible direction, the coloured images appear irregularly scattered round the ordinary image."

In the regular pearl these are crowded, from its

spherical form, into a small space; hence its marvellous appearance of white unformed light; and hence its beauty and value.

To prove the translucency of the pearl, we have only to hold a split pearl to a candle, where, by interposing coloured substance or light, we shall have the colour transmitted through the pearl. Curious as is the formation of the pearl, we have yet a cognate substance to it. What we call *bezoar*, and the Hindoos *faduj*, is a concretion of a deepish olive green colour found in the stomach of goats, dogs, cows, or other animals; the hog bezoar, the bovine bezoar, and the camel bezoar; this last the Hindoos turn into a yellow paint; but the harder substances the Hindoo jewellers

polish and thread, and use as jewels, so that from the stomach of the lower animals, and from the secretions of a shell-fish, the still grasping, prying, worrying, proud, vain-glorious, busy man gets him an ornament for her whom he most loves; for him whom he most honours.

The question of obtaining pearls and of slaying divers; of feeding sharks with human limbs; of the eyeballs starting and the tympanum of the ear bursting; of the pains, perils, and penalties of the pearl divers, must be touched incidentally in any true account of this precious gem.

Vanity demands the aid of cruelty, and for her gratification human sacrifices are still made.

At the Persian Gulf, at Ceylon, and in the Red Sea, the early sources of the Greeks and Romans, we yet find our supply. Pearls are also found in the Indian Ocean along the Comorandel coast and elsewhere; but the two grand head-quarters are in Bahrein Island, in the Persian Gulf, and in the Bay of Condalchy, in the Gulf of Manaar off the Island of Ceylon. There our pearl oyster dredgers bring up their natives.

The fishery at Ceylon is a monopoly of the British Government; but, like many Government monopolies, it is said to cost a great deal more than it produces. In 1804, Government leased it for 120,000*l.* per annum; in 1828, it only yielded 28,000*l.* It is a desert and barren spot; no one can fall in love with it; sands and coral rocks are not picturesque; yet, in its season, it attracts more to its shores than one of our best watering-places. Divers, merchants, Arab-hawkers, drillers, jewellers, and talkers; fish-sellers, butchers, boat-caulkers, and Hindoo Robinsons and Walkers are all found there. The period is limited to six weeks, or two months at most, from February to April; and whilst they are making money, these people are rather eager, look you. But the fishers themselves, victims of cruelty as they are, are also victims to their own superstition and ignorance. A Hindoo or Parsee blesses the water to drive away the sharks; a diver may be frightened or ill, and the holidays are so numerous, that the actual work-days amount only to thirty in the season.

The boats assembled sail at ten at night, a signal gun being then let off. They then set sail, reach the banks before daybreak, and at sunrise the divers begin to take their "headers." They continue at this work till noon, when a breeze starting up, they return. The cargoes are taken out before the night sets in, and the divers are refreshed.

Each boat carries twenty men—ten rowers and ten divers—besides a chief, or pilot. The divers work five at a time alternately, leaving the others time to recruit. To go down quickly they use a large stone of red granite, which they catch hold of with their foot. Each diver holds a net-work bag in his right hand, closes his nostrils with his left, or with a piece of bent horn, and descends to the bottom. There he darts about him as quickly as he can, picking up with toes and fingers, and putting the oysters into his net-work bag. When this is full, or he exhausted, he pulls the rope, and is drawn up, leaving the stone to be pulled up after him. When the oysters are very plentiful, the diver may bring up one hundred and fifty at a dip.

After this violent exertion, blood flows from nose, ears, eyes. The divers cannot exceed generally one minute's immersion. One and a half, and even two, have been reached by extraordinary efforts. Those who can endure four and five minutes are spoken of. One also we are told of, an apocryphal fellow, we should think, who coming in 1797 from Arjango, stayed under water six minutes.

The divers live not to a great age. Heart-diseases, surfeits, sores, blood-shot eyes, staggering limbs, and bent backs—these are part of their wages. Sometimes they die on reaching the surface, suddenly, as if struck by a shot.

At Bahrein, the annual amount produced by the pearl fishery may be reckoned at from 200,000*l.* to 240,000*l.*; add to this purchases made by the merchants of Abootabee, and we have 360,000*l.* to include the whole pearl trade of the Gulf, since, through their agents at Bahrein, merchants from Constantinople, Bagdad, Alexandria, Timbuctoo, New York, Calcutta, Paris, St. Petersburg, Holy Moscowa, or London make their purchases.

"But," says our credible informant, "I have not put down the sum at *one-sixth* of that told me by the native merchants." But even then an enormous amount is that to be used in mere ornament, and in one article only.

Well, not exactly ornament. "In Eastern lands," says Mr. Thomas Moore, "they talk in flowers." Very flowery certainly is their talk. They also, good easy people, take pearls for physic—not for dentifrice, Easterns always having white teeth, apparently, so far as I have been able to judge, without the trouble of cleaning them, but as a regular dose. They call it *mujoon*; it is an electuary, and myriads of small seed pearls are ground to impalpable powder to make it. As for the adulteration in this article, doubtless to be found, I say nothing. The simple lime from the inside of the shell would be just as white and just as good. Common magnesia would have the same effect; but, good sirs, if an old Emir, or rich Bonze, wishes to pay an enormous price for something to swallow to comfort his good old inside, why not? Do not let us brag too much: from the time of old Gower, doctor of physic, to Dr. Cheyne, we have, sir, allowed everything, from toad's brains to the filings of a murderer's irons, to be taken as physic.

The Bahrein fishery-boats amount to 1500, and the trade is in the hands of merchants who possess much capital. This they employ in a manner which the associated operatives, and amongst them the operative, at present unassociated, who has compiled this paper, would consider unjust. They lend it out at cent. per cent.; they buy up, and they beat down, they juggle, cheat, rig the market, rob in a legal way a whole boat's crew, grow enormously rich, and preach morality.

Nor do they forget superstition. In the chief boat, when they fish, sits a jolly old cheat, a conjuror, called the binder of sharks, who waves about his skinny hands, jumps, howls, incants, and otherwise exerts his theological powers, and will not allow the divers, nor are they willing, to descend till he declares the moment propitious. To add some weight to their devotions, they debar

themselves of food or drink during this *Mumbo-Jumbo* play, but afterwards a species of toddy makes them like "Roger the Monk," namely, "excessively drunk."

The true shape of the pearl should be a perfect sphere. In India, and elsewhere, those of the largest size find the readiest sale, and realise immense prices. The very finest pearls are sent to Europe, and of these the very finest of the fine are sent to London and Paris. Thence the great people of the land procure their choice specimens. The late Emperor of Russia used to purchase for his wife, of whom he was exceedingly fond, the very finest pearl he could procure: a virgin pearl and a perfect sphere was what he sought, for he would not have any that had been worn by others. After five-and-twenty years' search, he presented to the Empress such a necklace as had never before been seen.

Immense prices have been given and are still given for pearls. Julius Cæsar, in love with the mother of Marcus Brutus, is said to have donated her with a pearl worth 48,417*l.* 10*s.*, which we can believe or not according to our natures. Marc Antony, as all the world has read, drank, dissolved in vinegar, a pearl which cost 80,729*l.* of our money. Clodius the glutton (surely a gourmet, not a gourmand) swallowed one worth 807*l.* 18*s.* One of the modern pearls was bought by Tavernier at Catifa, and sold by him to the Shah of Persia for 110,000*l.*; another was obtained by Philip II. of Spain, off the Columbian coast, which weighed 250 carats, and was valued at 150,000 dollars.

Tavernier's pearl, if engraved, would illustrate the rocky and bad shapes which are too often found. Of the 960,000 pounds weight of oyster-shells imported annually into the United Kingdom we say nothing; nor need we more than advert to the 1,000,000 pounds of the same material cut up by the Chinese for like ornamental purposes.

Did the scope of our paper include a description of the substitute for the real pearl, the marvellously clever imitation which is worn, wittingly, by many a gracious lady, and unwittingly by many another, we should have another interesting story to tell. But these imitations may be considered as frauds upon our placid creditor the oyster—or, shall we say, compositions with him, and beneath the notice of debtors who are trying to behave honestly to a bivalve.

J. H. FRISWELL.

OUR VOLUNTEERS.

If we were to look for the very root and spring of the present Volunteer movement, we should find it possibly in the celebrated letter of the Duke of Wellington, with which he rudely awakened Englishmen from the dream they had dreamed since Waterloo and Trafalgar, that our isle would be inviolate "come the four corners of the world in arms to shock us." The Saxon mind from that time slowly took alarm, and since the establishment of the empire the whole nation has turned in upon itself, as it were, to consult its own deep instincts as to what should be done. The "Times," appreciating the blind instincts of the people, first shaped and moulded the movement in

the direction it ultimately took; but it was to the voice of song that we owe the rapid and splendid development of peaceful citizens into armed battalions ready for the field. The philosopher who notes the shapeless grains of sand grouping themselves into regular forms, when influenced by the vibrations of certain sounds, could in the Volunteer movement see an analogous movement in the moral world, when the Poet Laureate's stirring song "Riflemen Form" thrilled through the land, and at a stroke organised into serried lines the mobs of panic-stricken citizens. We question if any section of the nation has been taken so much by surprise by this movement as the military caste. Having experience of the lowest stratum only of the population in our own country, and of the National Guards on the Continent, it did not believe that the office, the chamber, and the shop, could turn out, at six months' notice, regiments worthy to be brigaded with regular troops, forgetting that in the Great Rebellion the shopkeepers of London marched to Gloucester, and there and then decided for ever, in England, the contest between despotism and liberty. Those again who remembered with a supercilious smile the National Guard of continental nations—middle-aged gentlemen, fat and frowsy, who do duty on compulsion—should not have confounded their capabilities with the picked youth of this country; athletes, with bone, muscle, and pluck enough to go anywhere and do anything.

"But, what about the Review?" exclaims our reader. Well, then, there are some subjects so well thumbed that a writer's only choice is to talk round them. Among the many hundred thousands who crowded Hyde Park on the 23rd of June, jammed tight between two Guardsmen in the purgatorial space before the stands, we noticed the long and sombre line of England's Home Army slowly pass before the Queen. Across the green sod this sombre riband of men came on and on, their ranks ruled as straight as lines, and the whole mass sweeping round with a movement like the spokes of a wheel. For an hour and a half came the tramp, tramp, unbroken by a sound save by the distant music, their own feet, and the occasional cheers of the spectators, for it was perhaps wisely ordered that none but the Queen's band should play during the Review. Persons accustomed to the reviews of regular troops were struck by the exceeding simplicity of the uniforms. There was no holiday attire here. Grey and green made up the long column, save that, like a lance, at its head, fluttered the brilliant scarlet of the Artillery Company and the bright tunics of the Huntingdonshire Mounted Rifles. It was impossible to avoid drawing comparisons between the different corps as they marched past; indeed, the line of military spectators who fringed the reserved standings were very demonstrative indeed in their professional criticisms, and it is but just to say that in no instance was there the slightest shade of professional jealousy evinced by them. "What splendid horses!" we heard a Guardsman involuntarily exclaim, as the Huntingdonshire Mounted Rifles went past; "Her Majesty don't mount our men like that." Every horse perhaps was a valuable

hunter, and the man that rode him was warranted to do some good cross-country skirmishing if called into presence of the enemy.

The Honourable Artillery corps again puzzled the people mightily, and we believe to this hour numbers went away with the idea that a battalion of Her Majesty's Grenadier Guards led off the Review. But we confess that, to our unprofessional eye, the most active and soldierly-looking set of men were the Inns of Court corps. The greyish-brown dress possibly tended to give the men size; but it was impossible not to remark that the "Devil's Own" carried off the palm for setting-up and athletic proportions. When we consider that these young lawyers are many of them just drafted from the Universities, where physical training is perhaps better attended to than among any other assemblage of young Englishmen, it is not surprising that they should make such splendid young soldiers. That the use of their brains does not militate against the use of their legs, the repeated cries of "Bravo, Devil's Own!" as they marched past, fully testified. Indeed, a good many could not help remarking that here, as in a good many other places, his sable majesty took excellent care of his children. It was observable in this Review, that the spirit which leads us to stick to what is termed in the army the regimental system, also obtains most fully amongst the Volunteers. Each corps felt a pride in itself, which doubtless will tend to excellent results if the Volunteers are ever called into the field on active service. "Look at the Robin Hoods," said a soldier next to us, "every man of them looks as though he had shot with William Cloudeslie, and could pick off the Sheriff of Nottingham at a thousand paces;" and most certainly, if there is any reliance on manly bearing, that old idea, that we thought had perished with Merry Sherwood, lives and moves in the breasts of the brave men in Lincoln green from Nottingham. Not less admired was the little company of Artists. Such splendid beards, worthy of Titian, and such fine faces! Imagine some dirty little scrub of a Frenchman picking off his Stanfield, or potting a Millais, in an affair before breakfast! But there would be plenty of Englishmen left to avenge them, and to paint good pictures afterwards. Then there were the Scottish, Welsh, and Irish corps, each distinguished by some national badge or costume. The kilted company of Scotchmen certainly marched admirably, and fully justified the excellence of the costume for that exercise; and the Irish in their green uniforms looked, we must confess, very like their own constabulary, and we could not pay them a better compliment. It would be advisable if the Welsh corps were to put its goat through a little marching drill before the next review, as he certainly evinced a backwardness in coming forward on the last occasion, which slightly threw that gallant regiment out. If Mr. Bright, or any of the "peace party at any price," were present, it must have galled them to have seen the Manchester corps, 1600 strong, move along its dark green mass, forming with the Robin Hoods a brigade of themselves. The Lancashire lads, it is clear, are not inclined just at present to beat their swords into pruning-

hooks. Neither must we forget the Durham corps brought to the metropolis by the munificence of Anne, Marchioness of Londonderry. Up to a late hour on the previous Friday, these citizen-soldiers toiled in the deep mine, in the counting-house, and behind the counter; then donning their uniform, travelled all night and appeared on the ground as fresh as daisies, and after a hard day's reviewing hurried northward, and were home again by daybreak. We question if campaigning would be much harder work than this.

The Bristol corps, a regiment of stalwart Saxons, in like manner came from the other side of the island, and indeed from all parts the Volunteers were drawn to air themselves for a few hours in the eyes of their Sovereign. And her Majesty was justly proud of their devotion, and was so moved that, at one time, she actually shed tears—precious tears. What other monarch in Europe, for such a cause, could shed them? It may be that we see with partial eyes, but we question if any country in Europe could send forth such an army of picked men as defiled before the Royal Standard on that occasion, and some of the Parisian journals were handsome enough to say almost as much. As the French Ambassador Persigny watched the last Volunteer march past him, he turned to an English friend and said, "This is indeed the handsomest compliment you could have paid us."

But to drill well, and to make good marksmen, are two very different things; or, to use the language of the Hythe Manual of Musket Instruction, "marching and manœuvring can do no more than place the soldier in the best possible situation for using his weapon with effect." How are our Volunteers to become good marksmen? Blazing away at a target without any preliminary instruction is a mere waste of powder and ball; this fact they have long found out at Hythe. The public cannot understand this, and there has been a loud cry in the papers for ball-cartridge practice; but General Hay will tell you that to begin with ball practice is to begin at the end. Before a man can shoot effectively with a rifle, he must know how to hold it. At short ranges he can shoot standing, but when it comes to a thousand yards he requires a rest of some kind, and the kneeling position will give him a natural rest if he is instructed how to take it. We question if many of those portly riflemen to be seen in every corps are at all aware of the trifling knot they must tie themselves up into, ere they can accomplish this position. In the book of instruction the position drill for long ranges is as follows: "When kneeling, the right foot and knee are to be in the right position, and the body (*i. e.* buttock) is to rest firmly on the right heel." If any rifleman who has lost his waist will have the goodness to try this position, we would recommend him to have some assistance at hand to help him up again! Again, we are told that before a man can take aim with his rifle he must be able to fire a cap without winking. No such easy matter, as any man may easily prove to himself; and when this difficulty is got over there is the very necessary exercise in judging of distances. Nothing is so deceptive as distance, especially in level places where you see the ground foreshortened. All these things are taught at the

Hythe School of Musketry, and we are glad to find that a number of Volunteers have undergone the musketry drill there with exemplary patience. Nine-tenths of the Volunteers are, however, perfectly guiltless of having gone through this preliminary instruction, and we cannot therefore expect that until they do, any large number of first-rate marksmen will issue from their ranks. But we want a large number of good shots rather than a few very first-rate ones, and somehow or other this we must have. The Volunteer Rifleman has entered upon a new exercise in which he cannot afford to take a second rank. He must be with his rifle what his forefathers were with the long-bow, and the only manner in which he can accomplish this is to make rifle-shooting as scientific a pastime throughout the land as cricket.

Every village and hamlet must have its butts as of old, and village must compete with village. Thus trained, our annual gathering on Wimbledon Common will soon set in the shade the Tir Fédéral of the Helvetic Republic. The one great quality necessary to form a rifleman, is eminently an English quality—steadiness. Strength is another quality, almost as indispensable. The weak-armed man has little chance, for his muscles will tremble before he can take deliberate aim. Look at the Swiss rifleman, his chest and arms are models of capacity and power, and we do not think that in these particulars we have to fear even the mountaineers. It is thought by some that our familiarity with the fowling-piece ought to give us a decided advantage over every other nation; but the experience of the Government School at Hythe appears to be altogether adverse to this notion. The best rifle shots declare that the mere sportsman has in fact a great deal to forget before he can handle the rifle properly; that the kind of instinctive aim taken at a flying bird is a very different thing from the deliberate aim required for target shooting, and that the best riflemen are invariably found among persons who had never previously fired a shot. That this dictum requires some little modification, however, will, we believe, be proved by the recent competition at Wimbledon Common, for to our own knowledge, some of the largest scores have been made by keen sportsmen. The opening of our first National Rifle Match, on July 2nd, by her Majesty, gave even the used-up sight seer quite a sensation. He witnessed something of which his former experience afforded him no inkling. It was neither a Derby Day, nor a Review Day, nor a Fair-day, and yet in a measure it partook of all three. The wide-extending heath almost prepared him for the Grand Stand, and the innumerable persons in uniform led him to expect a sham fight. The line of streamers and flags of all nations, and the town of booths running right and left, seemed as though the old fair had been revived for his delectation. But what was the meaning of the long range of earthworks far away on the other side of the Common? Of the hundred thousand people who lined the vast enclosure, in carriages and on foot, possibly not a thousand persons could, of their own personal knowledge, have given an answer. That they

were butts indeed they knew, but Englishmen must go back some three or four hundred years in order to associate such appliances with any national pastime; and, therefore, their appearance seemed in some measure to revive old times, and to link that vast multitude with old days that are long, long gone.

But whilst we look into the grey distance, and gather from the size of the target, six feet square, but not apparently larger than a sheet of note-paper, what a thousand yards' range really is, there is a motion in the gay marquee on our right, the royal flag is run up, and shortly Her Majesty and Prince Albert are seen proceeding down the planked road which leads to the little pavilion. Here for upwards of an hour Mr. Whitworth, with the most nervous solicitude, has been laying a rifle on a rest, specially constructed for the occasion. But the sod is soddened, and the delicate instrument is constantly sinking with its own weight, and has to be continually re-adjusted. As Her Majesty approaches, however, all is prepared; and almost before the ringing cheer with which she is received has died away, she has fired the rifle, and hit the bull's eye, and that only one inch above the two lines which bisect each other in the very centre—on the vertical line itself, and but one inch only above the horizontal one! Thus Her Majesty opened the proceedings by scoring three, the highest number that could be obtained at a single shot. Now along the whole line the firing commenced from little tents situated exactly opposite their respective targets; but, as might have been expected, the first day's firing was not very satisfactory, and many a rifleman, the pride of his own local butt, found that in the flurry of the scene he had lost his usual cunning, and loud were the complaints we heard that the five shots—the regulation allowance to each gun—were not sufficient to bring out the real stuff in a man. But with the morning air of the second day shaken nerves were restored again, and Englishmen were not found to be behind the picked shots of Switzerland. It is certainly rather unfortunate that the latter should have failed to have rescued their rifles from the French Custom House authorities; but as they well knew that they could only shoot for some of the prizes with rifles not above ten pounds in weight, they have little to complain of, we apprehend.

The establishment of an open target at which all comers can fire without any restriction, is a very lucky hit; and is, in our opinion, well calculated to elicit some very good shots from the crowd. Englishmen have a certain individuality which is likely to display itself in rifle-shooting, as much as in other things, and a little "undress" shooting is sure to be very popular. As far as we have yet seen, the National Rifle Shooting Association has inaugurated among us a new sport, which will, we believe, rapidly take root, and place us in the foremost ranks as marksmen. It is a good sign when a nation takes to an exercise as a matter of sport, which it may be called upon to perform in grave earnest; and as long as we know how to snap the rifle, truly we may snap our fingers at the gentlemen across the water.

A. W.

CONTRASTS.

GUESTS, at a nobleman's board,
 Drink to the bridal morn ;
 While, at the breast of the lord
 Rankles a barb of sorrow.

Hark to the pitiful wail !

"That woman, my lord, without ;
 They are taking her off to the gaol."

"Merely a beggar, no doubt."

"What a singular sighing sound !"

Says one of the great, at the table.

"John, have you looked to the hound ?
 Make him a bed in the stable."

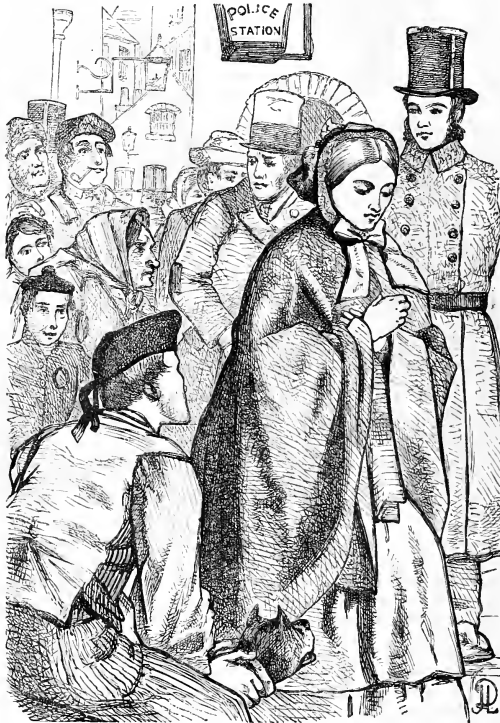
Over those steps, again,
 Entered a bride in the morn,
 Follow'd by powder'd men,
 Stiff, and stately, and shorn.

Out of a prison den

Issued a wretch that morn,
 Follow'd by brutal men,
 Eager to see and scorn.

"Quick ! or we'll miss the marriage,
 Yonder, in Hanover Square.

They are off in a splendid carriage :
 Faith, they're a splendid pair !"



A birth in a chamber great ;
 A birth in a hospital ward ;
 One in sorrow ; one in state ;
 Both the sons of a lord.

Doctors around her bed ;
 Nurses and friends beside.
 Lightly and softly tread—
This is a titled bride.

Cover *that* face in a shroud :
 Mention her name no more ;
 Though she was silent and proud,
 She was plebeian and poor.

The charity brat she bore,
 Yes ! let him grow up in the crowd,
 Cringe at the nobleman's door.

Cover her face with the shroud :
 Mention her name no more !
 Send the young heir to college,
 To swim with the wealthy tide ;
 Probing the depths of knowledge,
 Skimming the shoals of pride.

It may be his natural brother
 Will hold his horse for a crust ;
 And neither can tell the other
 Their kinship in common dust.

EVAN HARRINGTON; OR, HE WOULD BE A GENTLEMAN.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

CHAPTER XXX. THE BATTLE OF THE BULL-DOGS.
PART I.

At the south-western extremity of the park, with a view extending over wide meadows and troubled mill-waters, yellow barn-roofs and weather-gray old farm-walls, two grassy mounds threw their slopes to the margin of the stream. Here the bull-dogs held revel. The hollow between the slopes was crowned by a bending birch, which rose three-stemmed from the root, and hung a noiseless green shower over the basin of green it shadowed. Beneath it the interminable growl sounded pleasantly; softly shot the sparkle of the twisting water, and you might dream things half fulfilled. Knots of fern were about, but the tops of the mounds were firm grass, evidently well rolled, and with an eye to airy feet. Olympus one eminence was called, Parnassus the other. Olympus a little overlooked Parnassus, but Parnassus was broader and altogether better adapted for the games of the Muses. Round the edges of both there was a well-trimmed bush of laurel, obscuring only the feet of the dancers from the observing gods. For on Olympus the elders re-

clined. Great efforts had occasionally been made to dispossess and unseat them, and their security depended mainly on a hump in the middle of the mound which defied the dance.

Watteau-like groups were already couched in the shade. There were ladies of all sorts: town-bred and country-bred: farmers' daughters and daughters of peers: for this picnic, as Lady Jocelyn, disgusting the Countess, would call it, was in reality a *fête champêtre*, given annually, to which the fair offspring of the superior tenants were invited—the brothers and fathers coming to fetch them in the evening. It struck the eye of the Countess de Saldar that Olympus would be a fitting throne for her, and a point whence her shafts might fly without fear of a return. Like another illustrious General at Salamanca, she directed a detachment to take possession of the height. Courtlly Sir John Loring ran up at once, and gave the diplomatist an opportunity to thank her flatteringly for gaining them two minutes to themselves. Sir John waved his handkerchief in triumph, welcoming them under an awning where carpets and cushions were spread, and whence the

Countess could eye the field. She was dressed ravishingly; slightly in a foreign style, the bodice being peaked at the waist, as was then the Portuguese persuasion. The neck, too, was deliciously veiled with fine lace—and thoroughly veiled, for it was a feature the Countess did not care to expose to the vulgar daylight. Off her gentle shoulders, as it were some fringe of cloud blown by the breeze this sweet lady opened her bosom to, curled a lovely black lace scarf: not Caroline's. If she laughed, the tinge of mourning lent her laughter new charms. If she sighed, the exuberant array of her apparel bade the spectator be of good cheer. Was she witty, men surrendered reason and adored her. Only when she entered the majestic mood and assumed the languors of greatness and recited musky anecdotes of her intimacy with it, only then did mankind, as represented at Beckley Court, open an internal eye and reflect that it was wonderful in a tailor's daughter. And she felt that mankind did so reflect. Her instincts did not deceive her. She knew not how much was known; in the depths of her heart she kept the struggling fear that possibly all might be known; and succeeding in this, she said to herself that probably nothing was known after all. George Uplott, Miss Carrington, and Rose were the three she abhorred. Partly to be out of their way, and to be out of the way of chance shots (for she had heard names of people coming that reminded her of Dubbins's, where, in past days, there had been on one awful occasion a terrific discovery made), the Countess selected Olympus for her station. It was her last day, and she determined to be happy. Doubtless, she was making a retreat, but have not illustrious Generals snatched victory from their pursuers? Fair, then, sweet, and full of grace, the Countess moved. As the restless shifting of colours to her motions was the constant interchange of her semi-sorrowful manner and ready archness. Sir John almost capered to please her, and the diplomatist in talking to her forgot his diplomacy and the craft of his tongue.

It was the last day also of Caroline and the Duke. The Countess clung to Caroline and the Duke more than to Evan and Rose. She could see the first couple walking under an avenue of limes, and near them Mr. John Raikes, as if in ambush. Twice they passed him, and twice he doffed his hat and did homage.

"A most singular creature!" exclaimed the Countess. "It is my constant marvel where my brother discovered such a curiosity. Do notice him."

"That man? Raikes?" said the diplomatist. "Do you know he is our rival? Harry wanted an excuse for another bottle last night, and proposed the Member for Fallowfield. Up got Mr. Raikes and returned thanks."

"Yes?" the Countess negligently interjected in a way she had caught from Lady Jocelyn.

"Cogglesby's nominee, apparently."

"I know it all," said the Countess. "We need have no apprehension. He is docile. My brother-in-law's brother, you see, is most eccentric. We can manage him best through Sir Mr. Raikes, for a personal application would be ruin. He

quite detests our family, and indeed all the aristocracy."

Melville's mouth pursed, and he looked very grave.

Sir John remarked: "He seems like a monkey just turned into a man."

"And doubtful about his tail," added the Countess.

The image was tolerably correct, but other causes were at the bottom of the air worn by Mr. John Raikes. The Countess had obtained an invitation for him, with instructions that he should come early, and he had followed them so implicitly that the curriole was flinging dust on the hedges between Fallowfield and Beckley but an hour or two after the chariot of Apollo had mounted the heavens, and Mr. Raikes presented himself at the breakfast table. Fortunately for him the Countess was there. After the repast she introduced him to the Duke: and he bowed to the Duke, and the Duke bowed to him: and now, to instance the peculiar justness in the mind of Mr. Raikes, he, though he worshipped a coronet and would gladly have recalled the feudal times to a corrupt land, could not help thinking that his bow had beaten the Duke's, and was better. He would rather not have thought so, for it upset his preconceptions and threatened a revolution in his ideas. For this reason he followed the Duke, and tried, if possible, to correct, or at least chasten the impressions he had of possessing a glaring advantage over the nobleman. The Duke's second bow did not, Mr. Raikes sadly judged, retrieve the character of his first; his final bow was a mere nod. "Well!" Mr. Raikes reflected, "if this is your Duke, why, egad! for figure and style my friend Harrington beats him hollow." And Mr. Raikes thought he knew who could conduct a conversation with superior dignity and neatness. The torchlight of a delusion was extinguished in him, but he did not wander long in that gloomy cavernous darkness of the disenchanting, as many of us do, and as Evan had done, when after a week at Beckley Court he began to examine of what stuff his brilliant father, the great Mel, was composed. On the contrary, as the light of the Duke dwindled, Mr. Raikes gained in lustre. "In fact," he said, "there's nothing but the title wanting." He was by this time on a level with the Duke.

Olympus had been held in possession by the Countess about half an hour, when Lady Jocelyn mounted it, quite unconscious that she was scaling a fortified point. The Countess herself fired off the first gun at her.

"It has been so extremely delightful up alone here, Lady Jocelyn: to look at everybody below! I hope many will not intrude on us!"

"None but the dowagers who have breath to get up," replied her ladyship, panting. "By the way, Countess, you hardly belong to us yet. You dance?"

"Indeed, I do not."

"Oh, then you are in your right place. A dowager is a woman who doesn't dance: and her male attendant is—what is he? We will call him a fogy."

Lady Jocelyn directed a smile at Melville and

Sir John, who both protested that it was an honour to be the Countess's fogy.

Rose now joined them, with Laxley morally dragged in her wake.

"Another dowager and fogy!" cried the Countess, musically. "Do *you* not dance, my child?"

"Not till the music strikes up," rejoined Rose. "I suppose we shall have to eat first."

"That is the Hamlet of the pic-nic play, I believe," said her mother.

"Of course you dance, don't you Countess?" Rose inquired, for the sake of amiable conversation.

The Countess's head signified: "Oh, no! quite out of the question:" she held up a little bit of her mournful draperies, adding: "Besides, *you*, dear child, know your company, and can select; I do not, and cannot do so. I understand we have a most varied assembly!"

Rose shut her eyes, and then looked at her mother. Lady Jocelyn's face was undisturbed; but while her eyes were still upon the Countess, she drew her head gently back, imperceptibly. If anything, she was admiring the lady; but Rose could be no placid philosophic spectator of what was to her a horrible assumption and hypocrisy. For the sake of him she loved, she had swallowed a nauseous cup bravely. The Countess was too much for her. She felt sick to think of being allied to this person. She had a shuddering desire to run into the ranks of the world, and hide her head from multitudinous hootings. With a pang of envy she saw her friend Jenny walking by the side of William Harvey, happy, untried, unoffending: full of hope, and without any bitter draughts to swallow!

Aunt Bel now came tripping up gaily.

"Take the alternative, *douairière* or *demoiselle*?" cried Lady Jocelyn. "We must have a sharp distinction, or Olympus will be mobbed."

"*Entre les deux, s'il vous plait*," responded Aunt Bel. "Rose, hurry down and leave the mass. I see ten girls in a bunch. It's shocking. Ferdinand, pray disperse yourself. Why is it, Emily, that we are always in excess at pic-nics? Is man dying out?"

"From what I can see," remarked Lady Jocelyn, "Harry will be lost to his species unless some one quickly relieves him. He's already half eaten up by the Conley girls. Countess, isn't it your duty to rescue him?"

The Countess bowed, and murmured to Sir John:

"A dismissal!"

"I fear my fascinations, Lady Jocelyn, may not compete with those fresh young persons."

"Ha! ha! 'fresh young persons,'" laughed Sir John: for the ladies in question were romping boisterously with Mr. Harry.

The Countess inquired for the names and condition of the ladies, and was told that they sprang from Farmer Conley, a well-to-do son of the soil, who farmed about a couple of thousand acres between Fallowfield and Beckley, and bore a good reputation at the county bank.

"But I do think," observed the Countess, "it must indeed be pernicious for any youth to asso-

ciate with that class of woman. A deterioration of manners!"

Rose looked at her mother again. She thought: "Those girls would scorn to marry a tradesman's son!"

The feeling grew in Rose that the Countess lowered and degraded her. Her mother's calm contemplation of the lady was more distressing than if she had expressed the contempt Rose was certain, according to her young ideas, Lady Jocelyn must hold.

Now the Countess had been considering that she would like to have a word or two with Mr. Harry, and kissing her fingers to the occupants of Olympus, and fixing her fancy on the diverse thoughts of the ladies and gentlemen, deduced from a rapturous or critical contemplation of her figure from behind, she descended the slope.

Was it going to be a happy day? The well-imagined opinions of the gentleman on her attire and style, made her lean to the affirmative; but Rose's demure behaviour and something—something would come across her hopes. She had, as she now said to herself, stopped for the picnic, mainly to give Caroline a last opportunity of binding the duke to visit the Cogglesby saloons in London. Let Caroline cleverly contrive this, as she might, without any compromise, and the stay at Beckley Court would be a great gain. Yes, Caroline was still with the duke; they were talking earnestly. The Countess breathed a short appeal to Providence that Caroline might not prove a fool. Over night she had said to Caroline: "Do not be so English. Can one not enjoy friendship with a nobleman without wounding one's conscience or breaking with the world? My dear, the duke visiting you, you *cow* that infamous Strike of yours. He will be utterly obsequious! I am not telling you to *pass the line*. The contrary. But we continentals have our grievous reputation because we dare to meet as intellectual beings, and defy the imputation that ladies and gentlemen are no better than animals."

It sounded very lofty to Caroline, who accepting its sincerity, replied:

"I cannot do things by halves. I cannot live a life of deceit. A life of misery—not deceit!"

Whereupon, pitying her poor English nature, the Countess gave her advice, and this advice she now implored her familiars to instruct or compel Caroline to follow.

The Countess's garment was plucked at. She beheld little Dorothy Loring glancing up at her with the roguish timidity of her years.

"May I come with you?" asked the little maid, and went off into a prattle: "I spent that five shillings—I bought a shilling's worth of sweet stuff, and nine penn'orth of twine, and a shilling for small wax candles to light in my room when I'm going to bed, because I like plenty of light by the looking-glass always, and they do make the room so hot! My Jane declared she almost fainted, but I burnt them out! Then I only had very little left for a horse to mount my doll on; and I wasn't going to get a screw, so I went to papa, and he gave me five shillings. And, oh,

do you know, Rose can't bear me to be with you. Jealousy, I suppose, for you're very agreeable. And, do you know, your mama is coming to-day? I've got a papa and no mama, and you've got a mama and no papa. Isn't it funny? But I don't think so much of it, as you're grown up. Oh, I'm quite sure she *is* coming, because I heard Harry telling Juley she was, and Juley said it would be so gratifying to you."

A bribe and a message relieved the Countess of Dorothy's attendance on her.

What did this mean? Were people so base as to be guilty of hideous plots in this house? Her mother coming! The Countess's blood turned deadly chill. Had it been her father she would not have feared, but her mother was so vilely plain of speech; she never opened her mouth save to deliver facts; which was to the Countess the sign of atrocious vulgarity.

But her mother had written to say she would wait for Evan in Fallowfield! The Countess grasped at straws. *Did* Dorothy hear that? And if Harry and Juliana spoke of her mother, what did that mean? That she was hunted and must stand at bay!

"Oh, papa! papa! why *did* you marry a Dawley!" she exclaimed, plunging to what was, in her idea, the root of the evil.

She had no time for outcries and lamentations. It dawned on her that this was to be a day of battle. Where was Harry? Still in the midst of the Conley throng, apparently pooh-poohing something, to judge by the twist of his mouth.

The Countess delicately signed for him to approach her. The extreme delicacy of the signal was at least an excuse for Harry to perceive nothing. It was renewed, and Harry burst into a fit of laughter at some fun of one of the Conley girls. The Countess passed on, and met Juliana pacing by herself near the lower gates of the park. She wished only to see how Juliana behaved. The girl looked perfectly trustful, as much so as when the Countess was pouring in her ears the tales of Evan's growing but bashful affection for her.

"He will soon be here," whispered the Countess. "Has he told you he will come by this entrance?"

"No," replied Juliana.

"You do not look well, sweet child."

"I was thinking that you did not, Countess."

"Oh, indeed, yes! All our visitors have by this time arrived, I presume?"

"They come all day."

The Countess hastened away from one who, when roused, could be almost as clever as herself, and again stood in meditation near the joyful Harry. This time she did not signal so discreetly. Harry could not but see it, and the Conley girls accused him of cruelty to the beautiful dame, which novel idea stung Harry with delight, and he held out to indulge in it a little longer. His back was half turned, and as he talked noisily he could not observe the serene and resolute march of the Countess towards him. The youth gaped when he found his arm taken prisoner by the insertion of a small deliciously-gloved and perfumed hand through it.

"I must claim you for a few moments," said the Countess, and took the startled Conley girls one and all in her beautiful smile of excuse.

"Why do you compromise me thus, sir?"

These astounding words were spoken out of the hearing of the Conley girls.

"Compromise you!" muttered Harry.

Masterly was the skill with which the Countess contrived to speak angrily and as an injured woman, while she wore an indifferent social countenance.

"I repeat compromise me. No, Mr. Harry Jocelyn, you are not the jackanapes you try to make people think you: *you* understand me."

The Countess might accuse him, but Harry never had the ambition to make people think him that; his natural tendency was the reverse; and he objected to the application of the word jackanapes to himself, and was ready to contest the fact of people having that opinion at all. However, all he did was to repeat: "Compromise!"

"Is not open unkindness to me compromising me?"

"How?" asked Harry.

"Would you dare to do it to a strange lady? Would you have the impudence to attempt it with any woman here but me? No, I am innocent; I know that; it is my consolation; I have resisted you, but you by this cowardly behaviour place me—and my reputation, which is more—at your mercy. Noble behaviour, Mr. Harry Jocelyn! I shall remember my young English gentleman."

The view was totally new to Harry.

"I really had no idea of compromising you," he said. "Upon my honour, I can't see how I did it now!"

"Oblige me by walking less in the neighbourhood of those fat-faced glaring farm-girls," the Countess spoke under her breath; "and don't look as if you were being whipped. The art of it is evident—you are but carrying on the game.—Listen. If you permit yourself to exhibit an unkindness to me, you show to any man who is a judge, and to every woman, that there has been something between us. You know my innocence—yes! but you must punish me for having resisted you thus long."

Harry was staggered. He swore he never had such an idea, and was much too much of a man and a gentleman to behave in that way.—And yet it seemed wonderfully clever! And there was the Countess saying:

"Take your reward, Mr. Harry Jocelyn. You have succeeded, I am your humble slave. I come to you and sue for peace. To save my reputation I endanger myself. This is generous of you."

"Am I such a clever fellow?" thought the ingenuous young gentleman. "Deuced lucky with women:" he knew that: still a fellow must be wonderfully, miraculously, clever to be able to twist and spin about a woman in that way. He did not object to conceive that he was the fellow to do it. Besides, here was the Countess de Saldar—worth five hundred of the Conley girls—almost at his feet!

Mollified, he said: "Now, didn't you begin it?" "Evasion!" was the answer. "It would be such pleasure to you to see a proud woman weep! And if yesterday, persecuted as I am, with dreadful falsehoods abroad respecting me and mine, if yesterday I did seem cold to your great merits, is it generous of you to take this revenge?"

Harry began to scent the double meaning in her words. She gave him no time to grow cool over it. She leaned, half-abandoned, on his arm. Arts feminine and irresistible encompassed him. It was a fatal mistake of Juliana's to enlist Harry Jocelyn against the Countess de Saldar. He engaged, still without any direct allusion to the real business, to move heaven and earth to undo all that he had done; and the Countess engaged to do—what? more than she intended to fulfil.

Ten minutes later the Countess was alone with Caroline.

"Tie yourself to the duke at the dinner," she said, in the forcible phrase she could use when necessary. "Don't let them scheme to separate you. Never mind looks—do it!"

Caroline, however, had her reasons for desiring to maintain appearances. The Countess dashed at her hesitation.

"There is a plot to humiliate us in the most abominable way. The whole family have sworn to make us blush publicly. Publicly blush! They have written to Mama to come, and speak out. Now will you attend to me, Caroline? You do not credit such atrocity? I know it to be true."

"I never can believe that Rose would do such a thing," said Caroline. "We can hardly have to endure more than has befallen us already."

Her speech was pensive, as of one who had matter of her own to ponder over. A swift illumination burst in the Countess's mind.

"No? Have you, dear, darling Carry? not that I intend that you should! but to-day the duke would be such ineffable support to us. May I deem you have not been too cruel to-day? You dear silly English creature, 'Duck,' I used to call you when I was your little Louy. All is not yet lost, but I will save you from the ignominy if I can. I will!—I will!"

Caroline denied nothing—confirmed nothing, just as the Countess had stated nothing. Yet they understood one another perfectly. Women have a subtler language than ours; the veil pertains to them morally as bodily, and they see clearer through it.

The Countess had no time to lose. Wrath was in her heart. She did not lend all her thoughts to self-defence.

Without phrasing a word, or absolutely shaping a thought in her head, she slanted across the sun to Mr. John Raikes, who had taken refreshment, and in obedience to his instinct, notwithstanding his enormous pretensions, had commenced a few preliminary antics.

"Dear Mr. Raikes!" she said, drawing him aside, "not before dinner!"

"I really can't contain the exuberant flow!" returned that gentleman. "My animal spirits always get the better of me," he added confidentially.

"Suppose you devote your animal spirits to my service for half an hour?"

"Yours, Countess, from the os frontis to the chine!" was the exuberant rejoinder.

The Countess made a wry mouth.

"Your curricie is in Beckley?"

"Behold!" cried Jack. "Two juveniles, not half so blest as I, do from the seat regard the festive scene o'er yon park-palings. They are there, even Franco and Fred. I'm afraid I promised to get them in at a later period of the day. Which sadly sore my conscience doth disturb! But what is to be done about the curricie, my Countess?"

"Mr. Raikes," said the Countess, smiling on him fixedly, "you are amusing; but, in addressing me, you must be precise, and above all things accurate. I am not your Countess!"

Mr. Raikes bowed profoundly. "Oh, that I might say 'my Queen!'"

The Countess replied: "A conviction of your lunacy would prevent my taking offence, though I might wish you enclosed and guarded."

Without any further exclamations, Mr. Raikes acknowledged a superior.

"And, now, attend to me," said the Countess.

"Listen: You go yourself, or send your friends instantly to Fallowfield. Bring with you that girl and her child. Stop! there *is* such a person. Tell her she is to be spoken to about the prospects of the poor infant. I leave that to your inventive genius. Evan wishes her here. Bring her, and *should* you see the mad captain who behaves so oddly, favour him with a ride. He says he dreams his wife is here, and he will not reveal his name! Suppose it should be my own beloved husband! I am quite anxious ha! ha!"

"That fortunate man is a foreignere!" exclaimed Mr. Raikes.

"Anglicised!—anglicised!" said the Countess. "Will you do this? You know how interested I am in the man. If he is not my husband, some one ought to be!"

"Capital!" cried Jack. "Lord! how that would tell on the stage. 'Some one ought to be!'"

"Away, and do my best," the Countess called to him with the faint peep of a theatrical manner.

It captivated Mr. John Raikes: "Yea, to the letter, though I perish for't," he pronounced, departing, and subsequently appending, "Nor yet the damnèd reason can perceive."

The Countess saw him go up to the palings and hold a communication with his friends Franco and Fred. One took the whip, and after mutual flourishes, drove away from Mr. Raikes.

"Now!" mused the Countess, "if Captain Evremonde *should* come!" It would break up the pic-nic. Alas! the Countess had surrendered her humble hopes of a day's pleasure. But if her mother came as well, what a diversion that would be! If her mother came before the Captain, his arrival would cover the retreat; if the Captain preceded her, she would not be noticed. Suppose her mother refrained from coming? In that case it was a pity, but the Jocelyns had brought it on themselves.

This mapping out of consequences followed the Countess's deeds, and did not inspire them. Her passions sharpened her instincts which produced her actions. The reflections ensued: as in nature the consequences were all seen subsequently! Observe the difference between your male and female generals.

On reflection, too, the Countess praised herself for having done all that could be done. She might have written to her mother: but her absence would have been remarked: her messenger might have been overhauled: and, lastly, Mrs. Mel—"Gorgon of a mother!" the Countess cried out: for Mrs. Mel was like a fate to her. She could remember only two occasions in her whole life when she had been able to manage her mother, and then by lying in such a way as to distress her conscience severely.

"If mama has conceived this idea of coming, nothing will impede her. My prayers will infuriate her!" said the Countess, and she was sure that she had acted both rightly and with wisdom.

She put on her armour of smiles: she plunged into the thick of the enemy. Since they would not allow her to taste human happiness—she had asked but for the pic-nic! a small truce!—since they denied her that, rather than let them triumph by seeing her wretched, she took into her bosom the joy of demons. She lured Mr. George Uploft away from Miss Carrington, and spoke to him strange hints of matrimonial disappointments, looking from time to time at that apprehensive lady, doating on her terrors. And Mr. George seconded her by his clouded face, for he was ashamed not to show that he did not know Louisa Harrington in the Countess de Saldar, and had not the courage to declare that he did. The Countess spoke familiarly, but without any hint of an ancient acquaintance between them. "What a post her husband's got!" thought Mr. George, not envying the Count. He was wrong: she was an admirable ally. All over the field the Countess went, watching for her mother, praying that if she did come, Providence might prevent her from coming while they were at dinner. How clearly Mrs. Shorne and Mrs. Melville saw her vulgarity now! By the new light of knowledge, how certain they were that they had seen her ungentle training in a dozen different little instances.

"She is not well-bred, cela se voit," said Lady Jocelyn.

"Bred! it's the stage! How could such a person be bred?" said Mrs. Shorne.

Accept in the Countess the heroine who is combating class-prejudices, and surely she is pre-eminently noteworthy. True she fights only for her family, and is virtually the champion of the opposing institution misplaced. That does not matter: the fates may have done it purposely: by conquering she establishes a principle. A duke loves her sister, the daughter of the house her brother, and for herself she has many protestations in honour of her charms: nor are they empty ones. She can confound Mrs. Melville, if she pleases to by exposing an adorer to lose a friend. Issuing out of Tailordom, she, a Countess, has done all this; and it were enough to make her

glow, did not little evils, and angers, and spite, and alarms, so frightfully beset her.

The sun of the pic-nic system is dinner. Hence philosophers may deduce that the pic-nic is a British invention. There is no doubt that we do not shine at the pic-nic until we reflect the face of dinner. To this, then, all who were not lovers began seriously to look forward, and the advance of an excellent London band, specially hired, to play during the entertainment, gave many of the guests quite a new taste for sweet music; and indeed we all enjoy a thing infinitely more when we see its meaning.

About this time Evan entered the lower park-gates with Andrew. The first object he encountered was Mr. John Raikes in a state of great depression. He explained his case:

"Just look at my frill! No, upon my honour, you know, I'm good-tempered; I pass their bucolic habits, but this is beyond bearing. I was near the palings there, and a fellow calls out: 'Hi! will you help the lady over?' Halloa! thinks I, an adventure! However, I advised him to take her round to the gates. The beast burst out laughing. 'Now, then,' says he, and I heard a scrambling at the pales, and up came the head of a dog. 'Oh! the dog first,' says I. 'Catch by the ears,' says he. I did so. 'Pull,' says he. 'Gad, pull indeed! The beast gave a spring and came slap on my chest, with his dirty wet muzzle in my neck! I felt instantly it was the death of my frill, but gallant as you know me, I still asked for the lady. 'If you will please, or an it meet your favour, to extend your hand to me!' I confess I did just think it rather odd, the idea of a lady coming in that way over the palings: but my curst love of adventure always blinds me. It *always* misleads my better sense, Harrington. Well, instead of a lady, I see a fellow—he may have been a lineal descendant of Cedric the Saxon. 'Where's the lady?' says I. 'Lady?' says he, and stares, and then laughs: 'Lady! why,' he jumps over, and points at his beast of a dog, 'don't you know a bitch when you see one?' I was in the most ferocious rage! If he hadn't been a big burly bully, down he'd have gone. 'Why didn't you say what it was?' I roared. 'Why,' says he, 'the word isn't considered polite!' I gave him a cut there. I said: 'I rejoice to be *positively* assured that you uphold the *laws* and *forms* of civilisation, sir.' My belief is he didn't feel it."

"The thrust sinned in its shrewdness," remarked Evan, ending a laugh.

"Hem!" went Mr. Raikes, more contentedly: "after all, what *are* appearances to the man of wit and intellect? Dress, and women will approve you; but I assure you, they much prefer the man of wit in his slouched hat and stockings down. I was introduced to the duke this morning. It is a curious thing that the seduction of a duchess has always been one of my dreams."

At this Andrew Cogglesby fell into a fit of laughter.

"Your servant," said Mr. Raikes, turning to him. And then he muttered: "Extraordinary likeness! Good Heavens! Powers!"

From a state of depression, Mr. Raikes changed into one of bewilderment. Evan paid no attention to him, and answered none of his hasty under-toned questions. Just then, as they were on the skirts of the company, the band struck up a lively tune, and quite unconsciously, the legs of Mr. John Raikes, affected, it may be, by supernatural reminiscences, loosely hornriped. It was but a moment: he remembered himself the next: but in that fatal moment eyes were on him. He never recovered his dignity in Beckley Court.

"What is the joke against poor Jack?" asked Evan of Andrew.

"Never mind, Van. You'll roar. Old Tom again. We'll see by-and-by, after the Champagne. He—this young Raikes—ha! ha!—but I can't tell you." And Andrew went away to Drummond to whom he was more communicative. Then he went to Melville, and one or two others, and the eyes of many became concentrated on Mr. John Raikes, and it was observed as a singular sign that he was constantly facing about; and flushing the fiercest red. Once he made an effort to get hold of Evan's arm and drag him away, as one who had an urgent confession to be delivered of, but Evan was talking to Lady Jocelyn and other ladies, and quietly disengaged his arm without even turning to notice the face of his friend. Then the dinner was announced, and men saw the dinner. The Countess went to shake her brother's hand, and with a very gratulatory visage, said through her half-shut teeth: "If mama appears, rise up and go away with me, before she has time to speak a word." An instant after, Evan found himself seated between Mrs. Ervermonde and one of the Conley girls. The dinner had commenced. The first half of the Battle of the Bull-dogs was as peaceful as any ordinary pic-nic, and promised to the general company as calm a conclusion.

(To be continued.)

THE STEEL-GRINDER.

HIS HEALTH.

AN Asiatic despotism is a dreary thing to contemplate and describe: and the tyranny of the ruder sort of African kings is intolerable to the imagination of Christian nations. The barbarity of negro slavery in its grosser forms is no less painful: and our only consolation in reading or hearing of the things that are done under such authorities as these is in hoping that the spread of civilisation and Christianity will, in time, render rulers and strong men aware of the value of human life, and more or less considerate in the expenditure of it. If we were to read of a country in Central Asia where a valuable mineral was found, which slowly poisoned everybody who came within reach of its fumes while it was smelted; and if we heard that the Khan of that country took strong men from their homes at his pleasure, and made them work upon that mineral till they were dying of the fumes, and then cast them adrift in their last days, we should think it a horrible destiny to be that Khan's subjects. If it was also the fact that means were known by

which the poison might be partly neutralised, so that the workmen might live for twenty years instead of certainly dying within ten: and if the Khan would not allow those means to be used, saying that ten years were long enough for his workmen to live, and that it was more convenient to him to have a rapid succession of them, we should proclaim such a ruler to be the monster of the world.

If we knew of a wild African king who required a certain quantity every week of weapons and other implements made of bamboo, and insisted on their being made in a particular way which caused the bamboo to fly in little spikes which stuck in the eyes and throats and lungs of the workmen, so that they began to cough the first day they went to work, and never stopped till they died choked in a few years—many being blinded also before that time—we should call the king a savage and his workmen slaves. If, moreover, the weapons might just as well be made without inflicting a single prick on anybody, and yet the king insisted that the pricking was precisely the part of the business which took his fancy most, we should call him a monster too. It is sufficiently horrible that there are slave-owners in Louisiana who say they find it answer better to "use up" (kill off) their negroes in a certain time, and get fresh ones, than to spare labour and replenish their stock less frequently. It makes an Englishman's blood boil that such things should be said. But how could he find words for his indignation if the sugar could be grown and made just as well without the "using up," and the owner should refuse to adopt the machinery which would answer that purpose because he did not like new ways, or because he did like to whip the negroes up to their toil, and get work out of them to the last gasp? This man, too, would be execrated as a monster wherever he and his methods were heard of.

Suppose a sovereign and a set of officials in England who should propose to inflict these very sufferings on Englishmen.

Nobody will stop for a moment to suppose any such thing. It is an insult to our country, and to all the men in it, we shall be told, to admit even a passing imagination of men being wantonly murdered by inches—doomed to a ten or a five years' term of torture, ended only by a lingering death. It would be mere nonsense, if it were not also wickedness, to suppose that in England there are men who would submit to such tyranny in their own persons, or who would permit it to be inflicted on others.

Do we really think this? Do we confidently say it? Then we are mistaken; and we have some melancholy truths to learn about our country, and the men in it. Many hundreds of work-people die every year, in each of several branches of manufacture, after a slow torture which is as needless as the early death; the difference between the English case and those of Asia, Africa, and America being that here it is no sovereign, no official personage, and no master who inflicts the murder, but the victims themselves, and their neighbours of the same craft. It is true the evil is not so great as it was: but it is still the fact

that men are prevented by hundreds from saving their lives in dangerous occupations avowedly because their places are wanted for new-comers who had reckoned on their not living beyond a certain short term of years.

Did any of my readers ever happen to see the forging and finishing of a sail-maker's needle? After the steel is cut into lengths, each bit is separately treated—flattened at the head, and guttered, and filed, and punched with repeated strokes for the eye. Each needle is separately hammered into its three-sided form; and, what is most to my present purpose, each is separately pointed by being held to a gritstone cylinder. There was a time when every needle of every size was made in the same way, costing an infinity of time and trouble which is now saved by the use of improved mechanical methods. Every one of these needles, in the making, helped to shorten a man's life. The grinding of the points gave out a never-ceasing dust, composed of gritstone and steel particles, which infested the workmen's eyes, nostrils, mouth, and lungs, so that no one of them lived to forty years of age. This is the peril which makes life so short among the Sheffield cutlers, and which renders the grinders of steel everywhere, whether for needles, or razors, or scissors, or skates, or sickles, a peculiar class of men.

Going back a generation, the career of, say, a Redditch needle-maker was this.

A boy in any family of that craft heard from his infancy upwards of wages of from two guineas a week to a guinea a day; and he was accustomed to the ideas which belonged to such pay under the peculiar circumstances. He saw his father drunk very often; and he knew that he would be tipping for a week together, after which he would go to work for two or three weeks when he could get credit no longer; and those were the times when there were capital suppers at home—the first delicacies of the season being upon the table. His father used to come home much out of breath, and he would be heard coughing in the night. When it was time for the boy to go to work, it seemed to be taken for granted on all hands that he should follow his father's trade. If any friend remonstrated on the ground that the occupation was an unhealthy one, and, for some reason or other, not reputable, there was a family chorus of opposition. The father would not live long; nobody in his business lived to much beyond his present age; and then the good wages would be wanted. There were no such wages to be had in any other branch of manufacture in the place, and the boy could not think of taking up with less. He was not to sit at the grindstone, however, till he was near twenty. That sacrifice to prudence was agreed to because it was a rule of experience that no boys employed in needle-pointing lived to be twenty.

At twenty, or somewhat earlier, the lad married, and sat down on his "horse," before his wheel. There, as he stooped over his work, hot atoms of steel and stone dust filled the air he breathed, and were driven into his eyes, nose, and throat. His employer was a humane man, we may suppose; for most of them were so, as well as they knew

how. There were as many doors as possible in the workshop, and supposed to be always standing open, in order that the dust might be blown away, to a certain extent. The men shut the doors whenever they had an opportunity, complaining of constant colds from the draughts. They were strictly ordered to go and rinse their mouths and throats once every hour: but when they were interested in their work, and, yet more, when they grew short of breath on moving, they were lazy about leaving their wheels for this rinsing. Moreover, they objected to it in itself. If it did no good, it was a needless trouble and loss of time: and if it did remove any of the dust, the men would be unwilling to take the benefit. No man in the business desired to lengthen his own life, or chose that his neighbour should have any advantage over him, or should keep the rising generation waiting too long.

The employers entirely disapproved this view of things; but they were actually afraid of the debauched set of fellows who pronounced for "a short life and a merry one," and threatened vengeance against any one who should lower their wages by prolonging their lives. A mask of magnetised wire was recommended by Mr. Abraham, who pointed out how the wires were studded with particles of steel, after a morning at the wheel; particles which would have entered the mouth and nose of the grinder, if not thus intercepted. But not a man would wear the mask. The employers used every effort to get it adopted: but the men said, as on all such occasions, that to make the work safer was to lower the wages. Thus the lad who was a beginner had no chance of wearing this safeguard. The eyes of older men were upon him. He fancied, too, that recklessness was a mark of spirit and good fellowship. He told his little wife, however, that the mask was no good, as it did not dispose of the stone-dust.

To dispose of this stone-dust, some employers tried an experiment of fitting the wheels with canvas cylinders, up which a good deal of the dust might be carried by a proper draught. In one night every cylinder in Redditch was cut into strips, and every workman in that branch informed his employer that the craft would never allow either cylinder or mask. The lads were told that their employers had seen two, three, or four generations of needle-pointers to their graves, and were advised and entreated to take with good-will to a long succession of improvements, all directed to keeping their lungs clear of the fatal dust. It was no use. Ventilators, screens, fans,—all devices were destroyed or neglected.

In a few months, the young workman found he never was well. In a few years, he had a habitual cough. Mother and wife urged him to eat; as the hearty eaters bear the work longest. Much of the money went to keep an expensive table. Then drink followed; and then rows, riots, midnight vengeance for trade quarrels, a soured temper when every breath was drawn with pain; an anxious mind when there was a long score at the public-house, and several hungry children at home; and finally the poor fellow, old at five-and-thirty, and sinking under "the grinders' rot,"

knew that his lungs were black as ink, and tough as parchment, and were on the point of stopping for ever, while his fine wages were gone, he could not tell how, and there was nothing for his widow and little ones but to go into the work-house. So much for "a short life and a merry one!"

The sons who followed him to the grave as infants now find their occupation a very different one, and not much more dangerous than many other employments. Happily for them, though not for all parties at the time, there was, in their youth, a disastrous strike in their little town, and their father's trade. The needle-pointers were misled, and suffered much hardship: and when they petitioned for work at the old wages, the employers imposed a new condition;—that they should honestly use the means provided for the preservation of their health. A fan-wheel in the midst of a group of grinding benches, each of which has its wheel covered so artfully as that the dust is whirled away from the workman's face, conveys the whole collection of stone and steel particles out of the work-room, and blows it into some harmless place in the open air. I have seen the cloud issuing from an opening, and actually whitening a green bank for a considerable space. This white stuff would have turned human lungs black by the inflammation it would have caused; and, but for the apparatus, and the will to use it, the present workers at the wheel would long ago have been in their graves.

The same improvement has not taken place wherever steel is ground. We think at once of Sheffield, where the fork-grinder expects to die at thirty, and the grinders of razors and scissors a year or two later; and the tableknife-grinders at five-and-thirty; and the grinders of saws and sickles at nearer forty; but none so late as forty. The wretched men,—who, however, are proud of the peculiarity of their lot,—seem to be at about the same point that the needle-pointers elsewhere were at in the days of the mask and the canvas cylinder, and before the strike, to the failure of which so many lives are owing. Some of the first cutlers in the world have applied themselves to obviate the mortality among their men: but almost in vain. When they set up the fan-wheel, the men will take every opportunity of stopping its working. The words which they are reported to have used are these: "Trade is bad enough as it is. If the men live longer, it will be so overfull that there will be no such thing as getting a living." They do, however, permit the dry-grinding to be turned into wet, as improved machinery works this effect. Knowing as they do that it is the dry-grinders who die, on an average, before thirty, while the wet-grinders live from two to ten years longer, they allow of such a quickening of their wheel, and such a drip of water over it as may detain a portion of the dust from entering their lungs. Of the dry-grinders, however, there are five hundred employed on forks only in the one town of Sheffield—five hundred young men who have doomed themselves deliberately to an early death; and in such a way as to excite only disgust, instead of the sympathy and admiration with which all men are

went to regard any loose hold on life which has any respectability about it whatever.

The position of Sheffield is singularly bad in the scale of comparative sickness undergone by the working-classes, as ascertained by the managers of Friendly Societies; and yet there is no note taken of the fact that the lives, out of which this sickness is computed, are little more than half the ordinary length. In comparing the sick weeks in the life of a rural labourer and a Sheffield artisan, we ought to note, not only that the one has 52 weeks of illness to 95 of the other, but that the rural labourer's term may extend to 60 years, while the Sheffield man's ends at 40, or even 30.

Even without this, and supposing that all have an equal right to talk of their life "from twenty to sixty years of age," what a preponderance of sickness there is in Sheffield! In town life generally in England the proportion of sick weeks in those years is somewhat under 55. In city life it is under 66 weeks; whereas in Sheffield it is just upon 95. No other town, and no city on the list before me, comes near it, even Leeds being under 63, and Rochdale under 57; and the ill-favoured and unpopular Stockport, the worst after Sheffield, under 85.

We shall know more about all these matters after the approaching Census: but we now perceive plainly enough that there is an enormous sacrifice of life in the commonest processes of manufacture, which a little more knowledge may enable us to obviate entirely, and which a better morality would at this day materially check. It is the terrible attribute of this sort of mischief, however, that it is at once cause and effect. Peril to life, of this particular kind, generates the immorality which, in its turn, creates the recklessness which again imperils life. The mere mention of Sheffield brings up the image of such recklessness in the minds of all who hear the name. The low regard for human life, and the propensity to violence for which the working population of Sheffield are notorious, must have some explanation; and the explanation is easily found in the excessive sickness and mortality of the place, through hardships for which the victims would murder any tyrant who imposed them, but which they inflict on themselves against all remonstrance and preventive efforts on the part of their employers. It is impossible to remain many days in Sheffield without perceiving how low and wild are the habits of a portion of the population; and every newspaper reader in the kingdom is familiar with "fearful outrages" of which the scene is Sheffield, and the occasion generally some trades'-union dispute. For the deeper cause we may look to the depraved state of bodily health, and the self-imposed doom of death under which a certain proportion of the citizens pass what they choose to call "a short life and a merry one."

Their case is not like that of the Redditch needle-makers, an improved and improving one. In old times the grinders of Sheffield were scattered about over the neighbourhood—small groups of them being found beside any or all of the waterfalls which abound in that hilly district. They were always a rather wild and rough set of people; but they lived a free life of less toil than

at present, or rather, as they now vary their toil with intervals of dissipation, we may say that their fits and starts of labour and holiday were more wholesome when they depended on the flow of the waters than now when they are determined by the inclination of the workers. When, in former days, there was not water enough for the wheels, the grinding stopped perforce. As the flow might begin again at any moment, the men could not go far from the spot, so they used to sleep, or play, or drink and gossip on a green bank, or beside the weir. Where there was a whole hamlet of fork-grinders, eight or ten men might be collected in one room; and the dust from their wheels was then abundantly pernicious. But on the whole there seems to have been more air, and less of an aspect of fatality about the occupation than of late years. It is rational and wise to supersede water power by steam, wherever it can be done, not only for reasons of commercial economy, but to save health and life and good land by abolishing the practice of dams on flowing streams; but, when the Sheffield grinders were collected from these country spots, and assembled to grind in steam-mills, it was essential that they should use every precaution on behalf of their health. This is exactly what they will not do. They work cooped up in an atmosphere of grit and steel. A few of the more intelligent make more or less use of some apparatus for carrying off the dust: but the greater number oppose and resent all such concessions to reason; and the cry of all who would save them is now for an Act of Parliament to compel them to save their own lives. To save the women and children in factories we have passed a law which would be wholly indefensible, under our constitutional system, on behalf of men: and it would disgrace our country in the eyes of all the world if we were to pass such a censure on the working men of England as to make a law to prevent any class of them from wantonly throwing away their own lives, without any pretence of a reason, to keep up a high rate of wages. We must hope that some better method than an Act of Parliament will in time avail to stop this disgraceful form of suicide. Meantime, a well-known Sheffield physician has published the fact that whereas, in the kingdom generally, the number in a thousand who die between twenty and nine-and-twenty years old is 160—among the Sheffield fork-grinders the number is 475!

Many of the people complain that the fortunes of the town are sinking; and it is only too notorious that the character of the place has long been declining. As to its poverty—there is, we are told, a large class always in precarious circumstances—the small manufacturers who have been journeymen or jobmen, and who set up for themselves as soon as they have a little money in hand. With a fair chance of an even trade these small makers might do well, as their brethren in Birmingham do, on the whole; but the ravage of trades' union tyranny has prevented any fair play to the Sheffield men. The largest capitalists cannot sustain the prosperity of the place while the labour market is disordered by the interference of trades' union dictation: the manufacture leaves the place, and goes over to America and other

countries, in spite of the eminent natural advantages of Sheffield. As the trade declines the men bring more and more of their children into it, and insist that wages shall not be lowered. They threaten the employers, and are jealous of one another; and they insist, among other things, on the grinders dying off as fast as they ever did. From time to time we hear of some plot to ruin or murder an employer; and every year or two there is an explosion in some working-man's bedroom or cellar, from a can of powder introduced by an enemy, in the name of the unionists; and thus Sheffield has acquired its bad name and its low place in the scale of English civilisation. It would be very interesting to see that population—naturally hardy, apt, strenuous, and skilful in toil—work its way up into a condition of health, comfort, prosperity, and good repute: and we should like to see them begin their reform with that great cause of disturbance—the grinder's health.

If the grinder could once consider himself a man on equal terms with other men, as likely as they to live to threescore years and ten, he would at once be a wiser, a better, and a happier man. The Redditch needle-pointers have come round to show a sort of complacency in the clever contrivances for the preservation of their health, and a contemptuous pity for a man who can take no satisfaction in them. If the fork-grinders could attain thus much wisdom, any man of their class would soon be ashamed, instead of proud, of being pointed out as an old man at five-and-thirty. Their habits would be those of health, instead of reckless disease. Their skins would be cleaner if their lungs were not so foul. They would eat plain wholesome meals, instead of pampering themselves with costly diet—"feeding high to keep themselves up," when every hour's work is pulling them down. They would work and play more temperately and regularly when the ordinary prospect of bringing up and establishing a family of children was before them, instead of the excuse of custom for spending their great gains in debauchery for a few years, and leaving their widows and orphans to the charity of the world.

This class thus raised, the moral atmosphere would be purified to a certain extent, and the selfishness and violence which now render all law and order precarious would moderate by degrees, till the peculiar facilities at present afforded to tyranny over the working man would disappear. The managers of strikes have more scope for their cruel tyranny now in Sheffield than in more enlightened and orderly places; and great are the sufferings of employers and employed, whether they at once submit to slavery or resist it. If the matter is not settled sooner by the good sense and proper spirit of the citizens of all classes, it will by the loss of the trade of the town and district—already grievously reduced; but it is fair to hope that a body of workmen, renewed in health and heart and hope, by casting off a dreary doom, might reinstate the labour market and its liberties, and retrieve the fortunes of the place. If the thing is ever to be done, could it begin at a better point?

If the men now at the wheel are too far gone, physically and morally, there are the children. If they can be brought up to understand the nature and value of health, and the sin and disgrace of throwing it away, the supply of working class suicides may be cut off, as that of juvenile thieves is by reformatory schools. One point which should be looked to is their notion of honour or spirit. From their fathers they are apt to pick up a notion that there is something fine in recklessness of life, and contempt of early death. It is not difficult to make it clear to anybody who will listen that it makes the entire difference whether life is held lightly for one reason or for another. If it is in devotedness for Man—for one man or many—it is a fine act to risk life; and we honour accordingly the Deliverer, like Garibaldi—and the Doctor and Nurse in a plague-stricken city—and the Martyr at the stake, who dies for what he believes to be the truth, be its form of profession what it may, and the Explorers of the globe, who brave the terrors of the Pole and the Equator to enlarge our science, and thereby enrich our human life. But the recklessness of life which proceeds from self-indulgence and ignorant obstinacy has nothing fine about it, and is often found to cover a tendency to cowardice. It ought not to be difficult to enlist the sympathies of any Briton, in early life, on behalf of the true courage which faces the duty of life, and prepares for it by building up a sound body, as the power and agency of a brave mind. There is no fear for the arts of life. Steel will be ground, whether men thrive or die over the work. They need not die; and it rests with the educators of society to decree that the present generation shall be the last of such ignoble martyrs. HARRIET MARTINEAU.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF LONDON.

THE other day the "Old Westminsters" held a meeting to consider whether it would not be advisable to remove the school from the neighbourhood of the Abbey to some situation where the scholars could breathe the pure air of the country, instead of the heavy mixture of fog and smoke which hangs over the Westminster district for the greater portion of the year. Three centuries ago the school was admirably situated—and the desire of the innovators was but to imitate the example set by Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth when St. Peter's College was first founded. It is an odd coincidence that this discussion should have arisen in the course of this year, 1860—for it was exactly three centuries back, that is, in the year 1560, that Queen Elizabeth really placed this noble foundation in a position to maintain itself as one of the institutions of the country. Henry VIII. was no doubt the original founder, but as his royal way was, he had played such tricks with the abbey revenues, that St. Peter's College would soon have died of financial atrophy, but for the timely interference of his daughter. Queen Bess took the matter in hand precisely three centuries ago.

Now in the year of grace 1560, the young Westminsters who came tumbling out of school to seek for recreation after a due allowance of birch

and Latin grammar, must have scampered about a very different locality from their young successors of our own day. The old abbey was there to be sure—how clean Henry VIII's chapel must have looked in those days!—and Westminster Hall of course, and some queer old houses in the Sanctuary; but our small forefathers must have been able to take their pastime in Tothill Fields in very different style from their descendants. The Thames, which has ever been the great source of recreation and triumph to the Westminster boys, must have glided under the shadow of the old Hall in greater purity than it now does at Halliford or Shepperton. The present Vine Street was a vineyard—for England was a grape-growing country in those days. I am afraid the streets immediately round the abbey must have been a terrible nest of thieves and vagabonds, and that the more aspiring young *alumni* of St. Peter's College must always have been getting into trouble for skulking within the forbidden precincts—but once away from these, they were in the open country. The present proposal is to remove the school to some healthy locality out of town, where the boys may lay in a large stock of health at the same time that they are filling their heads with as much learning as they will contain.

Surely a great deal of cant is talked about the *religio loci*. Boys, with rare exceptions, don't get sentimental about the dust and ashes of their predecessors at particular schools. When they become grown men they fancy they fancied such things—but there is marvellously little retrospection in schoolboy nature. I was myself for many years a scholar at one of the great London schools, and amongst the great names in our archives were those of John Milton and of the great Duke of Marlborough. I cannot call to mind any instance in which I ever heard any of my schoolfellows mention their names. Not one amongst us of whom I have heard ever became a bit the more poet or warrior because these two tremendous worthies had been whipped through Lilly's Latin Grammar under the same "dear shades" as ourselves. It is to be presumed that if John Milton—according to the old University tradition—suffered a little practical martyrdom at Christ's College, Cambridge, it is not impossible that he got into trouble occasionally about the Gerunds and Supines at an earlier period of his scholastic career. I fully admit that in later years we are all of us apt to grow sentimental about the traditions of our respective schools—I merely deny that we do so whilst we remain *in statu pupillari*. Mr. Disraeli inverted the romantic Etonian.

The question of the removal of our public schools from the heart of London to healthier and more airy situations must soon receive a practical solution; and, as I fancy, there can be but one termination to the dispute. If there is sentiment on one side, there is reason on the other. Let the metropolitan schools by all means be removed to situations near the metropolis—so that even the day-boy difficulty may be overcome. It would not, however, be any great misfortune if the day-boys were

converted into boarders. If there be any value in the public-school system of England—and it is, I think, of the greatest value in the formation of the national character—a “boarder” is, in a ten-fold degree, more of a public-school boy than his young companion who, every night of his life, is thrown back upon the amenities and indulgences of home. Let us not deceive ourselves upon this point; the mere book-learning is the smallest of the advantages which a boy derives from his public-school career. England wants men, more than scholars, although, of course, it is quite right that a limited number of persons in a nation, with special faculties, and aptitudes for the work, should devote themselves to the business of keeping alive the old traditions of sound learning. These are not to be despised. I do not see that the youngsters of the present day are at all likely to grow up into more energetic or useful men than their fathers, although they know all about “ologies,” of which we never heard. They are apt to sneer at our Greek Iambics and Sapphics, and can’t see how such exertions can help us on with steam-engines and tubular bridges; but for myself I confess I should not despair of a lad if I saw that he was a good cricketer, and construed his Sophocles freely. Let us, however, adhere to my point. Winchester, Rugby, Harrow, and even Eton—I grieve to write *even*—are better schools, because they are more healthily situated than Westminster, Charter House, St. Paul’s, Merchant Taylors’ and Christ’s Hospital. I am compelled by the necessity for writing the plain truth, to admit that the site of Eton is not well-chosen. We have heard of late a great deal too much of outbreaks of sickness amongst the scholars, and how they have been sent home before the “half” was over, lest a worse thing might befall them. The lowness of the situation, and the immediate proximity of the river, with the enormous quantity of the decaying vegetation by which, in the autumn time, the College is surrounded, are quite sufficient to account for the fact. It may be a question of drainage, and of falling trees; but, despite of the wonderful beauty of the place, it might have been better if the College had been placed high up on Ascot Heath—or, if the river is to be taken as an indispensable condition of Eton life—at least upon elevated ground overlooking the Thames.

The question of a healthy site should be the first to be considered by all parents who are about to send their boys to a public school. Let them live in pure air whilst their constitutions are in process of formation, rather than associate with young dukes. The misery or happiness of their future lives must mainly depend upon their health. A grown man may face atmospheric danger with comparative impunity, which would be—if not fatal—at least permanently injurious to mere youths. The death-test is not a sufficient one. It is not—save to the individuals more immediately concerned—of much consequence whether three or six boys out of 700 or 800 die in the course of a year; but it is of the most serious moment whether all are placed under the conditions best calculated to promote vital energy.

I trust the reader will pardon me if I have insisted a little more gravely than of wont upon this point, for it is one I dare not trifle with. I should rejoice to see the day when every public school in London was removed to some little distance in the country. The site chosen should be somewhere not far from town, both for the convenience of scholars and masters. It should not be too near, lest the task of shifting their quarters again should be too suddenly cast upon those who are to come after us. Robert Sutton and Dean Colet had as little idea of what London would be one day, as we have of what it will be three hundred years hence. Every facility which money could give might safely be reckoned upon, for the present sites of public schools in London are of enormous money-value. They are literally built upon gold. Not so very long since the sum of 200,000*l.* was offered for the Charter House site. It was intended to convert it into a central railway terminus. Unfortunately the offer was refused. Look again at St. Paul’s School. When one remembers the prices which were offered and demanded for that little speck of ground which commanded the south-eastern view of the Cathedral, it seems almost profane to offer even a guess at the value of well-nigh one side of St. Paul’s Churchyard. The “Mercers,” who are the guardians of Dean Colet’s will, might, upon the annual interest of the difference in value between a London and a country site, almost undertake to convert the day boys into boarders, and to find them in beef, lodging, and clothing, as well as Latin and Greek. Let us now throw a glance upon two of the great London schools.

How well I remember the gloomy November morning, now so many years ago, when I was taken down to the iron gratings of that dismal wild-beast cage in St. Paul’s Churchyard, which you may call either the cloisters or the playground, if you are not very particular about using correct terms. The gorgeous beadle—he was an Irishman, and poor fellow! long since gathered to his brother Celts—struck my soul with awe. You passed under a door-way on the southern side which gave access to the stone staircase by which you ascended to the school-room. Running all the way up there was a large flue, and in a sort of cellar below the furnace which heated the air which was delivered by this flue into the school-room above. Now it so happened that upon that memorable occasion, which was indeed the commencement of my academic career, and I suppose because the occasion was memorable, and therefore to be marked by some peculiar solemnity of dress, the authorities at home had despatched me to the scene of action with a beautiful velvet cap with a gold tassel—a sweet thing indeed—upon my head. It was hoped that this gorgeous head-piece would soften the manners of my future companions, and not permit them to be fierce. Alas! it was not so. I was just recovering from the effects of the beadle, and not altogether without reliance upon the splendour of the cap, was beginning to creep slowly up that stone staircase, when, as it were in the clouds above me, I heard a wild cry which was neither a scream nor a shout, but something

like what I should fancy a Red Indian's war-whoop to be in the moments of highest excitement. Then there was a scuffle and a rush as of some ferocious animal bounding down-stairs—then my cap was torn off my head, and, as it were, a thunderbolt struck me. It was no thunderbolt, however, but Joe Day, a large beefy boy, dressed in a suit of bottle-green, which he had evidently out-grown some considerable time. For a while this young gentleman steadily devoted himself to the duty of punching my urchin's head whilst he held up the fatal cap in derision, and requested to know who was my hatter. I could not give him a direct answer, for indeed the cap had not been purchased at any particular establishment, but was the result of much feminine tenderness and ingenuity at home. The possibility of the existence of such wild beasts as Joe Day had never entered into the imaginations of the gentle contrivers of that graceful head-gear. Not satisfied with knocking me about, the horrible boy first kicked my poor cap into the cellar below, and then following it up in person, committed it to the flames. I was not ten years of age at the time, and could as soon have attempted to do battle against Joe Day as against a rhinoceros—but such was my first introduction to public school life in England. Looking back at the transaction now through the long vista of years, I admit that it was an unwise proceeding to send me to a school with any article of dress upon me calculated to attract attention in any way, or to excite the slightest remark. Mothers and sisters, and aunts of England, when you are about to send any little urchin dear to you to a public school, be careful to ascertain the usual standard of dress amongst the boys. Think of Joe Day, and do not make the child too beautiful to mortal gaze, or he will surely be kicked, or possibly be made a target of for small hard balls.

In some way or other I managed to crawl up-stairs; but if it had not been for the awful beadle—who, as I imagined, would have put me to death in some swift and military way had I attempted to desist—I think I should have endeavoured to make my escape. However, there was no help for it; and in a few moments I found myself in the great school-room which was to be the scene of so much suffering to me, and, I am bound to add, of so much enjoyment.

There were four masters in St. Paul's School in those days. I have heard since that they have got some new-fangled mathematical instructors, French teachers, and persons of that description; but in my day all was pure Latin and Greek. The head master was a fine old corpulent Greek scholar of majestic presence, much respected, if not actually beloved by the boys. The idea of attachment or affection from us little fellows towards so awful a personage as Dr. Sleath was out of the question. When he appeared, the school was dumb. We believed in that big man; and afterwards, when I came to years of scholastic discretion, and could appreciate his merits, I knew that he was excellent both as a schoolmaster and a man. He was not a king of boys of the Arnold type. So the lads did the work well, and did not make a noise, he was satisfied. He did not love

to be diverted from his usual functions of educating the classical capabilities of the eighth and seventh forms (the eighth was the highest); and, indeed, whenever he was called in as a *Deus ex machina*, it was not for a pleasant purpose. It became occasionally his duty to cane a little boy in a very solemn way, which operation was effected in the following manner: The captain of the school was sent into the monitor's study for a parcel of canes, out of which the old gentleman chose one, exhibiting considerable taste and discrimination in the selection. He next tucked his long silk divinity gown behind him with one hand, and holding his cane in the other, stalked in a majestic and imperial way to the end of the school-room, where there was a little raised platform, higher by two steps than the floor of the school. I had forgotten to say that this huge divine wore knee-breeches, black silk stockings, and shoes with silver buckles, after the fashion of older days. These little arrangements being made—while there was terror in the atmosphere, and amidst a dead silence—the small culprit was led up to him who was at the same time his judge and executioner. The Doctor then proclaimed, in a sonorous and emphatic way, the misdeeds of which the little boy had been guilty, hurling reproaches at him the while in a biting and soul-destroying manner. "Stubbs Minor wouldn't do his verses, and had told a lie—yes, a lie! wouldn't do his verses, and had told a lie! Stubbs Minor had told a lie—yes, a lie! Stubbs Minor hold out your hand!" Stubbs Minor had been placed on the first step, and held out his hand to receive the terrific blows which the doctor was ready to pour on him from above. The worst policy was to flinch, or withdraw the hand, for in that case the doctor was apt to over-balance himself, and stagger about on the platform in a ludicrous way, when he invariably lost his temper, and a real rage took the place of the simulated anger. Upon such occasions Stubbs Minor was likely enough to come in for a good thing. A caning from Sleath when his blood was up was no joke.

As a schoolmaster, however, he must have been deserving of much praise, for the pupils whom he sent up to Cambridge, carried off the highest classical honours of the university year after year. Fellows of Trinity, Pitt Scholars, Gold Medallists, &c., &c., were plants which Sleath knew how to grow to perfection. The old gentleman was well up in the Greek authors—I give the following little story as ludicrous if not complete and decided evidence of the fact. We had an idea that the Doctor knew Homer by heart. When I had attained such a position in the school as brought me immediately under his care, we were called upon to commit some forty or fifty lines of this author to memory twice in the week. Now, in our class there was a tall, gaunt boy with scarcely the vestige of a nose, who exceedingly disliked the trouble of learning his repetition; but either nature had endowed him with the faculty of emitting Homeric sounds, or he had carefully cultivated the power. Now, when this boy was called upon to perform, he would rise slowly and calmly from his seat—the two highest forms sat whilst they were under fire—and starting with a

few Greek words which he had just cribbed, would proceed somewhat thus

Kai mataroi galaban, kai tene elaphoio parakkas
 Megar thene melapou rodivios theutar epaitas ;
 Tene perimousan ika, felaroldios ouket igoion
 Meeks adiperan efec kai kikety rolopoloios.

Whilst this was going on, Sleath would sit still

upon his chair, soothed by the majestic stream of Homeric sound, and closing his eyes, and tapping his nose with his gold spectacles, would repeat the real words to himself. Had Codd Major hesitated for a moment, so as to call the old Doctor's attention to the enormous nonsense he was talking, he was lost. But he always proceeded with the most imperturbable gravity, never pausing for a



“Coach-Tree.” (Page 101.)

word, and going through his work in a matter of fact way which put all idea of jocularity out of the question. The joke, however, used generally to end in serious discomfort to his class-fellows, for do what we would we were convulsed with laughter, whilst not a muscle of his countenance changed. The Doctor would rouse himself from his Homeric swoon at last; and looking round like an angry lion set us a fearful imposition all round—saving to the real culprit; whilst Codd Major was informed, that he was “a good boy, a good boy, a very good boy, indeed!” So much for justice.

The Doctor was famous for the chocolate with which he regaled his guests upon Apposition Days. The Apposition Day was the Speech-day, when the speeches were made, and the prize essays and verses read in presence of a numerous assembly. The school was fitted up with scaffolding, and gaudily decorated with red cloth for the occasion. We little fellows, I am speaking of times before I came under the influence of Codd Major and the Homeric sounds, had a belief that the most distinguished people came from all parts of the earth upon that eventful day, nominally to listen to the views of South Minor upon whether or no elo-

quence was of advantage to a nation ; but actually, and in very truth, to get a cup of Sleath's chocolate. I believe the old gentleman was what is called a *bon-vivant*, and now that the shadow of his power no longer darkens my mind, I can't help thinking that some of the numerous half-holidays which he gave us, ostensibly because the monitors, or some amongst them, had done Latin verses of a very remarkable and entrancing character, in reality fell to our lot because the Doctor wanted a half-holiday for himself. As it was we had three half-holidays a-week, which was a fair enough allowance in all conscience ; but Sleath generally threw in two or three more in the course of a month. The ceremony of allowing this additional recreation was performed in the following way. Just before prayers and dismissal the Doctor would ascend the bad eminence from which he used in his sterner moods to cane the little boys, with a magnificently bound volume under his arm, which contained fair copies of the Sapphics, or Alcaics, which had procured for the school the comfort of a little additional recreation, and announce the gratifying intelligence in this manner : "There will be a play to-day for the compositions of South Major, South Minor, Spolworthy, and Jobs." We were duly grateful to the young poets, but I can scarcely be doing the old Doctor wrong when I think that his appreciation of their performances was more highly strung whenever he wanted the afternoon for playing purposes on his own account.

The sub-master in my day was —. By a singular coincidence between the character and the christian names of this gentleman, his initials ran thus — W. A. C. Now insert an H. between the W. and the A. and the result will express the operation which he was ever performing on the persons of the boys under his care throughout school-hours. He really liked to cane the boys—he seemed to fancy they enjoyed the operation as much as he did, and had invented forms of torture of a playful kind for our benefit. His most dexterous piece of manipulation was this. The patient held out his hand, and — would strike the end of the cane which he held—near the holding point of course—on his own disengaged arm. The effect of this was that the punishing end came down with a jerk upon the sufferer's hand ; but he had attained such a high degree of dexterity that he could chip off the end of a nail, and finally bring the cane back on the rebound well on the backs of the fingers. The pain was exquisite on a cold morning, and how — would chuckle, and grin, and show his false teeth—you could see the gold about them—whilst the wretched boy danced about under the affliction. I do not believe that he was a man of unkindly nature for all that ; but custom had deadened in him all sense of the torture he was inflicting upon others. It was not a pleasant thing to come in late when — had been dining out the day before, and was suffering from headache. As the gentleman who was the lowest master at the time I entered the school still survives, and is still, I believe, connected with it, I will forbear to name him. If I made further

mention of him it would only be for good, for even now that so many years are gone by I still retain a recollection of his kindness to the little urchins who, I dare say, gave him trouble enough, and taxed his patience at times almost beyond endurance. Nor will I speak of the fourth master by name, though he has long since gone to his account. It gives me still a shudder when I think of the savage manner in which he used to cane the boys whenever he became excited—and he was very often excited. As it turned out there was a physical reason for these violent outbreaks of temper ; but he was clearly an unfit person during the later years of his scholastic rule to be entrusted with the charge of boys. I have always heard that in private life he was respected by those who knew him ; but I can only say, that if you would arrive at a just notion of terrorism, imagine yourself to be a boy of about twelve years of age, standing up with — at your back with a cane in his hand, and conjugating the verb *χρονόω*. There was only one boy who ever overcame him in my time, and this was a small damp-looking youth, who possessed the faculty of uttering the most appalling and awful yell that ever passed from human lips : you might have heard it out in St. Paul's Churchyard. Now, as all the classes or forms were indoctrinated in sound learning under one and the same roof, it was not pleasant for — to find himself put in the position of a ruthless tormentor, if it was only that Sleath was there to hear the yells. The boy would stare at him for a second or two before the blow fell, and then writhe about like a wounded snake, whilst he howled in the manner suggested. — would dance round him all the while, and call him a young dog, a young rascal, and what not ; but the lad would keep his eye on the cane, and stand ready for a fresh scream as it fell.

I would not, however, do such injustice to the noble foundation of Dean Colet as to leave it to be supposed that it was a mere torture-house. There was a great deal too much caning, to be sure ; but we had our moments and hours of delight. How good the hot-rolls and pats of fresh butter were when eaten by hungry boys in those old cloisters, the more so that they were the captives of our bows and spears. We were liable to punishment if we were caught either *endo* or *redeundo* ; but this only added zest to the rolls and butter. What entrancing moments have I not spent at Mother Shand's, who kept the "tuck-shop" in one of the dark streets near Doctors' Commons. How delicious were the hot three-cornered cranberry tarts ! Oh ! to have the faculty of feeling that juicy rapture once more ! and the full cloying voluptuousness of the sausage-rolls ! There were, too, periods of intense happiness when we effected our escape to the coal-lighters which lay snugly in the mud at Paul's Wharf, not the noble structure at which the Waterman's steamers now call for passengers, but then a mere Thames Hard. A game of follow-my-leader over those coal-lighters was not a thing to be lightly spoken of, nor a pull on the river whenever we could club our half-pence together in sufficient quantity to hire a boat for an hour. What a

wonder it was, to be sure, that we were not all drowned under Blackfriars' Bridge. The number of boys at Saint Paul's School was fixed by the founder at 153, in allusion to the miraculous draught of fishes taken by Saint Peter. The school is exceedingly rich, and the scholars as I have before mentioned have constantly attained high honours at the University of Cambridge. Amongst our most eminent Paulines may be mentioned, Sir Anthony Denny; Leland, the antiquary; Milton, Samuel Pepys, Strype, Doctor Calamy; the great Duke of Marlborough, Elliston, the late Lord Truro, and many other English worthies of great repute.

Had I been free to choose that one amongst the London schools at which I should have wished to be educated, I think my choice would have fallen on the Charter House. I am speaking as a man, and my judgment only rests upon the external features of the place. Although, even with regard to the Charter House, I think it would be far better for the pupils, and far more for the ultimate advantage of the school, if it were removed into the country. I am bound to say that it has about it more air, more space, more light, than any other of the metropolitan schools. Westminster is not half as good in these respects—however great in the veneration which attaches to that noble old school, and to the adjacent abbey. But as you stroll along the elevated terrace which lies on the roof of the long cloisters in the Charter House grounds, and are looking over that fair expanse of green sward below, you cannot but see that it is a place in which boys might be reasonably happy. There is a great stillness, too, which is strange in the heart of London. Moreover, as I am informed, the school and grounds are in the healthiest part of the metropolis. I think it would be better for the boys if they had green lanes, and cheerful uplands where they might take their pastime; still, if we are to have a London school at all, give me the Charter House.

As I had not the advantage of being a Carthusian myself, I visited the place in company with a friend who had not been there for some thirty years or so, when he was a schoolboy there himself. I saw the place through his spectacles; but before I make further mention of our pleasant stroll, I would say that some five centuries ago, Sir Walter de Manny took the land on which the Charter House and its dependencies is situated, and assigned it as a burial place for the poor destroyed by the plague of 1349. About twenty years later a monastery of Carthusians was erected upon the spot; and in this monastery, subsequently, Sir Thomas More lived for four years of his life, giving himself up to devotion and prayer. When King Henry VIII. took the various monasteries and religious houses of the country in hand, he seems to have dealt with the superiors of the Charter House, and notably with the Prior, in a very masterful manner indeed: John Howgton, the last Prior, did not fall with sufficient readiness into the ideas of the Royal Reasoner with regard to the King's supremacy; and so, by way of bringing the argument to a satisfactory conclusion, Henry caused him to be decapitated at Tyburn, and ordered that his head

should be stuck up on London Bridge, and his body be placed over the gate of the Charter House itself, all of which was done. Thus, the Charter House was first a burial-ground, and then a monastery for three centuries. For the next seventy years or so it passed through many hands, and seems to have been rather devoted to purposes of entertainment and hospitality than to any other use. Queen Elizabeth stayed there many days; King James I. kept his court there; and so forth. But in the reign of this very King James, and in the year of Grace 1611, the property passed into the hands of Robert Sutton, a wealthy London merchant, who has made the place what it is, and left fair memory of himself to all time.

The founder of the Charter House had two objects in view when he devoted his wealth to the benefit of generations to come. Besides the school, upon the foundation are maintained eighty pensioners, who live together in collegiate style. Each pensioner has a large and comfortable room to his separate use. They dine together in a common hall, which is a very beautiful room, much like the halls of the smaller colleges at Cambridge, but with far braver sculpture and fretwork than I remember to have seen in any of them. They have all necessaries found them—except dress—and they are allowed 14*l.* a-year each in lieu of this, and with it purchase their own apparel. Then there is the school, and on the foundation are forty-four scholars, who are supported free of all expense, and there are various exhibitions at the University for their benefit. The bulk of the scholars are boarders and day-boys—that is, those who board at the houses of the masters, and those who only come for instruction in the day time, and return to their own homes at night. The number of scholars at the Charter House has sadly fallen off of late years. Thirty years back they were 500 or 600 in number, now they count, I think, less than 200. This again is a result of keeping the school in town. Parents will send their children to Harrow or Rugby, instead of to a school which is in the heart of London, for all its three acres of playing-green, its garden, and its trees.

Many changes had taken place in the old grounds within the last thirty years. The one which seemed to grieve my friend most, although he is especially a man of peaceful disposition, was the disappearance—I use the word advisedly—of the old fighting-ground. A church now stands where the old Carthusians used to pummel each other's heads. "Look there!" said Jones—we will call him Jones—"that was the place," and added with a withering sneer, "and now see what they have done with it; upon my life, it's too bad!" The school-house stands in the middle of the green. The principal room is of considerable size, and appeared to be well ventilated, which is the main point. There are huge maps round the walls—a good idea, for, in spite of his best efforts to the contrary, a boy must obtain some correct notions of geography when he sees a map before him every time he raises his eyes. The head-master takes his forms in hand in a smaller room which opens out of the large school-room. The most interesting object in this place

is the flogging-block, which is indeed no block at all, but a stout pair of steps, two steps high. The youthful Carthusian who is about to play his part in the good old game of tiekle-toby kneels on the lower one of these steps, and remains there whilst the reverend gentleman who is the other performer carries the operation through. There must have been some disagreeable moments spent in that little apartment. How the books and papers which were lying about in the large school-room carried me back in thought to other days! On a scrap of paper the following "exercise" was written in a fine sprawling school-boy hand:

A husbandman one day found a viper, stiff, and frozen with cold. The husbandman took the viper in his bosom, and carried it home. The husbandman put the viper before the fire, but as soon as it was warm and comfortable, the viper stung the husbandman.

Moral. Ingratitude is always to be expected from the ungrateful.

Then there were "selections" from Latin authors. One could almost believe the books to be the very ones through which one had been whipped oneself in a former state of existence. Against the walls there were, as well as the big maps, tablets with the names of the young Carthusians who had been the "Orators" and "Gold Medalists" of their day. I did not remark in these lists for the last thirty years the name of any one who had subsequently obtained serious distinction in life, although Carthusians in general hold their own very respectably amongst the marking men of the day, and though in the present century they reckon among their number the names of Grote, Havelock, Thirlwall, Monk, and Thackeray.

We strolled out into the green again, which is so large that one portion of it forms an excellent cricket-ground. It is surrounded by high walls, and is overlooked from the upper windows of the houses in the adjacent streets. J. mentioned to me a story of a young Carthusian's mother which was, I thought, touching enough. She had sent her little boy, then a mere child, to this huge school. It had cost her many a pang to part with him; but as she was a lady of good sense, as well as of gentle heart, she resolved to abstain from visiting him at his boarding-house. She knew it was right that he should be left to take his chance with the others, and she had sufficient strength of mind not to sacrifice his future welfare to the indulgence of her own affection. See him, however, she would, but in such a way that the child could not see her. She therefore hired a room in one of the houses which commanded a view of the Carthusian playing-ground; and here she would sit behind a blind day after day, happy and content so that she could get a glimpse of her child. Sometimes she would see him strolling about with his arm round the neck of one of his little companions, as the way of schoolboys is; sometimes he was playing and jumping about with childish glee; but still the mother kept her watch. You may see the place where she did it. Look yonder, that upper window, just beside the gold-beater's arm.

It is an odd coincidence that the tuck-shop is situated precisely under the flogging-room; so that, whilst one young Carthusian is suffering the tor-

ments of the birched over-head, the friend may be sucking sweet lollipops below. Underneath the long gallery of which I have already spoken there is an old cloister, which looks on the green on one side; on the other there used to be a series of arches, which, probably, in the old time led into the cells of the monks. It is a pity that these have all been bricked up, save one, for it does away with the old-world look of the place. This cloister must be a fine withdrawing-room for the young Carthusians on rainy days. Jones pointed out to me some trees on the other side of the Green, which he told me were known in those latitudes as the "coach tree." What on earth could trees have to do with coaches? The explanation was this. In the old coaching days great numbers of the mails and stage-coaches bound to the northward used to pass just outside the Charter-House walls. Now the boys did not see why they should be debarred from this delectable sight; and, accordingly, they used to climb up these trees to the upper branches, from which they could see the coaches. They had notched the trees, and driven in spikes at ticklish points of the ascent, so that they could climb up the more easily. Another tree (it might have been trees) was remarkable as the hoop-tree. It appeared that, according to the custom of the Charter House, the boys only played at hoops at particular seasons of the year. A Carthusian would as soon have played at hoops out of the season as a sportsman would shoot a partridge in July. When this season was at an end, the correct thing was to jerk the hoops up into this tree, so that it became perfectly festooned with them. Another peculiarity about Charter House hoop play was, that the boys always drove two, and even four, hoops, instead of one, urging them on in teams, side by side, with a long thin stick.

From the Green we strolled on through the pensioners' quarter. The old gentlemen whom we saw about seemed to be cheerful and content enough; and certainly they have but scant cause of complaint. We went first into the Hall, where the cloths were laid for their dinner; they dine in messes of eight. It is an exceedingly fine room in the collegiate style; but as I am not writing a guide-book, I will spare the reader all talk about screens, music-galleries, and so forth. Having seen where the pensioners dine, we thought the best thing we could do was to step round to the kitchen, and see what they were to have for dinner. Some very appetising joints of meat were being roasted before a huge fire for their benefit; and on a side table were placed helpings of gooseberry tart; very nice it all seemed. I should like very well to dine with the Charter House pensioners. Over the fire-place is an inscription,

DEO DANTE DEDI.

And what seemed to me whimsical enough, against the wall there hung the shell of a departed turtle, and on it was engraved in fair characters,

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT.

By no means let us waste the calipash and calipee! I quite agree with the author of the sentiment. We next went to the Chapel, where the pensioners,

and schoolboys, and all who live within the walls of the Charter House, attend service. A very fine old chapel it is, but I have not space to talk about it here.

If I were compelled to send a boy to any of the London schools, and unless there are drawbacks of which I know nothing, I would certainly select the Charter House, in preference to Westminster, St. Paul's, or Merchant Taylors', on account of the Green and playing-grounds. Still, it would be far better if the governors and trustees could

make up their minds to remove their penates altogether to the open country. The number of scholars, both at Westminster and Charter House, is sadly lower than it used to be; and the real reason of this falling off is, that parents very properly prefer to send their children to school in the country. Perhaps on another day I may say a few words about Westminster, the Bluecoat School, and Merchant Taylors'. For the present, as Dr. Sleath used to say, "There will be a play to-day, for the composition of——" GAMMA.

AT NIGHT.



"DYING? You do but jest!
You smile in the dark, I know!
Surely I should know best
How the quick pulses go.
Lay your hand on my cheek:
Feel, though you see not, the red.
Why, in another week,
I shall have left my bed!

"It was being so long alone—
So sick of the world's vain strife,
Uncared for, and unknown,
That sapp'd the springs of life!
You have given a world of love:
Nay, soften that anxious brow;
Is not *our* God above?
He *will* not summon me *now*.

"The summer is coming fast;
I can scent the rich perfume
Of the lilac by the door,
And the delicate apple-bloom.
Where shall our year be spent?
I long for the hills of Spain—
We will go to Rome, for Lent,
Then back to our home again.

"O, what is this sudden pang?
Is it growing darker, Will?
Heavily goes my heart,—
It is almost standing still!
Raise me—I cannot breathe—
Pray for me, love," she said.
"Father, into *Thy* hands!"
And my young wife was dead.

MRS. HADDOCK'S HAIR-PINS.

CHAPTER I.

THE night mail lumbering through the heavy snow one wild and gusty December night, some forty years ago, bore a shivering freight of blue-nosed passengers on their comfortless journey across the barren moors of Dearthshire, and among them Mrs. Gurdlestone's maid, Hester Burgess, in the rumble. A mail-coach ride from London to Dearthshire was no inconsiderable undertaking for an unprotected female in those days, mind you, still less for a timid young woman just going into service for the first time, thrown upon the world by the death of her mother, alone and friendless. And indeed Hester Burgess had a dreary and for-

lorn prospect before her when she set out to travel two hundred miles to seek a home with strangers.

In those days winters were really winters, and no mistake about them. The coldest, most biting of December winds kept company with the coach, insinuated itself down the travellers' necks, got under their cloaks, sought out the weakest points in their overalls and wrappers, and attacked them savagely, while a heavy snow fell upon their backs and soaked them through. Perhaps the greatest sufferer from these discomforts was the young woman Hester, who, although kindly wrapped up in the guard's extra coat, shivered with cold, and was very miserable; and so it was that at a halting-place some thirty miles off her destination the coachman descended from his box and opening the coach-door begged permission of a neatly tucked-up bundle of wrappers therein reclining to admit the poor frozen maid. A responsive grunt being taken for acquiescence, Hester was admitted accordingly, and fell asleep in the corner.

She awoke with a start just before day-break, to find that the bundle of wrappers had taken the form of a man, whose face—a very ugly one—was close to hers, with a pair of cold grey eyes fixed searchingly upon her.

"Oh, sir!" Hester cried.

"What makes you call out in your sleep?" the other traveller asked, sharply. "What makes you cry out '*Murder!*' in your sleep?"

"I didn't know I did, sir."

"You did, and woke me. Don't do so again."

The ugly face retreating, the grey eyes closing, the wrappers re-adjusted, all became quiet, as before; but Hester trembling, she scarce knew why, kept a watch upon her companion, and, hardly breathing or moving a limb, sat bolt upright throughout the rest of the night.

CHAPTER II.

"HERE'S the Pollards!" said the guard, opening the door about an hour after day-break. "And here's the carriage, sir!"

Much to Hester's surprise, her travelling companion took his place in the brougham waiting at the corner of the road. The driver bade her sit beside him on the box, and as they drove along informed her that the gentleman inside was Mr. Silas Gurdlestone—Mr. Ralph, the Master's, brother; that Mr. Ralph, who lay dangerously ill, had sent for him, wishing to make an end to a sort of coolness which had existed between them ever since he, Mr. Ralph was married to his good lady, on whom, *they did say*, Mr. Silas was himself, before her marriage, a little sweet. Rogers (he was the driver) recollected when the master was about to be married how there had been a power of surmise and conjecture as to how Mr. Silas would like it; how, on the bridal morning, directly after leaving the church, he had disappeared, and how they next heard from him in some foreign country, where he said he intended to pass the remainder of his life. "Very strange man, Mr. Silas," Rogers said, wagging his noddle solemnly, "very, very strange."

The dulllest place upon earth must surely have been the Pollards. It was a bare, ugly, red-brick

building, having, on one side, a weedy and neglected garden, on the other, a large stagnant dyke, upon the banks of which, and inclining over the water, grew in fantastic shapes some dwarfish pollards, from which the house derived its name. This dwelling had long been the property of Mrs. Gurdlestone's family; but, since her father's death, had until lately remained untenanted. It was with the intention of renovating it and making it his country residence that Mr. Ralph had now come down with his wife and her sister, but he falling ill immediately upon his arrival the repairs and improvements had been for a while suspended. You may be sure the town-servants were dull enough here: indeed Jeames, yawning, was a sight to see and be frightened at, in such imminent peril of falling off did the top part of that gentleman's head appear to be on these occasions. As for Hester, her recent grief, the breaking up of a happy home, her present friendless condition—all preyed upon her mind and, with the general melancholy of the place, combined to render her life a very sad and weary one. But there was soon other cause for anxiety.

Somehow Mr. Ralph grew worse and worse, in spite of doctors and physic. Night and day his wife watched by his bedside; Mr. Silas, too, was unremitting in his care for and attention to the invalid, often mixing and administering his medicines to him. One night there was a slight change for the better, and Mr. Silas had persuaded Mrs. Gurdlestone to go and seek a few hours' repose whilst he took her place in the sick room. She, poor thing, fagged and jaded by long watching, with a little persuasion, consented, and then all the household retired to their respective chambers, except the watcher. Thus, for a while, the time passed silently, and then there broke upon the stillness of the sleeping house a loud continuous knocking at Mrs. Gurdlestone's door. She came out, pale and anxious, in answer to the summons, and found Mr. Silas, trembling and violently excited, who cried out in a broken voice:

"He's gone!—dead—of a sudden! I thought I heard his breath stop, and drew the curtain."

The distracted woman hurried into the room. It was too true: he was indeed dead—his hands twisted in the bed-clothes, his eyes wide open, a strange look of dread and horror in his face, and *quite cold!*

Then the sleepers, awakened by the young widow's piercing screams, came crowding, half dressed, to the spot, their white faces looking horrible in the flaring candle-light. The nearest doctor was summoned, and all sorts of remedies suggested—but in vain. Hester, while attending her fainting mistress, stooped to pick up something lying by the dead man's bed.

"What is it?" Mr. Silas said, quietly, taking the object from her fingers.

It was but a straightened hair-pin. He pinched her slightly in pulling it away, and must have scratched himself with it, for there was a mark of blood upon her hand.

CHAPTER III.

A GREATER gloom than ever fell upon the house after the master's death. The servants one by

one gave warning, and left. The cook promised to find Hester a place in town, and write for her; while Jeames, who had always been particular in his attentions, offered to take her to London as his wife. He has since then gone into the public line, is the proprietor of the Leviathan Music Hall in Radcliffe Highway, drives his own carriage; and keeps, besides his magnificent better-half and her establishment, a pretty little cottage, &c., at Brompton "on the quiet." The cook perhaps forgot her promise, or perhaps places were scarce, for she did not write; and so Hester, at last, was the only one of the London servants remaining.

It was dull, indeed! The stagnant pool and neglected garden were at any time but dreary objects for contemplation. The awkward, ill-educated country servants afforded but indifferent companionship for Hester, who had been brought up with no idea of going into service, or mixing with such society, and so grew to be very sad and silent and down-hearted.

Mrs. Gurdlestone's sister (Miss Ethel) had permanently taken up her abode at the Pollards, and Mr. Silas still lingered to clear up certain matters of business referring to the late Mr. Ralph, although he had on several occasions fixed a day for his departure. As well as Hester could learn from scraps of conversation up-stairs, Miss Ethel disliked him very much, and wished her sister to give him a broad hint that his company was not needed. Whatever may have been Mrs. Gurdlestone's wishes upon the subject, she was too considerate of the feelings of others, or too much wrapped up in her great grief, to be otherwise than passive, and things went on the same as usual.

One night, about a month after the master's death, Hester Burgess sat alone by the fast-dying fire in the servants' hall. It was her duty to wait until her mistress summoned her to attend her toilet on retiring to rest; and this night she was so much later than usual, that all the other servants had been in bed full half an hour. The great clock upon the stairs ticked loudly, and the wind moaned and rustled among the evergreens outside the window like the stealthy whispering of thieves: all else was still as the grave. And as Hester was sitting anxiously waiting, an overpowering sense of loneliness came over her; and with a shiver she rose and went softly up-stairs to her mistress's room. Mrs. Gurdlestone and Miss Ethel were in the former's bed-room, which was divided from the staircase by a long, dark antechamber. The door leading into Mrs. Gurdlestone's room, and that upon the stairs, were both ajar, and Hester entering noiselessly at one would have knocked at the other, had she not perceived a dark figure, with its back towards her, standing between her and the light. She stopped involuntarily, held her breath, and listened.

Miss Ethel spoke: "But, Mary, how can you be so weak—so childish?"

"What would you have me do?" the other lady said complainingly. "I'm sure I do not keep him here. I wish he'd go, if he offends you. But then he has been so kind and so attentive; and he is my dear husband's brother."

"I tell you, Mary, I hate him! And mark my words, if he is not some day more nearly related to you than he is now."

"Ethel!"

"He will, Mary, though I pray God I may not live to see it."

There was a rustling sound, as though one of the ladies had risen. A figure passed Hester quickly in the dark; and before she had time to speak or move, the bed-room door opened wide, and Miss Ethel came out with a light.

"What are you doing here?" she inquired, sharply.

"I came to see if I was wanted," the servant stammered: and with a searching look Miss Ethel swept out of the room.

Mrs. Gurdlestone had always been in delicate health, and, since her husband's death, had almost entirely kept her own room, where Miss Ethel was in constant attendance upon her. Mr. Silas, however, frequently came in to consult her upon business matters or to chat away an hour. Now it was Miss Ethel's turn to be ill; she was so unwell the day after that on which Hester had heard the reported conversation that she was obliged to keep her bed, and the doctor who attended Mrs. Gurdlestone was called in to see her. Mr. Silas said that it was disease of the heart.

She had been ill about three days, when the doctor calling in one evening, it came on to rain heavily, and he staid to dinner. Throughout the meal the rain poured down in torrents, and continued so long that Mr. Adams (that was the doctor's name) consented, after much persuasion, to accept the shelter of the Pollards' for the night, for he lived some miles off, and must cross a wild and open country before he reached his home. It was most fortunate that he did remain. During the evening Miss Ethel was much worse, and twice he went up-stairs to visit her. It was determined that the gentlemen should sit up all night, and that Hester should watch with the invalid and summon them if required.

Hester took her place in an arm-chair by the fire with a book, having a watch before her, so that she could tell the time at which the medicines should be administered. When the cook brought up her supper on a tray she told Hester that the gentlemen were smoking and drinking in the dining-room.

"I don't think the doctor fancies there's much danger," cook said, "for he's so merry like, and has been singing a song."

"I hope," whispered Hester, "he will not drink too much."

"Lor bless you, child! Here, take your supper; and here's a glass of wine Mr. Silas has sent you to give you strength. Do you mind sitting up alone?"

"Not much. Good night."

"Good night."

When Hester had finished her supper she mixed another dose for the sick lady, and resumed her book.

She must have been asleep for hours. The candle had burnt low in the socket; a streak of daylight was stealing in between the heavy win-

dow-curtains, and the fire was out. She woke up with a start, cold and frightened. The room was very still, very still. She listened for the sleeper's breathing, and heard only *her own* heart throbbing and a faint buzzing in her ears. To start forward, to draw the window-curtain, and to turn towards the bed, was the work of a moment; it required no second look,—the white face and wide-open eyes could only be those of the dead.

CHAPTER IV.

The girl's screams awoke the doctor and Mr. Silas, who came hurrying up-stairs and rushed into the room. Long afterwards Hester recollected how unsteadily Mr. Adams stood by the bed, how his hands shook, and how unintelligibly he spoke,—how calm and collected Mr. Silas was throughout the scene. Long afterwards she recollected too, among all the dreadful details belonging to the death and funeral, that she picked up in the ashes of the grate a straightened hair-pin, which had been thrown into the fire, but not consumed. The circumstance was, in itself, so trivial that, had it not in some odd fashion connected this death with the former one, she would not have given it a second thought. As it was, her thoughts dwelt upon it, she scarcely knew why.

For many weeks after the funeral the whole house was partially shut up and darkened; the servants were again changed, excepting Hester, who would have gone also, had not her mistress implored her to remain. The sick lady seemed to droop more and more. She never left her room; she never read nor worked; she hardly ever spoke, except sometimes with Mr. Silas about legal business, of which there appeared to Hester's mean comprehension to be a great quantity. Hester at best must have been poor company, for she was herself in bad health, out of spirits, nervous, and irritable. She, however, did her utmost to comfort her mistress, for whom she had, from the first, entertained a great regard; and, indeed, ever-suffering, gentle, uncomplaining, who could help but love her?

The sick lady wasted away slowly. The spring ripened into summer, and still she grew no better; the summer began to wane, the days to shorten; the dead leaves fell and drifted with a ghostly music, as the sick lady and her attendant sat silently in the twilight on those calm autumn evenings *towards the end*.

Winter was coming round again, and she grew worse. About November she took to her bed. Hester was in constant attendance upon her; indeed, the patient fretted at her absence. For hours she would sit, holding the faithful girl's hand in hers, and sometimes she would form plans of what they would do next year when she was better. It was determined that, as soon as she was well enough to go out, she should go to London, and change of air would no doubt lead to her perfect recovery.

Still she sank, slowly but surely. Then Hester began to fancy that there was a change in the expression of her face: a sort of dread and fear seemed settling upon it. One evening, when Hester was leaving the room to go to bed (she

slept in an adjoining apartment), her mistress called her back.

"Hester," she said, "you have been a very good girl, very kind and patient with me, and you shall not be forgotten when I die."

"Dear mistress, do not speak so."

"Yes, Hester, I am sure I shall go before long. But you will not leave me till my time is over? With you I feel safe."

"Feel safe, ma'am?"

"Hush, Hester!" the sick lady said, half raising herself in the bed, and drawing the girl closer to her. "I am afraid of—*him!*"

Hester felt instinctively whom she meant. The mistress read her own terror in the servant's face; and as they sat silently clasped in each other's arms, all of a sudden they both became conscious of another's presence in the room. A dusky form flitted across the light, a lean hand stole in snake-like between the drawn curtains at the bottom of the bed, then a human head, hollow-cheeked and evil-looking, peeped in upon the affrighted women, with a wolfish glare half hidden in its wicked eyes.

"How is the patient?" asked Mr. Silas, with a smile.

CHAPTER V.

The same eyes watched her as crossing the threshold of her own room Hester looked back at Silas's retreating figure on the stairs. Throughout the night, restlessly tossing in an uneasy wakefulness or troubled slumber, the same head and hand were ever present to her excited fancy. How could she lie there? A hundred times she fancied that there was some one handling the lock of the door. Then she was sure that she heard a noise in her mistress's room. Should she go to her? No. All was again quiet, and again she closed her eyes. So she continued until towards daylight, when fatigue and anxiety overcame her, and she slept. But not for long. Her mistress's voice awoke her, not calling loudly, but clear, distinct, and *close to her*—

"Hester!"

She awoke at the sound and sat up to listen. All was still: it must have been a dream. Again she lay down, and again a whisper filled the room—

"Hester!"

She tore the curtain of the bed on one side. No, there was no one but herself present. Without another thought, she rushed into her mistress's room and threw herself upon the bed, clutched the cold face in her hands, clasped the cold form to her breast, sobbing and moaning distractedly over the dear, dear friend whom she had lost. There was the old frightened look upon the dead lady's face, the same look which the sister's face had worn, the same which Hester remembered on the face of Mr. Ralph, and there was upon the bosom of the corpse a small round mark like the prick of a pin, just over the heart.

The house was soon alarmed, and the servants came crowding in as they had done before on a similar occasion; but Hester—terrified, stupefied, and giddy with the horrible thoughts which possessed her—got away from them all, and to avoid any further questions, sought refuge in the garden.

She walked straight to the most lonely part at the back of the house, and sat down in a little ruined arbour to think what she should do. She had not been there long, when she saw, lying right before her on the path, *another straightened hair-pin!*

She stooped to raise it, trembling as she did so. As she rose, holding it in her fingers, a dark form passed between her and the sun, casting a cold shadow upon her, and looking up, she read in Silas's white face the certainty that he knew her thought. Then, with a shriek—

* * * * *

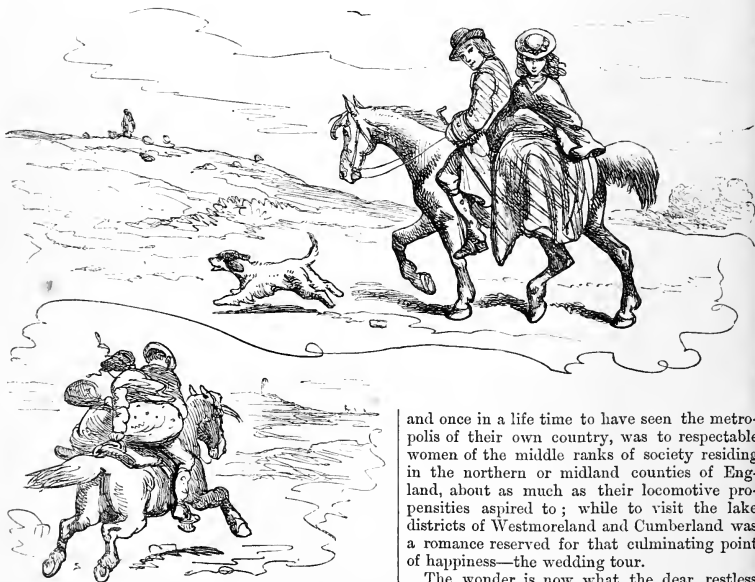
Days, and weeks, and months passed by, and Hester's wits still wandered. Her good Aunt Sophy brought her up to town, and change of scene at length restored her to her former health.

After having married, and survived her husband, Mrs. Haddock became the laundress in this

gloomy old house, where now she sits telling us the story.

And Mr. Silas. What of him? He is the owner of the Pollards now, and of a large house in town, and has many servants. Mrs. Haddock could tell you strange stories of wild orgies, gambling, drunkenness, and debauchery in which, they say, he spent some twenty years. But that is over; and for these ten years past, he has lain bed-ridden. Without friend or relation, with no one to care for him or attend to him, save his hired nurses—dragging on a wretched existence from day to day, with nothing to live for, yet afraid to die; paralysed, helpless, unutterably lonely and miserable, old Silas Gurdlestone awaits the dread summons calling him to the tribunal before which he must render an account of his deeds. God be merciful to him! CHARLES H. ROSS.

THE PILLION.



AMONGST the various changes which have passed upon our social habits within the last halfcentury, there are none which astonish us more, on looking back, than those which belong to our modes of travelling. That men must occasionally travel in the way of their business, must pass from market to market, or from town to town, and sometimes even from one country to another, has long been recognised as a necessity of their modes of existence; but with women the case was formerly very different,

and once in a life time to have seen the metropolis of their own country, was to respectable women of the middle ranks of society residing in the northern or midland counties of England, about as much as their locomotive propensities aspired to; while to visit the lake districts of Westmoreland and Cumberland was a romance reserved for that culminating point of happiness—the wedding tour.

The wonder is now what the dear, restless souls actually *did* with themselves when home became a little dull, and they wanted to be off somewhere, and the kind physician of the family thought a little change would do them good, and they thought so too.

Pondering upon this question the other day, and stretching my thoughts backward into the past, scarcely even so far as to half a century, I was forcibly and somewhat amusingly reminded of that now forgotten, though once important, accessory to locomotion—the pillion. I thought

also, that while there is so much worth recording in the "folk lore" of the people amongst whom our forefathers dwelt, it might not be uninteresting to know how our grandmothers were safely and comfortably conveyed from place to place; yes—and how they were sometimes wooed and won.

To the north of England, and the remote dales of Yorkshire, and, indeed, wherever the population has longest retained its agricultural character, we must go to find the habits of the people genuine, and true to old customs, and institutions: and here it is not necessary to look so far back as half a century for some of the scenes which I am about to describe, as connected with that truly dignified apparatus for travelling called the pillion.

As it is often a cause of astonishment, in reading of the exploits of knights and warriors of old, how their horses could, not only carry them and all their armour and accoutrements, but could also prance, and rear, and curvette, as they are represented in painting and sculpture to be doing; so it might become a matter of curiosity to know what kind of horses our grandfathers and grandmothers rode, seeing that the animal had so often to do double duty by carrying two instead of only one. Hence the terms riding *double*, and riding *single*, were in constant use; though from the greater rarity of the latter in the experience of most women, it was especially distinguished by the word *single*, the mere act of riding being more generally supposed to be on a pillion.

But what is a pillion? some fair dweller in our modern cities may be disposed to ask, if indeed she can spend even a passing thought upon a thing so obsolete, and forgotten. The thing in itself, however, does not deserve to be forgotten, as I will endeavour to show. In the first place it was very comfortable (to those who liked it), and enabled many a timid matron, and gentle maid, who would have been afraid to ride alone, to pass, under cover of her cloak and hood, many a long mile through the country, without ever being ruffled by wind or weather, and all the while in the safe and close protection of a man—perhaps the man she liked best in the world; and was that nothing?

In the joint partnership of this mode of travelling, a man to ride first was almost indispensable; and this, no doubt, to many female minds imparted a zest, as well as a sense of security. Such things have been known as two women riding double; but this can only be regarded as a spurious, and very inferior mode of conducting the concern.

The pillion itself was a thick, firm, well-stuffed, wide and level cushion, extending quite across the broadest part of the horse, with two deep flaps, one on either side. It was covered on the outside with the finest cloth, generally drab, and cut and stitched as carefully as the best made saddle. Seated on this firm, substantial seat, the lady had at her feet a comfortable footstool, consisting of a long, narrow stirrup, so swung on one side as to afford support even if she should choose to raise or adjust her person on the seat; while at her side, over the tail of the horse, was a leather handle, also exceedingly firm, which not only helped to keep her from slipping off, but even supported her like the arm of a chair. Beyond this,

if the lady chose, she might insist upon a leather girdle being worn by the man before her, so as to afford safe hold for her other hand; or, dispensing with the girdle, she might, in extreme danger, draw her own arm around the person of the man; but this resource our grandmothers, no doubt, reserved for cases very extreme indeed.

No arm-chair ever invented could be more comfortable, or feel more safe, than the actual seat of the pillion. But as all comforts are in a measure dependent on their accessories, and liable to be damaged by relative circumstances, so the comfort of the woman on the pillion was affected to an extent altogether beyond her control by the pace, and even by the form of the animal on which she rode. Rosa Bonheur's horses in the fair would have been admirable for this purpose, scarcely requiring a pillion at all. High-bred, narrow-shaped horses had to be altogether eschewed. They must have broad, comfortable backs, and the flatter the better, towards the tail. They must not go with a long launching pace, or the poor woman would roll like a boat in a rough sea. A quiet, regular, jig-jog, never lifting the feet high from the ground, was the pace required—just the next degree in swiftness to a walk—a pace into which horses naturally fall, and which, when their spirits are not too high, they seem to prefer to any other. Provided then the horse was strong enough for the weight of two persons, and provided its natural constitution comprehended a little touch of blood, as well as a vast amount of bone, which many Yorkshire horses did, it would travel in this jig-jog way for an immense distance without apparently suffering from fatigue. Pushed beyond this pace—spurred into a brisk trot, or worse, into a gallop—both horse and riders presented a spectacle more grotesque than it is easy to imagine, the poor woman having no power whatever to accommodate herself to such extraordinary circumstances.

Indeed, nothing could exceed the entire helplessness and utter dependence of this situation to a woman. Hence it agreed better with our grandmothers, than it would with us. All which the poor woman could do with the horse, let it behave as it might, would be to pull its tail—a mode of proceeding seldom found either soothing or salutary; and as to the man, her human companion, she could not even look him in the face. Let her disposition to coquetry be ever so strong, she might ogle, or smile, she might frown, or do anything she liked with her expressive features, he could not see them; and if he had not perceived that she was beautiful before he mounted into the saddle, he could never find it out there. Still, it is not to be doubted, but there might be sighs, or other sounds of peculiar meaning made intelligible even under these difficult circumstances; only that the bump, bump of the woman's form on the pillion, must have rather impeded the musical utterance of any long continued speech. Altogether, we are left to suppose that sound sense, rather than tender sentiment, characterised the intercourse of our ancestors when riding together two on one horse.

In proof of the entire absence of all independ-

ence of action on the part of the woman when riding in this style, many amusing facts might be told; such, for instance, as the sudden giving way of the straps, one on each side, by which alone the pillion was secured to the saddle, and so kept in its place. I recollect an instance of this occurring to a lady who was riding behind her brother up Lincoln Hill, and who suddenly found herself seated on the road, the pillion and its occupant having slipped over the tail of the horse, and reached the ground without much disturbance. Many stories used also to be told of men evidently not much interested in their partners, who arrived at the end of their journey minus the lady, yet all unconscious of having dropped her by the way.



There is at present sitting in parliament—or there was a little while ago—a very wealthy and influential gentleman of whom it was said that he obtained his first gold watch in the following manner. His mother, a widow, kept the purse, and she held the strings so tightly, that her son, even on attending to years bordering upon manhood, after repeated efforts, was unable to prevail upon her to grant him the boon of a gold watch. So, one day, he took his mother out for a ride. They kept no carriage then, and indeed a carriage would have been of little use in places where the roads were often barely passable for horses. In the neighbourhood where they lived there was a long lane, remarkable for its depth of stiff, wet clay, abounding in holes and pools of mud. The son made choice of this lane for his ride with his mother behind him on her pillion; and having picked his way with many plunges, half the length of the lane, so that the difficulty of returning would be as great as that of going forward, he came to a dead halt, and deliberately stated his case to his mother, declaring that if she did not promise him the gold watch, he would then and there set her down in the lane, leaving her to get out of it as she could. The

poor lady having no power to help herself, made the promise, which, there can be no doubt, would be faithfully kept; but whether she ever ventured upon a pillion behind her son again, the story does not say.

(To be continued.)

THE THAMES.

O, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without overflowing, full.
DENHAM'S *Copier's Hill*.

I LOVE the River Thames, notwithstanding all its metropolitan impurities; but it is most to be admired when it assumes the character of a rural river, reflecting many beautiful objects on its banks, and sparkling as it gently flows between verdant meadows. Here we may see in summer cattle cooling themselves in the shallows—always a pleasing sight. Sometimes, for want of a bridge, cows may be seen leaving a farmyard, morning and evening, and swimming across the river to their pastures on the opposite side, which they are taught to do from their *calf-hood*, and returning regularly to be milked. Then, among the rural sights, are to be seen numerous swallows flying or skimming over the surface of the stream. Here and there a beauteous kingfisher darts into it and emerges with a small fish in its beak, settling on some decayed branch of a tree to feed on it. A heron is now and then disturbed from its solitary watchings for a stray eel or frog, and takes its silent flight to some other locality. The soft and pleasing song of the willow-wren is heard in the small aits or islands as we pass along the river, while the lark carols sweetly in the upper regions of the sky. But the great interest to be derived from passing along the river is to be found in the many historical associations connected with its banks.

We have Runnymede at the foot of St. George's Hill—

Where England's antient Barons, clad in arms,
And stern with conquest, from their tyrant king,
Then render'd tame, did challenge and secure
The Charter of her freedom.

In the village of Chertsey the celebrated Abraham Cowley, one of my favourite poets, passed his latter life. The former part of it he had spent in supporting the Royal cause during the Civil Wars as far as he was able. When the country became settled he retired, at the age of forty, to his village, from whence nothing could again draw him into the bustle of the world. He had always Virgil's Georgics in his hands, which enlivened his favourite pursuits of husbandry and poetry.

Ingenious Cowley! courtly, though retired:
Though stretch'd at ease in Chertsey's silent bowers,
Not unemploy'd, but finding rich amends
For a lost world in solitude and verse.

Near Chertsey, or rather lower down the river, we have the Cowey Stakes, the place where Julius Cæsar is supposed to have crossed the Thames in his march out of Kent. This part of the river takes its name from the stakes which the natives drove into it in order to stop the progress of the

Romans. Some of these stakes still remain. Further on we come to Walton Bridge—part of which recently fell in. Before this took place it had a most singular appearance, and was one of the most beautiful and curious structures of the kind, perhaps, in Europe. It consisted of one vast arch, larger than the Rialto at Venice, and of two smaller ones. It was constructed of timber, and

in so artificial a manner that any decayed piece could easily be taken out without endangering the rest. At each end are several small stone arches to carry off the overflowing of the river. The whole is a very fine object of its kind, and, in some points of view, both the bridge and the river form picturesque and beautiful scenes. Here may generally be seen numerous swans, some with



their long necks feeding on weeds at the bottom of the river, and others resting listlessly with one of their feet turned on their backs.

The woods of Oatlands Park are seen to advantage from the bridge. At that place the good and amiable Duchess of York resided for many years.

At Hampton we come to the villa built by David Garrick; and here the river is adorned by a classic temple he erected on its banks dedicated to the genius of Shakspeare. In this villa Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and other members of the Literary Club often assembled.

We will not pause to mention the many historical facts connected with Hampton Court; but proceeding down the river, on the banks of which

are many villages, and villa after villa unfold themselves to the eye. One of these was Pope's, with its little lawn, but, alas! no longer with its two weeping willows hanging over the river. It is a pleasing object, and, from the recollections it cannot fail to excite, will always be considered an interesting one. Some little anecdotes of the poet may still be collected at Twickenham, and I have heard from three different persons, one of whom was the late Mr. Rogers, that they had spoken to the old waterman, who for many years rowed Pope on the Thames. He was in the habit of having his sedan-chair lifted into the punt. If the weather was fine, he let down the glasses; if cold, he pulled them up. He would sometimes

say to the waterman (this is his own account), "John, I am going to repeat some verses to you; take care and remember them the next time I go out." When that time came, Pope would say: "John, where are the verses I told you of?"—"I have forgotten them, sir."—"John, you are a blockhead—I must write them down for you." John said that no one thought of saying, when speaking of him, Mr. Pope, but he was always called Mr. Alexander. In one of his satires, he, with considerable bitterness, attacks a Mr. Secretary Johnson, a neighbour of his, residing at a villa on the banks of the Thames, now called Orleans House, and refers with considerable spite to his "Dog and Bitch." No commentator on Pope's works has ever been able to discover what was meant by a reference to these animals. I have, however, been the means of making the discovery. On each side of the lawn of Orleans House there are walls covered with ivy. In the centre of each wall the ivy appeared much raised above the rest. A friend, residing near, at my request examined these portions of the walls, and, concealed in the raised ivy, he discovered on one wall a dog carved in stone, and on the other a stone bitch.* Now it is certain that when John punted the poet up and down the river, he could readily see these animals, and thence his satire.

On leaving Twickenham Reach, the closing scene is formed into a good river view. A point of land shoots out into the river, and on the left is adorned with lofty trees. On the right Lord Dysart's park extends far into the landscape, and beyond it Richmond Hill rises into the distance. But amongst the numerous villas in this neighbourhood, Lady Suffolk's, now General Peel's, makes the best appearance from the river. It stands in a woody recess, with a fine lawn descending to the water. It has many historical associations.

We now come to Richmond, and here we quit our notice of the Thames, for it is full of impurities; like the Lake of Avernus, even swallows avoid it, and are never seen skimming over its polluted surface.

EDWARD JESSE.

JAPANESE FRAGMENTS.

BY CAPTAIN SHERARD OSBORN, R.N.

CHAPTER II.

THE English sailor, the English wanderer, in those remote regions where the blue Pacific rolls its vast proportions through frigid and burning climes, may be pardoned for naturally seeking amidst its isles and continents for some resem-

* Pope alludes to these figures in his "Imitations of Spenser:"

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building town,
Woolwich and Wapping, smelling strong of pitch;
Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown,
And Twickenham such, which fairer scenes enrich;
Grots, statues, urns, and Jo—'s dog and bitch,
Ne village is without on either side
All up the silver Thames, or all adown,
Ne Richmond's self from whose tall front are eyed

Vales, spires, meandering streams, and Wudso's towery pride.

The Jo—n mentioned in the fifth line was Mr. Secretary Johnson, an official of some public note in the reign of Queen Anne.

blance to the pleasant shores of Britain. He hails a country where the oak and pine-tree flourish, where the land is green with herbage, where the field throws forth its flowers, and the wheat will ripen, not scorch, under the glare of a noon-tide sun. Revelling in the recollection of his home, he loves the new land more, because it resembles the one from which he is an exile. It is this feeling which, in the olden days, when there were new countries for bold seamen to discover, led to the frequent naming of places after the land of the navigator's birth. The Spaniard ever saw a New Spain, a New Grenada, in the regions of the Far West; and Dutchmen and Englishmen afterwards dotted the Great South Sea and the Indian Ocean with New Hollands, New Zealand, New Albions, and Caledonias. It is, perhaps, with somewhat of the same spirit that we would trace a strong similitude in more respects than one between the Islands of the British and Japanese empires,—a likeness to be traced in their geographical contour, in their relative position to adjacent continents and seas, in their climates, products, and, to a considerable extent, in the love of independence, combined with order and industry, which actuates their inhabitants. If the reader places a globe before him, he will observe, if he considers the great mass of land constituting Europe and Asia as an entire continent, that Britain on the one hand and Japan upon the other are detached portions of that great mass, remarkably alike in general outline, and although differing somewhat in latitude, approximate much in climatic condition. The isothermal lines upon meteorological maps attest that fact; and, even as our temperature is modified with respect to Europe by the action of a gulf-stream from the warm regions of the Atlantic Ocean, so in like manner is that of Japan regulated and rendered temperate as compared with the trying extremes of heat and cold in Northern China by the beneficent action of a gulf-stream from the tropical portion of the Pacific Ocean. The resemblance may still be traced in the products of Japan and the disposition of her inhabitants. We find her mineral wealth almost in excess of our own. Copper, coal, and iron, she has in almost unlimited quantity; and she yields what we could never boast of, much gold and some silver. The vegetable productions are far more varied than those of the British Isles; and they have within the last few centuries acclimated the tea-plant and silk-worm. The waters which wash the coast are rich in wealth; indeed, the principal food of the inhabitants, with the exception of rice, are the fish which abound in its numerous bays and fiords.

Bold writers have computed the empire of Japan to compose about one hundred and sixty thousand square miles of superficial area. Recollecting how indented its shores are with arms of the sea, how its surface is broken up with lofty mountain ranges, and how little we as yet know of either, such an assertion must be considered a mere approximation; but we believe there are far better grounds for stating that the population now verges upon nearly forty million souls. The size of the empire may be in general terms likened to that of

the British Isles, if another Ireland were added to them; and to form an idea of how densely the population is packed upon that area, we must suppose the people of the French Empire to be inhabiting such a kingdom. The three islands of Nipon, Kiu-siu, and Sikok constitute the real empire over which the Taikoon rules. He claims and exercises a feeble sovereignty over Yesso likewise; but there is every reason to believe that the better portion of the latter is still in the hands of unsubjugated aborigines. Nipon, the seat of government, and bearing the same relation to the empire that England and Scotland do to the rest of the United Kingdom, is in every respect the most important portion of Japan. In shape it has been compared to a man's jaw-bone; but we think a huge centipede, curving through 600 miles of latitude and varying from 50 to 200 miles of longitude in width, will bring it better before the reader's imagination. On either side we see its numerous legs represented by capes, promontories, or tongues of land projecting into the sea, and forming an endless succession of noble bays and promising harbours. These projections appear to jut out from the central back-bone of mountains which extend throughout its whole length, and that entire ridge is studded with extinct or dormant volcanoes, peerless amongst which rises sharp into the blue vault of heaven the great mountain of Fusi-hama, which is said to be visible in clear weather throughout the major portion of the island. Besides Nipon there are the islands of Kiu-siu and Sikok, which resembles it much in geographical outline, although from being a little more south their climate and products partake of a more tropical character than those of Nipon.

All these islands are washed on their eastern shores by a great stream of warm water, which, like the gulf-stream of the Atlantic, flows ever to the north-east from equatorial regions. This stream modifies the climate of the Japanese Empire to a very great extent; preserves it from the desolating extremes to which China in a similar latitude is so sadly subject; but at the same time causes its shores to be swept by tempests in no wise inferior to those which renders the seaman's career in our seas a life of danger and of hardship. The difference of temperature between the air and water, occasions during spring and autumn, dense fogs, increasing the perils of navigation as well as in adding still more to the resemblance between the climates of Nipon and Britain. The entire empire is said to be divided into sixty-eight great provinces, all but five of which are ruled over by great feudal princes, who even in our day exercise despotic sway within their borders. They yield allegiance, it is true, to the Taikoon or Emperor dwelling in Yedo, as well as to the Mikado or Pope dwelling in Miacoo; but they have a strong voice in the councils of either, and do not always consider it necessary to comply with new rules or laws emanating from either the great temporal or spiritual rulers. This independence and power of the great princes serves as a great check upon the despotic powers of the Emperor, though at one time, before the great Taikosama crushed them, their opposition used to be carried to a dangerous and inconvenient extent.

An instance, however, of how limited the imperial power is in some senses, is to be found in the fact, that in recently granting permission to Europeans to trade with the empire, the Taikoon and council could only declare such ports open to us as lay within the imperial domains. And although it appears doubtful whether any of the princes could declare one of their own ports open to foreign commerce without imperial sanction, still we were told that the Taikoon might be resisted by the local authorities if he assumed in the initiative upon such a point. The five imperial, or reserved provinces, are supposed to support the expenses of the Taikoon and Mikado's Courts; but the various princes all contribute in rich presents, which are duly acknowledged with certain complimentary or honorary distinctions.

In strange contradistinction to China, whence many of their laws and ordinances must have been derived, all rank and office in Japan is hereditary, and the old feudal system of Western Europe exists to-day in a well governed and powerful empire on exactly the opposite side of the globe. In Japan we have rough, strong-handed justice without what we should term liberty; but still the people of that country are a vast deal better governed, better protected, the laws better enforced, the public and private reputation of its officers and servants stand far higher, and a much better condition of social and moral polity exists, under the rule of the Taikoon and his princes, than can anywhere be found amongst the court, mandarins, or masses of China. The results of the two systems pursued in China and Japan have brought the former to decay, both politically and morally speaking, and given to the latter stability, prosperity, and a strong government. In both countries the systems have been worked out for centuries; the results are curious, and should be instructive.

In the absence of a representative system to assist the ruler in governing the state, the Taikoon in Yedo can only act through his council, elected from the great feudal princes of the empire and a proportion of a second class of the nobility who hold their letters by rendition of military service to either the Emperor or to the princes. This second class it is which fills all the offices of governors, generals, admirals and judges throughout the empire; and they thus bring into the Imperial Council a vast amount of practical knowledge as to the general condition and wants of the various portions of the empire. The acts of Taikoon and council can only become lawful when confirmed by the spiritual authority emanating from the Dairi, or Council of the Mikado, whilst over all hang the ancient laws and customs as a safeguard for the state and the community at large. The great secret of Japanese government—and, after all, it is that of all good government—is to possess perfect information; and to ensure this they have instituted a system the most extraordinary the world has ever seen, a system of reporting based upon mutual responsibility. Every man is responsible for some one else's good conduct and obedience to the law. Every man, therefore, makes a note of his neighbour's acts, and his neighbour takes notes for a similar reason.

We are all very much shocked at such a system, but the people directly interested do not appear to consider it irksome or inconvenient. Indeed, open espionage, or a system of recording publicly every infringement of the rules of the states, must naturally bring about its own remedy, by people taking very good care not to break those laws and customs. On the other hand, the transmission of a series of reports to the head information office at Yedo, such reports being counter-checked in all directions, must, in the absence of a public press, parliament, or popular meetings, ensure that the abuse of power by an official, or the wrongs of private individuals, be brought to the notice of the Emperor and Council.* This system of report and counter-report, together with the careful inculcation of a high tone of honour amongst a proud nobility is the real safeguard of the Japanese people, and the secret of the Taikoon's power. It is the want of the last of these two elements, perfect and truthful information, and probity in officials, which is the curse of the government of China.

The Japanese Government, such as we have lightly sketched it, has created, apart from a happy and contented people, one which is singularly winning upon the kind estimation of all foreigners who have visited them. Warm-hearted, loving, intelligent, and brave, the European missionary, merchant, and sailor, have all borne testimony to the love and interest they have awakened. "Of white complexion and gentle behaviour," Marco Polo reported them to be, from Chinese authority, and ancient English writers of Queen Elizabeth's time, state, "that the inhabitants of Japan show a notable wit, and incredible patience in suffering labour or sorrows. They take diligent care lest, either in word or deed, they should evince fear or dulness of mind, and above all are anxious not to trouble others with their cares or wants. Poverty with them bringeth no damage to the nobility of blood, and they covet, exceedingly, honour and praise. Though generally affable and kind, and in grave courtesy quite a match for a Spaniard, yet they will not allow an injury or insult to pass unpunished. They are very careful," continues the

chronicler, "in the entertainment of strangers, and make the very curious inquiry in even the most trifling affairs of foreign people, as of their customs, manners, and invention. Hospitable and generous, they detest avarice, and forbid gambling. They study martial feats and delight in arms, and the people generally are fair and comely of shape; but being moved to anger, especially in the heat of drink, you may as soon persuade tigers to quietness as them, so obstinate and wilful are they in the fury of their impatience."

This is truly a high character, but word for word might we again, in our day, sum up the good inhabitants of Nipon as exhibiting the same traits; and we have merely to call attention to the interesting fact then recorded, to which late travellers again bear testimony. And that is the pleasing curiosity of the people, as to all the doings of their brother-dwellers upon earth, a trait quite as remarkable in the nobility as the lower orders, and accompanied by a most laudable desire to imitate and excel Europeans in their products and manufactures.

There is also chivalry—a sense of generous devotion whether it be to duty or to love—which marks them amongst Easterns, and leads us to hope for yet better things of Japan. Indeed their system of suicide, or "the happy dispatch," as it is called, is merely a high sense of personal honour, misguided through lack of Christian teaching. We there see that a nobleman, or indeed a common Japanese, when he has lost his character, or failed in duty to the state, destroys himself, to save to his children and relatives his property and estates, and to expiate in the



A Japanese Beauty. (Fac-simile.)
One glance at her eye,
And you lose your city;
Another, and you would
Forfeit a kingdom.—*Japanese Verse.*

eyes of his sovereign the crime of which he may have been guilty. Hereafter we will tell how nobly converted Japanese men and women laid down their lives on behalf of Christianity, but we need only turn over the illustrations of their every-day books to feel more and more assured that the Japanese still hold dear all those attributes for which all writers of the olden time gave them credit, and that bravery, wit, and chivalry will be still found amongst the gallant sons and beautiful daughters of Nipon.

* The Japanese nation is arranged under eight distinct classes, their privileges, mode of living, dress, and even daily expenditure, being distinctly laid down in severe sumptuary laws. The classes consist of princes, nobles, priests, military men, professional or learned ones, merchants, and, lastly, artisans, or labourers. Occasionally, through wealth or merit, individuals are advanced to the class above that in which they are born; but to descend into an inferior one, is to forfeit all claim to respectability.

EVAN HARRINGTON; OR, HE WOULD BE A GENTLEMAN.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

CHAPTER XXXI. THE BATTLE OF THE BULL-DOGS.
PART II.

If it be a distinct point of wisdom to hug the hour that is, then does dinner amount to a highly intellectual invitation to man, for it furnishes the occasion; and Britons are the wisest of their race, for more than all others they take advantage of it. In this Nature is undoubtedly our guide, seeing that he who, while feasting his body allows to his soul a thought for the morrow, is in his digestion curst, and becomes a house of evil humours. Now, though the epicure may complain of the cold meats, a dazzling table, a buzzing company, blue sky, and a band of music, are incentives to the forgetfulness of troubles past and imminent, and produce a concentration of the faculties. They may not exactly prove that peace is established between yourself and those who object to your carving of the world, but they testify to an armistice.

Aided by these observations, you will understand how it was that the Countess de Saldar, afflicted and menaced, was inspired, on taking her seat, to give so graceful and stately a sweep to her dress that she was enabled to conceive woman and man alike to be secretly overcome by it. You will not refuse to credit the fact that Mr. John Raikes threw care to the dogs, heavy as was that mysterious lump suddenly precipitated on his bosom; and you will think it not impossible that even the springers of the mine about to explode should lose their subterranean countenances. A generous abandonment to one idea prevailed. As for Evan, the first glass of champagne rushed into reckless nuptials with the music in his head, bringing Rose, warm almost as life, on his heart. Sublime are the visions of lovers! He knew he must leave her on the morrow; he feared he might never behold her again; and yet he tasted exquisite bliss, for it seemed within the contem-

plation of the gods that he should dance with his darling before dark—haply waltz with her! Oh, heaven! he shuts his eyes, blinded. The band wheels off meltingly in a tune all cadences, and twirls, and risings and sinkings, and passionate outbursts trippingly consoled. Ah! how sweet to waltz through life with the right partner. And what a singular thing it is to look back on the day when we thought something like it! Never mind: there may be spheres where it is so managed—doubtless the planets have their Hanwell and Bedlam.

I admit that I myself am not insensible to the effects of that first glass of champagne. I feel the earthly muse escaping me, and a desire for the larger-eyed heavenly muse. The poetry of my Countess's achievements waxes rich in manifold colours: I see her by the light of her own pleas to Providence. I doubt almost if the hand be mine which dared to make a hero play second fiddle, and to his beloved, I have placed a bushel over his light, certainly. Poor boy! it was enough that he should have tailordom on his shoulders: I ought to have allowed him to conquer Nature, and so come out of his eclipse. This shall be said of him: that he can play second fiddle without looking foolish, which, for my part, I call a greater triumph than if he were performing the heroics we are more accustomed to. He has steady eyes, can gaze at the right level into the eyes of others, and commands a tongue which is neither struck dumb nor set in a flutter by any startling question. The best instances to be given that he does not lack merit are that the Jocelyns, whom he has offended by his birth, cannot change their treatment of him, and that the hostile women, whatever they may say, do not think Rose utterly insane. At any rate Rose is satisfied, and her self-love makes her a keen critic. The moment Evan appeared, the sickness produced in her by the Countess passed, and she was ready to brave her situation. With no mock humility she permitted Mrs. Shorne to place her in a seat where glances could not be interchanged. She was quite composed, calmly prepared for conversation with anyone. Indeed, her behaviour since the hour of general explanation had been so perfectly well-contained, that Mrs. Melville said to Lady Jocelyn:

"I am only thinking of the damage to her. It will pass over—this fancy. You can see she is not serious. It is mere spirit of opposition. She eats and drinks just like other girls. You can see that the fancy has not taken such very strong hold of her."

"I can't agree with you," replied her ladyship. "I would rather have her sit and sigh by the hour, and loathe the roast beef. That would look nearer a cure."

"She has the notions of a silly country girl," said Mrs. Shorne.

"Exactly," Lady Jocelyn replied. "A season in London will give her balance."

So the guests were tolerably happy, or at least, with scarce an exception, open to the influences of champagne and music. Perhaps Juliana was the wretchedest creature present. She was about to smite on both cheeks him she loved,

as well as the woman she despised and had been foiled by. Still she had the consolation that Rose, seeing the vulgar mother, might turn from Evan: poor distant hope, meagre and shapeless like herself. Her most anxious thoughts concerned the means of getting money to lock up Harry's tongue. She could bear to meet the Countess's wrath, but not Evan's offended look. Hark to that Countess!

"Why do you denominate this a pic-nic, Lady Jocelyn? It is in verity a fête!"

"I suppose we ought to lie down à la Grecque to come within the term," was the reply. "On the whole, I prefer plain English for such matters."

"But this is assuredly too sumptuous for a pic-nic, Lady Jocelyn. From what I can remember, pic-nic implies contribution from all the guests. It is true I left England a child!"

Mr. George Uploft could not withhold a sharp grimace. The Countess had throttled the inward monitor that tells us when we are lying, so grievously had she practised the habit in the service of her family.

"Yes," said Mrs. Melville, "I have heard of that fashion, and very stupid it is."

"Extremely vulgar," murmured Miss Carrington.

"Possibly," Lady Jocelyn observed; "but good fun. I have been to pic-nics, in my day. I invariably took cold pie and claret. I clashed with half a dozen, but all the harm we did was to upset the dictum that there can be too much of a good thing. I know for certain that the bottles were left empty."

"And this woman," thought the Countess, "this woman, with a soul so essentially vulgar, claims rank above me!" The reflection generated contempt of English society, in the first place, and then a passionate desire for self-assertion.

She was startled by a direct attack which aroused her momentarily lulled energies.

A lady, quite a stranger, a dry simpering lady, caught the Countess's benevolent passing gaze, and leaning forward, said: "I hope her ladyship bears her affliction as well as can be expected?"

In military parlance, the Countess was taken in flank. Another would have asked—what ladyship? To whom do you allude, may I beg to inquire? The Countess knew better. Rapid as light it shot through her that the relict of Sir Abraham was meant, and this she divined because she was aware that devilish malignity was watching to trip her.

A little conversation happening to buzz at the instant, the Countess merely turned her chin to an angle, agitated her brows very gently, and crowned the performance with a mournful smile. All that a woman must feel at the demise of so precious a thing as a husband, was therein eloquently expressed: and at the same time, if explanations ensued, there were numerous ladyships in the world, whom the Countess did not mind afflicting, should she be hard pressed.

"I knew him so well!" resumed the horrid woman, addressing anybody. "It was so sad! so unexpected! but he was so subject to affection of the throat. And I was so sorry I could not

get down to him in time. I had not seen him since his marriage, when I was a girl!—and to meet one of his children!—But, my dear, in quincy, I have heard that there is nothing on earth like a good hearty laugh.”

Mr. John Raikes hearing this, sucked down the flavour of a glass of champagne, and with a look of fierce jollity, said: “Then our vocation is at last revealed to us! Quincy-doctor! I remember when a boy, wandering over the paternal mansion, and envying the life of a tinker, which my mother did not think a good omen in me. But the traps of a Quincy-doctor are even lighter. Say twenty good jokes, and two or three of a practical kind. From place to place he travels on, tracked by the loud guffaw! A man most enviable!—“Gad,” our mercurial friend added, in a fit of profound earnestness, “I know nothing I should like so much!” But lifting his head, and seeing in the face of the ladies that it was not the profession of a gentleman, he exclaimed: “I have better prospects, of course!” and drank anew, inwardly cursing his betraying sincerity.

“It appears,” he remarked aloud to one of the Conley girls, “that quincy is needed before a joke is properly appreciated.”

“I like fun,” said she. Mr. Raikes looked at her with keen admiration. “I can laugh at a monkey all day long,” she continued. Mr. Raikes drifted leagues away from her.

What did that odious woman mean by perpetually talking about Sir Abraham? The Countess intercepted a glance between her and the hated Juliana. She felt it was a malignant conspiracy: still the vacuous vulgar air of the woman told her that most probably she was but an instrument, not a confederate, and was only trying to push herself into acquaintance with the great: a proceeding scorned and abominated by the Countess, who longed to punish her for her insolent presumption. The bitterness of her situation stung her tenfold when she considered that she dared not.

Meantime the champagne became as regular in its flow as the bull-dogs, and the monotonous bass of these latter sounded through the music like life behind the murmur of pleasure, if you will. The Countess had a not unfeminine weakness for champagne, and old Mr. Bonner's cellar was well and choicely stocked. But was this enjoyment to the Countess?—this dreary station in the background! No creatures grinding their teeth with envy of her! None bursting with admiration and the ardent passions! “May I emerge?” she as much as asked her judgment. The petition was infinitely tender. She thought she might, or it may be that nature was strong, and she could not restrain herself.

Taking wine with Sir John, she said:

“This bowing! Do you know how amusing it is deemed by us Portuguese? Why not embrace? as the dear Queen used to say to me.”

“I am decidedly of Her Majesty's opinion,” observed Sir John, with emphasis, and the Countess drew back into a mingled laugh and blush.

Her fiendish persecutor gave two or three nods. “And you know the Queen!” she said.

She had to repeat the remark: whereupon the Countess murmured, “Intimately.”

“Ah, we have lost a staunch old Tory in Sir Abraham,” said the lady, performing lamentation.

What did it mean? Could design lodge in that empty-looking head with its crisp curls, button nose, and diminishing simper? Was this picnic to be made as terrible to the Countess by her putative father as the dinner had been by the great Mel? The deep, hard, level look of Juliana met the Countess's smile from time to time, and like flimsy light horse before a solid array of infantry, the Countess fell back, only to be worried afresh by her perfectly unwitting tormentor.

“His last days?—without pain? Oh, I hope so!” came after a lapse of general talk.

“Aren't we getting a little funereal, Mrs. Perkins?” Lady Jocelyn asked, and then rallied her neighbours.

Miss Carrington looked at her vexedly, for the fiendish Perkins was checked, and the Countess in alarm, about to commit herself, was a pleasant sight to Miss Carrington.

“The worst of these indiscriminate meetings is that there is *no* conversation,” whispered the Countess, thanking Providence for the relief.

Just then she saw Juliana bend her brows at another person. This was George Uploft, who shook his head, and indicated a shrewd-eyed, thin, middle-aged man, of a lawyer-like cast; and then Juliana nodded, and George Uploft touched his arm, and glanced hurriedly behind for champagne. The Countess's eyes dwelt on the timid young squire most affectionately. You never saw a fortress more unprepared for dread assault.

“Hem!” was heard, terrific. But the proper pause had evidently not yet come, and now to prevent it the Countess strained her energies and tasked her genius intensely. Have you an idea of the difficulty of keeping up the ball among a host of ill-assorted, stupid country people, who have no open topics, and can talk of nothing continuously but scandal of their neighbours, and who, moreover, feel they are not up to the people they are mixing with? Darting upon Seymour Jocelyn, the Countess asked touchingly for news of the partridges. It was like the unlocking of a machine. Seymour was not blythe in his reply, but he was loud and forcible; and when he came to the statistics—oh, then you would have admired the Countess!—for comparisons ensued, braces were enumerated, numbers given were contested, and the shooting of this one jeered at, and another's sure mark respectfully admitted. And how lay the coveys? And what about the damage done by last winter's floods? And was there good hope of the pheasants? Outside this clatter the Countess hovered. Twice the awful “Hem!” was heard. She fought on. She kept them at it. If it flagged she wished to know this or that, and finally thought that, really, she should like herself to try one shot. The women and Mr. John Raikes had previously been left behind. This brought in the women. Lady Jocelyn proposed a female expedition for the morrow.

"I believe I used to be something of a shot, formerly," she said.

"You peppered old Tom once, my lady," remarked Andrew, and her ladyship laughed, and that foolish Andrew told the story, and the Countess, to revive her subject, had to say: "May I be enrolled to shoot," though she detested and shrank from fire-arms.

"Here are two!" said the hearty presiding dame. "Ladies, apply immediately to have your names put down."

The possibility of an expedition of ladies now struck Seymour vividly, and, said he: "I'll be secretary;" and began applying to the ladies for permission to put down their names. Many declined, with brevity, muttering, either aloud or to themselves, "unwomanly;" varied by "unladylike;" some confessed cowardice; some a horror of the noise close to their ears; and there was the plea of nerves. But the names of half a dozen ladies were collected, and then followed much laughter and musical hubbub, and delicate banter. So the ladies and gentlemen fell one and all into the partridge-pit dug for them by the Countess: and that horrible "Hem!" equal in force and terror to the roar of artillery preceding the charge of ten thousand dragoons, was silenced—the pit appeared impassable. Did the Countess crow over her advantage? Mark her: the lady's face is entirely given up to partridges. "English sports are so much envied abroad," she says: but what she dreads is a reflection, for that leads off from the point. A portion of her mind she keeps to combat them in Lady Jocelyn and others who have the tendency: the rest she divides between internal prayers for succour, and casting about for another popular subject to follow partridges. Now mere talent, as critics say when they are lighting candles round a genius, mere talent would have hit upon pheasants as the natural sequitur, and then diverged to sports—a great theme, for it ensures a chorus of sneers at foreigners, and so on probably to a discussion of birds and beasts best adapted to enrapture the palate of man. Stories may succeed, but they are doubtful, and not to be trusted, coming after cookery. After an exciting subject which has made the general tongue to wag, and just enough heated the brain to cause it to cry out for spiced food—then start your story: taking care that it be mild; for one too marvellous stops the tide, the sense of climax being strongly implanted in all bosoms. So the Countess told an anecdote—one of Mel's. Mr. George Uploft was quite familiar with it, and knew of one passage that would have abashed him to relate "before ladies." The sylph-like ease with which the Countess floated over this foul abyss was miraculous. Mr. George screwed his eye-lids queerly, and closed his jaws with a report, completely beaten. The anecdote was of the character of an apologue, and pertained to game. This was, as it happened, a misfortune; for Mr. John Raikes had felt himself left behind by the subject; and the stuff that was in this young man being naturally ebullient, he lay by to trip it, and take a lead. His remarks brought on him a shrewd cut from the Countess, which made matters worse; for a pun may also breed puns,

as doth an anecdote. The Countess's stroke was so neat and perfect that it was something for the gentlemen to think over; and to punish her for giving way to her cleverness and to petty vexation, "Hem!" sounded once more, and then: "May I ask you if the present Baronet is in England?"

Now Lady Jocelyn perceived that some attack was directed against her guest. She allowed the Countess to answer:

"The eldest was drowned in the Lisbon waters,"

And then said: "But who is it that persists in serving up the funeral baked meats to us?"

Mrs. Shorne spoke for her neighbour: "Mr. Farnley's cousin was the steward of Sir Abraham Harrington's estates."

The Countess held up her head boldly. There is a courageous exaltation of the nerves known to heroes and great generals in action when they feel sure that resources within themselves will spring up to the emergency, and that over simple mortals success is positive.

"I had a great respect for Sir Abraham," Mr. Farnley explained, "very great. I heard that this lady" (bowing to the Countess) "was his daughter."

Lady Jocelyn's face wore an angry look, and Mrs. Shorne gave her the shade of a shrug and an expression implying, "I didn't!"

Evan was talking to Miss Jenny Graine at the moment rather earnestly. With a rapid glance at him, to see that his ears were closed, the Countess breathed:

"Not the elder branch!—Cadet!"

The sort of noisy silence produced by half-a-dozen people respirating deeply and moving in their seats was heard. The Countess watched Mr. Farnley's mystified look, and whispered to Sir John: "Est-ce qu'il comprene le Français, lui?"

It was the final feather-like touch to her triumph. She saw safety and a clear escape, and much joyful gain, and the pleasure of relating her sufferings in days to come. This vista was before her when, harsh as an execution bell, telling her that she had vanquished man, but that Providence opposed her, "Mrs. Melchisedec Harrington!" was announced to Lady Jocelyn.

Perfect stillness reigned immediately, as if the picnic had heard its doom.

"Oh! I will go to her," said her ladyship, whose first thought was to spare the family. "Andrew, come and give me your arm."

But when she rose Mrs. Mel was no more than the length of an arm from her elbow.

In the midst of the horrible anguish she was enduring, the Countess could not help criticising her mother's curtsy to Lady Jocelyn. Fine, but a shade too humble. Still it was fine; all might not yet be lost.

"Mama!" she softly exclaimed, and thanked heaven that she had not denied her parent.

Mrs. Mel did not notice her or any of her children. There was in her bosom a terrible determination to cast a devil out of the one she best loved. For this purpose, heedless of all pain to be given, or of impropriety, she had come to

speaking publicly, and disgrace and humiliate, that she might save him from the devils that had ruined his father.

"My lady," said the terrible woman, thanking her in reply to an invitation that she should be seated, "I have come for my son. I hear he has been playing the lord in your house, my lady. I humbly thank your ladyship for your kindness to him, but he is nothing more than a tailor's son, and is bound a tailor himself that his father may be called an honest man. I am come to take him away."

Mrs. Mel seemed to speak without much effort, though the pale flush of her cheeks showed that she felt what she was doing. Juliana was pale as death, watching Rose. Intensely bright with the gem-like light of her gallant spirit, Rose's eyes fixed on Evan. He met them and smiled. The words of Ruth passed through his heart, nourishing him. With this angel lifting him up, what need he fear? If he reddened, the blush was taken up by love. But the Countess, who had given Rose to Evan, and the duke to Caroline, where was her supporter? The duke was entertaining Caroline with no less dexterity, and Rose's eyes said to Evan: "Feel no shame that I do not feel!" but the Countess stood alone. It is ever thus with genius! to quote the numerous illustrious authors who have written of it.

What mattered it now that in the dead hush Lady Jocelyn should assure her mother that she had been misinformed, and that Mrs. Mel was presently quieted, and made to sit with others before the fruits and the wines? All eyes were hateful—the very thought of Providence confused her brain. Almost reduced to imbecility, the Countess imagined, as a reality, that Sir Abraham had borne with her till her public announcement of relationship, and that then the outraged ghost would no longer be restrained, and had struck this blow. She talked, she laughed, —she was unaware of what passed in the world.

The crushed pic-nic tried to get a little air, and made pathetic attempts at conversation. Mrs. Mel sat upon the company with the weight of all tailordom.

And now a messenger came for Harry. Everybody was so zealously employed in the struggle to appear comfortable under Mrs. Mel, that his departure was hardly observed. The general feeling for Evan and his sisters, by their superiors in rank, was one of kindly pity. Laxley, however, did not behave well. He put up his glass and scrutinised Mrs. Mel, and then examined Evan, and Rose thought that in his interchange of glances with anyone there was a lurking revival of the scene gone by. She signalled with her eyebrows for Drummond to correct him, but Drummond had another occupation. Andrew made the diversion. He whispered to his neighbour, and the whisper went round, and the laugh; and Mr. John Raikes grew extremely uneasy in his seat, and betrayed an extraordinary alarm. But he also was soon relieved. A messenger had come from Harry to Mrs. Evremonde, bearing a slip of paper. This the lady glanced at, and handed it to

Drummond. A straggling pencil had traced these words:

"Just running by S.W. gates—saw the Captain coming in—couldn't stop to stop him—tremendous hurry—important. Harry J."

Drummond sent the paper to Lady Jocelyn. After her perusal of it a scout was despatched to the summit of Olympus, and his report proclaimed the advance in the direction of the bulldogs of a smart little figure of a man in white hat and white trousers, who kept flicking his legs with a cane.

Mrs. Evremonde rose and conferred with her ladyship an instant, and then Drummond took her arm quietly, and passed round Olympus to the east, and Lady Jocelyn broke up the sitting.

Juliana saw Rose go up to Evan and take his hand, and make him introduce her to his mother. She turned lividly white, and went to a corner of the park by herself, and cried bitterly.

Lady Jocelyn, Sir Franks, and Sir John, remained by the tables, but before the guests were out of ear-shot, the individual signalled from Olympus presented himself.

"There are times when one can't see what else to do but to lie," said her ladyship to Sir Franks, "and when we do lie the only way is to lie intrepidly."

Turning from her perplexed husband, she exclaimed:

"Ah! Lawson?"

Captain Evremonde lifted his hat, declining an intimacy.

"Where is my wife, madam?"

"Have you just come from the Arctic Regions?"

"I have come for my wife, madam!"

His unsettled grey eyes wandered restlessly on Lady Jocelyn's face. The Countess, standing apart, near the duke, felt some pity for the wife of that cropped-headed, tight-skinned lunatic at large, but deeper was the Countess's pity for Lady Jocelyn, in thinking of the account she would have to render on the Day of Judgment, when she heard her ladyship reply:

"Evelyn is not here."

Captain Evremonde bowed profoundly, trailing his broad white hat along the sward.

"Do me the favour to read this, madam," he said, and handed a letter to her.

Lady Jocelyn raised her brows as she gathered the contents of the letter.

"Ferdinand's handwriting!" she exclaimed.

"I accuse no one, madam,—I make no accusation. I have every respect for you, madam,—you have my esteem. I am sorry to intrude, madam, an intrusion is regretted. My wife runs away from her bed, madam,—and I have the law, madam,—the law is with the husband. No force!" He lashed his cane sharply against his white legs. "The law, madam. No brute force!" His cane made a furious whirl, cracking again on his legs, as he reiterated, "The law!"

"Does the law advise you to strike at a tangent all over the country in search for her?" inquired Lady Jocelyn.

Captain Evremonde became ten times more voluble and excited.

Mrs. Mel was heard by the Countess to say : "Her ladyship does not know how to treat madmen."

Nor did Sir Franks and Sir John. They began expostulating with him.

"A madman gets madder when you talk reason to him," said Mrs. Mel.

And now the Countess stepped forward to Lady Jocelyn, and hoped she would not be thought impertinent in offering her opinion as to how this frantic person should be treated. The case indeed looked urgent. Many gentlemen considered themselves bound to approach and be ready in case of need. Presently the Countess pressed between Sir Franks and Sir John, and with her hand put up, as if she feared the furious cane, said :

"You will not strike me?"

"Strike a lady, madam?" The cane and hat were simultaneously lowered.

"Lady Jocelyn permits me to fetch for you a gentleman of the law. Or will you accompany me to him?"

In a moment Captain Evremonde's manners were subdued and civilised, and in perfectly sane speech he thanked the Countess and offered her his arm. The Countess smilingly waved back Sir John, who motioned to attend on her, and away she went with the Captain, with all the glow of a woman who feels that she is heaping coals of fire on the heads of her enemies.

Was she not admired now?

"Upon my honour," said Lady Jocelyn, "they are a remarkable family," meaning the Harringtons.

What farther she thought she did not say, but she was a woman who looked to natural gifts more than the gifts of accident; and I think Evan's chance stood high with her then. So the battle of the bull-dogs was fought, and cruelly as the Countess had been assailed and wounded, she gained a brilliant victory: yea, though Demogorgon, aided by the vindictive ghost of Sir Abraham, took tangible shape in the ranks opposed to her. True, Lady Jocelyn, forgetting her own recent intrepidity, condemned her as a liar; but the fruits of the Countess's victory were plentiful. Drummond Forth, fearful perhaps of exciting unjust suspicions in the mind of Captain Evremonde, disappeared altogether. Harry was in a mess which threw him almost upon Evan's mercy, as will be related. And, lastly, Ferdinand Laxley, that insufferable young aristocrat, was thus spoken to by Lady Jocelyn.

"This letter addressed to Lawson, telling him that his wife is here, is in your hand-writing, Ferdinand. I don't say you wrote it—I don't think you could have written it. But, to tell you the truth, I have an unpleasant impression about it, and I think we had better shake hands and not see each other for some time."

Laxley, after one denial of his guilt, disdained to repeat it. He met her ladyship's hand haughtily, and, bowing to Sir Franks, turned on his heel.

So, then, in glorious complete victory, the battle of the bull-dogs ended!

Of the close of the pic-nic more remains to be told.

For the present I pause, in observance of those rules which demand that after an exhibition of consummate deeds, time be given to the spectator to digest what has passed before him.

(To be continued.)

THE GAME OF LIFE.

With eager hand Hope deftly weaves
The mantles that our pride would don,
While busy-finger'd Care unreaves
The garments as we put them on.
We rear our palaces of joy,
And tread them with exulting shout,
Till, crumbling round, 'tis plainly found
Some corner-stones have been left out.
And thus we play the game of Life,
Shadow and substance ever blending;
'Mid flowers of Peace and tares of Strife
Gaily beginning, sadly ending.

The maiden greets her swain to-day,
They jar to-morrow, and she flouts him;
Now she believes what'er he'll say,
A month has gone,—alas! she doubts him;
The lover hangs upon a glance,
With glowing trust and earnest suing;
Next year he rouses from his trance,
And scorns the one he late was wooing.
And thus we play the game of Life,
Our dreams dispell'd, our plans defeated,
And when we've lost with pain and cost,
Still stand, as ready to be cheated.

The cooing infant's rosy mouth
Aptly receives the sweeten'd potion;
When waves are calm, and winds are south,
None see the death-rocks in the ocean.
The rich man toils to "gather up,"
Meaning to bask in Fortune's clover,
And while he pours into his cup,
Perceives not it is running over.
And thus we play the game of Life,
Now simply snared, now wisely brooding,
Now bribed by smiles, now spreading wiles,
Living deluded and deluding.

The Poet prattles to the stars,
Philosophers dissect the thunder,
But both are stopp'd by crystal bars,
And stand outside to watch and wonder.
We moralise on battle-plains,
Where blood has poured, and fame was won,
We turn and see the baby's glee
Over his mimic sword and gun.
And thus we play the game of Life,
'Twi'x't holy Thought and fearful Deed.
Some only stay to work and pray,
And some but live for Crime and Greed.

Our feet of clay trip up each other,
Our wings of ether seek the sky;
We breathe—we are—child follows mother,
Yet none can tell us "How?" or "Why?"
Our hearts, like clocks, keep ticking fast,
We climb and laugh, we fall and weep,
Till, tired of guessing, at the last
We solve the riddle in a sleep.
And thus we play the game of Life,
In motley garbs of Grief and Pleasure,
Till we are drest in that green vest
For which the sexton takes our measure.

ELIZA COOK.

THE DRUSES OF LEBANON.

THERE is perhaps no people in the world, of whom, though living on the borders of civilisation, and visited as they are by travellers from all parts, and forming one of the many sects which inhabit a land most interesting to all who read Holy Writ, so very little is known as these Druses, who are now shocking us with their murderous exploits. And yet they constitute the most courageous and warlike body in Syria; perhaps the most united tribe of warriors in the world. Moreover, everything about them is highly calculated to excite curiosity and inquiry. The mystery which has so long veiled the secrets of their creed, no one has yet penetrated, although many have pretended to have done so; and such of their religious books as have found their way into Europe, have by no means cast that light which it was hoped they would upon their dogmas.

One must be born a Druse, or not belong to them at all—*nascitur, non fit*—they admit no converts amongst them. They inhabit the southern portion of Lebanon and the western part of Anti-Lebanon. Throughout the mountain there are about 40 large villages belonging exclusively to their tribe, and upwards of 200 in which the population is made up of Maronite Christians, Druses, and followers of the Greek Church. The Druse men capable of bearing arms in Lebanon are about 15,000 in number. Physically they are one of the finest races in the world, and each individual amongst them has an independent look and bearing about him which I have witnessed in no other Asiatics, save perhaps the Rajpoots of India. They have no priesthood, properly so called; but the whole tribe is divided into Akkals, or initiated, Djahils, or uninitiated. The Akkals do not inherit the dignity; they must be proved, tried, and then initiated into the mysteries of their order, and they form the only approach to anything like a priesthood which the Druses possess. There are female as well as male Akkals, and both are distinguished from the Djahils, or uninitiated—the rest of the Druse world, in fact, by their simplicity in attire, the absence of any gold or silver ornament on their persons, by—which in the East is the greatest singularity possible—their never smoking; their abstinence from anything like superfluity in dress, the brevity and simplicity of their conversation, and their not joining more than is absolutely needful in amusements, either public or private. In short, the Akkals are a sort of domestic hermits, although they may, and do, own private property, and practise all the various callings in life like any other men. The fact of belonging to the initiated class does not give them emoluments of any kind, nor any decided rank among their fellow Druses, except in matters of religion; although, as a general rule, most respected men of their nation are Akkals.

The Djahils, or uninitiated, on the other hand, appear to have little or no idea of belonging to any creed whatever; and the younger portions of the men are generally what the Americans would call a very "rowdy" set. The Druse places of

worship, called howlés, are situated outside the villages, in the most solitary spots which can be found. They are plain rooms, without any ornament whatever; and on ordinary occasions can be inspected by any one that likes to do so. If a visitor asks to see one of the Druse holy books, he is invariably shown a copy of the Moslem Khoran; but it is well known that they have other books, which they allow no one to see. Some of these have found their way to Europe, and are to be met with in the Imperial Library of Paris, the Bodleian of Oxford, and the British Museum; but these it is pretty well ascertained contain nothing which the Druses wish to keep secret; and what is mysterious about their creed has no doubt been handed down by tradition, rather than by any written document.

The howlés, or temples, of the Druses are open for their religious meeting every Thursday evening, about an hour after sunset. At the commencement of the night's business, Akkals and Djahils both assemble together, when the news of the day and the prices of crops are discussed. At this period a chapter or two of the Moslem Khoran is read, and no objection is made even to strangers being present. This, however, is not a general rule by any means, and it is only Europeans, whom the Druses particularly wish to honour, that they would admit even thus far to the outside, as it were, of their worship. When the evening is a little farther advanced, all Djahils are obliged to withdraw, and the howlé becomes like a Freemason's Lodge, closely tiled, or shut, with an armed guard near the door to prevent all intrusion. At these meetings no one save the initiated are ever present, and they often stretch far into the night, so much so, that I have sometimes seen the Akkals going home from their howlés long after midnight. Sometimes, when very important matters have to be discussed, a second selection takes place in the howlés, and the younger Akkals being obliged to withdraw, the elders—the *crème de la crème*, or those initiated into the highest mysteries of the sect—remain alone to deliberate and determine upon the future proceedings of their fellow-religionists, or to discuss such more advanced doctrines of their creed as are only known to the select few. Singular to say, no form of worship, nothing which at all comes near our ideas of prayer, is known to be practised by the Druses. In the large towns of Syria they will often go to the Moslem mosques, and profess to call themselves followers of the prophet. But they hardly impose, nay, they don't seem to wish to impose, on anyone by this temporary adherence to the dominant religion; for, in order to avoid the Sultan's conscription, they have been known to make the sign of the cross, profess themselves Christians, and even ask for, nay, sometimes receive, the rite of baptism; and they acknowledge, that, according to their creed, it is lawful to profess for a time whatever may be the creed of the most powerful body amongst whom they live. Moreover, they hold concealment and secrecy the greatest virtues which a man can practise, and scruple not to assert that a crime only becomes such on being found out. Their bearing, courtesy, and all that

we should call good breeding, more particularly amongst the Akkals, would bear comparison with the most refined gentlemen of Europe; and their powers of observation and discrimination of character, are such as could only be expected amongst men of education and travel. This is the more wonderful, as except for an occasional short sojourn in the towns of Syria—St. Jean D'Acre, Tyre, Sidon, Beyrout, Latakia, or Damascus—no Druse ever leaves his native mountains; and beyond reading or writing their native tongue—the Arabic language, and even this until late years has been very partial indeed amongst them—they are destitute of any mental culture whatever.

The Druses marry but one wife; and their women, more particularly those of the higher classes, are kept very secluded indeed. However, although by no means common, divorce is very easy indeed amongst them. A man has but to say to his wife that she is free to return to her father's house, and the divorce is as valid (nor can it be recalled if pronounced), as if in England it had been pronounced by the full Court of Divorce. Nor is it needful that any reason farther than that such is the husband's will should be given for the act, and both parties are free to marry again. The married women wear the *tanton*, or horn, upon their heads, over which a veil is cast, the latter being drawn close round the face, and leaving only one eye exposed whenever a man of another creed or nation comes near; but those who have lived much in Lebanon, more particularly European ladies, have numerous opportunities of seeing the faces of all classes amongst them. Although by no means void of good looks when young, the women are not nearly so fine a race as the men; and the older females of the peasant classes are perhaps the most hideous old hags it is possible to conceive.

Amongst this strange people I spent nearly six months of the last summer and autumn, having for the health of my family taken up my residence at a village on Mount Lebanon, in the very centre of the Druse country. At an hour's ride from where we lived was the village of Bisoor, inhabited by some sheiks, or chiefs, of the Talhook family, and amongst others by the sheik Talhook, who is certainly one of the most remarkable men I have met with in any country.

Sheik Bechir is an Akkal of the Druses, and perhaps there is not a stricter one throughout Lebanon. Throughout the mountain he has the reputation of dealing with magic; and certainly some of the cases of sickness he has cured, as well as the unaccountable tricks he has performed, go far to confirm the general opinion of his fellow-countrymen. An English gentleman, long resident in Lebanon, and in whose word the most implicit reliance can be placed, has told me that he has seen at the sheik's bidding a stick proceed unaided by anything from one end of the room to another. Also, on two earthenware jars being placed in opposite corners of the room, one being filled with water and the other empty, the empty jar move across the room, the full jar rise and approach its companion, and empty its contents into it, the latter returning to its place in the way

that it came. Of late years the sheik has given up these kind of performances, as he declares that the long fasts of fifteen and twenty days which were necessary, so he says, to prepare him and give him power over the spirits by which he worked, used to injure his health. So much is certain—on the testimony of some of the most respectable people in the mountain—that when he had to practise these magic arts continually, his health was very bad indeed, and that since he has given them up he has greatly improved.

Partly because of the ride from where I lived to Bisoor, but chiefly because I have a sort of decided inclination to cultivate singular acquaintances, I used often to go over last summer to see Sheik Bechir, and he frequently used to return my visit. At first he positively declined performing any of the tricks of which I had heard so much, declaring that, except to effect cures, he had made it a rule to have nothing more to do with the unseen world. However, after we had become more intimate, he one day consented to show me one of the tricks by which he used to astonish the mountaineers and others. He took a common water jar, and after mumbling certain incantations into the mouth of the vessels, placed it in the hands of two persons, selected from amongst the bystanders at hazard, sitting opposite to each other. For a time the jar did not move, the sheik going on all the time reciting very quickly what seemed to me verses from the Koran, and beating time, as it were, with his right hand upon the palm of his left. Still the vessel remained as it was placed, the sheik getting so vehement in his repetitions, and seemingly so anxious for the result, that although a cold day and a strong breeze was blowing into the divan where we sat, the perspiration flowed freely down his face and ran off his beard. At last the jar began to go round, first slowly, and then quicker, until it moved at quite a rapid pace, and made three or four evolutions. The sheik pointed to it as in triumph, and then stopped his recitations, when the jar stopped turning. After perhaps half a minute's silence he began to recite again, and, wonderful to say, the jar began to turn again. At last he stopped, took the jar out of the hands of those who were holding it, and held it for an instant to my ear, when I could plainly hear a singing noise, as if of boiling water, inside. He then poured the water carefully out of it, muttered something more into its mouth, and gave it to the attendants to be refilled with water and placed where it had stood before, for any one wanting a drink to use. I should have premised that the jar was a common one, which, as is the custom in Syria, stood with others of the same kind near the door for any one to drink out of. When the performance was over, the sheik sank back, as if greatly exhausted, on the divan, and declared that it was the last time he would go through so much fatigue, or perform any more of his magic undertakings, except for the purpose of curing sick people, on any account whatever.

That the feat of making the water-jar turn was a very wonderful one there can be no doubt; nor could I account for it by any natural or ordinary means whatever. But how it was accomplished,

or whether any supernatural means whatever were used, I leave others to infer, not having myself formed an opinion on the subject, and intending simply to relate what I was myself an eye-witness of. What I was more curious to learn was, what the sheik himself thought on the subject of spirits being placed at man's disposal, and how he had, or believed he had, acquired the power which he was said to possess.

A few days afterwards he rode over to see me, and we had a long conversation on the subject, which interested me the more, as the sheik was evidently sincere in all he said regarding his belief in the power of spirits, and the means he had used to acquire that power. I should, however, mention that, for his country and position, Sheik Bechir is a wealthy man, having landed property and houses in the mountain to the extent of about six or seven hundred pounds sterling per annum—equal, in consequence, to a country gentleman in England with three thousand a year; and that he has never been known to work a cure or perform any magic for anything like remuneration, either direct or otherwise.

That he firmly believes in his intercourse with the spiritual world is certain. He asserts that no one can have any magic power unless properly taught; and says that his teacher was an old Moslem from Morocco—to whom, by the bye, he introduced me, and offered, if I liked to devote five years to the science, to get to teach me! who had many, many years ago, learnt the art in Egypt. The knowledge of magic, he asserts, cannot only never be taught for money, but even if the pupil gives his teacher anything beyond food and shelter the teaching will be of no effect. He declares that the science has come down to our days from the time of the Pharaohs, but that there are not now fifty people in the world who have any true knowledge on the subject. The sheik declares himself to be but a very poor proficient in the art, as he never could go through the necessary fasts without injury to his health. And yet, from the accounts of his relatives, he must have gone through some severe ordeals. His sons told me, that on one occasion, some years ago, he shut himself up in a room, without either food or water, for two whole days and nights, and on letting himself out he was so weak he could hardly stand. At another time, he was locked up in his apartment for a single night, and that on coming out in the morning he was bruised all over the head and body as if with large sticks, having been, as he declared, beaten for several hours by evil spirits. Before undertaking any important cure, he shuts himself up in a darkened room for ten, fifteen, and sometimes thirty days, eating during this time but of plain bread, in quantities barely sufficient to support nature. His greatest triumphs have been in cures of epilepsy and confirmed madness, in which I know of many instances where his success has been most wonderful. He resorts to no severe measures with those brought to him, nor does he use any medicine, simply repeating over them certain incantations, and making passes with his hands, as if mesmerising them.

For severe fevers he has a twine or thread, of

which he sends the patient—no matter how far off—enough to tie round his wrists, when the sickness is said to pass away at once. A relation of his own told me that his (the relative's) wife had been afflicted for three years with a swelling, or tumour, of which the European doctors in Beyrout could make nothing, when at last she agreed to consult Sheik Bechir. The latter shut himself up in his room for thirty days, fasting all the time upon very small quantities of bread and water. He then took the case in hand, and after making several passes over the woman's body, she was in five minutes perfectly cured. Although a Druse, the sheik maintains that no words ever written have the same magic power as the Psalms of David; but there are, he declares, very few persons—himself not being one of the number—who properly understand the hidden meaning, and how to apply the proper passages.

When he learnt that I had been in India, and had witnessed some of the singular performances of the fakirs, or holy mendicants, in that country, he was greatly interested, and said that the greatest magician now living was a certain native of Benares, who had once wandered by Afghanistan, Bokhara, Russia, and Constantinople, to Syria, through Lebanon.

But what surprised me more than anything else about the sheik was the singularly correct description he gave of countries, towns, and even portions of towns, which he could never have seen, having never been out of Syria, and even of some regarding which he could not have read much. That he has picked up here and there a great deal of history, geography, and other general knowledge is certain. Still he can only read Arabic, in which tongue works of information are very limited, and the number of Europeans with whom he has had any intercourse whatever might be counted upon his ten fingers. Moreover, he has never been further from his native mountain than Damascus or Beyrout, and that for only short periods, and at long intervals. He asked me to name any towns in which I had resided, and which I wished him to describe to me. I mentioned, amongst others, London, Edinburgh, Calcutta, Bombay, Cabool, Candahar, and Constantinople, each of which he literally painted in words to the very life, noticing the various kinds of vehicles, the dress of the different people, the variety of the buildings, and the peculiarities of the streets with a fidelity which would have been a talent in any one who had visited them, but in a man who had never seen them was truly marvellous. This faculty the sheik does not attribute to anything like magic, but says it is caused by his gathering all sorts of information wherever he can—from books or men—and never forgetting what he has either read or written.

Had Sheik Bechir had the advantage of an European education in his youth, or even if works written in English, French, or German were not sealed books to him, I am inclined to think that he would be one of the most remarkable men the world has ever seen.

Besides himself, the sheik's family consists of his wife and two grown-up sons. The latter are both Djahils, or uninitiated, one of them having

tried to acquire the standing of an Akkal, or initiated, but broke down during his probation, as he found the privations more severe than he could bear. Their mother, however, is an Akkal of the very strictest kind, and is looked on throughout the neighbourhood as a woman of great sanctity. Although on good terms with her husband, she lives apart from him in the same house, for it is the universal custom amongst the Akkals that whenever the wife has had two sons a divorce *à thorb* takes place. The advent of daughters does not count in this singular domestic arrangement, and if one of the sons should die, the divorce is annulled until another son is born, when it is resumed again. The reason of this custom is, that as property is equally divided amongst sons, it is thought expedient to prevent the subdivision of land becoming too minute.

On one occasion when I visited Bisoor with a party amongst whom were two or three English ladies, the latter were invited into the harem, or women's apartment, to visit the sheik's wife and some of his female relatives there assembled. Being by this time on terms of intimacy with the chief and his family, I was asked to join the ladies' party in the harem—a mark of friendship rarely shown to one of our sex who is not a relative. Although the Druse ladies were all veiled, we could, from time to time, see enough of their faces to distinguish their features, and even amongst the younger portion of the party there was not one tolerably good-looking. They appeared, in fact, of quite another race than their husbands, brothers, fathers, and sons. Some of them wore numerous valuable jewels; but the sheik's wife, although clean and neat, was clothed in garments of the most ordinary texture, and wore no ornament of any kind. Coffee, sweetmeats, and fruits, were handed round, and we remained about half-an-hour in the apartment, until summoned to the breakfast, or midday meal, which had been prepared in one of the outer rooms, and to which both ladies and gentlemen of our party sat down, but at which the Druse ladies did not make their appearance.

The meat was cooked, served, and eaten altogether after the fashion of the country. First a sort of tripod, something like an inverted music-stool, was brought, and put down in the middle of the room. Upon this was placed a very large, copper, circular tray, nearly four feet in circumference. On this tray the various dishes were set, whilst the whole party squatted round it on the floor. It was curious to observe the contrast formed between fresh-looking English ladies, laughing merry English children, shooting-jacket clad English gentlemen, and grave, long-bearded, white-turbaned Druse sheiks. A long napkin, which went over the knees of us all—and which the children compared to getting under the sheets—was spread; a score or so of unleavened bread cakes was placed at the hands of the guests, and then, taking up his spoon with a "Bismillah" (in the name of God), our host gave the sign to begin. In the centre was a large pillaff, made of rice boiled in butter, seasoned with pine-nuts, and mixed with mincemeat. This was the *pièce de résistance*, of which everybody eat, and eat it with

all things. Round this dish—or mountain—of rice, were placed plates of various meat and vegetable stews, all very good, very tasty, and inviting. Our manner of proceeding was in this wise. Each individual would dip his spoon into the rice—keeping carefully to his own corner of the vast heap—and on its way back to his mouth moisten it with the gravy of the dish before him, of which there was one or more for each. Thus the most urgent hunger was satisfied, and we soon began merely to trifle with the national dish of kibbé, and other matters equally solid. Some of the party present had never before been present at a regular Arab entertainment, for in the towns of Syria the fashion amongst all the more respectable natives is to ape the European mode of setting the table and serving the dinner. To the children of our party the whole affair was a high holiday of amusement, their laughter and mistakes amusing the sheiks not a little. During the entire repast nothing stronger than water was drunk, for in Druse houses a single glass of wine or spirits would be thought defiling to the owner. In fact, the Akkals never touch fermented liquor of any kind, and although the Djahils drink sometimes, they never do so in excess, and only in secret, or when persons of other creeds are not present.

When the dinner was over, each person washed his or her hands, one attendant pouring water from a copper jug whilst the other held a large copper basin with a false bottom, so that the dirty water fell through and was not seen, much after the old-fashioned *chilumchee*, in which we used to wash of yore—it may be so yet—on the "Bengal side" of India. Those amongst us who wore beards were careful to wash them very clean both with soap and water. Rose water was then brought in and sprinkled over every one, after which the usual black, unstrained coffee was served, and each man—excepting, of course, the Akkals, who never smoke—was left to his pipe, his thoughts, and the conversation of his neighbours, the ladies of the party returning for the present to the women's apartment.

Orientalists seldom talk much immediately after their meals, and in this they show their wisdom, for next to piano playing or singing directly after dinner, there is nothing so bad for digestion as talking or listening to the conversation of others. This it is that makes all travellers in the East approve of the open airy rooms, where pipes, narghilées, or cigars are freely allowed, the roomy, easy divans where a man can sit or recline at his ease without shocking the ideas of propriety around him, and the universal fixed oriental—and let me add common-sense—idea that clothes and furniture were made for man, not man for his clothes or furniture.

Gradually, however, conversation arose, and the universal topic it turned upon was the Chinese war and forthcoming expedition to that country. The Druses are great believers in the powers of England as a military nation; but they one and all said that neither we nor any other nation in the world could ever conquer China. This is owing to the fact of China being to the Druses a sort of spiritual promised land. They look forward to the future advent of the Messiah who is

to come from China; and whenever a Druse dies in Syria, they believe that his soul is immediately born again in China, in which country they believe are numberless Druses, who one day or other will issue forth, conquer the whole world, re-establish the true faith throughout the world, and punish all unbelievers. This singular belief is the more extraordinary, as the Druses have neither tradition nor record of there ever having been any intercourse between themselves and the Chinese, as indeed we all know very well there never could have been. Their faith in the similarity of their own creed and that of many in the Celestial Empire has always struck persons who heard it as one of the most absurd ideas ever conceived in the minds of uneducated men. It may, however, some day be proved to be otherwise. An American Protestant missionary in Sidon told me a short time ago that he had been recently reading a manuscript history of the Druse religion, which a native Syrian Protestant clergyman, who has passed his life amongst the Druses, has lately written, and is I believe about to publish; and it at once struck him what a close affinity there was between many points in their faith and in that of the Buddhists of Burmah as described by the Rev. Mr. Judson, the well-known American Baptist missionary, whose name is so well known in India, and who passed so very many years in Pegu and Ava. It is, therefore, quite possible that we may yet discover that in some points of belief and practice there is more resemblance than we now believe to exist between the Druses and other far Eastern Asiatic sects. But a still more extraordinary belief exists amongst the Druses of the mountain, namely, that there are many Akkals of their creed in the hills of Scotland, who, on account of the dominant religion, are obliged to profess Christianity outwardly, but who, amongst themselves, are as pure Druses of the initiated class as any that exist in Lebanon. After learning that I was a Scotchman, Druses have often questioned me as to whether I was aware that members of their creed existed in that country. This tradition seems to have been handed down to the present generation from the days of the Crusaders, and to have got mixed up with the fact that the Templars existed formerly in certain parts of Europe; for certain ceremonies which the Syrian Druses say are practised by their Scottish brethren bear a close resemblance to those of the old Knights-Templar. But it is more likely still—and this is very probably one of the reasons of their supposed affinity with the Chinese—that amongst the Druses, as amongst other semi-civilised nations, certain affiliations and signs of freemasonry have crept in; and they have formed the idea, that wherever traces of the same society exist, the people hold the same religious creed.

After an hour's repose and smoking, we were rejoined by the ladies of our party, and all prepared to return the visit of Sit Farki, a celebrated old Druse lady residing in the village, who had on our arrival called upon the Europeans of her own sex who had that morning arrived at Bisoor. The Sit—"Sit," in Arabic, means lady, or mistress of a household—Farki is, like our host, of the Talhook family, and is an instance, by no

means uncommon in Lebanon, of the influence which a talented female may obtain, even amongst a population where women are kept in seclusion and treated as inferiors. This lady is a widow of some seventy-five years old, and is possessed of what in the mountains is looked upon as a large landed property, for it gives her an income of five or six hundred pounds sterling a year. Few measures of any importance are decided upon by the Druses without consulting her, and in their religious mysteries she is one of the very highest amongst the initiated. We found her waiting for us in a sort of large kiosk, or summer-house, built on the roof of her own dwelling, the high windows of which afforded a most extensive view of one of the most magnificent valleys in Lebanon. Here were assembled to meet us nearly all the women of the various sheik families in and about the village, some being veiled, whilst a few of the elder ones had their faces almost uncovered, but even the veils allowed the countenances they were supposed to hide to be seen pretty freely. Amongst the younger ladies there were three or four who might be termed good-looking, and one or two decidedly pretty. But like all other women in Syria, they marry and become mothers so early in life, that at two- or three-and-twenty they look past middle age, and at thirty are already old. Like all orientals, the Druse women deem it a great misfortune to have female children and not boys; but a woman who has been married two or three years, and had no children at all, is looked on as something both unfortunate and unclean. "A house without children," says the Arab proverb, "is like a bell without a clapper, and a woman who does not bear is like a tree that gives no fruit, only more useless, for the tree may be burned for firewood."

At the Sit Farki's we had to go through the usual string of Arab compliments, to which was added the inevitable sprinkling of rose-water, the sherbet, the narghilées, the coffee, and last, a refection of fruit, jelly, and sweetmeats. The wonder of the Druse women at the fairness of the ladies and children, their astonishment and questions regarding European dress and customs, and their almost childish delight at what to them were wonderful novelties, all amused us not a little. The Sit herself is a person without any education save a fair knowledge of her own language, the Arabic, but in her conversation and remarks shows considerable common sense and great observation. She expressed the greatest delight at seeing us, and begged us to consider the house our own, to stay the night, to honour her by remaining a week, and so forth. We were, however, not able to prolong our visit, for the sun was drawing fast towards the west, we had an hour's ride before we could reach home, and the roads of Lebanon, difficult enough at all times, are exceedingly dangerous, if not quite impassable after dusk. After many compliments and farewells from the Sit and her friends, we therefore returned to the Sheik Bechir's house, and there, having put the children on their donkeys and mules, helped the ladies on their horses, and mounting ourselves, we started on our return home, highly pleased with our day spent in a

Druse village, and still more so with our hosts, the sheik and his relatives.

Our road home ran along the side of a mountain, and keeping us parallel with a magnificent deep valley, at the bottom of which ran the river Juffa, whilst the numerous villages scattered here and there on the hills, the cattle returning home from pasture, and the many peasants we met on their way home from the fields, gave the whole scene an air of peace and plenty, not often met with in the Turkish empire, and perhaps in no part of it except Mount Lebanon. The wonderful transparency of the atmosphere in this land causes some singular optical illusions. Everything appears much nearer to the beholder than it really is; and it is only after the experience of some months that one becomes sufficiently accustomed to this to estimate objects at their true distance. I was much struck with this, when on our way home from Bisoor to the mountain village in which all our party was residing for the summer, we rounded a hill on the west, and came in view of the Mediterranean, with the plains lying at the foot of Lebanon, the immense olive-grove that skirts the sea, the town and roadstead of Beyrout, with its numerous ships. It appeared almost as if a few bounds down the mountain would place us on the shores of the deep blue sea, whereas we know well that it takes a good horse nearly four hours to get over the intervening ground. It was curious to look down at the steamers now at anchor, and think that by embarking on board of one of them, we could reach Marseilles in six and London in eight days, and be in a very different climate and very different scenes from those which we had that day felt and witnessed amongst the Druses of Mount Lebanon. M. L. MEASON.

LONDON CHANGES.

WHAT changes have taken place in London during the last thirty years, over which considerable period of time, I grieve to say, my rational memory can operate with sufficient precision! In those delightful days when my serious troubles were confined to a stiff contest with the impersonal verbs, or physical discomfort in the early gooseberry season, I remember well that we children were permitted every now and then in the spring and summer time to go down a-Maying to Shepherd's Bush. From the Marble Arch to the Green at Shepherd's Bush—with the exception of a low row of houses near the chapel where the soldiers were buried, and the chapel itself, and another row of houses at Nottinghill, opposite Holland Park—it was all country. There were Nursery Gardens—there were Tea Gardens—there was a little row of cottages just over against the northern end of the Long Walk in Kensington Gardens, and a public-house called the Black or Red Bull; beyond that nothing but fields and rural sights. I do not remember the existence of Tyburn Turnpike—for it was removed in the year 1825, which date is happily beyond my powers of recollection—but thirty-five years ago there it stood. This gate stood originally at St. Giles's Pound. When it was moved to the westward, the road between St. Giles's Pound and Tyburn

Gallows was called Tyburn Road—it is now Oxford Street.

The readers of the "Times" must have seen lately that there has been a somewhat animated discussion as to the exact spot on which the gallows stood. Having no precise knowledge of my own upon the matter, I turn to the excellent work of Mr. Timbs, entitled "The Curiosities of London," and I find therein the following information upon what George Selwyn would have called this interesting point. The gallows, called "Tyburn Tree," was originally a gallows upon three legs. The late Mr. George Robins, who never lost an opportunity of pointing out any remarkable association connected with property which it was his agreeable duty to recommend to the notice of the British public, when dealing with the house No. 49, Connaught Square, affirmed that the gallows stood upon that spot. Mr. Smith, in his History of St. Mary-le-bone (I am still giving the substance of Mr. Timbs's statements), records that this interesting implement had been for years a standing fixture on a little eminence at the corner of the Edgware Road, near the turnpike. Thousands of Londoners still living must remember the turnpike well; but if I understand my author rightly, this was but the second Tyburnian location of the gallows. The subsequent and final arrangement was, that it should consist of two uprights and a cross-beam. It was set up on the morning of execution "opposite the house at the corners of Upper Bryanstone Street and the Edgware Road, wherein the gallows was deposited after having been used; and this house had curious iron balconies to the windows of the first and second floors, where the sheriff's attended the executions." The place of execution was removed to Newgate in 1783. There must be many men still alive who remember the change. It is not so long since Rogers the Poet died, and he was a young man at the date of the opening of the States General, and he used to tell his friends that he was in Paris at the time, and, if I mistake not, went to Versailles to see the solemnities. Surely if this is so, there must be still amongst us some aged people who can recollect the Tyburn executions. John Austin was hung there in 1783, and that is but 77 years ago—a mere flea-bite, as one may say, on the back of Time. The controversy seems to have been the old story of the shield, black on one side and white on the other—only the Tyburn shield has three sides. These three sides are—I crave large latitude of expression—1st, 49, Connaught Square; 2ndly, the corner of Edgware Road by the old turnpike; and, 3rdly, the corner of Upper Bryanstone Street and the Edgware Road. It is possible there is confusion in the first and second suggestions. It was in the second of these localities that the bones of Cromwell, Bradshaw, and Ireton were found, having been conveyed there by the piety of the Second Charles and his advisers. On the 30th of January, 1660-1, being the first anniversary of the execution of Charles I. which it was possible to celebrate with any degree of *éclat*, the bodies of Oliver Cromwell, of Bradshaw, and of Ireton were disinterred, and actually conveyed in their shrouds

and cere-cloths to Tyburn, and there suspended in the same cheerful costume on Tyburn Gallows, where they hung till sunset. These very dead worthies were then taken down, their heads were struck off, and the bodies buried under the gallows. The heads were set on Westminster Hall. Had I been a Cavalier in those days, how ashamed I should have been of my party! Could they have caught the living Cromwell indeed, and hung him up at Tyburn or elsewhere, there would not have been a word to say against them. One party might use the halter as well as the other the axe; but when the man who had driven them before him like chaff was lying in his quiet grave, to pull him up, and wreak their malice upon the poor remains of him before whom they used to tremble! *Fig!* Whatever may be said against Oliver Cromwell—at least he was never a resurrection-man. In 1615 Mrs. Turner tripped into the other world at this spot in a yellow starched ruff. One fine morning in the year 1760 Earl Ferrers drove up here in a fine landau drawn by six horses, in his fine wedding clothes, and glided off into eternity in a magnificent way at the tail of a silken rope. In 1724 Jack Sheppard escaped at the same place from this world to the next, and the following year Jonathan Wild the Great also concluded his career at Tyburn. A few more remarkable executions—they are all carefully noted up with particulars in “The Curiosities of London,” are—1388, Judge Trevilian for treason; 1449, Perkin Warbeck; 1534, the Holy Maid of Kent; 1628, John Felton, assassin of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham; 1726, Catharine Hayes, burned alive for the murder of her husband; 1767, Mrs. Brownrigg, for murder; 1777, Dr. Dodd, for forgery; 1779, Rev. James Hackman, for the murder of Miss Reay. Who talks of

—wanting good company
Upon Tyburn Tree?

—but enough of this.

Where the magnificent squares, crescents, and places of the modern Tyburnia now stand, thirty years ago there were brick-fields, corn-fields, and what not. I can remember very well the time when a commencement of Tyburnia, or North Western London was made. A few rows of houses, isolated from the rest of the world, were run up in a dubious way; and it was supposed that no one would be mad enough to live there. A gentleman with whom we were acquainted was amongst the first to break the ice; and of course, must have been allowed to enter upon the premises which would now let at a very high rental, for a mere song. He was to be the bait, or call-bird. It seems but yesterday that we drove, a family-party, to dine with the *penitus toto divisum*, and how the heaps of mortar and compo were lying about, to be sure, and what scaffoldings were erected in every direction, and how it seemed to be a problem whether we should seek for our dinner in this or that carcass of a house, for a finished “family residence” with oil-cloth in the hall, and blinds to the windows, seemed to be perfectly out of the question. It really appeared as though we had come upon an excursion in search of Robinson Crusoe and Man Friday. When we bumped up to the place at

last what a magnificent house it was, and when the curtains were drawn how we congratulated our friend, and when we peeped out how we condoled with him! He had indeed chosen the desert for his dwelling-place, and the dog had also contrived to provide himself with one fair spirit for his minister. How would the theory answer in practice? I know how it has answered. The hermit of Tyburnia is surrounded by human habitations in the year of grace 1860; the fair spirit is now enormously stout, and takes her airings in a yellow carriage, with a fat poodle looking out of the window. Her third daughter, Georgiana, three years ago married a young fellow whose regiment was at the Cape; and either at Port Natal, or Cape Town, or in some such outlandish locality she may now be found, having in her turn assisted to replenish the earth, as we were informed by recent advices. By the way, it is a somewhat curious secret which a South Kensington builder imparted to me the other day. In a new neighbourhood, where as yet not a house is let, if you enter yourself on the list of intending tenants the agent will put a few questions to you in a cursory way, of which you may not be able to see the drift. His real object is to ascertain if you are a Paterfamilias, with a beautiful bevy of amiable daughters, in which case you will be allowed to have the house upon easy—almost upon any terms. The calculation is that in order to assist the many despairing young gentlemen who may be going about the world in a state of utter misery for the want of sympathy from gentlest womanhood, the P.F. and his amiable lady will give a series of evening entertainments in the course of which certain consolations may be suggested to the mournful band. “The street” will be well lit up, “the street” will resound with the sweet strains of the *cornet-à-pistons*, “the street” will be full of carriages, not impossibly a wedding will take place in “the street.” What think you of this by way of an advertisement for a young and rising neighbourhood? Nieces would not do as well, for even the fondest uncle and aunt would only make spasmodic efforts to help a niece in “getting off;” but in the case of daughters the evening parties assume a chronic form.

This Tyburnia is all new, it is the newest thing in Western London. By the side of it Belgravia is almost an antiquity. Tyburnia, however, has never fairly taken rank amongst the fashionable quarters of London. It is inhabited by enormously wealthy people, the magnates of trade and commerce; by contractors; by professional men who have succeeded in obtaining the golden prizes in their respective callings. But it never has been, and never I think will be, “fashionable,” in the same sense as Belgravia, or, of course, that wonderful Quadrilateral which stands between Oxford Street and Piccadilly, Park Lane, and Bond Street. There was a moment when Tyburnia had its chance, and I cannot say that it missed it through any fault of its own. Some evil spirit who wished ill to Tyburnia and the Tyburnians whispered it into the ears of the Prince Consort and his fellow Commissioners of the Great Exhibition of 1851 to make a great National Art Repository at South Kensington. Out of this



suggestion South Kensington has grown. Although the distance from Central London is even greater, it is a curious fact that the "genteel" people, with incomes varying from 500*l.* to 2000*l.* a-year and upwards are flocking to South Kensington as fast as the houses can be run up. You can't exactly say that this is the effect of tradition, for the old court end of the town about which Leigh Hunt used to tell us such pleasant stories, is by no means identical with this modern creation of South Kensington. It can scarcely be regarded as a question of healthier and better air, for there is no healthier quarter of London than Tyburnia; but somehow or other it has missed the perfume of gentility after the school of dowagerhood and my Lord's Poor Cousins. Perhaps the millionnaires made too heavy a rush upon the quarter at once, and frightened away the timid kine whose natural pastures were not at the diggings. They could scarcely hope to run their graceful little tear-parties with success against the magnificent banquets of the more opulent *parceaus*, and so adhered for a time to little white genteel streets in Belgravia. From these they have timidly stolen forth, occasion offering, and the family banker being propitious, to little squares and streets Kensington way, where they take nice little houses, which they are not indisposed to let once and again when the season is at its height on one genteel pretext or another; and so they play their part. The end of it, however, is, that although Tyburnia may glisten with gold, it has very little to show in the way of purple, faded or otherwise.

I cannot remember the time when Belgrave Square was not; but those of my contemporaries who have preceded me but a short way on the path of life tell me that they recollect it well when the site was called the "Five Fields." My boyish memory will not carry me back beyond the year 1829 or thereabouts; and I find by reference to the same instructive work of Mr. Timbs which I have before quoted, that Belgrave Square was built by Mr. George Basevi, the architect, and finished in the year 1829. The place before this was a miserable swamp, and I have been told by older men that in their boyhood they have shot snipe in the Five Fields; others have informed me that they used to go botanising there for curious plants. Mr. Thomas Cubitt, the great builder and contractor, may be said to have invented Belgravia. He dug into the swamp, and found that it consisted of a shallow stratum of clay, and that below this there was good gravel. "The clay he removed and burned into bricks; and by building upon the substratum of gravel, he converted this spot from one of the most unhealthy to one of the most healthy, to the immense advantage of the ground landlord and the whole metropolis." I think Mr. Basevi and Mr. Cubitt must have understood the mystery of lord-and-lady catching better than their brethren of Tyburnia. They seem to have built a great square first, and to have filled it with grandees; and from this they built away other smaller squares, and streets of all dimensions, which were gradually taken up by people of the same class, and afterwards by their imitators and admirers, who loved to dwell in the odour of

perfect gentility. The plan pursued by Mr. Cubitt was certainly an inspiration of genius, for before his time all builders who looked at the place gave a glance at the surface-water, and turned aside in despair. There was another consideration which might perhaps have prevented tenants from flocking to this quarter, and that is the extreme lowness of the situation. I do not pretend to give exact figures, but I can scarcely be wrong when I say that the Belgravian district is a hundred feet lower than the higher and more northerly districts of London. Healthy the district most certainly is, as I can testify myself from having resided many years within its limits. It was a very common thing on returning home at night by Piccadilly in the season of fogs to see the fog lying heavily on that famous thoroughfare; but when you turned down upon Belgravia all was clear. Chelsea, which lies even lower, has always been reputed a healthy suburb. In the last century it was the residence of Doctor Arbuthnot, Sloane, Mead, and Cadogan; and I suppose the physicians knew where to find the best air.

Endless have been the changes in this Belgravian district. The Orange Garden in bygone days stood upon the site of the present St. Barnabas Church. Indeed in the old, old times, Pimlico was essentially the district of public gardens. It is notorious that the Queen's Palace of Buckingham House stands on the site of the old Mulberry Gardens, so famous amongst our dramatic writers. Precisely one hundred years ago—that is, in the year 1760—there was nothing between Buckingham House and the river, looking either south or west, but a few sparse cottages and the Stag Brewery. What is there now? The name of Pimlico has often puzzled me, and if any one can throw any additional light upon the subject I shall be glad. All I can do for the information of others who may have taken this momentous point into consideration, is to copy for their benefit the following brief suggestions from "Notes and Queries." "Pimlico is the name of a place near Clitheroe, in Lancashire. Lord Orrery (in his Letters) mentions Penlicoe, Dublin; and Pimlico is the name of a bird of Barbadoes, which presageth storms." The district and its vicinages in some measure keep up the old reputation as the quarter for public gardens, inasmuch as just above Battersea Bridge are Cremorne Gardens. Cremorne House was formerly the residence of a Lord Cremorne; a title which still exists. The family name is Dawson of Dartrey, Rockecorry, Ireland. The river frontage of Chelsea seems to me less changed than most things in London since I was a boy. It seems to me that I remember Cheyne Walk as long as I remember anything, with Don Saltero's Tavern, made so famous by Steele, and subsequently by Benjamin Franklin. If Kensington is called the Court end, Chelsea might fairly be called the literary end of the town, for here in former days lived Steele, Addison, John Locke, Lord Shaftesbury, Smollett, and Swift. Sir Robert Walpole, too, had a house here. As a question of age I ought easily to remember the Chelsea Bun House, but I do not. It was only pulled down in 1839 or 1840, an affair of yester-

day, so that this famous bun factory ought to stand fresh in the recollection of all Londoners who are more than thirty years of age. I find it recorded, that the bun trade began to decline when there was an end of Ranelagh. Now Ranelagh came to an end contemporaneously with the pseudo Peace rejoicings at the beginning of this century. The Peace fête was the last of its glories—that was in 1803. It had a run of about sixty years, having been opened in the year 1742. As some persons may be curious to know its exact site, I may mention that it was situated just to the east of Chelsea Hospital, and part of the ground is now included in the old men's garden of that institution. The old veterans of the Hospital are again amongst the few unchanged features in London life. Just what I remember them when I was a little boy, just the same were the gnarled old relics of the wars whom I saw lounging and sauntering about in front of the Hospital the other day. Whatever may be the subjects to which we are indifferent, most people—or they must be very miserable dogs indeed—care about the duration of human life. Now if the records of Chelsea Hospital are true, here the true temple of longevity is to be found. What think you of the following dates, which Mr. Timbs obtained from careful inspection of the Hospital burial-ground:—

Thomas Asby	died 1737	aged 112
Captain Laurence	„ 1765	„ 95
Robert Cumming	„ 1767	„ 116
Peter Dawling	„ 1768	„ 102
A Soldier who fought at } the Battle of the Boyne }	„ 1772	„ 111
Peter Brent, of Tinnmouth	„ 1773	„ 107

The ages of the pensioners seem to vary from sixty to ninety, and in 1850 there were said to be two old fellows in the Hospital who had attained the age of 104. I wonder what kind of certificates of birth these aged pensioners could have produced, for from the ages which they claim, their reckonings must have run from periods when it was exceedingly difficult to arrive at satisfactory conclusions as to the date of birth. When we remember further that the claimants were for the most part taken from the very humblest classes of society, amongst whom you could scarcely derive assistance from family Bibles, and similar records, the difficulty becomes enormously increased. Be this, however, as it may, Chelsea Hospital and the old pensioners are amongst the unchanged things of London.

The suburb of Kensington Proper seems to have varied less than most of the others of which I have made passing mention. Some rows of modern houses have indeed grown up about Camden Hill; but the High Street, and the square, and the turning up by the old church are pretty much about what I remember them thirty years ago. To be sure, in the road from Hyde Park Corner to Kensington Church there is a notable change. That little low row of houses close to Saint George's Hospital, and in one of which lived and died Liston the comedian, is indeed one of the monuments of London as it was thirty years ago; but we knew nothing of

palatial residences and Gibraltar Houses, and Princes Gates. I cannot say I recall to mind the exact aspect of the place. There were nursery gardens, and a large mansion or two, Gore House being one of them of course, and there was a little row of houses just before you came to the turning known in these, our later days, as Hyde Park Gate South; but there was no approach to continuity as at present, even in the year 1830. It is said that within the memory of man a bell used to be rung at Kensington to call the people together who intended returning to town, so that they might travel together, and afford each other mutual aid and protection against the highwaymen. Only conceive Claude Duval, or Sixteen String Jack, operating in front of Sir C. Cresswell's house, or Stratheden House, at the present day! The story of Gore House is one of the most melancholy memorabilia of this district, on account of poor Lady Blessington and her ruin. I had considerable respect for Alexis Soyer, but living, as I did, close to the spot at the time, I was not altogether displeased to see that the scheme for turning the place into a kind of Suburban Restaurant did not succeed, and that the more, as the speculation was said to be mainly the concern of some Liverpool Jews, of whom Soyer was only the paid agent. A good deal of old Kensington and Chelsea remain what they were, not much of Brompton; but if my life is extended to something like the length of the usual human tether, I shall have lived through the inception and growth of Tyburnia, Belgravia, and South Kensington. In point of fact London—the London in which people live—will almost have changed its site in my time. The districts in which the fewest changes have occurred are May Fair, Marylebone, and Bloomsbury. The City has been all pulled to pieces. A steady old merchant who had been in the habit of making his appearance on 'Change some forty years ago would be not a little surprised with new London Bridge, and King William Street, and the new Exchange, and the new Fish Market, and new Cannon Street, and the removal of the market from the middle of Farringdon Street opposite the Debtors' Prison, and more recently of that abominable old nuisance, Smithfield Cattle Market. I remember old London Bridge very well, and the fall of the water at particular periods of the tide; but all that has been changed in a very effectual way. In Bloomsbury we have the new front of the British Museum, and a parcel of bran-new squares, such as Gordon Square, &c. As I could not call to mind what had stood in the place of University College, Upper Gower Street, I referred to the books, and find that the first stone was laid by the Duke of Sussex in the year 1827, and the building was opened in 1828—consequently I know not what were the antecedents of its site. The Regent's Park, I think, remains much what it was—a few rows of terraces may have been added, but the recollection of most of my contemporaries will, I suppose, agree with my own, that even in those days the Regent's Park was the place to which we were driven by our cruel parents before breakfast for the benefit of our constitutions, and to the grievous annoyance

of our tempers. Even now at the distance of thirty years, and though I freely admit that certain visits to the Zoological Gardens, and certain interviews with the bears have not been altogether without a soothing and balsamic effect upon my spirits, I never can feel quite comfortable in the "outer circle." How I used to rejoice when those houses surmounted by the plum-puddings with spikes came in sight, because then I felt secure that the weary matutinal pilgrimage was nearly at an end. The improvement of St. James's Gardens and the most judicious closing-up of the unwholesome tank at the top of the Green Park are quite of modern date.

Many of the places of suburban resort round London are very little changed. It is wonderful, for example, how lightly Time has laid his finger upon Hampstead. Of course there have been great changes in the Hampstead Road, and that pleasant back way by Primrose Hill, and through the fields pied with daisies and buttercups, has been so be-bricked and be-mortared as to be scarcely recognisable. The other day, however,—it was on a Sunday—I wandered up to Hampstead; and really, except that the distant ground to the eastward is more thickly built over than of old, there is marvellously little of change about the old place. There is Jack Straw's Castle, and that melancholy-looking house which forms the end of the wedge which separates the Highgate from the Hendon Roads just looking as melancholy as ever. There, too, are the donkeys standing by the little pond, who must be the grand-donkeylings, or great-grand-donkeylings, of the very animals I used to bestride in my own school-boy days. Yes! here comes a party—by George, we must be in the year 1832!—two, sort of half-housemaid, half-young-milliner-looking girls are skurrying on, with a youngster, who may rise to be a costermonger, behind them, urging the poor brutes on by severe flagellation. Then there is a showily-dressed young "gent" who is with them, and who no doubt would be happy to charm their hearts by a display of noble donkeymanship. The donkey-boy, however, is so sedulously intent upon the animals on which the young ladies are seated that he does not notice that the young gent has fallen astern; and there he is in the swampy ground, with evident symptoms of intentions on the part of the poor outraged brute to put his head between his knees, and toss his inexperienced rider into the muck. I hope he may. Now the donkey-boy goes to the young man's rescue; and as I pass the ladies on my way to the pine-tree group, I hear one of these fair beings say to the other, "Heliza Jane, can't you lend us an 'air-pin?" the intention of the young lady obviously being to use the implement in question as vicarions of the spur. To be sure, it is aggravating when you are boiling with the fury of the race, to find the noble animal which should carry you on to victory, or at least to a noble struggle, standing stock-still, and positively declining to proceed one step further. I hope this little fellow in knickerbockers, and his bright little sister, who are dashing past the very spot where John Sadleir was found one foggy morning with the cream-jug in his hand, will have better luck. Her little hat

falls off; but not for that will she stop. The donkey-boy no doubt will see to that; but she won't be behind in the race for a hundred hats. They have evidently chosen, or rather there have been selected for them two prime donkeys.—I dare say the best to be found amongst that kind of donkey-Tattersall's, which is held under the trees by the pond where Irving used to preach when his wits were gone.

I wish I had space to talk of the humours of the tea-gardens, more especially at the Bull and Bush, which is about three-quarters of a mile beyond Hampstead in the hollow. What fun it is to sit out in the arbours and have tea amongst the spiders' webs, and how much better the cream and butter are there than they are anywhere else. How Mary Jane and her young man make off to the pine-trees, and love to sit there in heathery dalliance. I wonder what they're saying. It is something not altogether displeasing to the young lady, that is clear; but, I dare say, twenty years hence, if they thrive in business, and the young man is "steady," and Mary Jane "makes him a good wife," they will wander up to the pine-knoll, and enjoy the thought of this distant sunny afternoon, in the year 1860, very much indeed,—“Twenty years ago now, only think, Mary Jane!” That will be a great deal better than to be compelled by hard fate to give utterance to the same lofty sentiment in the year 1860,—the sentiment referring back to, or involving in its scope, A.D. 1840. That's where the shoe pinches. It is well with you, Mary Jane!

I have talked a good deal about places, and the mere brick and mortar features of the town, but what a change there is in the London streets in other respects within the last thirty years. I fancy I remember the first omnibus—if it was not the first, it was amongst the first. My recollection is of a great blue-bottle Shillibeer, which, on one particular day—I forget in what year—made its appearance in the New Road, to the grievous astonishment of the liges. Just about the same time there was a steam-carriage which tried its fortune for a short time—if I remember right—in the same locality, and set all the horses capering and prancing. No wonder; that was opposition with a vengeance. It was some time, I think, before the omnibus system was developed to any great extent. Those long machines used to go pounding up and down the New Road, plying between Maida Hill and the Bank for the accommodation of the City people, long before they were tried upon the other thoroughfares. However, when the system was fairly adopted it grew with a witness, until now the principal streets of London are so crowded with them that you can scarcely get to a railway station in time, save you allow yourself an hour to spare for stoppages caused by omnibuses on the road. I am sorry to say I can remember the old Hackney coaches, and Jarvey with his gim-sadden eyes, and his multitude of capes, and the manly straw, and the ever-clinking steps. The shape of the cabs, too, has undergone strange permutations. At one time the driver sat before you on a little seat upon the flap or wooden apron; then he was stuck on to the side; then he was perched on to

the roof; then a vehicle was tried in which two passengers could sit face to face, but sideways as regarded the horse, as people sit in omnibuses. The Hansom cab is the last expression of civilisation.

It may be observed that I have said very little of London on the Surrey side, and the omission proceeds from the very simple reason that I know little or nothing about it. One cannot however drive to the Derby, or to Dulwich, or to the Crystal Palace, or down to Greenwich, without seeing that the town has increased in this direction quite as much as in others. The whole aspect, too, of the river is changed: where there used to be watermen and their wherries, we now have penny and half-penny steamers. Perhaps the greatest change of all has occurred in the numbers of the population. To put this fact in a more striking point of view let us go considerably further back than thirty years ago. Three hundred years ago, in 1560, London contained 145,000 inhabitants. In 1800, the population had reached the figure of 850,000. For the present century the results are as follows:—

1801	958,863
1811	1,050,000
1821	1,274,800
1831	1,471,941
1841	1,873,676
1851	2,361,640

What change shall we find in 1861—next year—when the census is taken? Cæsar never thought it worth his while to make mention of so paltry a place as it was in his day, although he entered the Thames. Compare Rome and London in 1860. A few changes have occurred.

GAMMA.

THE SUCTION POST.

ONE great invention draws others in its train. The locomotive necessitated the telegraph, and with the telegraph we have grown dissatisfied with our whole postal system. We can converse with each other at opposite ends of the kingdom, yet a letter will sometimes take half a day journeying from one extremity of the metropolis to the other. Our great nerves and arteries (the telegraphic and railway systems) put the four corners of the earth in speedy communication with each other, considering the hundreds of millions of square miles they serve; but the central heart, London, is a blank in the general system, and the utmost speed with which its distances can be travelled is measured by the pace of a Hansom cab. Three millions of people are naturally dissatisfied with this state of things, and busy brains are hard at work attempting to remedy it. At the present moment, in fact, there is a race to lay down a metropolitan nervous system. If the reader happens to go into the City, he sees above the house-tops and across the river science weaving a vast spider's web from point to point. The sky is gradually becoming laced with telegraphic wires, along which messages of love, of greed, of commerce, speed unseen. These wires belong to the District Telegraphic Company, and

perform the office of putting public offices in communication with each other, of supplying the nervous system between the Docks and the Exchange, carrying the news of the moment and the price of stocks from the counting-house of the merchant to his snuggerly far down in the country, hard beside some railway. But the spider's web is also extending beneath our feet; if we take up the flags, there too we find the fine filaments traversing in their iron sheaths, linking railway station to railway station, and speeding the message under the feet of millions from one telegraphic line to another. With all these facilities for forwarding urgent messages between given points, however, the town still wants some rapid augmentation of its ordinary carrying system. We are going to shoot passengers from point to point by means of a subterraneous railway. Shall letters and parcels still toilsomely pursue their way, urged by sorry screws and weary postmen? Or shall we not harness another power of Nature to relieve our toil?

When a loungee on a very hot day sits down under an awning, and goes to work upon his sherry-cobler, he notes with satisfaction how immediately and how smoothly the liquor glides up the straw upon the application of his lips to it. But the odds are that he never associated with this movement the Post Office or the London Parcels Delivery Company in any manner whatever. Yet, if we are not greatly mistaken, the power at work in that straw is destined to revolutionise the machinery of those very important metropolitan associations. There are some people perverse enough to turn the dislikes of others to their own special profit. Now a company has been formed, and is in actual working, to take advantage of a special dislike of Nature. We all know that our great mother abhors a vacuum; but the Pneumatic Despatch Company, on the contrary, very much admires it, inasmuch as they see in it their way to a vast public benefit and profit to themselves.

For some years the International Telegraph Company have employed this new power to expedite their own business. Thus their chief office at Lothbury has been for some time put in communication with the Stock Exchange and their stations at Cornhill and Mincing Lane, and written messages are sucked through tubes, thus avoiding the necessity of repeating each message. We witnessed the apparatus doing its ordinary work only the other day in the large telegraphic apartment of the company in Telegraph Street, Moorgate Street. Five metal tubes, of from two to three inches in diameter, are seen trained against the wall, and coming to an abrupt termination opposite the seat of the attendant who ministers to them. In connection with their butt-ends other smaller pipes are soldered on at right angles; these lead down to an air-pump below, worked by a small steam-engine. There is another air-pump and engine of course at the other end of the pipe, and thus suction is established to and fro through its whole length. Whilst we are looking at the largest pipe we hear a whistle; this is to give notice that a despatch is about to be put into the tube at Mincing Lane, two-thirds

of a mile distant. It will be necessary therefore to exhaust the air between the end we are watching and that point. A little trap-door—the mouth of the apparatus—is instantly shut, a cock is turned, the air-pump below begins to suck, and in a few seconds you hear a soft thud against the end of the tube—the little door is opened, and a cylinder of gutta-percha, encased in flannel, about four inches long, which fits the tube, but loosely, is immediately ejected upon the counter; the cylinder is opened at one end, and there we find the despatch.

Now it is quite clear that it is only necessary to enlarge the tubes and to employ more powerful engines and air-pumps in order to convey a thousand letters and despatches, book parcels, &c., in the same manner. And this the company are forthwith about to do. They propose in their prospectus to unite all the district post-offices in the metropolis with the central office in Saint Martin's-le-Grand. We particularly beg the attention of the indignant suburban gentleman who is always writing to the "Times" respecting the delays which take place in the delivery of district letters, to this scheme. At present a letter is longer going from one of the outer circles of the post-office delivery to one of the inner ones, than from London to Brighton; but with the working of the Pneumatic Despatch Company a totally different state of things will obtain. An obvious reason of the present delay is the crowded state of the London thoroughfares, which obstructs the mail carts in their passage to the central office, or from district to district; another reason is that, from the very nature of things, letters are by the present system only despatched at intervals of two or three hours. But when we have *Eolus* to do our work, the letters will flow towards head-quarters for sorting and further distribution incessantly. Indeed, the different tubes will practically bring the ten district post-offices of London under one roof.

At the present moment the contract rate at which the mail-carts go is eight miles per hour. The Pneumatic Company can convey messages at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and this speed can be doubled if necessary. The same system will be ultimately adopted for bringing the mail-bags to and from the railway-stations, and instead of seeing the red mail-carts careering through the streets, we shall know that all our love-letters, lawyers' letters, and despatches of importance, are flying beneath our feet as smoothly and imperceptibly as the fluid flows outwards and inwards from that great pumping machine—the human heart. The spider's web that is being hung over our head has indeed a formidable rival in this web of air-tubes under ground, inasmuch as by the latter we can send our thoughts at length, and with perfect secrecy, and quite as quickly for all practicable purposes, as by the telegraph. The Post-Office authorities, if they adopt the scheme, of which we have no doubt, will be able to forward letters with a very great increase of despatch at a much smaller cost to itself than even at present. A pipe between the Charing Cross post-office and Saint Martin's-le-Grand is about to be laid, so that the public service will very speedily test

its capabilities, if further testing indeed be needed.

If we can suck letters in this manner between point and point of the City, it will naturally be asked, why not lay down pipes along the rail-roads, and convey your mails by pneumatic power? But it must be remembered that the exhaustive process cannot be put in operation for any long distance without great loss of power, and that it would be difficult to send letters great distances, even with relays of air-pumps, much faster than by ordinary mail-trains. However it is impossible to say what may not be eventually done in this direction, but we are certain, from actual experiment carried on for years, that the system is perfectly adapted for this vast metropolis, as regards the postal service, and there is as little doubt that it is quite capable of taking upon itself a parcel-delivery service,—indeed, the size of the articles to be conveyed is only limited by the power of the pumping-engine, and the size of the conducting-tube.

The company are now about to lay down a pipe between the Docks and the Exchange, for the conveyance of samples of merchandise, thus practically bringing the Isle of Dogs into Cornhill; and for all we know this invention may hereafter be destined to relieve the gorged streets of the metropolis of some of its heavy traffic.

The projector of the railway system could scarcely have foreseen the extent to which the locomotive would supersede other means of progression, and the principle of suction certainly starts on its career with as much certainty of succeeding as did that scheme. Some time towards the end of the century we may perchance hear the householder giving directions to have his furniture sucked up to Highgate—for hills form but little impediment to the new system of traction, or the coal merchant ordering a waggon load of coals to be shot into the pipe for delivery a dozen miles distance. And this new power, like the trunk of the elephant, is capable of being employed on the most trivial as well as upon the weightiest matters.

At the station of the International Telegraph Company, in Telegraph Street, it acts the part of messenger between the different parts of the establishment. The pipes wind about from room to room, sufficient curve being maintained in them for the passage of the little travelling cylinder which contains the message, and small packages and written communications traverse almost as quickly in all directions as does the human voice in the gutta-percha tubing, to which in fact it is the appropriate addendum.

In all large establishments, such as hotels and public offices, the application of the invention will be invaluable; and, from its fetching and carrying capabilities, it may well be nick-named the tubular "Page."

That we have been recording the lurch of an invention destined to play a great part in the world, we have, as guarantees, the names of the well-known engineers, Messrs. Rammell and Latimer Clarke, and among the directors that of Mr.

W. H. Smith, whose establishment in the Strand supplements the Post Office in the distribution of newspapers throughout the country. In making our lowest bow to this new slave of the lamp

that has been enlisted in our service, we may observe that, unlike steam, it cannot at any time become our master, or bring disaster where it was only intended to serve. A. W.

THE PILLION.

(Concluded from page 108.)



LIKE all other partnerships, though in a greater degree than most, the pleasure of riding double was dependent upon being suitably matched. Nothing, for instance, could look more incongruous than a large woman seated on a pillion behind a little man, especially as the thick cushion, provided for her use, was always much higher than the saddle before it. A boy was sometimes sent to escort a portly matron in this way, of which a curious instance occurred under the observation of a friend of mine. She had been struck with the length of time that a horse remained at a gate upon the road near her residence, and looking out more intently to ascertain the cause, she perceived a large female-figure seated on a pillion behind; but, to all appearance, a vacant saddle in front. On further investigation, however, she discovered that an extremely little boy was stretching himself downwards to open the gate, but in vain, the horse being an animal of more than usual height. The majestic dame, however, was not one to be baffled by a difficulty of this kind; so, reaching out her powerful arm, she held the little boy by one leg while he unfastened the gate, thus securing his safe reinstatement in the saddle.

Scenes of a similar kind to this were by no means unfrequent at that time of the year, when servants in the North and East Riding of Yorkshire changed their places. It was a custom of old standing in the agricultural parts of that county, for all servants to enjoy one week of entire liberty, to return to their homes, visit their friends, or do what they liked; so that, whether

they went to new situations or not, they all left the old one to take care of itself, during the whole week at Martinmas. In addition to this, the women all expected to be *fetched* to their places—boxes, bundles, and all—holding out under all circumstances against walking, or going by themselves without conveyance or escort. Thus, where the women servants were numerous, and the places wide apart, the riding about with pillions created quite a stir in the country; and the arrival of each with her bundle on her lap—or perhaps her handbox there, and the bundle on the arm of the man or boy—was a very dignified, as well as interesting occasion.

I remember a circumstance connected with this mode of transit for female servants, which exceeded most things I ever met with for coolness, or, if one might choose to call it so, for *heroism*; and indeed, there can be little doubt but that the word *heroism* has often been used with no more legitimate application, for how much of what people call *daring* is, in reality, like that which I am about to describe—nothing but ignorance?

I was staying at the country residence of a family, the two oldest sons of which were amongst the first to make that melancholy experiment of a settlement on Swan River. Emigration, especially to Australia, was a very different affair at that time from what it is now. The two sons were taking out with them a number of workmen, each to be mated with a wife, or if not married, the men and women were to be equal in number; and by way of preparation for at least two years' payment of these people in clothing instead of money, an immense assortment of goods had been made ready, besides a wood house in compartments, to be fitted up on their arrival.

It would be impossible to describe the interest at that time attaching to such transactions, all

going on within and around a certain country mansion, to which almost everybody was invited before the final departure of the 1860 emigrants. Amongst other provisions were a number of mastiff dogs, intended as a defence against the wild dogs of the country, and specimens of this noble animal were brought every day to have their warlike capabilities tested in single combats with other dogs; so that the sounds, as well as the sights, by which we were surrounded, were both animated and extraordinary.

All went on, however, steadily and successfully, with only one exception. The ease of one female of the party seemed doubtful. I forget whether it was that one of the men did not feel secure of his matrimonial speculations; but so it was, that



(Page 134.)

failing this one woman, another must be found. My friend, the sister of the emigrants, was never at a loss. Devoted to the interests of her brothers, she did not fail them here; but spoke confidentially to a robust young kitchen-maid in the house, whose characteristic reply was, that she "*didn't mind*." She was therefore kept in reserve to supply the deficiency, as the case might turn out; and in the meantime, she milked her cows, washed her dishes, and went about her work in every respect exactly the same as usual. The place from which the party were to sail was distant about twenty miles; and, as the time drew near, and all things were got into a state of readiness, the probability of this girl being wanted died away.

I shall never forget the morning of the great departure, for such things were great in those days, nor how my friend and I stood at the dining-room windows, looking out over the then silent fields, wondering and prognosticating what would be the probable future of the party, though scarcely apprehending anything so disastrous as the reality which ensued. Indeed, there was a

good deal of hope mingled with our speculations; only that the vast amount of bustle, and life, and interest about the place suddenly ceasing, had left us rather flat.

We had risen early, and had a long morning for our cogitations. We knew the vessel was to sail that afternoon. Silent as everything was around us, we were constantly looking out from the windows, when, a little before twelve o'clock, we espied a man on a great horse, tearing the ground at full gallop, with an empty pillion behind him. He had come at that speed to fetch the kitchen-maid to go out to Australia. The other woman had failed them; and he must be back, over his twenty miles ride, as fast as the horse could carry them both. And what did the kitchen-maid do? She neither screamed, nor shed a tear; but washed her hands, and packed up her things in a handbox and bundle, and was off in half an hour on the pillion behind the man at full gallop. If this was not behaving like a heroess, I should be glad to know what is.

In connection with the same friend of my early years—a sort of Diana Vernon in her way—there

comes vividly back to my recollection a scene which I have heard her describe, of a very different character from the last, though still connected with the pillion. This lady and three or four of her companions dared, or were dared by their gentlemen friends, to go out coursing with them on pillions. I think there were five or six couples in the field. All of course went well enough until the hare was started. The horses were of high mettle, and then away they went. The ladies kept their seats until a ploughed field had to be crossed, when the horses with their double load plunged so violently, that they all flew off in different directions, not one remaining to risk the experiment of the leap over the surrounding fence.

But if the female partnership in the double-riding was of a somewhat subservient and dependent nature, there were cases—and my father used to tell of one—in which the man had undoubtedly the worst of it. To this man, at least, it was so, though many might have considered his situation less disagreeable than he did. On this occasion a lady of great dignity and importance had to be conducted, in the usual way, along with other members of the family with whom she was visiting; and, as there must always have been considerable difficulty in portioning out the different couples in the outset, it so chanced that an unusually bashful young man was appointed to be her conductor. To a man of this description it must have been rather a delicate affair to find himself completely fixed into a place so *very* close to any woman; but, in this instance, he was especially covered with confusion. Once in the saddle, however, and his back to the lady, the worst would be over, and his blushes, because unseen, would naturally cease. Whether from embarrassment attendant upon his circumstances, or from some other cause, this ill-assorted couple had not proceeded far before the young man dropped his whip. He had to dismount to pick it up, and being, most probably, not a very experienced rider, in mounting again he committed the oversight of turning himself the wrong way, and put his foot in the stirrup so that his seat in the saddle was exactly reversed—his back being to the head of the horse, and his face almost in direct collision with that of the lady.

Upon the whole, however, with the exception of a few rare instances, this mode of travelling was most sedate and dignified. It was by no means confined to the ruder portions of society—many a lady of wealth and influence being conducted in this manner by her footman, when making her formal calls. Many pleasant parties, too, were made up by such couples, and long journeys, as far as from York to London, were performed by slow stages in this manner. A little farther back, we see even the fair young bride conveyed to her new home on a pillion behind her happy husband, with her wedding garments still upon her.

I have often listened with peculiar interest to the descriptions which I persuaded a very handsome old lady to give me of the style in which she rode to her husband's home, on a pillion behind him, on her wedding-day. She said her

hat was of white satin, tied with a broad white ribbon. I forget what was the kind of gown she wore, but I know there was spread over it in front a wide, clear, India muslin apron; that over her shoulders was drawn a delicate silk shawl, neatly pinned down at the waist; while on her arms she had long silk mittens, which just left uncovered a bit of the fine round arm near the elbow. The gentleman was a physician of talent and property, so that it was from no degrading necessity that they travelled in this style; and if the wonderfully handsome countenance of a woman of eighty may be interpreted as a record of her youthful beauty, he must, in that journey, have turned his back upon a picture as attractive as ever charmed a lover's fancy.

S. S.

THE OLD PLAYER'S STORY.

(A PLEA FOR THE DRAMATIC COLLEGE.)

I MUST confess to a curiosity about poor people. Their ways, manners, habits, modes of existence and thought, have for me a charm that I do not find in the lives of their richer fellows. Their struggles against hunger and poverty, more enduring—sometimes more noble—than those of heroes on the battle-field, are to me as interesting a portion of human experience as the world presents.

It is no wonder, then, that I find myself in strange places sometimes. Now in a dirty cottage, now in a cellar still dirtier, now in a workshop, now in a garret. I find it interesting; I like to see these bees building up their little cells, living their little lives, and sinking little by little under the weight of a heavy burden.

Feeling this, I embraced with all eagerness the offer of an intelligent master of a workhouse to visit the establishment under his charge. He received me at the door, and led me through the various rooms. The occupants were nearly all old men, a few—very few—were younger and sickly-looking, all dressed alike in the grey suit, and looking all alike, in a sullen and hopeless expression that is very saddening to see on human faces. Of course I asked questions by the score, and was answered. Few of them liked to discuss the cause of their ending their days in that place. Some few said it was misfortune; some said—poor old fellows—that their children had died; some did not know exactly what it was had brought them there. They had very little bread where they were, they said; and the master smiled.

"You've enough to eat, Brown?"

"Yes. I don't starve, but somehow I never feel full, always waiting for next meal; 'taint pleasant sort of feeling that; still I can't help it, I am here, and shall be till I goes."

The last word was half regretful, half expectant in its tone.

"Haven't a bit of 'bacca with you, sir? I miss that as much as anything."

I gave old Brown an Havannah, and left him happy; it is astonishing how little is required to make an old man of seventy in a workhouse, happy.

"He is a fair sample of your birds, I suppose," said I.

"Yes, about the average, perhaps a little better than the general run. I've rather a curious specimen of the pauper human here somewhere. I like the old fellow, his is a sad case. Where's Gowling?"

"He is in the garden, sir," said one. "Ye can just see him out of the window here, sir, sitting under the lime tree, there, sir;" and a finger a little, just a little dirty, was stretched out to indicate the place of Gowling.

I of course looked, and saw a man I should have judged to be about sixty-five sitting under the tree. He was a good deal bent, and seemed lost in thought from the wrinkles on his face, or it might have been the vacant smile I had seen on other faces, though I could hardly tell what it was at that distance.

On my going up to him, the old man rose, and took off his cap with a grace and ease of manner, and withal a certain dignity, that made me instantly raise my hat in that graceful fashion peculiar to the natives of this polite little island.

"Would you like to sit down, sir?" said he; and he looked at me.

"Thank you," I stammered, and sat down. I had not recovered from my astonishment—the pauper, with his cap that never could have cost sixpence, exhibiting with it the manners and ease of a gentleman. I was astonished, and sat silent.

"You've been through the house?"

"O yes—I went through this afternoon."

"Curious place. Curious people in it."

"Yes; but they are all much alike in the main features, dress of course—but manner, expression of face. Most of them are from the same class, 'the labouring poor,' as one of our poets has emphatically called them. You find them not very congenial companions?"

"Not very. They are kind, or mean to be; and would be respectful, if there were not adverse influences to the existence of such a feeling. The chaplain is rather against me."

"You smoke, Mr. Gowling?"

"I do, when I can," and the old man laughed—a laugh that was at once bitter and pitiful.

I offered him my cigar-case. He made his selection, and struck a light with the fusee. I lit my own with one, and was enjoying the first few whiffs, when I presently noticed my companion's cigar had no light—it had gone out. I looked in the fusee-box—it was empty.

"O, never mind. I'll keep it till another time."

I handed him mine.

"No, sir—it's no use to me. My lungs are not what they used to be, and I can't light it unless you draw at the same time. I can light it then."

I drew my breath till the end of my cigar was almost a flame, and then the old man, with his feeble breath, kindled his own. I noticed him more, as our faces were close together. His brow, rather high and rounded, was crossed in every direction by wrinkles; the eyes were dark, the eyebrows almost gone; while the cheeks more resembled parchment than aught else. The face close shaven, and a few locks of thin grey hair just showed under the cap.

"Well," said he, after some few puffs at his cigar, "what do you think of me?"

I was blushing again. I really thought he had been too much occupied with his pipe to observe how much I noticed him.

"I scarcely know. It is so unusual to find one having your education in such a place as this, that I am sure I hardly know what to think of your being here."

"You talk of my education. What do you suppose I am?"

"I was going to say an actor, but that—"

"You're right; I am an actor. I am," he sighed, "no—I was."

"You really interest me very much. I should be glad, very glad—should take it as a favour, if you would tell me the—the—indeed, the story of your life. I am very much interested."

"My dear sir—"

Now I did feel that it was not usual for men in the dress of paupers to address the friends of the master as "my dear sir."

"My dear sir, I shall be very happy if I can amuse you for a little while—I fear it's no more beginning before tea. I expect the bell to ring directly. Ah, there it is. Will you come in and see the carnivora fed, as they used to say when I was young?"

I went in with him, arm in arm—how the paupers did stare to see the old fellow hanging on my arm!—and then I saw them sitting down at a long table—the little wedge of bread and the smaller one of cheese were eaten carefully to spread out the flavour over a longer time. I noticed my companion had a cup of tea brought him, which was a favour accorded to but few; half an hour and it was over, and we came out again into the garden and sat down once more. He seemed revived.

"I like my tea. You see we are not allowed many stimulants here, and I only get this every day by the order of the doctor, a young fellow I used to know many years ago. I was playing Othello at the time in Bradford, and an accident having happened to one of the shifters, he was called in. He set his leg—it was broken—and helped him with money afterwards, I know, and I took a liking to him. He was just beginning to practise then, and thought it a fine thing to know an actor. He orders me tea now," and the old man was silent.

"Try another cigar, Mr. Gowling, and you'll be better," and he did. It really was a pleasure to see him slowly and weakly draw in the smoke, and then as slowly and weakly let it curl out of his scarcely opened lips with an air of regret at its departure. He smoked on in silence for some time, and I let him without interruption.

"I said I would tell you my story. Well, to begin. I was born in this town of Burnton something less than sixty years ago. My father was a small tradesman, and sent me to the best school he could afford till I was a little over thirteen. He was rather proud of me, poor old father. I used to recite on the public days in the school, and repeat Latin and Greek orations, of which the meaning was not a little obscure even to me; what it must have been to my hearers I don't know. My father took me away from school to the shop. He was a tailor. I don't think any

boy with a grain of life in him would choose to be a tailor as a matter of taste. As for me, it worried me to death to sit hour after hour, stitch, stitch, stitch, and I used to beguile the time by reciting and reading to the few men my father employed, and they did my share of work in return for the amusement it afforded them. At the age of fifteen I took part in some private theatricals in the town, and found the bustle of preparation much more pleasant than the dull shop-work. They went off well, and when next the players came to the town I went to the manager and asked him to take me. He laughed, for I was fit for nothing. Of course I was too big for a page, and too little for a man-at-arms, too young for a first, second, or even third lover, and too old for any accidental boy parts. I was disappointed, but I soon had to leave the then detested shop. My father was rather of a serious turn. He heard of my going to the manager, and locked me up, then about sixteen, and fed me on bread and water. This was rather too bad, so I took French leave, and when the bread and water came one morning, there was no one to eat it. I was pleased to find myself with a pair of socks and a clean shirt wrapt up in a handkerchief about 'to face the world,' and 'try to wrief the hard held honours from stern fortune's hand.' Still I was young then. I need scarcely tell you that sitting here I often regretted that fine May morning's work that took me from home.

"I went to one town after another, and at each sought out the manager of the theatre, and tried hard to get in as anything. I was no use, my voice was not yet set or certain. 'Why, young sir,' said one to me, 'you're as slim as a girl, and if you were to make love in the tone you've been talking to me in, the people would insist that I had made a girl play the lover's part. I'd take you, but you are no use to me at all—two years hence you can come again, then I may talk to you.'

"I felt it was true, but still wanted to be in a theatre, so I entered a travelling circus company as holder and ring raker. I kept at it for eighteen months, and then the manager joined another in the regular acting line. Now was my chance. They wanted a lover, and wanted him to ride; their first lover could no more sit a horse than a sack could; the first lady saw him once, and said she should die with laughing if he came on, so I offered. I did well, and thought I was on the road to fortune; I felt that Kemble and the rest of the great actors were only the same men as I was, with better chances. That is more than forty years ago though. I'm wiser now.

"After this success I became first gentleman in that company, and remained so for some years. The manager took the leading parts, so I had no chance. I changed my name, first as Gowling did not look well in a bill, and next because I did not want to hurt my poor old father's feelings more than I could help—I took the name of Alphonsus Montague. It looked well on the bills, I used to think at one time. Somebody, I forget who, says, "What's in a name?" I know there is a good deal in a name when it's on the play-bills; and the public being judge, Alphonsus

Montague was better than James Gowling, for it drew better houses.

"In the company there was a girl who took second lady. I don't say I fell in love with her: I don't think men of our class do fall in love. The constant exercising the imitative powers in delineating that passion, weakens, I think, the power of feeling it as other men feel it. I liked her; she was good, industrious, rising in the profession, and I married her. There never was a better woman lived, and she had her reward: I don't suppose that there ever was a woman more respected in any company. I never had even a row about her but once, and then, a man being very insolent to her, she came and told me, just as I came off as Macduff in 'Macbeth.' I went to the manager and told him that the man must leave the place at once. The manager said it was impossible; he was a son of the noble owner of half the town; his father was then in the house; these things must be endured. I said they should not be endured; and that if he would not protect the ladies in his company, I should take the liberty of protecting my wife."

"And how did it end?"

"Why, I went to the little beast, titled as he was, and kicked him out at the stage door. I did, sir, though you would not think it to look at me now."

"And the manager?"

"Came and thanked me. Said he was much obliged to me; he had had more annoyance from the complaints of the girls about that fellow than from any other cause. He raised mine and my wife's salary that same week."

I had been noticing while he was speaking a number of children who came out of the house, and were dispersing in various groups to play. They were all dressed alike in the grey, true pauper grey, and ran and jumped as if they were not dependent on a paternal state for their support. One child, a little, large eyed girl, passed once or twice before us, and then stood still, looking at me a little way off. I looked at her, and she pulled the corner of her little apron, and blushed, and so remained till he had done speaking.

"Whose is that pretty child, there?" said I.

"That—that's my little Alice. Here, Alice! come here, dear."

The child needed no second bidding, but ran to the old pauper; and, being lifted with no little effort on to his knee, hid her face against his breast, and still glanced at me. I, of course, found some object of attraction in the garden that enabled me to let her see my face without my appearing to see her; she was soon satisfied, apparently, for the glances became more bold and determined.

"Who is that, Papa Gowling?"

"A friend of mine; he won't hurt you."

She looked again to see if I had any intention of doing her mischief, and, being satisfied, sat upright on the old man's knee.

"There, Alice, you see he's not going to hurt my little Alice. Won't you shake hands with him?"

She did.

"This your grand-child?" said I.

"Yes,—the only one left," and the voice fell as he stooped and kissed her uplifted face.

"You were saying that the manager raised your salary after the little fracas about your wife?"

"Ah! yes, he did, and we went on very well for some time. I began to find I was not a star. Once or twice I went up to London and heard some of the best men, and found that I could not equal them. I don't know a more painful sensation, sir, than that attendant on the discovery of the limit of your powers. Every man not blinded by conceit, who is over thirty, must have felt this. There is a limit to our powers; other men have more—some less, but still it is very painful to feel conscious that the eminence that man has attained to whom you are listening, is beyond you. Young men—very young men—feel that what man has done man can do. It does not last. Most men at thirty know their pace well enough to tell them that they will be in the ruck of the race of life.

"Well, some few years after I was married, this conviction came to me—I knew I could never be a star—a great actor. It was not in me. I was simply a respectable one. I could take any part, and do that part so that I was not laughed at; but there I was stopped. I could go no further. I never could raise the enthusiasm of my audience. They listened and did not disapprove; but when I played a leading part, the boxes did not let and the pit was not full. I could not help it, you know. I can safely say I never went on without knowing every word of the part. I was always correct, and in the second and third parts did well. Stars liked me. They used to come down for the benefits occasionally, and used to say, 'Let me have Gowling with me; he's a safe man, never too forward,—no clap-trap with him—he's not showy, but he's safe.' Now, you see, praise is a good thing, but when a man has dreamed for ten years or so that he is to be the star of the theatrical world, it is rather hard to wake up and find a star of no very great magnitude telling him he's a very good background to show that star's light. Ah me! those hopes of youth,—how the large bud brings forth but the little flower!"

"Still, Mr. Gowling, it was something not to have failed utterly. There must be backgrounds, you know, and there must be second parts as well as first."

"True, sir, true; and human nature soon adapts itself to circumstances. Three months after I knew I was no genius, the ambition to be one left me. I was content to do my part and enjoy life. I had four children—three boys and one girl. That's her child—poor little thing." And he stroked the head of little Alice caressingly while she played with the buttons on his coat.

"The boys, of course, we tried to make useful in the profession. Christmas was a family harvest,—all were busy then—all making money. You know that the profession is not favourable to health. The excitement—particularly to children—soon wears them out. I know, often and often, I've seen my boys as imps and that kind of thing, and felt the life was too fast for them. Late at night, to go from the hot theatre into the cold night

air, was a sad trial to the constitution, and our children are not old men. You cannot persuade boys of twelve and fourteen that they ought to wrap their throats, and not run out into the cold at night. We could not, and we lost two of the three boys within a year of each other. Lung disease, the doctor said. It carried off a good many of those children, you see, in the Christmas party mimes. I often wonder whether the horse thinks of those kind of things."

"And the other children?"

"The boy left our company when he was about eighteen, and joined another as second gentleman. He was as good an actor as his father, and was better. He thought he was a genius, poor boy, as his father had thought before him. He had no experience to teach him; so he thought he was ill-used, and left us."

"And what became of him?"

"At first we used to hear from him now and then, then there was a long silence, and he never worried herself dreadfully about him. One night I had been playing a country gentleman in a screaming farce, as the bills called it, for in a small company you are a king, a warrior, and a fool—all in one evening; so my wife had gone home, and when I arrived came to the door to let me in.

"Don't be frightened, dear, here's Alfred come back."

"I went up, and there he was; but, my God! what a wreck. His eyes blood-shot, his hands trembling, and a hot red spot on his cheeks.

"Well, father, how are you?"

"I did not answer, I sat down, and cried. He tried hard to keep from it, but he couldn't; he came and knelt down in front of me, covered his face with his hands, and cried like a child. His mother, poor soul, clung round his neck, and kissed him, and cried till I was beside myself. He told his story. He had made a mistake. He thought himself a great actor. Managers did not; the public backed the managers, and were right too. He could not stand the disappointment; had no wife as his father had had to console him, and he took to the actor's curse—drink. He sank lower and lower, became ill, could do nothing, and just crawled home to die.

"One night, I had just come off, when I was told some one wanted me at the stage-door. I went, and found the girl of the house where we lodged. She wanted me to come home directly; I was wanted at once. Mr. Alfred was very ill. Our manager had his benefit that night, and we had one of the first-rate London men down as Hamlet. I was dressed as the Ghost. I forgot all about dress then, and rushed home; it was too late, poor Alfred was gone! He lay, his head in his mother's arms; she was dressed as the Queen, and was weeping hot, silent tears that fell on my dead boy's face, one by one. His sister was sunk down on her knees by the bed-side, as I entered, and the people of the house were standing looking on. I shall never forget it—never.

"I was roused by a touch on the shoulder. A message from the theatre.

"Manager says he should be glad if you could come back."

"Look here, Jennings, do you think I can?"

"Not to do anything, sir; but you might see him; perhaps it would be better."

"I left them, and went back, saw the manager and told him; and though it was his benefit night, he said he would read both parts himself."

"God bless you, Gowling, I am sorry for you, very sorry; if I can do anything for you, let me know."

"I went to the dressing-room, and as I left the place, heard the applause that attended the apologies for our absence, and his announcement of his intention to read the parts. Managers are not all alike, and he was a good friend to me, was Charles Gordon."

"We buried the poor boy, and then went on as before. His mother never recovered the blow, and gradually sunk, and about six months after his death, could no longer take her parts; so Alice and I had to do our best. I noticed that a young fellow had been rather attentive to her, and was not surprised when he took me aside one night and told me he wanted to make her his wife. He was just such another as I had been myself when his age. I thought it better to see her the wife of a respectable actor than remain single behind the scenes, for she was a good girl was Alice. Well, they married, and remained in the company. I was getting old you see, then, and it was some comfort to see her with some one to take care of her. Soon after she married, her mother died, and I laid in the grave, beside her son, one of the best women that ever lived. I was alone now, and old, for the wear and tear of an active life, and the late hours, tell on the strongest constitution. It was something awful the change from the light, and glare, and noise of the theatre to the silence and quiet of my own poor room. Just then, too, the company was broken up; and at the age I was then, it was a serious thing for me. We all three tried to keep together, but it was no use. Those who wanted an old man did not want a second lady, or a third gentleman, and so we were divided. I went on circuit as an old man with very poor pay—as much as I was worth though, I dare say, for I was getting feeble, and 'Speak up, old 'un!' was the salute I had from the galleries, directly I opened my mouth."

"I heard from Alice every week, and saved her letter for Sundays, for the day was long and dull to me. I could not make new friends. The young pitied me, and I was proud then, and 'loved not pity;' so I was a lonely old man."

"Alice's husband died. I don't remember now how it was, but he died, and she told me it was just after this little one was born. I quite longed to see her, but she could not come, and I could not go, so we only wrote to each other. I have all her letters now, poor girl. She came to see me once afterwards, and was looking ill and fagged; and soon after that visit our company was broken up again."

"I tried hard for an engagement, travelled from place to place, spent all the little I had saved, and then was laid up at a place some fifty or sixty miles from here. They took me from

the inn to the Union when the money was gone; and after a deal of waiting and grumbling they brought me here. I little thought when, as a boy, I used to get the nests out of this tree, that I should end my days here, an old worn-out pauper. You know where it says, 'There's a Providence that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we may.' I've often said that on the stage. I feel it now." And the old man mused in silence.

"And your daughter?"

"Alice? She died in this house not two years ago, poor child."

"Here, do you mean?"

"Yes, there, in that room." And he pointed to a window in the back part of the house. "That one, where the sun shines on it through the trees."

"Of what did she die? She was young."

"The same disease that carried off her brothers, consumption. She knew I was here, and spent her last money in coming; and the doctor, good fellow that he is, would have her in here. She lingered on for about a fortnight up there, and then died one evening at sunset, holding my hand, and the child lying on her breast. Poor girl! she looked so beautiful in her coffin. Ah! I've outlived them all but this little one." And the old man looked fondly on the child, and stroked her head with his lean shrivelled hand. "It's rather sad to see them all gone—all—wife, sons, and Alice all 'gone. Poor Alice!" And the old pauper's eyes were full of the slow-coming tears of age.

I had a cough, and felt husky in the throat, and the wind blew the dust in my eyes as I watched him.

"You and my friend seem to agree well, Mr. Gowling," said the voice of the master close by.

"Yes, sir, he says he likes to listen to an old man's talk. It's very kind of him—very kind."

"I've been expressing my wonder to Mr. Gowling to find him here."

"Want of proper economy, sir; nothing more. People of his profession are very reckless and improvident, very."

"You're right and you're wrong at once," said the old man. "We are not a saving people, I grant. The whole tendency of the profession is against it. We don't earn much, I mean such as myself. Of course genius is always well rewarded, but mediocrity in this is subject to competition as in other trades or professions. Then the little we do earn is spent in ways to which other professions have nothing analogous. Look at our dresses—we find all, and when a man throws himself into his part, does his best to please the public and do his duty to the manager, he will not have much left to be extravagant with. Besides, the qualities of nature that make a good economist—a careful saving man—are not those which make a good actor. It is too much to ask that a man should, on the stage, have to affect the liberal notions of a spendthrift, and off the stage be a niggard. Then, too, we lean on one another. When do you see an appeal in the public papers from the widow of an actor in great distress? You may see dozens of such appeals from widows of other professional men. We help each other,

and many a time the last guinea I had in the world has gone to help some brother-actor in difficulty."

"Still, Mr. Gowling, you admit it is possible to save."

"Oh, yes! *possible*, but difficult, inasmuch as the qualities that make the actor are not, nor are they usually found associated with, those of the rigid economist; and it is only the rigid economist amongst such men as myself who can save at all. Look, too, at the liabilities to disease, the uncertainties of the means of living we have, and you will see that we are, on the whole, as hardly worked for the amount of pay we receive as any class of men."

"Well, then, Mr. Cowling, when you've not saved, and are poor, the State takes care of you."

"Mr. Atherton, I don't think it ought to be left to the State to do that. We actors do little for the State, add little to her wealth or greatness, but we do a good deal for that public which is not the State. I think that if any class in their old age have a claim on the public beyond that which the law of mere competition, of mere barter and sale, gives, it is my own class. We sacrifice our lives to a life-wearing profession, and we are paid for it. Well, you say, there the matter ends."

"Certainly, the public pays you for your exertions, and all claim is discharged."

"Not so: the public does not say so in other cases. Look at the hundreds of refugees for the old poor of various trades and professions, and you will see evidence enough that there is something in a man's heart that tells him the law of competition must be supplemented by another—that of benevolence—and it should be so in our case particularly. How many pleasant hours have the public gained out of my expenditure of my life; and the public gratitude leaves me to the State, and the State puts me in this—(and he touched his grey coat). I, who have worn the mantle of a king, the robe of a senator, and the dress of a gentleman all my life, go about badged as a pauper, stamped as a beggar, and have to associate constantly with men whose lives have been spent on the roads, the field, or in a stable. They are men, I grant, but I've been used to different company," and the old player's vigour seemed to come back to him as he spoke. "The public, sir, should take it up; and if the decayed fishmongers, ironmongers, watermen, and a host of other useful trades have their refuges for their poor, I don't think it is asking too much that we should have some place where we might spend the few remaining days of our lives—we should not trouble the earth long, any of us; and gratitude for what we have done might induce a public we have amused to find us this. If each one whom we amuse were to give a little, it might be done with ease to all."

"But suppose," urged the master, "that some such place were provided; would it not tend to induce still more that carelessness which I have mentioned?"

"Does this place tend to it?" said the old man, contemptuously. "No; nor could any place be made so attractive as to make a man become a

beggar in order to claim it. You fancy, when you see me moving about here, I am *hardened* to it, and do not feel the degradation. I do—I feel it every day; and though I might feel it less were I accepting the graceful gift of a grateful public, I should still love independence of the gift itself. No man would save less because such a place as players' almshouses existed; but the existence of such a place would be at once a comfort for our old and poor men and women, and not a little creditable to the nation who established it."

A bell here rung.

"There, Alice, you must go in. Good night, my child."

She kissed him so fondly, and slid off his knees, and went in.

"And now I must go, sir, too. I'm going to bed, and my bed lies between a decayed penny-man butcher and a road mender, and they talk across me."

"Is there anything I can do for you, Mr. Gowling?"

"Well, a little tobacco and a few readable books would be acceptable. Perhaps you may live to see the day when an old worn-out actor may have less humiliating favours to ask at the hands of his friends." And the old man slowly walked towards the house.

I walked home, and thought of the old grey-coated pauper actor. And now, thank God! the day has come when the public has resolved that the old players' almshouses shall no longer be a wish and hope of years gone by, but a monument of its gratitude for all years to come.

A. STEWART HALLIDAY.

VIOLET.

SHE stood where I had used to wait
For her, beneath the gaunt old yew,
And near a column of the gate
That open'd on the avenue.

The moss that capp'd its granite ball,
The grey and yellow lichen stains,
The ivy on the old park wall,
Were glossy with the morning rains.

She stood, amid such tearful gloom;
But close behind her, out of reach,
Lay many a mound of orchard bloom,
And trellis'd blossoms of the peach.

Those peaches blooming to the south,
Those orchard blossoms, seem'd to me
Like kisses of her rosy mouth,
Reviv'd on trellis and on tree:

Kisses, that die not when the thrill
Of joy that answer'd them is mute;
But such as turn to use, and fill
The summer of our days with fruit.

And she, impressing half the sole
Of one small foot against the ground,
Stood resting on the yew-tree bole,
A-tiptoe to each sylvan sound:

She, whom I thought so still and shy,
Express'd in every subtle move
Of lifted hand and open eye
The large expectancy of love;

Until, with all her dewy hair
Dissolved into a golden flame
Of sunshine on the sunless air,
She came to meet me as I came.

But in her face no sunlight shone ;
No sunlight, but the sad unrest
Of shade, that sinks from zone to zone
When twilight glimmers in the west.

What grief had touch'd her on the nerve ?
For grief alone it is, that stirs
The full ineffable reserve
Of quiet spirits such as hers :

'Twas this—that we had met to part ;
That I was going, and that she
Had nothing left but her true heart,
Made strong by memories of me.

What wonder then, she quite forgot
Her old repression and control,
And loosed at once and stinted not
The tender tumult of her soul ?

What wonder, that she droop'd and lay
In silence, and at length in tears,
On that which should have been the stay
And comfort of her matron years ?



But from her bosom, as she leant,
She took a nested violet,
And gave it me—"because 'twas meant
For those who never can forget."

This is the flower : 'tis dry, or wet
With something I may call my own.
Why did I rouse this old regret ?
It irks me, now, to be alone :

Triumphs, indeed ! Why, after all,
My life has but a leaden hue :
My heart grows like the heart of Saul,
For hatred, and for madness too.

Why sits that smirking minstrel there ?
I hate him, and the songs he sings ;
They only bring the fond despair
Of inaccessible sweet things :

I will avoid him once for all,
Or slay him in my righteous ire—
Alas, my javelin hits the wall,
And spares the minstrel and his lyre !

Yea, and the crown upon my head,
The crown of wealth for which I strove,
Shall fall away ere I be dead
To yon slight boy who sings of love !

Why are we captive, such as I,
Mature in age and strong of will,
To one who harps so plaintively ?
I struck at him—why lives he still ?

Why lives he still ? Because the ruth
Of those pure days may never die :
He lives, because his name is Youth ;
Because his harp is—Memory.

ARTHUR J. MUNBY.

EVAN HARRINGTON; OR, HE WOULD BE A GENTLEMAN.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.



CHAPTER XXXII. IN WHICH EVAN'S LIGHT BEGINS TO TWINKLE AGAIN.

THE dowagers were now firmly planted on Olympus. Along the grass lay warm, strong colours of the evening sun, reddening the pine-stems and the idle aspen-leaves. For a moment it had hung in doubt whether the pic-nic could survive the two rude shocks it had received. Happily the youthful element was large, and when the band, refreshed by chicken and sherry, threw off half a dozen bars of one of those irresistible waltzes that first catch the ear, and then curl round the heart, till on a sudden they invade and will have the legs, a rush up Parnassus was seen, and there were shouts and laughter and commotion, as over other great fields of battle the corn will wave gaily and mark the re-establishment of nature's reign.

How fair the sight! Approach the twirling couples. They talk as they twirl.

"Fancy the runaway tailor!" is the males' remark, and he expects to be admired for it, and is.

"That make-up Countess—did she turn you down—didn't you see her? she turned down," says Creation's second effort, almost occupying the place of a rib.

"Isn't there a runaway wife, too?"

"Now, you mustn't be naughty!"

They laugh and flatter one another. The power to give and take flattery to any amount is the rare treasure of youth.

Undoubtedly they are a poetical picture; but some poetical pictures talk dreary prose, so we will retire.

Now while the dancers carried on their business, and distance lent them enchantment, stood by Juliana, near an alder which hid them from the rest.

"I don't accuse you," she was saying; "but who could have done this but you? Ah, Juley! you will never get what you want if you plot for it. I thought once you cared for Evan. If he had loved you, would I not have done all that I could for you both? I pardon you with all my heart, Juley."

"Keep your pardon!" was the angry answer.

"I have done more for you, Rose. He is an adventurer, and I have tried to open your eyes and make you respect your family. You may accuse me of what you like. I have my conscience."

"And the friendship of the Countess!" added Rose.

Juliana's figure shook as if she had been stung.

"Go and be happy—don't stay here and taunt me," she said, with a ghastly look. "I suppose he can lie like his sister, and has told you all sorts of tales."

"Not a word—not a word!" cried Rose. "Do you think my lover could tell a lie?"

The superb assumption of the girl, and the true portrait of Evan's character which it flashed upon Juliana, were to the latter such intense pain, that she turned like one on the rack, exclaiming:

"You think so much of him? You are so proud of him? Then, yes! I love him too, ugly, beastly as I am to look at! Oh, I know what you think! I loved him from the first, and I knew all about him, and spared him pain. I did not wait for him to fall from a horse. I watched every chance of his being exposed. I let them imagine he cared for me. Drummond would have told what he knew long before—only he knew there would not be much harm in a tradesman's son marrying *me*. And I have played into your hands, and now you taunt me!"

Rose remembered her fretful unkindness to Evan on the subject of his birth, when her feelings towards him were less warm. Dwelling on that alone, she put her arms round Juliana's stiffening figure, and said: "I dare say I am much more selfish than you. Forgive me, dear."

Staring at her, Juliana replied: "Now you are acting!"

"No," said Rose, with a little effort to fondle her; "I only feel that I love you better for loving him."

Generous as her words sounded, and were, Juliana intuitively struck to the root of them, which was comfortless. For how calm in its fortune, how strong in its love, must Rose's heart be, when she could speak in this unwonted way!

"Go, and leave me, pray," she said.

Rose kissed her burning cheek. "I will do as you wish, dear. Try and know me better, and be sister Juley as you used to be. I know I am thoughtless, and horridly vain and disagreeable sometimes. Do forgive me. I will love you truly."

Half melting, Juliana pressed her hand.

"We are friends?" said Rose. "Good bye!" and her countenance lighted, and she moved away, so changed by her happiness! Juliana was jealous of a love strong as she deemed her own to overcome obstacles. She called to her: "Rose! Rose, you will not take advantage of what I have told you, and repeat it to any one?"

Instantly Rose turned with a glance of full contempt over her shoulder.

"To whom?" she asked.

"To any one."

"To him? He would not love me long if I did!"

Juliana burst into fresh tears, but Rose walked into the sunbeams and the circle of the music.

Mounting Olympus, she inquired whether Ferdinand was within hail, as they were pledged to dance the first dance together. A few hints were given, and then Rose learnt that Ferdinand had been dismissed.

"And where is he?" she cried with her accustomed impetuosity. "Mama!—of course you did not accuse him—but, mama! could you possibly let him go with the suspicion that you thought him guilty of writing an anonymous letter?"

"Not at all," Lady Jocelyn replied. "Only the handwriting was so extremely like, and he was the only person who knew the address and the circumstances, and who could have a motive—though I don't quite see what it is—I thought it as well to part for a time."

"But that's sophistry!" said Rose. "You accuse or you exonerate. Nobody can be half guilty. If you do not hold him innocent you are unjust!"

Lady Jocelyn rejoined: "Yes? It's singular what a stock of axioms young people have handy for their occasions."

Rose loudly announced that she would right this matter.

"I can't think where Rose gets her passion for hot water," said her mother, as she ran down the ledge.

Two or three young gentlemen tried to engage her for a dance. She gave them plenty of promises, and hurried on till she met Evan, and, almost out of breath, told him the shameful injustice that had been done to her friend.

"Mama is such an Epicurean! I really think she is worse than papa. This disgraceful letter looks like Ferdinand's writing, and she tells him so; and, Evan! will you believe that instead of being certain it's impossible any gentleman could do such a thing, she tells Ferdinand she shall feel more comfortable if she doesn't see him for some time? Poor Ferdinand! He has had so much to bear!"

Too sure of his darling to be envious now of any man she pitied, Evan said: "I would forfeit my hand on his innocence!"

"And so would I," echoed Rose. "Come to him with me, dear. Or no," she added, with a little womanly discretion, "perhaps it would not be so well—you're not very much cast down by what happened at dinner?"

"My darling! I think of you."

"Of me, dear? Concealment is never of any service. What there is to be known people may as well know at once. They'll gossip for a month, and then forget it. Your mother is dreadfully outspoken, certainly; but she has better manners than many ladies—I mean people in a position: you understand me? But suppose, dear, this had happened, and I had said nothing to mama, and then we had to confess? Ah, you'll find I'm wiser than you imagine, Mr. Evan."

"Haven't I submitted to somebody's lead?"

"Yes, but with a sort of 'under protest.' I

saw it by the mouth. Not quite natural. You have been moody ever since—just a little. I suppose it's our manly pride. But I'm losing time. Will you promise me not to brood over that occurrence? Think of me. Think everything of me. I am yours; and, dearest, if I love you, need you care what anybody else thinks? We will soon change their opinion."

"I care so little," said Evan, somewhat untruthfully, "that till you return I shall go and sit with my mother."

"Oh, she has gone. She made her dear old antiquated curtsey to mama and the company. 'If my son has not been guilty of deception, I will leave him to your good pleasure, my lady.' That's what she said. Mama likes her, I know. But I wish she didn't mouth her words so precisely: it reminds me of—" The Countess, Rose checked herself from saying, "Good-bye. Thank heaven! the worst has happened. Do you know what I should do if I were you, and felt at all distressed? I should keep repeating," Rose looked archly and deeply up under his eyelids, "I am the son of a tradesman, and Rose loves me," over and over, and then if you feel ashamed, what is it of?"

She nodded adieu, laughing at her own idea of her great worth; an idea very firmly fixed in her fair bosom, notwithstanding. Mrs. Melville said of her, "I used to think she had pride." Lady Joelyn answered: "So she has. The misfortune is, that it has taken the wrong turning."

Evan watched the figure that was to him as that of an angel—no less! She spoke so frankly to them she passed; or here and there went on with a light laugh. It seemed an act of graciousness that she should open her mouth to one! And, indeed, by virtue of a pride which raised her to the level of what she thought it well to do, Rose was veritably on higher ground than any present. She no longer envied her friend Jenny, who, emerging from the shades, allured by the waltz, dislinked herself from William's arm, and whispered exclamations of sorrow at the scene created by Mr. Harrington's mother. Rose patted her hand, and said: "Thank you, Jenny dear, but don't be sorry. I'm glad. It prevents a number of private explanations."

"Still, dear!" Jenny suggested.

"Oh! of course, I should like to lay my whip across the shoulders of the person who arranged the conspiracy," said Rose. "And afterwards I don't mind returning thanks to him, or her, or them."

William called out, "I'm always on your side, Rose."

"And I'll be Jenny's bridesmaid," rejoined Rose, stepping blithely away from them.

Evan debated whether to turn when Rose was lost to his eyes. He had no heart for dancing. Presently a servant approached and said, that Mr. Harry particularly desired to see him. From Harry's looks at table, Evan judged that the interview was not likely to be amicable. He asked the direction he was to take, and setting out with long strides, came in sight of John Raikes, who walked in gloom, and was evidently labouring under one of his mountains of melan-

choly. Jack affected to be quite out of the way; but finding that Evan took the hint in the most prosy manner, was reduced to call after him, and finally to run and catch him.

"Haven't you one single speck of sympathy?" he began.

"What about?" said Evan.

"Why, about my amazing luck! You haven't asked a question. A matter of course."

Evan complimented him by a kind of bow, saying that Jack's luck certainly was wonderful.

"Wonderful, you call it," said Jack witheringly.

"And what's more wonderful is, that I got up all for quiet quarters in the Green Dragon. I knew I was prophetic. I knew I should regret that peaceful hostelry. Diocletian, if you like. I beg you to listen. I can't walk so fast without danger."

"Well, speak out, man. What's the matter with you?" cried Evan impatiently.

Jack shook his head: "I see a total absence of sympathy," he remarked. "I can't."

"Then stand out of the way."

Jack let him pass, exclaiming, with a deep sigh, "I will pay homage to a loftier *Nine*."

Mr. Raikes could not in his soul imagine that Evan was really so little inquisitive concerning a business of such importance as the *table* that possessed him. He watched his friend striding off, incredulously, and then commenced roaming in pursuit.

"Harrington, I give in; I surrender; you reduce me to prose. Thy nine have conquered my nine!—pardon me, old fellow! I'm tremendously upset. This is the first day in my life that I ever felt what indigestion is. Egad, I've got something to derange the best digestion going!"

"Look here, Harrington. What happened to you to-day, I declare I think nothing of. You owe me your assistance, you do, indeed; for if it hadn't been for the fearful fascinations of your sister—that divine Countess—I should have been engaged to somebody by this time, and precluded by the opportunity held out to me, and which is now gone. Gone, I say! I'm disgraced. I'm betrayed. I'm known. And the worst of it is, I must face people. I don't turn tail. Did you ever hear of such a dilemma?"

"Ay," quoth Evan, "what is it?"

Mr. Raikes turned pale. "Then you haven't heard of it?"

"Not a word."

"Then it's all for me to tell," returned Jack, groaning. "Harrington, I called on Messrs. Grist. I dined at the Aurora afterwards. Depend upon it, Harrington, we're led by a star. I mean, fellows with anything in them are. I recognised our Fallowfield host, and thinking to draw him out, I told our mutual histories. Next day I went to Messrs. Grist for tailor No. 2,—had to go nine days, you know. They proposed the membership for Fallowfield, five hundred a year, and the loan of a currie, on condition. It's singular. Harrington; before anybody knew of the condition I didn't care about it a bit. It seemed to me childish. Who would think of minding wearing a tin plate? But now!—the sufferings of Orpheus—what are they to mine? He wasn't *kind* to his

Furies. They did hover a little above him; but as for me, I'm scorched; and I mustn't say where: my mouth is locked: the social laws which forbid the employment of obsolete words arrest my passionate exclamations of despair. I feel as if I were frying on my own conscience. What *do* you advise me to do?"

"Eh?" quoth Evan, "a tin plate? Is that the foundation of your fortune? Oh, change your suit, and renounce the curriole."

"Will you measure me?"

"Jack! Jack!" said Evan softly.

"There, pardon me, Harrington, pray. It's bile. My whole digestion's seriously deranged."

"You seemed happy this morning?"

"Yes, but there was still the curst anticipation of its oozing out. I confess I didn't think I should feel it so acutely. But I'm awfully sensitive. And now it's known, I don't seem to live in front. My spirit somehow seems to have faced about. Now I see the malignant nature of that old wretch! I told him over a pint of port—and what noble stuff is that Aurora port!—I told him—I amused him till he was on the point of bursting—I told him I was such a gentleman as the world hadn't seen—minus money. So he determined to launch me. And he has! Harrington, I'm like a ship. Literally I carry my name behind. 'John F. Raikes, Gentleman.' I see the eyes of the world directed on it. It completely blasts my genius. Upon my honour—I got it in your service—and you ought to claim part proprietorship. Oh! I shall give up Fallowfield. Fancy the hustings. It would be like hell! Ungenerous old man! Oh! why didn't I first—ass that I was!—stipulate for silence. I should never have been in danger then, except when dancing, or in a high wind. All my bright visions are faded.

Evan listened to the tribulations of his friend as he would to those of a doll—the sport of some experimental child. By this time he knew something of old Tom Cogglesby, and was not astonished that he should have chosen John Raikes to play one of his farces on. Jack turned off abruptly the moment he saw they were nearing human figures, but soon returned to Evan's side, as if for protection, muttering:

"Will you believe it, my dear fellow? I haven't a single pair without the T. P.!"

"Hoy! Harrington!" shouted Harry, beckoning to him. "Come, make haste! I'm in a deuce of a mess."

The two Wheelles—Susan and Polly—were standing in front of him, and after his call to Evan, he turned to continue some exhortation, or appeal to the common sense of women, largely indulged in by young men when the mischief is done.

"Harrington, do speak to her. She looks upon you as a sort of parson. I can't make her believe I didn't send for her. Of course, she knows I'm fond of her. My dear fellow," he whispered, "I shall be ruined if my grandmother hears of it. Get her away, please. Promise anything."

Evan took her hand and asked for the child.

"Quite well, sir," faltered Susan.

"You should not have come here."

Susan stared, and commenced whimpering: "Didn't you wish it, sir?"

"Oh, she's always thinking of being made a lady of," cried Polly. "As if Mr. Harry was going to do that. It wants a gentleman to do that."

"The carriage came for me, sir, in the afternoon," said Susan, plaintively, "with your compliments, and would I come. I thought——"

"What carriage?" asked Evan.

Mr. Raikes, who was ogling Polly, interposed grandly, "Mine!"

"And you sent in my name for this girl to come here?" Evan turned wrathfully on him.

"My dear Harrington, when you hit you knock down. The wise require but one dose of experience. The Countess wished it, and I did despatch."

"The Countess!" Harry exclaimed; "Jove! do you mean to say that the Countess——"

"De Saldar," added Jack. "In Britain none were worthy found."

Harry gave a long whistle.

"Leave at once," said Evan to Susan. "Whatever you may want send to me for. And when you think you can meet your parents, I will take you to them. Remember that is what you must do."

"Make her give up that stupidity of her's about being made a lady of, Mr. Harrington," said the inveterate Polly.

Susan here fell a-weeping:

"I would go, sir," she said. "I'm sure I would obey you; but I can't. I can't go back to the inn. They're beginning to talk about me, because—because I can't—can't pay them, and I'm ashamed."

Evan looked at Harry.

"I forgot," the latter mumbled, but his face was crimson. He put his hands in his pockets. "Do you happen to have a note or so?" he asked.

Evan took him aside and gave him what he had; and this amount, without inspection or reserve, Harry offered to Susan. She dashed his hand impetuously from her sight.

"There, give it to me," said Polly. "Oh, Mr. Harry! what a young man you are!"

Whether from the rebuff, or the reproach, or old feelings reviving, Harry was moved to go forward, and lay his hand on Susan's shoulder, and mutter something in her ear that softened her.

Polly thrust the notes into her bosom, and with a toss of her nose, as who should say, "Here's nonsense they're at again," tapped Susan on the other shoulder, and said imperiously: "Come, Miss!"

Hurrying out a dozen sentences in one, Harry ended by suddenly kissing Susan's cheek, and then Polly bore her away; and Harry, with great solemnity, said to Evan:

"Pon my honour, I think I ought to! I declare I think I love that girl. What's one's family? Why shouldn't you button to the one that just suits you? That girl, when she's dressed, and in good trim, by Jove! nobody'd know her

from a born lady. And as for her grammar, I'd soon teach her that."

Harry began to whistle vacantly: a sign that he was thinking his hardest.

"I confess to being [considerably impressed by the maid Wheedle," said Mr. Raikes, very pompously.

"Would you throw yourself away on her, Jack?" Evan inquired.

Apparently forgetting his plate, Mr. Raikes replied:

"You ask, perhaps, a little too much of me. One owes some consideration to one's position. In the world's eyes a matrimonial slip outweighs a peccadillo. No. To much the maid might wheedle me, but not to Hymen! She's decidedly fresh and pert—the most delicious little fat lips and cocky nose; but cease we to dwell on her, or of us two, lo! one will be undone."

Harry burst into a laugh: "Is this the T. P. for Fallowfield?"

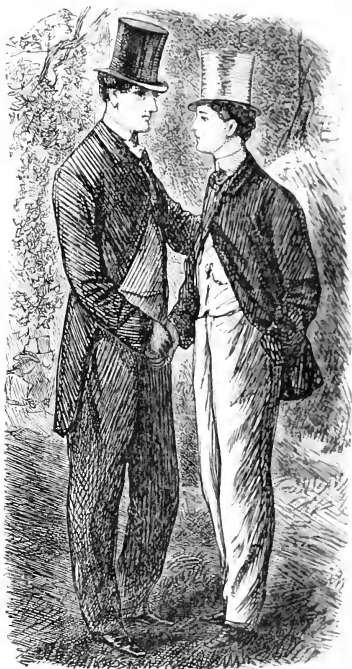
"M.P. I think you mean," quoth Mr. Raikes, serenely; but a curious glance being directed towards him, and pursuing him pertinaciously, it was as if the pediment of the lofty monument Mr. Raikes stood on were smitten with violence. He stammered an excuse, and retreated somewhat as it is the fashion to do from the presence of royalty, followed by Harry's roar of laughter, in which Evan cruelly joined.

"Gracious powers!" exclaimed the victim of ambition, "I'm laughed at by the son of a tailor!" and he edged once more into the shade of trees.

It was a strange sight for Harry's relatives to see him arm-in-arm with the man he should have been kicking, challenging, denouncing, or whatever the code prescribes: to see him talking to this young man earnestly, clinging to him affectionately, and when he separated from him heartily wringing his hand. Well might they think that there was something extraordinary in these Harringtons. Convicted of Tailorism, these Harringtons appeared to shine with double lustre. How was it? They were at a loss to say. They certainly could say that the Countess was egregiously affected and vulgar; but who could be altogether complacent and sincere that had to fight so hard a fight? In this struggle with society I see one of the instances where success is entirely to be honoured and remains a proof of merit. For however boldly antagonism may storm the ranks of society, it will certainly be repelled, whereas affinity cannot be resisted; and they who, against obstacles of birth, claim and keep their position among the educated and refined, have that affinity. It is, on the whole, rare, so that society is not often invaded. I think it will have to front Jack Cade again before another Old Mel and his progeny shall appear. You refuse to believe in Old Mel? You know not nature's cunning.

Mrs. Shorne, Mrs. Melville, Miss Carrington, and many of the guests who observed Evan moving from place to place, after the exposure, as they called it, were amazed at his audacity. There seemed such a quietly superb air about him. He would not look out of his clement; and

this, knowing what they knew, was his defence. He deserved some commendation for still holding up his head, but it was love and Rose who kept the fires of his heart alive.



The sun had sunk. The figures on the summit of Parnassus were seen bobbing in happy placidity against the twilight sky. The sun had sunk, and many of Mr. Raikes' best things were unspoken. Wandering about in his gloom, he heard a feminine voice:

"Yes, I will trust to you."

"You will not repent it," was answered.

Recognising the Duke, Mr. Raikes cleared his throat.

"A-hem, your Grace! This is how the days should pass. I think we should diurnally station a good London band on high, and play his Majesty to bed—the sun. My opinion is, it would improve the crops. I am not, as yet, a landed proprietor—"

The Duke stepped aside with him, and Mr. John Raikes addressed no one for the next twenty minutes. When he next came forth Parnassus was half deserted. It was known that Old Mel Bonner had been taken with a dangerous attack, and under this third blow the pie-mac succumbed. Simultaneously with the messenger that brought the news to Lady Jocelyn, one approached Evan,

and informed him that the Countess de Saldar urgently entreated him to come to the house without delay. He also wished to speak a few words to her, and stepped forward briskly. He had no prophetic intimations of the change this interview would bring upon him.

(To be continued.)

ASSIZE INTELLIGENCE—VERY ORDINARY.

BY ALBANY FOMBLANQUE, JUN.
CHAPTER I.

"REALLY, really, my lud," expostulated the counsel for the prosecution, dropping his brief, and lowering his eye-glass, "there is so much noise, that I can hardly hear my own voice."

"Chut! chut! chut! Si—lence!" exclaimed the Crier of the Court.

"If pippie want to talk, they'd better do ut outside," observed one of the most good-natured and sensible of judges.

"It's them ladies in the pink bonnets," whispered the foreman of the jury to his next neighbour.

"Go on," said the judge; and the trial, momentarily suspended by the reprobated twittering of idle spectators, was resumed.

Reader! listen unto the voice of wisdom, unto the words of Charlie Davis: "If ever you or your friends create a disturbance in a court of justice, or in church, or in a theatre, or concert room, or any other public place, and unpleasant observations are made thereon, turn round and stare angrily at some one immediately behind you. This will prevent you looking conscious under any reproof that may be administered to wrong-doers in general, and will divert attention from the real offender." Charlie pursued these tactics upon the occasion above recorded with eminent success. The real culprits were the pink bonnets and their brother; but he rose and cast a glance of withering indignation at an elderly clergyman, who was seated immediately behind them, and whom the cry of "Si—lence!" had awakened from a sound sleep. All eyes were immediately turned upon the victim; and official heads were shaken reprovingly in his direction, to his intense discomfiture. Poor man! he knew that he had slept, and concluding, no doubt, that he had been snoring, accepted the popular reprobation with meekness, and soon afterwards sidled out of court.

Now the Wardleurs had always been very civil to Charlie when he came to Minster-ton—the grand old city where, as everybody knows, the assizes for Sharpshire are held. Mr. W. was a county magistrate, and on the grand jury; but his daughters, the owners of the pink bonnets, indicated by the sharp-eyed juryman (what right had he—by-the-bye—to be staring at them, instead of attending to the evidence?), had never seen the inside of a court of justice, although they had lived all their lives in a circus town. They could go at any time, and therefore never went at all; on the same principle that Londoners never visit St. Paul's, or the Thames Tunnel, or the India House, or other semi-gratuitous exhibitions, to which their country cousins rush with such avidity,

and "do" with so much resignation. So one morning Charlie volunteered to find the girls and their brother Jack (at home on leave from her Majesty's Coke and Scuttle Office) good places to hear an interesting trial that was coming on the next day, if Mr. Wardleur would bring them with him in the morning. No sooner had they settled down into their seats, than they opened a fire of questions as to what was the meaning of this, that, and the other; Charlie's answers to which, and a sudden exclamation from Jack Wardleur, brought down upon them (or rather their venerable scape-goat) the storm of expostulation with which this article commences. As soon as business was resumed, Davis handed the girls a slip of paper, on which he had written, "Watch, and listen; and I will endeavour to explain everything when we get home." So they were as mute as mice during the remainder of their stay in court.

Now Grace and Mabel Wardleur were clever enough to know that they understood very little about what they saw and heard in Court that day, and were sufficiently well educated to be aware that there is no disgrace in asking for information. Jack's "schooling" had cost his father considerably more than a thousand pounds, and the least that is said just at present respecting his college expenses will probably be the soonest mended. The subject is a sore one at Wardleur Chace. My young friend, however, passed a most satisfactory examination for the Government clerkship that he holds, having specially distinguished himself by his answer to the question, "What was the origin and practice of the Roman Bath?" together with his paper in reply to the demand, "State some of the principal Politico-Economic questions involved in the prosecution of the Second Punic War," propounded by the Civil Service Examiners to test Jack's fitness to copy letters (at a salary of ninety pounds a-year) in the "Coke and Scuttle Office," relating to the coaling of Her Majesty's ships of war. Still, I have found that his information about very ordinary things that were going on under his nose every day of his life was anything but extensive. "You see, old fellow," he would say, "I'm pretty well posted up about the Greeks and Romans, and all that, you know; but we did not grind up these other sort of things at college, and, hang me, if I can make head or tail of them."

I do not think that Jack and his sisters are the only people who have attended the assizes, now proceeding, and been unable to understand the proceedings they heard and saw—so why should I not make public the account that Charlie Davis gave of our criminal procedure in reply to the demands of his fair hostesses and their brother Jack.

"Well, where shall I begin?" asked Charlie, when he had rejoined the ladies after dinner.

"Begin at the beginning," said Mabel Wardleur, taking up her work.

"But suppose I worry you with a lot of things you don't want to be told?" objected Charlie.

"You can't guess what we do not know unless we tell you what we do know," said Grace, "and as we are not going to give you that information begin at the beginning, sir, as you were told."

"Very well, then," said Charlie. "Be good enough to suppose that I am two justices of the peace, or one stipendiary magistrate; Grace here is my clerk, and Mabel is an active and intelligent police officer, who has taken Jack into custody. Her duty is to bring him before me as soon as possible after his apprehension, collect the witnesses, and state the case against him. My clerk, Grace, ought to take down the evidence in writing as it is given in open court, but I am afraid that she will not do so—I am afraid she will adopt the slovenly, and I think I may add illegal practice now in vogue, of cooking up the statements of the witnesses—called their depositions—in a little back room either before or after the case has been heard in court, so that the prisoners have no check upon the questions she asks. Be this as it may, I hear the case, and ask Jack if he has anything to advance in reply, cautioning him that he need not say anything unless he pleases, but that what he does say will be taken down, and may be used in evidence against him. If he be a wise Jack, he will hold his tongue; but the chances are that he will tell some stupid lie that—"

"Confound your impudence!" exclaimed Jack; "I"—

"Silence, sir! How dare you interrupt the court?" said Grace, placing a soft little white hand on his mouth.

"I repeat," continued Charley, "that he will tell some stupid lie which will help to convict him. You know you will, Jack; nineteen criminals out of twenty do it. The prosecutor will state, that when you came into his shop and ran away with his ham, you had a black cap on; and you will get violently excited, and vow that you wore a blue one, thereby admitting the fact of your having been there, as though it really mattered what sort of covering protected your bump of acquisitiveness."

"Well, you have had your say; and now I must adjudicate upon you, oh, misguided Jack! What have you been doing? You have been supping upon—say salmon—and returning home have created a disturbance in the streets. You are fined five shillings and discharged. You have picked a gentleman's pocket of his purse, containing less than five shillings, and stoutly maintain your innocence, although your hand was caught with the portemonnaie in it, in the very act of spoliation. I deal with you summarily, and you will go and pick oakum for six months. You have stolen something worth more than a crown, but plead guilty, and ask to be punished at once. I will do so, Jack. This is your first offence, and I will see whether three months' imprisonment with hard labour may not cause it to be your last. If, after this, you come again, Jack, or if the case against you be a doubtful one, you shall be committed for trial—to the session, if you have only been embezzling, or stealing, or obtaining goods on false pretences; but should you have been indulging in highway robbery with violence, or burglary, which, as you ought to know, Jack, means breaking into a dwelling-house between the hours of nine at night and six in the morning; or should you have married two wives, have set fire to a stack, or killed

anybody,—why, then, for these and other charges of a serious nature, you shall be committed to the assizes, and my lords the Queen's justice, and the jolly old Southern Circuit, shall come all the way from London to try you."

"Stop a moment," said Mabel; "your talking about your 'jolly old Southern Circuit,' as you call it, reminds me of a question I wanted to ask. What is the meaning of that queer little triangular patch which you barristers wear buttoned at the back of your gowns?"

"You must know," replied Charlie, "that a barrister's fee is not considered as a payment for services rendered, but is, in strictness, a present from his client, given, as the housewifely say, 'quite permissuous.' Thus, in olden times, learned counsel wore a purse slung over their shoulders, so that when a client gave them a brief with one hand, he could quietly slip the fee into this purse with the other, without compromising their dignity. The triangular patch that we now wear is the relic of this purse. For many years fees have been paid openly; but to this moment the nature of the payment remains unchanged; it is a mere 'honorarium,' or gift, and cannot be recovered at law. In this respect a barrister and a physician are similarly situated."

"Now to return to this misguided Jack of ours. He is sent for trial to the assizes, and it is your duty, Grace, as clerk to the committing magistrate, to return the depositions to the clerk of assize, in order that he may draw the indictment."

"What's that? A picture of him, that he may be known again?" asked Mabel.

"No, not that exactly, but a formal statement of the charge against the prisoner, engrossed upon parchment. You will see that this goes before the grand jury, which consists of me and twenty-two other highly respectable county gentlemen, summoned by the sheriff of the county. To you, Grace, is confided the duty of conducting the case against the prisoner, and you must instruct counsel to prosecute him. Should you have any doubt as to whom you ought to select, go and look at the list of the bar, which is stuck up outside the court, and turning to the letter D you will find '*Davis, Charles*—Mrs. Bull's-eyes—No. 2, Barley Sugar Gate,' the name and lodgings of a most promising young barrister."

"Don't talk nonsense," said Grace.

"I never do," replied Charlie, gravely. "The foreman of the grand jury," resumed he, "is usually the most distinguished person summoned. I am the foreman of the grand jury. What is this that you have sent before me, Grace, that relentless prosecutor of crime! A bill against John Wardleur, which runs as follows:

"*Shropshire to Wit.*—The jurors for our Lady the Queen, upon their oath present, that John Wardleur, late of Wardleur Chace, in the parish of Sannytope, in the county of Shropshire, labourer—"

"No, no,—hang it!" interrupted Jack. "Government clerk."

"The law, my dear Jack," replied Charlie, "has many fictions, perhaps the most absurd of which is that which makes it call a government clerk

'a labourer,' whereas everybody knows he never labours. But to continue:

"—on the thirteenth day of February, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty, being then armed with a certain offensive weapon and instrument, to wit a bludgeon, in and upon one Albany Fonblanque the younger in the peace of God and our Lady the Queen then being, feloniously did make an assault and him the said Albany Fonblanque in bodily fear and danger of his life feloniously did then put, and ten pieces of the current gold coin of the realm called Sovereigns, of the value of ten pounds, and one watch, of the goods monies and chattels of the said Albany Fonblanque from the person and against the will of the said Albany Fonblanque then feloniously and violently did steal, take, and carry away, against the form of the statute in such case made and provided, and against the peace of our Lady the Queen, her Crown and dignity"—

"Oh! oh! so you have been robbing our quiet friend here on the highway! For shame, Jack. I am now foreman of the grand jury. I examine the witnesses. I am sorry to say that they seem to make out such a case against you, that there being eleven jurors present who, with me, of course, form a majority of the twenty-three, I write the words—a 'true bill,' and sign my initials on the back of the indictment. You are not present, Jack, nor is evidence heard on your behalf at this investigation. It is only held to ascertain if there be good reason for putting you on your trial before 'my lord,' and if there be not, I whip out my penknife and cut the bill across."

"And then what would become of me?" asked Jack.

"If no other bill were found against you, you would be discharged at the close of the assizes."

"Having 'found' a batch of bills, I proceed with some of my brother jurors to the court and hand them to the clerk of assize. I do not trouble myself to select a fitting time for so doing—I care not to take advantage of a pause in the proceedings, during which I might despatch my business without disturbing other people at theirs. By no means. I like to come shouldering through the crowd of spectators, and clambering over the benches at the most interesting part of a case. If I can calculate the time when a defending counsel will have warmed into his speech, or when the witness is just in the middle of some complicated explanation; that is the precise moment for me to enter, to the disturbance of everybody, and impress the public with my vast importance, as evinced by my being able to be so discourteous."

"That really is what the grand jury did to-day," Grace whispered to her mother who had joined the party.

"I hand in my bills," Charley resumed, "and our decision on them is read out thus:

"No bill against James Smith, for burglary."

"A true bill against Henry Brown, for murder."

"A true bill against Mary White, for bigamy."

"A true bill against John Wardleur, for highway-robbery,' &c. &c. And then, Jack, with Brown, White, & Co., is brought up into the

dock to say whether he pleads 'guilty' or 'not guilty' to the charge."

"But suppose he refuses to plead," said Mabel.

"Then," replied Charlie, "a jury will be sworn to try whether he stands 'mute of malice,' or 'by the visitation of God,' that is, if he be merely obstinately silent, or if he be incapable of answering, by reason of being deaf or dumb, or of unsound mind. If it be ascertained that he stands mute of malice, a plea of 'not guilty' will be entered for him, and the trial will proceed; but if he be silent by the visitation of God, so as to be quite incapable of understanding what is taking place, the trial will be postponed, and he will be remitted to some asylum. Thank your stars, Jack, that you do not live in the 'good old times' some people boast about. Your obstinacy would have been dealt with in a very different manner, then. A prisoner who refused to plead was sentenced to the 'peine forte et dure,' which was inflicted in different ways. Holinshed tells us that, in his time, the back of the criminal was pressed against a sharp stone till the pain made him plead. Other writers describe a sort of rack, which was used to conquer sulky persons, by dragging their arms and legs towards the four corners of the cell. The practice at the Old Bailey, in the reign of Queen Anne, was to fasten the prisoner's thumbs together with whipcord, and to twist it tighter and tighter till the pain forced him to plead. In the year 1721 a woman, named Mary Andrews, continued so obstinate that three whipcords were broken round her thumbs, before she would say 'guilty' or 'not guilty.'

"The most ordinary infliction, however, was by pressure. The accused was taken into the yard of the prison, laid upon his back, and weights of iron were placed upon his chest. He was allowed for food three morsels of the worst bread upon the first day, and three draughts of the stagnant water that was nearest the prison-door, on the second. The weights were increased every morning till he died, or, as the judgment ran, 'till he answered.' Sometimes a sentence of the 'peine forte et dure,' was equivalent to a sentence of death, so barbarously was it inflicted. In the year 1659, a Major Strangeways refused to plead when placed upon his trial for murder, and he was pressed to death in 'eight minutes,' many persons in the press-yard casting stones at him to hasten his decease.

"By an account of this execution, published in the fourth volume of the Harleian Miscellany, it would seem that the press was brought to a point where it touched the body, and that it was usual to place a sharp piece of wood under the victim to double his torture."

"Horrible!" exclaimed Grace with a shudder; "but why did the poor wretches refuse to plead?"

"One of the principal reasons was, that a conviction of felony caused the forfeiture of all the convict's goods. There was an old case in which a gentleman of property, who had murdered his wife and all his children but one, in a fit of jealousy, by throwing them from the battlements of his castle, and who was only prevented by a fierce

storm from riding over to where the surviving child was at nurse, and killing that also—suffered himself to be pressed to death in order to preserve his estate for that infant.”

“Yes, and old Blueskin was pressed to death,” said Jack. “But I suppose you girls have not read Jack Sheppard,” he added, in a deprecatory tone.

“Stating the charge against a prisoner,” continued Charlie, “and taking his plea, is called ‘arraigning him.’ Should Jack be arraigned by a stickler for old forms, he will say to him, on his taking place at the bar, ‘You, John Wardleur, hold up your right hand.’ In obeying you will do three things, Jack. You will acknowledge your name to be John Wardleur; you will show whether or not you have been burnt on the hand for a former felony, and have therefore forfeited your ‘benefit of clergy.’ ‘A little learning’ was anything but ‘a dangerous thing’ in the ‘good old times,’ when criminals were branded; for if an unconvicted ruffian could write his name, he claimed his ‘clergy,’ and was handed over to the spiritual power, which would not have anything to say to him, and therefore he got off altogether. You must be much older than you pretend to be, Jack, if you have suffered the punishment of branding, seeing it was abolished before your dear mother was born. By holding up your hand, you show also that you are free in the dock; for the law of England will not allow the worst criminal to be fettered during his trial.

“The clerk of assize then continues, ‘You stand indicted by the name of John Wardleur, for that you,’ &c. &c., giving an abstract of the indictment. ‘How say you, John Wardleur, do you plead “Guilty,” or “Not Guilty?”’—not, ‘Are you guilty or not guilty?’ as some officials persist in demanding, for that is a question for the jury to decide. But whether he pleads ‘guilty’ or ‘not guilty,’ is a question for the prisoner himself; and in pleading ‘not guilty’ to an offence that he has committed, he does not, as some very worthy gaol chaplains affirm, tell an untruth. He merely says in effect, ‘Try me.’

“This ruffian, Jack, having pleaded ‘Not guilty’ with an impudent swagger, he is marched back into the prison, where he will wait till it comes to his turn to be tried. Had he lived in those ‘good old times’ before alluded to, one more question would have been demanded of him, viz., ‘Culprit, how will you be tried?’ We call a man who has been convicted of a crime a culprit; the old lawyers so styled one whom they intended to prove guilty; the word being a compound of *cul* (the first syllable in *culpabilis*, the Latin for guilty) and the old French word, *prit* (*prêt*), ready. The Jacks of those antique days might have had their choice of trial by battle or by ordeal,—the ordeal of fire if they were of high birth, the water ordeal if they were common people. If the former could handle hot iron without being burnt, or the latter could manage to float in deep water with their hands and feet pinioned, why then it was all right—they were ‘Not guilty.’ If battle were demanded, and, being a knight, the accused could unhorse the prosecutor, or make him cry ‘Craven’ in the lists; or, being a ‘villain,’ and fighting

with cudgels, he could so behave (so) that he cried for mercy; or even could hit his own until the stars came out; his innocence was established.

“But suppose the accused was beat n

“Then his guilt would be manifest, at least, so thought our ancestors. But all this talking has made me so hoarse,” said Charlie, “that suppose I stop now, and we will try this recreant, Jack, after tea.”

(“After tea,” dear Reader, means in our next or an early number.)

(To be continued.)

THE WEATHER AND THE PRICE OF FOOD.

OUR knowledge of the causes of Weather is so superficial and so narrow, that we are exposed to embarrassments and dangers from our ignorance in that department, as the ancients were in that and many others. We say sometimes how strange it must be to have lived in the early times, when men understood next to nothing of the heaven above or the earth beneath, or of the workings of nature all around them! How like guess-work their ways of living and seeking a living must have been! and how their daily life must have been made up of accidents!

It is a wholesome check to our vanity of knowledge, that we are almost as helpless as the most ancient people in everything that depends on meteorology. We are trying to learn, by means of observations made all over the world. We can explain something of the order of nature about hot and cold weather, about calm and windy weather, and about rainy and dry weather; but we are nearly as much at the mercy of accidents in regard to the production of our food as our forefathers of the remotest generation.

The practical good that we have gained by study and improvement in the application of science to the arts of life is considerable; but it does not affect our actual slavery to the mysteries of the weather. We have learned that we may save the lives of many hundreds of fishermen every year by putting up barometers for public use in our fishing-stations all round the coast. The fishermen, at first scoffing or timid about such venturesome ways of fore-seeing the will of Providence, are becoming very glad to be warned of approaching storms. We have just thought ourselves that we may as well use our electric telegraphs in giving notice all over the country of any considerable storm in any one direction; because, as we are beginning to understand the laws of storms, and can tell what course any hurricane is sure to take, we are able to give warning of the danger to threatened places. All this is a great gain; and so is all agricultural art which renders us less dependent on weather. A hay-making machine which finishes off in eight hours the crop which must otherwise take the risks of the weather for three or four days, and perhaps lie spoiling for a month, is a great advantage; and so is the reaping-machine, for the same reason; and so are all methods of draining, irrigating, and preparing and using the ground which render rain, and frost, and drought less injurious.

than they used to be. But, after all, we remain at the mercy of that mysterious and all-powerful abstraction which we call the Weather, for our very existence, because we depend upon it for our food.

It still happens, as through all recorded time, that in countries in the temperate zone, at least, the seasons come in batches of good or bad. We read of five or seven years of good weather and plenty; and of five or seven years of bad weather and scanty crops; and we ourselves have heard our fathers tell of such groups of seasons in their time; and we can remember some ourselves, unless we are very young. But however we may have advanced in science, we have no more power over the seasons than the Hebrews and the Pharaohs had in Egypt. Joseph had the good sense to lay by stores in the good years to avert famine in the bad; but he could not control the causes of the difference: and this is just our case. We can be on our guard against adversity; but we have no means of encountering such a drought as that of last year, or of stopping the rains of the late spring, and turning the cold storms into warm sunshine. We all probably have an idea that it will be otherwise hereafter. Meantime, it is exceedingly interesting, and it ought to be very cheering, to look forth from the level of our common ignorance of the causes of seasons, and compare the consequences of them, as seen formerly and now.

The inhabitants of more countries than one have lately been apprehending a scarcity of food for man and beast,—the last and the present year having been unfavourable to the production of grain, roots, grass, and therefore animals for domestic consumption. The danger seemed to threaten our own country particularly; and our condition is something like this.

For several years before 1860, the rain-fall had been much under the average; so that for two or three autumns at least there had been difficulty in watering the cattle. In some parts of the country the graziers and farmers had to pay by the gallon for water from a distance,—paying also as much as 1s. 6d. a day toll for the passage of the water-carts. The weaker cattle gave way, or were got rid of under these difficulties; and thus we began the last winter with a diminished stock. The drought had seriously affected the hay and root crops, so that the farmers hoped for an early spring as the only chance for keeping up their stock. But, before the root crops were half got in, the October frost overtook them. Some perished in the ground, and some in the pit or staek. I will not dwell on the miseries of the late winter and spring. The story of them will go down to remote generations in our rural districts. It is enough to say, that the mortality among cattle and sheep has been beyond example in modern times.

We heard of 2000 sheep in one flock being actually dying of hunger, after the owner had bought every kind and amount of food he could procure from the ports. In Mansfield market 700 dead lambs were offered for sale at threepence a-piece. In places where farming goes on on a smaller scale, it was dreary to go from homestead

to homestead, and look into the yards. In one you might see two horses lying dead, after having gnawed the bark of three or four trees so as to destroy them. In the next, there lay the skins of five cows—the whole stock of the owner. In the next case you might find the place empty, the farmer having sold off all his animals early, while somebody would buy. In another house you would find dismay and horror. When the last scrap of fodder was consumed, the owner had turned out his herd of thirty cows into the wood to pick what they could find: and by the next morning nearly all were dead, from having cropped the yew trees. When the cows could not be kept, the bulls were not likely to be preserved; and in many districts there is now scarcely a bull within many miles; and the charges are so high that the cows are kept in milk; and thus the prospect of increase is narrowed for next year. This is in some small degree met by the behaviour of some of the people in the villages who do not yet understand their case and prospect. They have clamorously refused to pay an increased price for milk; and in some places have entered into a combination to leave off milk till the farmers will sell it at the ordinary price. While heaping defiance and abuse on the farmers who have suffered so much more heavily than themselves, these recusants have discovered themselves to be the weaker party. The farmers have quietly ceased to sell milk at a price which would not pay, and have reared more calves—foreseeing that meat must become very dear. Where there are children milk cannot be long refused, and for some time past there has been a thronging to the farm-yards, and a scramble among people with their money in their hands, eager to pay the high price they refused when the milk was brought to their doors.

As the year wore on the prospect did not improve. All stocks of food being exhausted, the new grass was looked for with extraordinary eagerness; but never did it seem so slow in growing. The mortality of cattle and sheep became greater than ever at the time when it had been hoped that they would be grazing in comfort. Before June arrived it was plain that the hay crop, on which our prospects for 1861 so largely depend, would be far below the average. Everywhere one might see lean beasts feeding where the grass ought to be then in flower for cutting; or, worse, trusses or cartful of immature grass cut for the beasts in the yard; showing that, for the season, the only way of getting on was “from hand to mouth,” leaving the future to take care of itself. What prices became in this state of affairs I need not remind my readers. For some time past Londoners have talked of the phenomenon on all occasions, in all companies; and in the country the prices have risen nearly, and the anxiety quite, as high.

To deepen the anxiety, the prospects of the harvest were dark, up to the last moment. A burst of fine weather averted much of the apprehended mischief: but there must, at best, be such partial failure as will bring the image of scarcity distinctly before the minds of the people of England.

Here, then, is the moment for looking back to former scarcity, in order to derive a lesson about that which is to come.

At the opening of this century there was a great scarcity. At that time, when the population of England and Wales was only three times as much as that of London is now, the labouring classes ate more meat in proportion to their numbers than our present labourers do, though the condition of the latter is, on the whole, much improved. In the scarcity of sixty years since the complaint was that beef and mutton were 9*d.* per pound, and butter 2*s.* These prices were supposed to put meat and butter beyond the reach of the poor; but they had not the resource of wholesome bread. The quartern loaf was 1*s.* 10*d.*; and the quality was bad. Agriculture was in such a backward state that the new proposal to manure the soil with dressings advised by Sir Humphry Davy and other competent judges was received with mockery and anger by the landed interest, and the crops were left to the caprice of the season. There are men living who remember the loaf of those times—the hard pinching of the poor to get a loaf at all; and then the look of it! When the outside crust was broken the inside poured out, looking like the contents of a cup of dirty paste. None but the starving could swallow it. In middle class families the bread was one-third potatoes; and the poor took to the nettles by the wayside—not as a delicate dish of greens, composed of young shoots, as Soyer's cookery-book advises, but pulled up, or cut whole, as the only thing that could be got to eat. Salt would seem to be indispensable in such a case; but the salt tax was then 15*s.* per bushel. In comfortable houses where servants were kept, families dined two or three times a week on shell-fish or herrings, or some cheap substitute for meat, and eked out their home-made bread with any substance which would mix with flour, and fill the stomach without injury. Parliament tried its hand at mending matters, as it had often tried before. A law was made against the sale of bread less than twenty-four hours old: and a Committee reported against selling flour or bread cheap to the poor, and against all lavish and needless consumption of it at the tables of the rich; and in favour of giving charity, legal or private, in the form of soups, rice, and good vegetables. The Lords recommended associations of gentry, who should solemnly pledge themselves to abstain as far as possible, in their persons and their households, from the use of flour, carefully adopting such substitutes as they could hear of. The poor, meantime, were thrown upon the poor-rate, which increased to four millions sterling in a population of nine millions. The farmers took their rates easily, as they were getting from 112*s.* to 120*s.* per quarter for their corn; but the shopkeepers daily sank into ruin. The working-men of the towns made their own rule, which the bakers would violate at their peril, that flour should be 3*s.* a stone and no more. When the result was disappointment, the angry populace rioted, burned the militia rolls, broke to bits every implement which they fancied could supersede human labour, poached the game,

mobbed the Irish who appeared to be mending, harvest, or hop-gathering; skulked round the gaol-gang, or took the shilling from the constable's serjeant, leaving their families to starve. Murders, thefts, coinage, smuggling, and rioting, became so frequent that a man was condemned to be hanged by the sea-side, rather than a single court. When two-thirds were hanged, the weakening of the authority of the law, and the remaining third were strung up in a week on a market-day, the spirit of the populace became more and more brutalised. Wise men and good patriots said that the spirit of the English people seemed to have undergone some unaccountable and portentous change. Such was the operation of death from fifty to sixty years ago.

But we must remember that at that time we could not trade freely in food, corn or other. Our manufactures had not yet enabled us to trade abroad according to our needs. We lived under a much-abused poor-law, itself unsuited to modern times, by which virtuous industry and economy were ruined, and idleness and prodigality rewarded. All articles of food were kept at an arbitrary price by the privileges of the landed interest, among which was an atrocious system of game-preservation. The production of food was an unskilled department of industry. The labouring classes were then more ignorant, in proportion to the rest of society, than perhaps at any time before or since.

Now, again, Englishmen find themselves thinking about a scarcity; but under how much more hopeful circumstances!

The bad sign of the present occasion is, that there is still a notion abroad among some of the working-classes that the scarcity is artificial, and brought about by selfish traders for their own gain. It is true that, in all former times of difficulty, the populace showed the same tendency to ignorant suspicion and bad construction. They have fancied, at the time of an epidemic, that the wells were tampered with, and that the doctors poisoned the poor. When hungering they have hunted the authorities or hanged the bakers. But in our age and country it might have been supposed that such mistakes had been outgrown. It is not so yet. We may hope that the time for violence has gone by; but the mistake about the facts remains. Recent meetings at Bristol, Sheffield, and other places have shown us that much of the mischief of ignorance still exists to mar our efforts to repair our misfortunes. Some of the speakers at these meetings have uttered wild imaginations about provision dealers, jobbers, stock-owners, and others having put fancy prices upon cattle and sheep, and being enabled to do so by having "a monopoly." All this is very sad. It is sad that any of our citizens should not know what is meant by "a monopoly." They ought to be aware that the trade in cattle and provisions is open to everybody, and that foreign beasts and meat can be freely imported; so that there is no restriction at all in favour of the dealers, and to the disadvantage of the consumer. The dealers cannot put any price upon their articles greater than the public will give; and any one, or any dealer, who tried it, would be immediately underbid.

by others. High as the price of meat is, it is the natural price under the circumstances of the season.

Beyond this one incident the case of Englishmen in the prospect of scarcity has a less gloomy aspect than at any time in the life of our fathers. The circumstances are more favourable, all round.

The improvement in agriculture is so great that the same area of cultivable land can feed twice the number that it did at the beginning of the century. The soil is itself improved by treatment, and the produce by improvement of the soil; and to this we must add the increased speed and skill in gathering the produce; so that what is a scarcity now would have been a famine in old times. Again, we can now buy food freely wherever it is to be had. Foreign countries are not now called upon to supply our needs in a vast hurry, and without preparation. The fertile lands of our colonists and our allies, all over the world, produce crops for our market, so that we are always sure of getting enough to eat, at more or less cost. It is true, this unusual demand affects the money-market, and our own industry and commerce, so as to act very mischievously upon our fortunes; but this is something very different from the wholesale starvation which our forefathers had to apprehend after a bad season.

Again, our countrymen have now been well employed and well-paid for a long period of time in their various departments of industry; and they are, therefore, well prepared to meet a season of adversity. The poor-law, in its present state, affords a refuge for the helpless, without corrupting those who can work, and ruining the tradesman class. It is now a sound part of our institutions, instead of being the most ruinous of them all. Again, we are, as a people, better educated, more civilised, less likely to fly at one another's throats, when exasperated by suffering. We shall not suffer so much as formerly; we shall not aggravate our miseries by bad laws and arrangements; and we shall not rush into violence when good sense and patience are our only chance of getting through. We have no press-gangs to madden the fathers, husbands, and sons whom they may entrap: the recruiting sergeant is a very different person from what he was; and there is no temptation to make bonfires of militia rolls, or anything else. Smuggling has been extinguished by free trade. Men have been too comfortable and busy, generally speaking, to be any longer prone to the brutal crimes which formerly multiplied as soon as beef and bread became dear. It is evident at a glance that our case is every way milder and more manageable than any case of impending scarcity ever was in former times.

Still, it is serious enough to require very grave, careful, and complete consideration. This consideration should include the two points of our Present Resources in the way of food, and the Prospect of the further interval, before new crops can have grown, and the mortality among the cattle and sheep have been repaired.

Such a thing was never heard of before as the

price of wheat being moderate while a scarcity was known to be impending. Far on in the spring, when the prospects of the crops are usually discussed with some confidence; and when, this year, there was thick ice in the cattle troughs in the mornings, and snow lying on the hills, wheat was selling for from 45s. to 48s. per quarter. In every market the farmers were reporting badly of their wheat. In clay districts much land remained unsown: and elsewhere much was ploughed up. At the same time, last year's crop was turning out ill in the threshing. In former times, these circumstances would have carried up the price of wheat to 60s., 70s., 80s., or higher. I need not explain that the difference between former days and the present is owing to free trade in corn; and I need spend no words in describing the blessedness of the change.

Here, then, is the grand resource of all. The corn markets of the world are always open and always busy; and there we can get, at more or less cost, the wherewithal to feed our people, till the time of good harvests comes round again. The customary lowness of the price of wheat, and the slowness of the price in rising, is inducing more and more of our farmers to rely on other crops for their rent. In our great wheat-growing counties the change is becoming very marked; and it is owing to the secure and complete establishment of a trade in corn with the wheat-growing districts of the world.

And what is it that our farmers think of growing instead? More barley, more oats, and roots to a great extent—the object being to raise sheep and cattle. Here opens a prospect of a largely increased supply hereafter of animal food, to say nothing now of the augmented wool-supply for our manufactures. It will be a long time, however, before we obtain the promised beef, veal, and mutton: and we cannot buy meat from abroad ready for use from the continental cattle countries. The Denmark cattle which we import, require much feeding and tending before they are turned over to the butcher; and the deficiency of fodder, by which we lost our own cattle, prevents our entirely filling up the gap by live importation.

From another continent, however, we can procure meat ready for use. At the working-men's meetings I have referred to, the sensible suggestion to abstain from British meat was accompanied by a favourable mention of American beef and pork, which are to be had, according to the speakers, at 5d. and 6d. per lb. To all of us this ought to appear an inestimable boon. The meat is excellent when properly cooked; and no time should be lost in ascertaining how much we can get of it. The excellence of the Ohio pork is due to the same cause as the fame of the Westphalian hams—the diet of the swine. The beech woods of Ohio shower down mast enough to feed legions of hogs; and free trade now gives us the produce when, in our own markets, pigs of six weeks old are selling for 27s. to 30s. As for the American beef, when we hear of its being tough, we may be sure that the complainant does not know how to cook it. We have been kindly furnished by the highest possible authority with instructions on

this head which I will here quote, as more to the point than anything I can say:—

AMERICAN BEEF.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—In consequence of the high price of provisions, the press has drawn the attention of the public to the American beef. As a great prejudice exists against it, resulting from the want of knowing how to prepare and cook it, I have thought that the following suggestions might be useful, if you would give them publicity.

The American salt beef comes to this country in pieces from 8lb. to 12lb. in weight; before being cooked they should be well washed, and soaked in cold water for 24 hours, changing the water three times.

For boiling it should be placed in a stewpan of cold water, and made to boil quickly; as soon as the water boils the meat must be taken out, the water thrown away, and fresh cold water placed in it, with the meat still warm; boil it the usual time, according to the description of joint.

Baked or Roasted Salt Ribs of Beef.—Prepare the meat as above; make a paste of flour and water, cover the meat with it (as hams are done in many parts of England), and bake it in a slow oven for 20 minutes for every pound of meat; do not cut it when hot, and it is fit for the breakfast tables of incomes of 1000*l.* a-year.

Stewed Salt Beef.—Prepare it as above, and cut it into steaks of the usual thickness; have some cabbage or other greens, ready boiled; chop them up, and, with the meat, place in a stewpan with a gill of water to every pound of meat, one teaspoonful of sugar to each pound, and a teaspoonful of pepper to every four pounds of meat; stew gently for two hours, and serve. The flavour of this may be varied by adding either carrots, potatoes, haricot beans, chestnuts, or boiled macaroni, cut up into pieces about an inch long; and it may be flavoured with vinegar, mustard, or sauce, and, in fact, in many other ways, in order to give a change, and render it agreeable.

This beef contains much more nourishment than the majority of that which is now sold in the London market.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

G. WARRINER.

Instructor of Cookery to the Army.

If the aristocracy and gentry would take the hint to try the American beef and pork, it would be a great benefit to their neighbours. Every joint of English meat which they dispense with will be left for others who may want it more; while the superior cookery of their kitchens would prove whether this food might not be made as agreeable as it is certainly nourishing. We ought to prepare immediately for the greatest possible economy of home-grown meat, and a large consumption of all good foreign meat, for many months to come. The speakers at the meetings are undoubtedly right in their recommendation, though not exactly for the reasons they assign. They will not find that the withdrawal of their custom for a month, or for two or more months, will compel the provision dealers or stock merchants to lower their prices; but it will economise the existing supply, and spread it over a longer time, for the benefit of all parties.

The next obvious resource is—fish. What can I say on this familiar subject, but that it is a bitter disgrace that any body should suffer for the

want of animal food while we live in the boshells of the sea, and have winding coasts which might seem to invite us to live upon fish. At present, every citizen who has any authority or influence should exert himself for four objects:—first, to see that the laws are observed all round the coasts, and along the rivers, for the protection of fish in spawn and young fry. Besides the fishermen offend, and nobody looks after them, our supplies of herrings and other fish which come in shoals are perpetually dwindling away; and times and seasons and the meshes of net must be looked to, if we are not to lose the resource altogether. Again, let our importation of fish be looked to at once. In April we heard complaints of the depreciation of British herrings by a vast importation of Norwegian herrings, while the high duties in France and Spain and other countries exclude our fish from their markets. There may be such a market at home this year as not to make up for our exclusion from some foreign ones; and we ought to have every facility for importing. Again, let those of us who live on the coast see that an understanding is established between inland consumers and the fishermen, who are usually slow in hearing of public affairs. There ought to be no burying of tons of good fish in the sands, or rotting of them for manure, to keep up the price, under the notion that only gentry eat fish. Let every basket be sent by the nearest railway to some inland market. And, once more, let some pains be taken inland to get the fish under the notice and command of the classes who want it most. There are many small towns, villages, and populous road-sides, where the labourers never see or hear of fish, except as a luxury which comes to the squire's. A little zeal and attention on the part of public-spirited men would easily have brought mackerel into ten thousand cottages this dear spring, and may yet bring shoals of herrings among the labourers during the yet dearer autumn which is to come. At best, we shall not have nearly the quantity of fish that we ought: but let us have as much as we can.

Why do we buy eighty millions of eggs annually from the continent? and why are chickens and ducks reckoned a luxury in England and Ireland, when there might be poultry reared on every common and in every lane, and housed at the end of every cottage? Working men's wives and children manage to keep fowls in the alleys and yards of our great towns, finding them so profitable that they never eat eggs or chickens at home. If our rural labourers would take to this gainful enterprise at once, we might have a large addition made to our stock of animal food by this time next year. There are pigeons, again—not so substantial a resource, but well worth attention. Formerly, we should have been met by the objection that these creatures would consume more grain than could be spared in our present condition; but, besides that inferior grain answers for them, we are growing too wise to waste hard barley upon fowls while Indian corn meal is to be had. It is not only a question of swallowing the food before it is swallowed instead of after, but of the fowls getting the nourishment or going

without it. The amount of hard grain which passes undigested is a serious consideration in the best times; and the practice of presenting the food in the most digestible state is fast superseding the flinging away of good barley to make mere manure.

In such a year as this the landlords ought to provide for a free sale of their rabbits. Every year the rabbits do the farmers more mischief than almost any amount of bad weather; and every year certain gamekeepers are understood to make two, three, or four hundred pounds each by the sale of this particular perquisite. We may believe this from the fact of one landowner having sold 40,000 rabbits in one year, after taking a farm into his own hands,—his tenant having thrown it up on account of the rabbits. The farmers ought, in such times as these, to use freely their right of taking the rabbits, wherever they have not foolishly parted with that right. There ought to be a sweep of the rabbits, whatever the gamekeepers may say,—both for the sake of present food and next year's crops. It will be objected that there is no getting at the creatures when they choose to hide. Well; let us have all that can be got at. We know that one gentleman got at 40,000 in one year. Let us see how many more may be obtained by early watching in the mornings, and by all known methods.

As for game,—we shall have such a winter for poaching as has not been known since the great war, if the price of meat is what we may expect. Something may come out of it. One year of actual popular hunger, or of any severe pressure for food, would put an end to the preservation of game in England. Sportsmen would be plainly directed to the Scotch moors, and Norwegian rivers, and foreign or colonial hunting grounds for their amusement, while at home there would be a vast reduction of rural crime, and an important increase of food. The produce laid waste, over and above what is eaten, by game and rabbits, would feed herds of cattle and flocks of sheep; and it would never be allowed to lapse to the game when once a winter of hardship had driven our labourers into the covers for such food as could be got. Let us hope that the landowners generally are already turning over in their minds some such course as the Duke of Bedford and several others of their class took long ago,—not under the pressure of any scarcity, but from a sense of justice to the producers and consumers of food.

The duty is off cheese, happily. Cheese stands high in the scale of animal food, from its amount of concentrated nourishment. Let us, in short, consider what animal food of any sort may be imported at a popular price, and make known the facts.

There is another thing to be done;—and it is for our countrywomen to do it. It cannot be effectually done in a day, or a month, or a year; but it may be begun to-morrow. Let the people of England be taught to cook. If we could obviate the waste from mere bad cookery, the service would be equivalent to a vast grant of food. Every lady, every retired cook, every good-natured housekeeper of any rank, who shall

enable three or four labourers' wives or daughters to make the most of the food they have in the house, will be saving her country from a certain portion of calamity. Before the next batch of bad seasons, we ought to be secure from the disgraceful aggravation of ignorance about the treatment of our food.

I can now only just indicate what can be done in the direction of next season. It is clear that we must get, not only our corn, but our cattle-fodder from abroad, in proportion to our failures at home. Lord John Russell has promoted a system of inquiry of our consuls in countries which produce dates, carob-beans, and other nutritious products which are good for cattle, and relished by them. We must acquaint ourselves with all practicable resources of this kind, grains, meal, oilcakes, fruits, roots, &c. No less diligently must we look at home to make the most of every foot of ground, in compensation for the shortness of the hay crop, and the exhaustion of our reserve stores. Let us have winter vegetables for mankind, and the largest breadths of cabbages and early grasses ever seen, for the cattle, lest the roots should turn out ill in the winter, and the crisis of the spring ruin us again. It is not too early now to be preparing for the weeks which precede a late grass-springing. The walls which struggle over mountain-sides in Cumberland and Westmoreland were first built to enclose crofts in which the ash and holly were protected, to protect in their turn the sheep and cattle on the Fells. The young shoots and sprays of the holly and ash were, as they still are, a favourite food of cattle; and so are the tender sprouts of the gorse. We need not disclaim these in hard seasons, if the cows themselves, in all seasons, seek them eagerly. We may now, too, learn to value the new condiments by which coarse food is improved up to a very good value, in the estimation of beasts and owners alike.

Such are some of the considerations suggested by the existing pressure. It seems to be the right course for all of us to look out all our resources, to communicate freely with one another, to understand the case before we blame anybody for it, to admit that demand, supply, and prices must hold their natural course; to be thankful that the conditions of our case are so much improved within the memory of one generation; and to be careful that they are improved still further by our own patriotism, and our regard for future generations. HARRIET MARTINEAU.

THE BETRAYED.

SHE sat alone, on a cold grey stone,
Where the river made a desolate moan.

The sycamore trees stood white and bare,
Like sheeted ghosts in the dusky air.

A black cloud floated along the sky,
And a night-bird utter'd a dismal cry.

Sadly she thought of the innocent time,
Wildly she wept for her shame and crime.

Darker and deeper the shadows grow:
He promised to meet her an hour ago.

She sat alone, on the cold grey stone,
And the river flow'd with a sadder moan.

She heard the hum of the distant town,
The patter of dead leaves falling down.

She heard the tread in the hall,
But never *his* tread,

The morning came with the sun
To the garden to see the flowers



The mists that slept on the river's brim
Went up like the wings of the cherubim.

The water-lilies so cold and fair
Were tangled with tresses of bright brown hair.

The osiers bent with a quiet grace
Over a form with a still, white face.

The river flow'd with a desolate moan,
And dead leaves fell on the cold grey stone.

SARAH T. BOLTON.

A SNAIL SUPPER.

It was one cold night in December last, when the mercury was almost frozen in the bulb of the thermometer, and when only repeated applications of the mittened hand to the nose could save that valuable organ from the fate of an exposed carrot on a greengrocer's stall, that I found myself in the company of my friend Wagstaff on the Boulevard Poissonnière, on our return from the Theatre of the Porte St. Martin, whither some novelty had tempted us to spend the evening. There is nothing like cold to stimulate the appetite, unless it may be a drama of horrors and a rattling farce afterwards. Sorrow and mirth are both exhaustive, and there is something in the very atmosphere of a theatre that disposes the gastric juice

to flow into the stomach. In England we have known a person to commence an attack on a packet of ham-sandwiches as soon as the curtain was raised,—to feed through a five-act tragedy, and to retire, when the curtain was dropped, unsatisfied by additional apples, oranges, and ginger-beer.

By one of those instincts which Edgar Poe attributes to one of his characters, I knew what my friend Wagstaff's thoughts were running upon. He was thinking of the Adelphe, the Olympic, and a lobster supper. Not that he is either a fast man or a gourmand, by any means, but he has lived long enough to associate the stomach of the brain with the stomach lodged under the ribs, and is alive to the fact that, when the former is full the latter is fasting. Of a sudden I felt that the current of his thoughts had entered a particular channel, but all my presence did not prepare me for the proposition he placed before me suddenly :

"What say you to a snail supper?"

"With all my heart," I replied; which, on my part, was a piece of unsophisticated bonhomie. My heart rather heaved at the notion, but my vanity of knowingsness would not allow me to appear ignorant, and I should have made the same answer, probably, had he proposed a dish of griddle Salamander.

"Here we are, then, at the Faubourg St. Martin, and no one serves the dainty dish better than the rotisseur on the left."

We entered; he boldly and as one knowing the world and its contents; I timidly, as one on the point of making a doubtful experiment in gastronomy.

"A la poulette, or à la bourguignonne, shall it be?" inquired Wagstaff of me.

"By all means à la poulette," I answered. The gods help me; I did not know the drift of the question, but the one word was easier to pronounce than the other.

The dish was ordered. There was some preliminary deglutition, and I did not dislike the Chablis.

Not long had I enjoyed the prologue of the feast, which was intelligible enough, especially the fancy roll of bread, when the waiter placed the dishes before us.

"Now settle to!" said Wagstaff, in a manner which, then and there, I thought especially cold-blooded.

"Capital; now for it!" I rejoined, as one to whom the dish was perfectly familiar; but I played with my fork and made various little delays, in order to see how Wagstaff commenced his snail supper. Certainly the dish looked very tempting. Wagstaff went to work with what is termed a hearty good will. I watched him for a few seconds. He evidently enjoyed, and no doubt with a heart grateful to Providence, the dainty placed before him. He did not turn black in the face, his hand did not tremble from the effects of a limaceous poison; his eye perhaps was a little brighter; but then that might be owing to the Chablis. I took heart of grace, and for the first time in my life a limace found its way into my stomach.

"Capital!" said Wagstaff, wiping his moustache, "done to the millimètre of a turn."

"Excellent!" I added, hypocritically.

Mouthful number one had done me no harm, and I used my fork bravely to consign another snail into the human laboratory. Strange to tell I enjoyed the repast, and when my plate was empty, felt myself in the condition of one Oliver, wishing for more.

He must have been a man in desperate plight who first swallowed an oyster—no doubt a shipwrecked mariner on a desert island, who made the bold experiment in ostraphagy before attempting anthrophagy on the person of the black cook or cabin-boy who had been wrecked along with him. But a more desperate man must have been he who first swallowed a snail,—a frozen-out gardener, perhaps.

"Strange are the prejudices in food!" remarked Wagstaff, and thereupon he commenced an oral disquisition on the merits of mule-flesh, edible birds' nests, hedgehogs, guinea-pigs and toadstools. "How we suffer through our ignorance and unreasonable dislike," he continued. "How often has the world proclaimed famine in the very presence of dainty abundance! Locusts, for instance. They destroy square leagues of herbage; but they remain famous morsels for distressed agriculturists; and, dipped

in wild honey, are luscious. Snails prey on our vines and cabbages. Why should we not prey upon the snail? Now you have been eating *escargots*. You don't find them amiss, do you?"

"Never better fare," I assented.

"Escargot is his French name; naturalists call him *Helix pomatia*, and now," pursued Wagstaff, pouring out another tumbler of Chablis, and warming with his subject, "and now I shall tell you all about him, over a cigar and demi-tasse at the next café."

The amount of Wagstaff's conchological information respecting the escargot, I sum up in what follows:

The escargot feeds principally upon the vine, and it is those only which feed upon this plant which are brought to market. The animal, however has a whim occasionally, and feeds upon hemlock, which does not disagree with it, but which renders it prudent to place him in quarantine before he is admitted into the kitchen. The escargots when gathered are put into casks, and these are put into a cool place, where they fast two months at least, to *cleanse* themselves before they are brought to market. In the Halls, at the commencement of the season, heaps of them may be seen upon the stalls, all alive, gliding over one another, and sometimes falling inadvertently upon the claws of craw-fish and lobsters, when they find it judicious to retreat into the spiral of their shells. The vine-growers have a double interest in the escargot. They would rather he did not make selection of this plant for his meals, which he injures, but since Nature will have it so, they avenge themselves on the animal, and capture them in hosts to send to market. For many years the escargot has been an article of commerce for food. In former times it was only herbalists and druggists who dealt in snails, or escargots. The snail pounded in a mortar, and then boiled with milk, was regarded as a remedy in phthisical diseases. Now, as already said, the escargot has its place in the Halls, along with craw-fish and fresh-water fish, and there are few restaurateurs upon whose bill of fare they do not figure. In 1854, the consumption of this mollusc was valued at half a million francs in Paris. The consumption since then has considerably augmented. In the market of Dijon there is sold, monthly, 6000 francs' worth of escargots, at the rate of 1*f.* 50*c.* the hundred.

Dr. Ebrard has calculated that these helices, each of which weighs about 20 to 22 grammes (two-thirds of an ounce), lose in cooking some aqueous elements, and contain only, deprived of the shell, about ten grammes (or rather better than a quarter of an ounce) of alimentary substance. The shell weighs from four to four and a-half grammes. It follows that the escargots sold in the Dijon market represent more than 16,000 lbs. weight of alimentary food, equivalent to that furnished by the flesh of 150 ordinary calves.

In Algiers may be seen in the markets enormous heaps of these snails, which are sold by the bushel and the hundred, and which are consumed chiefly by the Spaniards and the Provençals. In several countries the cultivators eat no other food

than escargots, which is considered the contrary of fattening. Fisher states that this particularity has given rise, near Bordeaux, to a singular custom. Every Ash-Wednesday, the people go out to the commune of Candern to eat escargots, to terminate the Carnival gaily, and have a fore-taste of Lent. Formerly the town of Ulm, famous for its *escargotières*, furnished annually more than ten millions of vine escargots, to be consumed during Lent in the monasteries of Austria. Pliny informs us, that escargots formed a dainty dish to the inhabitants of Rome. We know to what pitch the culinary art rose amongst the conquerors of the world. We know how they relished the oysters of Albion. Apicius, in his treatise on cookery, mentions no less than three principal sauces for snails, one of which, composed of sweet herbs, milk, butter, cheese, boiled wine, flour, and saffron, deserves to be mentioned.

In Paris, at the present day, we are not quite so fastidious. We eat them in general cooked on the gridiron or in the oven. *Escargots à la poulette*, of which I have partaken on the sly, and licked my lips after, since my memorable introduction to a snail supper by Wagstaff, are thus prepared :

It is premised that the escargots have been fasting for at least two months, to rid themselves of impurities. We boil them in a pint of water, with wood-ashes and salt, until they can be drawn easily out of the shell. To proceed to this operation they are placed in fresh water, and as fast as they are untwined from the shell they are thrown into tepid water. When we have the required number together, we boil them for ten minutes, and then strain them. Next, we place them in a saucepan, with a piece of butter, and toss them well about, and afterwards add a table-spoonful of flour, and moisten them with half white-wine and half beef-soup, not forgetting to flavour the cookery with a judicious proportion of sweet herbs. In this state they are allowed to stew for two hours longer, and then they are tender; and then would the sight of them bring water into the mouth of a Roman Emperor, especially when thickened with the yolk of eggs, and farther flavoured with citron and verjuice. In Paris they may be bought all ready for cooking at a sou a piece. The doctors consider the escargot, properly cooked, very nutritious and digestible; but care must be had that they have been properly purged, for, as already stated, the escargot takes a fancy to feed sometimes on the hemlock plant, and sometimes on belladonna; and cases of poisoning have been known through ignorance of this fact, and cooking them too soon after being gathered.

"But," said Wagstaff, in conclusion, "if the escargot has its merits as an aliment, it has its demerits in another respect. It causes great damage to the vine crop. In 1856 the escargot committed more ravages than oidium among the vines of Charente Inférieure. Up to the present time, there is no other way of getting rid of the escargot, as a scourge, than by catching him alive with the hand during or after the warm rains of spring. Don't squash him under your foot. Put him into a cask, and at the end of a term you

will know how to love your enemy, first killing him with kindness."

By this time Wagstaff had finished his cigar. I had finished my second demi-tasse, and (why need I blush to tell it, as almost every one in a café does the same?) pocketed the remaining lumps of sugar brought with the tray. Midnight had sounded at various intervals during twenty minutes, as the manner is with the clocks of Paris; and, thanking Wagstaff for his snail-supper and discourse on conchology, varied with hints on cookery, I bade him good night near the Madeleine, and retired to my den in the seventh floor of the Rue du Rocher.

AROLD.

JAPANESE FRAGMENTS.

BY CAPTAIN SHERBARD OSBORN, R.N.

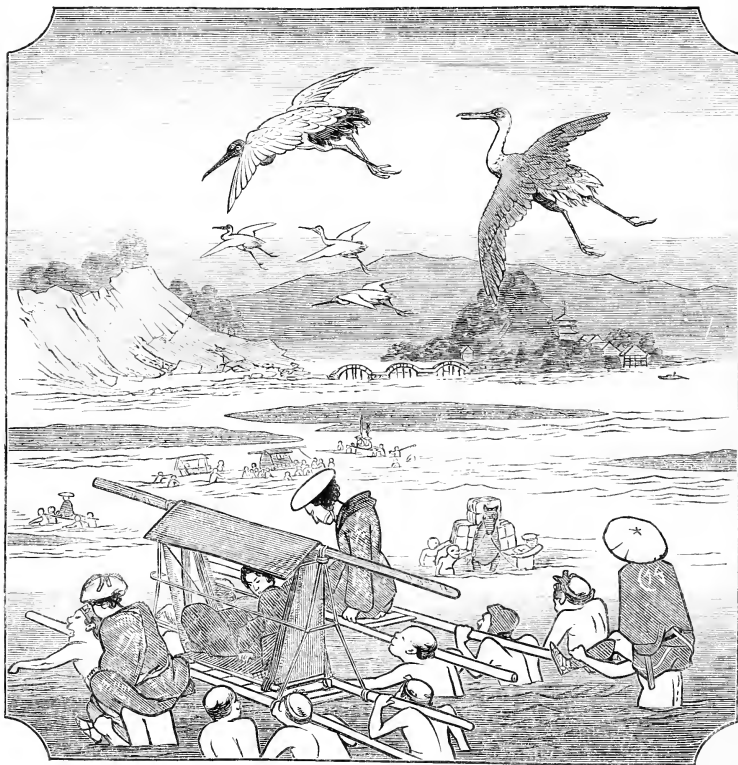
CHAPTER III.

REVERTING to the hostilities between China and Japan, which sprung out of the attempt to invade the latter, it soon became evident that the weak mere book-learned civilisation of China was no match for the courage and physical energy of the Japanese islanders. Trained to a seafaring life upon their own storm-swept shores, these bold sailors, returning from successful marauding expeditions against the seaboard of the Chinese empire, awakened a general spirit for adventure amongst the inhabitants of Japan, and the Japanese sailor and the Japanese ship became formidable throughout the Eastern seas. Apart from the conquest of the Chusan group, and the establishment of military and mercantile posts in Ningpo and other Chinese cities, they ranged in their barks from India to lands situated in the Pacific far to the eastward of their homes. The strong similarity in appearance, habits, and disposition, of the Kanaka inhabitants of the Sandwich and Georgian groups, leads one to suppose that, if not then, in periods still more remote it was the ships of Japan that carried colonists to these distant isles,—and the passions and nautical hardihood of the Malayan races of the Archipelago doubtless received much of their tone from intermixture with these Japanese freebooters. Of their voyages to the Asiatic continent and Malayan archipelago we have historical record; but until we shall master the Japanese language sufficiently to explore their ancient writings, we must be content with mythical information as to their wanderings eastward in the Pacific. Aided by such myths, and the light of modern knowledge in the direction of currents and winds, we may try to infer what lands they could have reached which lay beyond the ken of China and India.

Amongst those tales of Japanese explorations in the olden days, there is one strangely circumstantial, recorded by a worthy and venerable Christian historian of China, Father Juan de Mendoza, of the Augustinian Order. The statements there made, though sufficiently startling, do not exceed a condition of public morals prevalent to-day in more than one spot of that South Sea. Writing in 1588, the pious monk says, that at no great distance from Japan, the natives had discovered certain islands nearly peopled by women, and that they might be said to be Amazons.

inasmuch as they were expert in the use of arms. To these islands the Japanese went annually in vessels freighted with merchandise, for exchange with the natives, and for some time there had been an interchange of tendernesses between the Japanese seamen and the fair inhabitants of those islands, leading of course to the result usual in such cases—"et pour eviter entre eux a tout inconvenient," the following rules were laid down. Directly the Japanese vessels arrived at these

islands, two messengers landed, for the purpose of informing the king or queen who ruled over these fair nymphs of their arrival, and of the number of men in the vessels. A day was then appointed on which the Japanese "blue jackets" were to be allowed to land. On that day a bright troop of young ladies, equal in number to the Lotharios from Nippon, sallied down to the strand, each carrying a pair of shoes or sandals, carefully marked with the name of the proprietress. These



Japanese Landscape. Fording a River. (Fac-simile.)

sandals were then, in sight of the visitors, thrown indiscriminately together upon the sands of the seashore, and the nymphs again retired. "Alors!" says the good priest, in racy old language, "les hommes sautant à terre chassent chacun les premiers souliers qu'ils encoûtrent, et incontinent approchent les femmes." Each of the fair dames of this Eastern Amazonia then claimed for her admirer the Japanese sailor who bore her sandals in his hand. All remonstrance, choice, or exchange was out of the question, whether the lady

was ugly, humpbacked, or deformed; and each Alphonso was fain to be content with his fair Imogene—an arbitrary proceeding upon the part of the ladies, only to be justified in Amazonia. Great care was taken to register the names and residences of all parties, in order that when the Japanese vessels returned in the following year, the sweet pledges of affection which should have been ushered into the world in the meantime might be duly presented to their blushing fathers, and that the rule might be carried out of allowing

the boys to return to Japan, whilst the girls were detained with their mothers.

All this reads strangely like South Sea island morality, and connects in imagination fair Owhyhee and Otaheite, as Cook and Bligh found them, with the wanderings of these Japanese adventurers.

But we must onward in our fragmentary sketches, premising to those who may be shocked at the scandals involved in this legend of the sea, that it cannot be wrong for a seaman to repeat what a spiritual father thought right to record.

By the year 1540, two hosts of most Christian robbers were rapidly advancing upon the Cipangu of Marco Polo—the Spaniard by way of the Americas, the Portuguese by that of the Cape of Good Hope. The latter won the race. By the early part of the sixteenth century the azure flag and emblazoned arms of Portugal, had carried sword and cross from the Red Sea to the Straits of Malacca, and the cry of the slaughtered and plundered Mahomedans and Hindoos went up from Zeylah and Aden on the east, to Malacca on the west. In advance, however, of the legitimate arms of Portugal, there were a host of deserters and adventurers, who embarked in native Malay, or Arab vessels, and explored the way to fresh scenes of rapine. They were as jackals to the lions in their wake. Such was one Fernandez Mendez Pinto, who with many more of a like repute harassed and robbed along the coasts of China, until they met, and coalesced with the Japanese pirates frequenting the neighbourhood of Ningpo, or Lampo, as it was then called. Pinto accompanied his new allies upon a grand robbing expedition to some island in the neighbourhood of that port, probably to the one now known in the Chusan group as Kin-shan, or Golden Island, the necropolis past and present of many a wealthy Chinaman, of whose desire to take to the heaven of Budha some of his earthly treasures, these worthies doubtless took undue advantage. We have been calling the followers of Bernal Diaz, and the avant-couriers of Albuquerque hard names; perhaps the reader may, on perusing what we have just said of Pinto's researches in Kinshan, be inclined to add to the terms buccaneer and pirate, those of sacrilegious robber and defiler of the resting-places of the dead! But let us be just to Fernandez Mendez Pinto, and his countrymen. We are all—ay, all—my American cousins, as big buccaneers as ever they were; and as to robbing the dead, why one Frenchman, and he is no worse than many an Englishman, except in his opportunity being greater, has, it is said, very recently broken up many thousand departed Egyptians for the few paltry ornaments wrapt up in their cerements! And, as we write, the negroes of Panama are disintermenting a race of buried Indians for the sake of a few golden idols, that they wished to take with them to their happy hunting-grounds.

Let us, then, cease to rail at these men of the Sixteenth Century, and remember the world, if not better, is at any rate three hundred years older.

As the interdiction against strangers visiting Japan, arising out of Kublai Khan's invasion, had not been revoked, it is natural to suppose that the plea of accident, or stress of weather was ad-

vanced by the enterprising Pinto, who accompanied his new found friends to that country. This event, from the concurrent testimony of Japanese and Portuguese chroniclers, is supposed about the years 1512 or 1513; and, although Pinto for a long time rejoiced in the reputation of a liar, for having said that he watered his story, there is every reason to believe, that he did not. Strangely enough, some testimony in his favour has very recently been elicited through the labours and researches of Mr. Harris, the present American minister at the court of Yeddo. During his residence at Simoda in 1855-56, Mr. Harris was struck with the strong resemblance of a Japanese fire-arm, which he observed in the hands of the higher officials, to the ancient "petronel" of Europe. On inquiry, he learnt that these arms were mostly manufactured on the island of Kagasima, and that the natives of that dependency of the empire had long been famous for the art. A knowledge of the mode of constructing these petronels had been acquired they said several centuries previously from Europeans on board a vessel that was forced there in a tempest; and furthermore Mr. Harris thought he could trace in the Japanese term for this weapon a corruption of its Portuguese name, all of which information may safely carry to the credit of the old Portuguese buccaneer. The intelligence carried back by Pinto to the haunts of his countrymen in China and the Eastern Seas, caused many to visit that southernmost island of the Japanese empire which is now named Kin-siu, but in those times was called Bongo, after one of the large principalities into which it was divided. Three of the most influential princes in this island received the Portuguese with open arms, and the Prince of Fizen, whose territories laid on the western side of the island, gave them free permission to trade or settle in all the ports under his especial control. The chiefs of Arima, Oruma, and Bongo were equally zealous to secure the advantages of Portuguese intercourse; they touted for yearly visits from these western adventurers, they offered each other the wonderful novelties of Europe, or the rich products of Hindostan and Arabia, which the Portuguese were able to import, and they joyfully paid the most outrageous prices for all these commodities. The excitement for foreign intercourse extended to the Japanese seamen and merchants, and we find them constantly mentioned by Spanish and Portuguese writers of this period as sailing and trading to their settlements of Macao, Malacca, and the Philippines; and the commercial intercourse, especially with the Portuguese, became in a very short time most important. The Church of Rome took good care in those days that the servants of the cross were not far behind the pioneers of European civilisation, and from several quarters the devoted disciples of Ignatius Loyola hastened to the rich harvest-fields then in Japan. François Xavier, then at Goa, and by his wonderful success in Southern India, was led to hasten to the far East, where, as it was said, he reached the seat of Portuguese power, at the hospitality of the inhabitants of Japan to European visitors. This desire appears to have been further stimulated by the arrival of a Japanese

who encouraged Xavier to undertake the task, assuring them of unbounded success.

Xavier started in 1549, only five years after the adventurous Pinto had first re-discovered that empire—"where gold was as dross, and the people of gentle manners, though brave:" yet Xavier was not in time to claim the honour of having been the first to introduce his creed amongst the Japanese; for on his arrival at Macao, he learnt that at any rate a faith in the cross, as the real panacea for all mundane evils, was already making rapid progress amongst the people of Bongo. It appears that some priests of the Roman faith, whether Spanish or Portuguese our worthy chronicler does not say, succeeded, before Xavier's arrival, in reaching the shores of Japan. They had been kindly received; but as the Bonzes of the Buddhist faith were common throughout the country, the arrival of strangers strongly resembling them in appearance and professions did not at first excite astonishment, or impress the natives with any great respect for the sanctity of their mission. The profanity of a Japanese prince, however, soon gave the servants of Rome an opportunity of striking awe into the minds of their future converts. This prince, in waggish mood, put up his reverend visitors in a mansion

sadly haunted by evil spirits, without telling them of the trick he desired to play them. When night came, and they sought repose, they were disturbed by dreadful apparitions and prodigious spectres, horrid noises, and rattling of chains. The stools and cushions flew about the apartments, and their reverences' garments were torn off their backs: expecting every minute to be destroyed by these Japanese demons, they prayed, and used all known exorcisms; at last they signed themselves with the sign of the cross, and scored it on the walls and door-posts. The demons of Japan could not withstand this. They fled, and the good fathers slept in peace. Next day, the wicked prince and the people heard with astonishment of this cure for haunted houses; they were almost persuaded to Christianity, and "in token of it," naively says the ancient writer, "and to keep away evil spirits from their abodes, crosses were marked upon all their walls and door-posts throughout that city." The poor Japanese prince had been caught in his own trap, much in the same way that we find the old adage illustrated by a native artist of Yedo, and the prince could hardly have given the clever priests a better opportunity of proving that they were still more astute necromancers than any his state could boast of.



A Japanese Fox setting a Man-Trap. (Fac-simile.)

Encouraged by this promising intelligence, Xavier pushed on, and after dire adventures, he reached Japan, to find princes and people ready to receive his earnest and zealous preaching. The three great and almost independent rulers of the island of Kiu-siu were publicly received into the Church of Rome, and for about fifteen years, that is from 1560 to 1575, the progress of Christianity was most rapid. Xavier however only stayed long enough to see the cross flash through the island of Kiu-siu or Bongo. Elated at his success, satisfied with the idea that all Japan would follow the example of the thousands upon whom he had laid hands, pleased with the tractable gentle nature of the Japanese as they came under his own observation, ignoring the sullen bearing of the large priesthood of the Buddhist and Sin-too faiths, whose temples he and his followers had overthrown, the great apostle turned his eyes to the yet unopened land of China; and leaving his blessing with the people, who he tell us "were truly the delight of his heart," he went forth to

lay down his life as the first of that truly noble army of martyrs who have fallen in striving to sow the seeds of faith in that religionless land of Cathay. During fifteen years the thirty thousand converts of Xavier swelled into more than a million in number. We find by the letters of the Jesuit fathers to their superiors, that by 1577 they had progressed as far as Miaco in Nipon, the great spiritual capital itself. There, in the stronghold of the ancient faith of Japan, on one occasion no less than 7000 persons had been converted, and a church had been so skilfully erected, so richly ornamented, that it had conducted much to raise Christianity in Japanese estimation, and enabled the fathers to preach the faith openly and safely in the most remote portions of the empire. But it was in Kin-siu that the success of Christianity was most marked. There were three churches and a college established in Fizen alone, of which Nangasaki was the principal; and, indeed, it appears from the testimony of all writers of that day, that the only check in

that quarter arose from the frequency of wars and insurrections between the great feudal princes, owing to the decay of the imperial power during the reign of the Emperor Nabunanga. This Ziogoon, or Tai-koon, had great difficulty in crushing a general disposition of his princes to throw off the control of their sovereign; but whilst his great General, Taiko-sama, was employed in quelling these insurrections, the Emperor is said by the Jesuits—writing from Miaco in 1770—to have treated them with such kindness and attention that the Christian clergy were esteemed before the Bonzes in Miaco. The poor native priests, however, had, it appears to us, ample cause for complaint. Apart from the mere fact of the inroads upon their flocks and the loss of good repute, the determined hostility of the Romish priesthood to the ancient faith of the Japanese people was most marked. Nothing could have been more intemperate than that hot zeal, though at the same time we cannot deny such zeal the merit of courage, when we think of those solitary Jesuit priests thrown into a foreign land, cut off from their countrymen—indeed, never hoping for support except from their God—yet sitting calmly down in a great city like Miaco, then probably more populous than any town in Europe, and writing to their superior that they never lost an opportunity of vilifying the false gods around them, or of defying the thousands of Bonzes and Faquirs of Miaco.

There is a curious instance of this reckless zeal which was so soon to bring sorrow upon all Japan, in a letter from a Father Orgatin, dated Miaco, September 20th, 1577, which we think deeply interesting, as it serves to warn us from a repetition of such intolerance in our coming relations with these same people: "Not more than three leagues from Miaco," says the Father, "there is on the top of a lofty mountain a famous native temple, dedicated to the *devil*, which is much frequented by natives from all parts of the empire. The Bonzes in charge live by attending to the religious services there practised. I never fail to constantly express my hope of one day levelling that temple, and to raise upon its site a better one to the honour of Monsieur the Archangel St. Michael, and to plant upon the summit of that mount a crucifix, which shall always be seen by the people of Miaco, and to the exaltation of the glory of God." Father Orgatin then says, that alarmed at his threats, and at certain proceedings of his in other quarters, where, after a wholesale christening of 400 persons, he whetted their new faith by inducing them to enter a temple and decapitate a number of idols, the Bonzes very naturally complained of him to the authorities. In spite, however, of an official notice, prohibiting the enterprising priest from carrying out his intentions with respect to the temple on the hill, he tells us, that he consoled himself with the hope that his Heavenly Father would show him a way to cast down with his own hands these vain idols, and thus, as he says, "subject the arch-enemy of mankind to great pain and mortification."

In another letter we find a graphic account of a regular razzia carried on in the district of Arima against the Buddhist idols. The poor Bonzes,

hunted and persecuted, carried their graven images down the face of a fearful precipice and hid them away in a vast cave, seldom accessible; a traitor carried information of this abode of gods retired from business, to the Christian priest, who, heading some native zealots, succeeds in the hour, "this cave full of devils," and there, amid the cries of the horror-stricken Bonzes, the rage and grief of pagans, smites off the heads and limbs of their gods and hurls them into the sea! How complacently the priest tells his tale, and dilates upon the pain and chagrin he has that day occasioned to a certain party, whose immediate presence in Japan, is, he is sure, attested by the numerous earthquakes and volcanoes.

Whilst the intolerance of the Romish clergy was thus exciting the fear and hostility of a numerous native priesthood, as well as the religious mendicants, the thousand and one hermits of Fusi-hama; whilst the progress of Christianity threatened to deprive of their subsistence those who lived by the pilgrimages to her ancient shrines and temples; the merchants and seamen of Spain and Portugal were not less successful in abating the respect of the native authorities and officials. The Portuguese had grown rich and insolent by their trade with China and Japan. Fixing their headquarters at Nangasaki, their traders had intermarried with the daughters of the richest natives, and obtained such a footing in the country as to already threaten its liberties.

The commerce with Portugal rapidly assumed a character which was naturally distasteful to the ruler of the Japanese people—it was a simple export of her metallic currency against the products of India and Europe; and, added to this, there is reason to fear that Japanese subjects were kidnapped or enslaved by the Portuguese, and carried out of the country for sale elsewhere.

ART IN IVORY.

It is not often that the true lover of art can wander into the well-known shop of Messrs. Colnaghi and Scott in Pall Mall, without finding there something worthy of his admiration. There are happily still left among us a few who follow painting and sculpture as lofty and ennobling pursuits, whether the influence they exercise be upon themselves or upon others—conscientious sensitive men, who dread the rude ordeal of the walls of the Royal Academy, and who shrink from that vulgar speculation which would by the meanest of artifices mislead public taste. Such men rather seek some quiet place where their works can be studied by those who are worthy to enter into their spirit, and can appreciate at their real value the labour and thought bestowed upon them. In the locality to which we have alluded might have been seen not long ago, and may we believe still be seen, the noble dreamy head of the Poet Laureate, by Watts—a work which proves that we have yet a living portrait-painter worthy to preserve for posterity the features of the eminent man of our day, and whose name, when his generation has passed away, will rank with those of Reynolds and of the first of the English school. Masera

Colognghi have now under their care a collection of sculptures in ivory by a refined and thoughtful French sculptor, already well known by his works in marble, the Baron Henri di Triqueti.

Ivory has been too long neglected as a substance for the production of the highest class of objects of art. This accomplished artist has sought to restore a material so precious and beautiful to the rank it bore in the best age of ancient Greece. The greatest of her sculptors used it, as we know, for their choicest works. Out of it Phidias fashioned the features of his Athenian Minerva and of his Olympian Jove, whilst his renowned pupil, Alcamenes, chose it for the more voluptuous forms of the youthful Bacchus. Alas! none of these monuments of Greek genius—the most perfect, if we are to believe the united testimony of ancient authors, that Greek art produced—have been preserved to us. Not that the material is so perishable as some might be inclined to believe. Have we not in the British Museum the Assyrian ivories, carved eight centuries at least before the Christian era, and those from the tombs of Egypt, probably of a much earlier date? Not only is ivory not so liable to perish, but even when decay has commenced, and the very substance is crumbling away, it can be restored by a simple yet ingenious process to its original hardness. The ivories from Nineveh, which fell to dust almost at the touch, have been made solid again; and even the tusks of elephants which have been for ages buried in the soil have been supplied artificially with that gelatinous matter which once held their component particles together. Thus, this apparently fragile and delicate substance has a property of escaping destruction which is not even possessed by the hardest of metals and the most compact of marbles. Public and private collections contain remarkable specimens of ivory carvings of the Roman times. Then sculptured tablets in ivory were classed amongst the most valued gifts; and the Roman consuls, on being raised to their dignity, were in the habit of presenting them to their friends. These consular diptychs, as they are called, for they usually consisted of two leaves like the cover of a book, were frequently ornamented with the portrait of the donor, and usually inscribed with his name. Some may still be seen in museums; and, although they do not possess the interest or value as works of art which would attach to similar remains of the best Greek period, yet several are not undeserving of notice for beauty of design and execution. The early Christian artist, too, chose this pure and chaste substance as the fittest to embody his conceptions of the Virgin and her Child and other sacred subjects; nor was it less coveted by the sculptor of the "renaissance," for its exquisite beauty, whilst the charm it imparted to the representation of human flesh, enabled him to carry out the inspiration of his rich and voluptuous fancy. Even Michael Angelo did not scruple to employ it for some of his mighty conceptions.* What prodigious sums are now given

for the classic works of Benvenuto Cellini, the graceful groups of Fiammingo, and even the indifferent imitations of far less skilful Flemish artists! These precious objects have always been considered the ornament of the public museum and the pride of the private collection. But, although abundantly employed for mere useful purposes during the last century, ivory seems to have been unaccountably neglected for the higher purposes of art. It is remarkable that during this period no really eminent artist appears to have felt its beauty, or understood its capabilities for representing the delicate and glowing surface of human flesh. No name of note has been connected for the last hundred years with an important work in the material. M. di Triqueti is the first who has availed himself of it to produce an original and well-studied work of art.

The ancients frequently combined metals with ivory, and especially bronze. Our artist has also sought to revive this union, and to join the two so that each should hold its due place and set off the other. His idea was first fully carried out in a recumbent figure of Cleopatra, included in the present collection. And well carried out it has been, for he has produced a statue which, although small in size, is of singular beauty, of deep expression, and of exceeding truthfulness. The dying queen has fallen back upon her throne; her eyes are closing for ever; her right hand grasps her robes convulsively in the last throes of death; her left arm, around which is twined the fatal asp, hangs by her side, and is stiffening into lifeless rest. Her beautiful bosom is bare, and her ample drapery hangs loosely about her limbs. Again following the example of the ancients, the sculptor has delicately touched with gold her tiara, her sandals, and her ornaments, and has carried a graceful coloured border round the edges of her robe. The whole of the statue is in ivory, the throne, embossed with figures, in bronze, and the base of marble—a combination harmonious to the eye and well suited to the subject. The execution is most careful and delicate. It is impossible to imagine anything more true to nature than the bosom—which seems almost to heave with the last struggling breath—or the arm falling at her side. The drapery is finely conceived, and admirably executed in graceful and natural folds.

But the most remarkable object in the collection is a vase, on which the sculptor has lavished all his skill and all his thought. Those who feel the true end of art will not think that the labour and time he has bestowed upon this beautiful work have been thrown away, for it is not as a mere object of curiosity, but as a monument of art, that we must look at it. We are too much accustomed to confine the application of the term "fine arts" to certain things—pictures or statues—set as it were apart, only to be admired, without significance or use. But the "fine arts" attained their highest and most noble development when applied to the purposes and wants of everyday life—when the distinction now drawn between what is purely ornamental and what is purely useful was unknown.

* A very interesting and important series of casts of carvings in ivory, extending from the second to the sixteenth century, has been published by the Arundel Society.

Then the gratification of the feeling for the beautiful was as needful to men as those things which ministered to their necessities. Then it was that the most accomplished artists did not despise the humblest work which could be embellished by their genius and skill. The sculptors and painters of the golden age of Italian art, as of the golden age of Greek art, made designs for chests, or armour, or goblets, and frequently executed them with their own hands—chests, not to form part of a collection of curiosities, but to hold garments; armour, not to be preserved in museums, but to be worn in battle or in the tilt; goblets, not to be kept under glass, but to be filled with wine at the feast. All that is truly beautiful has its influence upon man, whether that influence be immediate and sensible or remote and imperceptible. This is especially the case when the element of beauty is introduced into that which belongs to everyday life, into that which we are in the habit of constantly using or of seeing about us. That influence should especially consist in the chastening of the imagination and in the softening of the character. With most men art is looked upon as a thing altogether distinct from what belongs to everyday life—to be cared for and enjoyed of itself as a rare and costly luxury. With such men as M. di Triqueti this is not so. He has felt, and rightly felt, that there is nothing so simple or of so little actual value in itself, that the highest principles of art may not be applied to it. He has not considered that ten years of thought and three years of labour have been thrown away upon this vase, if he should have attained excellence in it, and should have produced an object which may contribute to the elevation of public taste, and may extend the application of art.

Like every really great artist, who leaves nothing undone to render his work perfect, he has himself watched over every detail, designed the form, and superintended the casting of the metal, carved the ivory, and moulded the embossments of the bronze. His vase may be open to criticism; opinions on matters of taste must of necessity be infinite in the absence of any recognised standard. Some may think the upper part too bald, others may desire even less ornament and a more simple shape; some may object to the introduction of ornaments too closely imitated from nature, others to the union of two substances so opposite in character as ivory and bronze. But the artist himself has duly weighed all these things, and has made up his own mind. By the massiness of the handles he seeks to indicate that they are intended not simply for show, but for use in lifting the vase. As any apparent weight added to the upper part might be inconsistent with the light and apparently fragile material which forms the centre, he has abstained from introducing into it any more ornament than he deemed absolutely necessary; convinced that, in order to invent new and truly noble forms of decoration, we should turn to the inexhaustible mine of nature, he has sought in natural objects the ornaments which he has embossed on the handles and lip. A work carried out in this spirit and upon these principles, and with a conscientious care seldom equalled, cannot fail to be an

object of value and interest deserving of serious study.

The tendency of the artist's mind is to that chaste and severe treatment which distinguishes Greek or classic art. One might think that he pursued the whole work. Although there are very distinct bas-reliefs, they may be described as four idyls in sculpture illustrating one subject, the hopes and desires of the chief types of human existence—hopes and desires to which a brief and



shadowy embodiment is given in our dreams—those of the youth entering upon the great battle of life, burning with its ambitions, thirsting for its pleasures: of the maiden upon whom first dawn the tender joys of love: of the man of labour, expectant of the fruits of what he himself has sown; and of the man of thought, past the hope of youth, looking beyond the grave for the end, and to immortality for the reward. In each composition the dreamer occupies the chief place.

In the first, a young man reclines in deep sleep; a maiden bending over him is about to press her lips upon his forehead; and lovely female forms hover above him. This enchanting vision is interrupted by the calls of war. Mounted on a fiery horse, and lured on by Fame, who holds a laurel crown in her hand, he rushes into the fight, and strives to seize the prize. Unmindful of blighted hopes that may await him, his ardent imagination is nourished by the promise of glory, and he lives, in the words of the poet inscribed beside him, on "this noble food, and envies not the nectar and ambrosia of the gods." In contrast with the dreaming youth is the dreaming maiden. Her arms thrown back support her head; her robe has fallen from her snowy bosom. Above her float figures from dreamland, and in each she sees herself in some stage of that joyous existence which her innocent imagination has pictured to her. Here she adorns her long tresses for the feast, there she coyly receives the proffered gifts of her lover. Then, a mother, she fondly clasps her infant to her breast, whilst merry laughing children dance around her, or cluster at her knee. A genius standing at her feet places his finger on his lip that no sound may disturb these happy visions, alas! too soon to fade before the bitter realities of life.

These bright dreams have passed; the stern struggle has begun; and the ardent, hoping youth has become the sober man of labour. But he, too, has his visions to cheer him in his path. He reclines by the partner of his toil, and dreams no longer of those tumultuous pleasures which once beguiled him—of glory earned and ambition fed—but of the sweeter and more lasting rewards of his own labour. He has tilled the ground and sown the seed. Two geni, in a car drawn by winged boys, bring him triumphantly the produce of the earth—fruits, corn, and flowers; and others stepping joyously before him bear the sickles and the golden sheaves new reaped.

The man of thought, in the fourth bas-relief, sees in his dream the hoped-for reward of those who toil, not with the hand but with the brain, for man's instruction and elevation. As he bends in sleep over his tablets, Fame points heavenward, whilst the forms of the mighty dead rise before him. He is already crowned with laurel, and Homer, Virgil, Sappho, and Dante beckon him to their side. But a genius, holding the crown of thorns before him, warns him that only through the valley of grief and of suffering can he reach the glorious temple of immortality.

Such are the subjects of these sculptured idyls, as poetically conceived as they are skillfully executed. They blend harmoniously together, and by a thoughtful arrangement of the lines unite imperceptibly one with the other—a result not of easy accomplishment, and yet of essential importance to the symmetry of the vase. The themes, classic in their nature, are treated in a classic spirit, yet with none of the formality or mannerism which distinguishes and too frequently degrades the modern French school of art. The style is simple, the imitation of nature truthful yet elevated, reminding us not a little of the great Italian painters of the fifteenth century. We

might particularly instance the charming group of the youth wooing the maiden in the young girl's dream, which breathes the spirit of Lippi or of Boticeelli. The draperies are well studied, yet simple, flowing, and free. In the representation of the human form, the sculptor, inspired by the exquisite beauty of the substance with which he had to deal, has been singularly happy. What could be more delicate and lovely than the bosom of the sleeping girl, which seems to be warm with life itself; more truthful than the brawny and muscular frame of the man of labour; or more graceful and free than the form of the agile youth? The artist has dealt lovingly with a material the delicious softness and transparency of whose texture delights the eye and invites the touch. When we look upon that exquisite surface in which the poet from the earliest times has sought his description of female charms; when we watch the varying play of lights, and the clear transparent shadows; we can scarcely marvel that the greatest sculptors of old should have chosen it for the representation of those gods whose chief attribute, as exalting them above man, consisted in perfect physical beauty.

We cannot but admire the skill which M. di Triqueti has shown in the handling of his materials. He seems to have the same command over the ivory and the bronze as over marble—to understand equally well the capabilities of each. This knowledge was necessary to enable him to make his work perfect. There may be some defects in the vase which are perhaps inherent to the material. Were we disposed to criticise where there are so many beauties and so much poetry of conception, we might object to the attempt at foreshortening in some of the figures—an attempt which we believe to be wrong in principle and unknown in the best age of Greek art. The effects of shortening in painting are obtained by correct drawing and subtle gradations of colour and light and shade, means which are wanting altogether in sculpture. Of the four compositions the vision of the young girl pleases us most, on the whole, from its simplicity of arrangement and the graceful treatment of the forms, although the youth's dream is scarcely inferior to it.

With the Cleopatra and the vase are two other ivory sculptures: a joyous laughing faun playing the cymbals, poetically conceived, and especially noticeable for the careful and truthful modelling of the human form; and a graceful group of a Cupid standing at the knee of a young girl, and whispering to her the first secrets of love, illustrating the line of Ovid:

"Nescia quid sit amor, sed et erubuisse decebat."

It is not only the skilful execution, the difficulties overcome, and the novelty of an attempt to restore an art now almost forgotten, but the poetic imagination, the refined and graceful feeling pervading every detail, which mark these ivories as the work of a truly gifted artist. We concur in the convictions which led him to execute them, and we trust that his hopes may not be disappointed.

A. H. L.

LAST WEEK.

THE BLOOD RECKONING.

FOQUIER TRIVILLE used to amuse his leisure by the training of canaries. Robespierre liked to have a bouquet of flowers upon his table, which served as a paper-weight to the Reports of the Committee of Public Safety. Mr. Thomas Hopley, F.S.S., who flogged the wretched boy, Cancellor, to death the other day, at Eastbourne, because water on the brain drowned his power of learning the four first rules of arithmetic, was a great philanthropist—a professional lover of his species—a man with what they call a mission. Last year, whilst the skipping-rope was hanging up in his study, and he was taking pleasant sea-side walks up to Beechey Head, with the walking-stick in his hand with which he afterwards killed poor Cancellor, he was engaged in hatching together fine words which were to put all our social sixes and sevens to rights.

The world was out of joint. Oh! cursed spite
That ever *he* was born to put it right!

Hopley, the Humanitarian, gave his little book the title of

"WRONGS WHICH CRY FOR REDRESS."

The word "wrong," in the original, is printed in capital letters so big, that you would almost fancy the fellow was about to bring the strong points of a new-fangled coffee-biggins under your notice. He writes for the "Men and Women" of the United Kingdom! He says nothing about the children. He had another way of leading them to correct opinions upon "solemnly momentous questions"—such as Practice, and Vulgar Fractions. He announces himself to his readers as

"Thomas Hopley, F.S.S., Author of 'Helps towards the Physical, Intellectual, and Moral Elevation of all Classes of Society,' 'Lectures on the Education of Man,' etc."

The "etc." perhaps points to his doings in the way of manslaughter—occasion arising. T. H. in his title-page scorns the old-fashioned plan of borrowing a motto from any of the great worthies of our book-shelves. He boldly quotes himself, and hoists as his flag a little dirty rag of nonsense from his own Lecture iii., page 36. The rag is all covered with slang; the kind of slang which people talk when they set up in the philanthropy line, just as more honest men open a ham and beef shop. Hopley tells us that "the true educationist is the bigot of no political party, of no class section." When a man keeps a school, he might know that there is no such word in English as "educationist." It is not so bad to murder your own language as to kill little boys; but still it is best to write English, even if you flog your scholars to death. The true "educationist" of the Hopley school must be a very fine fellow. The Chief Justice who set Hopley to work the other day amongst our penal serfs couldn't hold a candle to him. The fight of the "educationist" is "against cold-heartedness, wherever it exists. His struggle is against the selfishness of the world. . . . He casts his eyes around, and whenever he beholds any infringement of the Creator's laws—those laws which are ordained to regulate the con-

duct of the human family—whether the infringement be the deed of the wealthy, or the negligent, or the many or the few—"How one feels that the lecturer has got into his stroke; he is full of what is called "second-wind," and could go on mumbling this stuff for hours. Well, "the many or the few—whether it affect the mental, or moral, or by acting on the body, or bodily constitution, by acting on the mind; he knows that such an infringement must lessen human happiness, and he feels it his duty to lift up his voice and say, 'These things are contrary to the laws of God.' Well done, Thomas Hopley, few of us could go off at score in such style as that; the world is not good enough for men like you. How small a poor fellow would have felt now if he had gone down to Eastbourne and taken a walk with the F.S.S. upon the edge of the cliff, and listened to him humming away at his philanthropy like a tea-kettle on the hob. How pleasant 't must be for such a man to sit before his own fire of an evening, and groan over the wickedness of his fellow-men, until the time comes for ringing the bell, and saying to Alice Deacon—"Alas, my dear, tell Master Cancellor that I should wish to have the pleasure of speaking with him in the library." It may be that the "educationist who is the bigot of no class section" would then proceed to lessen the sum of human happiness in a way which would make common people open their eyes pretty wide.

The little book is filled with the grievousness of oppressed milliners and dress-makers, hard-ware manufacturers, and others. It is very true these poor folks have too often a hard time of it; but Thomas Hopley and his kind will scarcely need matters for them. However, it is a pity the lawyers who were handling his case down at Lewes the other day, did not know what his own ideas were about murderers and murder. At page 15 of "Wrongs which cry for Redress," there are these words:—"Fathers and mothers of England, you have no right to place your children, or to consent to their being placed at any occupations whatever which you know must prove destructive to them. Let your country's laws say what they may—*pernit* what they may, the laws of God instruct that if you do so place them, or consent to their being so placed, you rank yourselves with murderers." What happens when a schoolmaster flogs a boy to death, and takes two or three hours about the work? One scrap more from the "Wrongs, &c.," and we will just bring Hopley's acts and his words together. He had been very busy scolding the bleaching and scouring people, up one page and down another for over-working the poor children. It is strange, now we know the man for what he is, to see the way in which he gloats over the sores and sorrows of these little folks; but bad as things may be, I, for one, should have been sorry to have been a child in Mr. T. Hopley's "Bleaching, Scouring, and Finishing Works for Cottons, Woollens, &c." if he had gone into that line of business. However, when he has told us all about the sore feet, and the other pains and aches of the poor creatures—this humane school-master bursts out in fiery indignation with these words:—

Think of all this, ye apathetic legislators. And think of this livid and wan child, ye cruel men of mammon. Her little hands can ply her task no more. "The spoil is in your houses." Oh! but how dare you heap up sin on sin? How dare you with such spoil establish schools? What! you give Bibles to the working classes! you erect churches! Oh, ye poor blind guides! Alas for you, ye poor blind money-changers! And can ye not then see yourselves of those for whom the Saviour made the scourge of cords to drive you from the presence of his holiness? Repent ye: repent ye. Heap no more burning coals upon your heads. Your churches may stand, your schools may flourish; for even Herod when he slew the innocents, helped on Christ's kingdom; but "I say unto you that except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom." Oh think of it: oh think of it. Heap no more burning coals upon your heads. "Who-soever shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea." Think of it—think of it, ye worshippers of mammon. "What *can* it profit you if you gain the whole world, and lose your own souls?"

And now just a word or two about the case itself.

It seems pretty clear by the evidence of the nurse, Ellen Fowler, and the housemaid, Alice Deacon, that the beating must have continued about three hours. Young Cancellor died hard. Think of this poor stupid fellow, with the water pressing so heavily upon his brain, that for the life of him he couldn't make out what happened when seven and nine were multiplied together,—and how he was punished because he couldn't find out. The lawyers say that they could not have pressed the capital charge against Hopley with any reasonable hope of a verdict; but if by the law of England intentions are inferred from acts—and if it is proved that a man continued beating a boy for three hours, and death followed, it looks a good deal like murder. If the school-master had simply given the boy a good thrashing, and there an end, and the boy had died, there would have been less to say. As a reasonable being, he was not bound to know that he was putting the boy in peril of his life. It is another thing when the torture is kept up for three hours. What would the doctors say, if they were asked the question, "Take any boy at random, of young Cancellor's age, and thrash him for three hours, as young Cancellor was thrashed, and what would be the probable—almost the inevitable result?" What a tight hand the brute must have kept over his household. Here were three women—Mrs. Hopley; the nursemaid, Ellen Fowler; and the housemaid, Alice Deacon—who all heard the child's screams whilst the Philanthropist was knocking him about with the walking-stick and skipping-rope, and yet none of them dared to come to his help. The nurse slept in the next room to Cancellor; and here is her account of what went on after the boy had been dragged up to his bedroom; this was after midnight. "I had a clock in the room, and I got out and looked at it. The boy kept screaming and crying while he was being beaten; but all of a sudden there was a complete stillness in the room, and about ten minutes after-

wards I heard a slushing of water, and then some person went upstairs." This was the murderer, who had done his work; young Cancellor was killed before he had found out the value of seven times nine. No blame is to be fastened on the wife because she helped to wash away the marks of her husband's bloody work; but one wonders how a woman could sit up "doing her hair," or reading a good book, whilst the house was ringing in the still hour of night with the screams of the poor boy in his death-agony. The wretch has got four years of penal servitude before him—a sharp punishment, but scarcely sharp enough for the offence.

It is not worth while to dwell on any cases tried at the recent Assizes which are not in some way to be distinguished from common murders. But surely the case of that unfortunate gentleman who was put in the dock the other day at Lewes for having given a dose of prussic acid to his mother deserves more than passing notice. It appeared very clearly by the evidence produced that he was entirely guiltless, and that he was living on the most affectionate terms with his mother. He had been trained to the profession of medicine, and had prescribed small doses of prussic acid for her, as she was afflicted with spasms in the stomach. On the 11th of July he gave her a dose of the acid, which relieved her sufferings. She went out for a walk; and, on her return, as she was still in pain, he gave her a second dose. In five minutes she was dead, killed by prussic acid. There are two degrees of strength at which prussic acid is sold; and if your doctor orders you one kind, and the chemist's boy serves you out the other, the Lord have mercy on you! In two or three minutes you will have done with this troublesome world. "Great amusement was created in court"—that is the usual phrase—on account of the answers of the apothecary who sold the prussic acid. He did not measure it, but gave what he considered to be one-fourth part of the bottle. He seemed to have the haziest ideas as to the difference between a drop and a minim; he couldn't tell what was the strength of the acid which he had sold, although at a venture he would be inclined to say about four per cent.; a pleasant condition this of the prussic-acid market! A patient would not do ill if he told his doctor that he altogether declined to put his life to the hazard of such a game of pitch-and-toss.

Although the case does not fall strictly within the compass of last week's work, it may not be amiss to say a few words about the Child in the Well. On the 12th of the present month, Ann Barker, a servant, was tried before Justice Byles, at Oxford, for having thrown her child into a well. At a place called Berrin's Wood, in the parish of Ipsden, near Henley, there is an old well—it is now dry—cut in the chalk. It is supposed to be the handiwork of the Romans, and is by measurement 134 feet in depth—and of the uniform diameter of three feet three inches. It is such an outlying curiosity that few people ever go near the spot from year's end to year's end. Into this hole Ann Barker dropped her child, and fled from the spot. You would have supposed there was an end of that child as far as

this world went. Two days afterwards a blacksmith's apprentice, a stranger in the neighbourhood, happened to be at Berrin's Wood. He met a man named Grace, who was going home from his work, and the two fell a-talking. Grace said there was a queer old well not far off in the wood, and as the young blacksmith had not any particular business on hand, he answered that he should like to see the place, if the other would show him the way. Most probably, for months, no one—save Ann Barker—had been near the spot. When they got to the well the blacksmith threw a large stone of about two pounds or three pounds weight down the well, and they heard it strike the bottom. Grace next tried his luck, and threw down a smaller stone; but this time, instead of the expected "thud," they heard, or fancied they heard, a child's cry from the bottom of the well. The two men acted with great judgment. In place of flinging any more stones they kneeled down, and listened, and soon satisfied themselves that it was not a mistake; there really was a living child lying down at the bottom of that old Roman hole. They went for ropes, and first tried to let a lantern down, but it knocked against the side of the wall, and went out. At length they succeeded in rigging up the proper machinery, and a boy of fourteen years of age was let down by ropes to the bottom of the well, and when drawn up again he produced a child, which, as it was afterwards discovered, had been lying there for about forty hours. The child was thirteen months old. Though cold, and stiff, and sore, it soon revived. Grace took it home, and his wife gave it a few teaspoonfuls of wine and water, and then, more judiciously, bread and milk. The child was afterwards taken to the workhouse, and is now thriving and doing well. Neither starvation nor exposure, nor the big stone, nor the port wine, had killed it; and, as it was produced in court, it is described as "a fat, healthy, and handsome child." Here is a scrap from the report: "The prisoner, during her trial, fell down from her seat in the dock, and was unable to cast a look at her infant, who sat smiling in his nurse's arms, unconscious of his mother's shame." Her account was that she had stumbled against the stump of a tree, and the child had flown out of her arms, and so into the well. She was found "Guilty," as of right.

The mysterious case of child murder at Road is veiled in deeper mystery than ever. On Friday last there was a protracted investigation before the magistrates at Road into the charge against Miss Constance Kent, the half-sister of the murdered boy. It will be remembered that the main ground of suspicion against this young lady rested upon the disappearance of a night-dress, which was supposed to be the one she had worn on the night of the murder. This point now rests as follows: Sarah Cox, the housemaid in the service of Mr. Kent, deposed, that on the Monday morning after the murder she found a night-dress on the landing, in the place where Miss Constance Kent's night-dress was usually thrown. This she took, and counted the linen. As she counted the articles the Misses Kent entered the numbers in the washing-book. The night-dress which was lying on the

landing was thrown into the basket with the rest. There were three night-dresses in the basket, one of which belonged to Miss Elizabeth Kent. This was between ten and eleven. The laundress came for the clothes between twelve and one. The basket was left in the lumber-room, and the door was unlocked. Miss Constance came to the door of the lumber-room after the clothes were in the basket; and, whilst standing on the landing place, asked the nurse to step down stairs and get her a glass of water. The girl was not absent a minute, and when she returned found Miss Constance standing in the same place. There certainly does not seem to have been time in the brief interval for any one to pull a particular article out of the heap of dirty linen; but, at the same time, it must be remembered that the basket was left in the unlocked lumber room for more than an hour, during which time Sarah Cox was absent at the inquest, while the family were left in the house. The housemaid was very positive that she put three night-dresses in the basket, one of which belonged to Miss Constance. Miss Constance's night-dresses were easily distinguished from the other Miss Kent's, as they had plain frills, while the others had lace and work. On the other hand, Esther Hobbs, the laundress, swore that she and her daughter examined the basket within five minutes of their arrival at their own house, and that there was a difference between the account and the articles of one night-dress—missing. She sent to the house on discovering its absence, but whether she sent immediately, or the same evening, or the day after, is not clearly stated. There is an ambiguity in the report which there may not have been in the evidence. But she was positive that her three daughters were present when she examined the clothes that she brought from Mr. Kent's, and all three might have been called if there had been hope of shaking their mother's testimony. The amount of the housemaid's evidence was that "I am certain I put the night-dress of Miss Constance into the basket, but I can't swear it went out of the house, because I was not in the house at the time."

There the matter rests for the present. There were no grounds for detaining the prisoner, and she was discharged on her father's entering into recognizances of 200*l.* for her appearance if called upon.

THE LAST CRUSADES.

QUEEN VICTORIA and LOUIS NAPOLEON are now about to play over again the parts acted in former days by Richard the Lion-Hearted, and Louis the Saint. England and France must needs attack the Moslem in Palestine once more, just as they did five or six centuries ago. We cannot help ourselves. All "political and diplomatic considerations," as they are called, must yield to the overwhelming necessity of saving the lives of those who are attacked, because they profess the Christian Faith in one form or another. If you see these men in turbans in the act of murdering a man with a round hat, and you have a revolver in your pocket, you do not stop to ask yourself what the effect of your interference will be on the minds of the political chess-players at Washington or

St. Petersburg,—but you blaze away. The illustration is a fair one as far as the district of Mount Lebanon and its neighbourhood are concerned at the present moment. There may have been mistakes, and suspicions upon one side or the other; but the fact remains that, ever since the Crimean War, there has been a deliberate intention upon the side of the followers of Mahommed to attack the followers of Christ wherever they have, or think they have, the upper hand. The mutiny in India, and the atrocities at Djedda, were but scenes in this bloody play, and we have not yet arrived at the fifth act. The government of the Sultan is one thing, the Mahomedan population of the Levant, and of the East generally, another. The Sultan and his advisers have not the strength, if they have the desire, to restrain the fierce fanatics of their creed from deeds of violence. It is stated that the Porte will decline the intervention of the European powers; but intervention must proceed, whether the Porte acquiesces or no. We have no choice in the matter—we must needs act, even if the end of our action be the destruction of the Phantom which occupies the throne of the companions of the Prophet and their successors. The present troubles in the Lebanon nominally began in the first days of May with assassinations and reprisals between the Christians and Druses as reported to Sir H. Bulwer by Consul-General Moore on the 18th of that month; but in reality these were but incidents in the last struggle of Mahomedanism against Christianity, and the struggle must be fought out. This generation will live to see the expulsion of the Turks from Constantinople, whatever may be the form of government which may arise on the ruins of their power. Meanwhile, who can read without indignation the report of the Tragedy of Hasbeyah, and of the treachery of Osman Bey, the Turkish Kaimakam? After they had been worsted in their conflict with the Druses, Osman Bey told the Christians to give up their arms, and he “would make it a high point of duty to protect them.” They did so in reliance upon his promise, and he ordered them to retire within the Serai. On the eighth day, the Druse sheiks came and had a conference with Osman Bey. When it was over, he ordered the Turkish troops to collect the tents and stores in a place by themselves. When this was done, the soldiers gathered the Christians together and drove them out into an open space before the Serai, where the Druses were waiting for them. Then there was a slaughter, by the side of which the Cawnpore Massacre fades into insignificance. First there was a volley from the fire-arms, and the work was finished up with cold steel. The number of the slain is reckoned at about eight hundred. Throughout the whole district these bloody scenes have been repeated, and now the wretched Christians of Damascus have suffered the same fate. Can any miserable jealousies between France and England stand in the way of retribution for such acts as these? Let us not deceive ourselves. Diplomatic people talk of “putting pressure”—that is the phrase—upon the Sultan, and compelling him to do the work which must now be done. He cannot do it if he would.

Khoorshied Pasha's comment upon the whole affair represents the true failing of the Turks. “*Mâda ma mâda.*” “What is done is done.” It is so: the past cannot be recalled, but the future is the heir-loom of energetic men.

GARIBALDI.

WHY should not the Italians be permitted to take their own way in their own country? The Russian Emperor announces that he distinctly objects to the principle that the people of a country may choose their own ruler. Be it so. The objection smacks of the North Pole, and will scarcely be held as of much weight in regions where the intellect of the human race stands at a little above 32° of Fahrenheit. We Englishmen find no fault with the principle. Our forefathers upon more than one occasion acted on it, although it is true that in 1688 the appearance of Dutch William on the scene enabled them to reconcile traditions with realities to a certain extent. If the French Emperor disputes it, he must in consequence make way for the Duke of Bordeaux. As a question of policy, and looking to the future destinies of the tribes and nations which live about the Eastern shores of the Mediterranean, the resurrection of Italian power would seem to be a great thing for the world. At present the knot cannot be untied. Constantinople is a bone of contention, and England, France, and Russia are growling round it like three angry dogs. Possibly, the re-appearance on the scene of a Power which was supreme in the Mediterranean in former days might help us to a solution of the enigma. The interest of England in the matter is but to secure a free thoroughfare to India. We cannot afford to let Russia or France stop the way. The one is dreaming of Asiatic conquests, the other never pauses in its design of converting the Mediterranean into a French lake. The Italian peninsula, could it be purged of its priests and Austrian Satraps, would be an efficient make-weight amongst these opposing forces. Garibaldi is the man who is just now doing the work of the human race, whoever may be doing the work of the diplomatists and politicians. He is at a critical period of his fortunes. Most probably the citadel of Messina is to be taken from Naples. All reports from Naples seem to imply that the Royal power is but as a dead leaf in autumn, blown hither and thither in the swirls and eddies which come before the storm breaks. Count Cavour thinks that it is best to make sure of Sicily, and leave the young Bourbon tiger-cub to another spell of power on the mainland. The people of Naples have had such bitter experience of how others of his race visit upon their people the crime of belief in Royal promises, that it is scarcely probable they will try the experiment a fourth time. It is not a question in which England ought to interfere, or to tolerate the interference of others. We had long since broken off diplomatic intercourse with Naples on the ground that the conduct of the late King of Naples to his subjects was a scandal to humanity. The cruelties of the son equal, if they do not exceed the cruelties of the father. If we would not help a people against their King, why should we help a King against his people?

EVAN HARRINGTON; OR, HE WOULD BE A GENTLEMAN.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.



CHAPTER XXXIII. THE HERO TAKES HIS RANK IN THE ORCHESTRA.

THE Countess was not in her dressing-room when Evan presented himself. She was in attendance on Mrs. Bonner, Conning said; and the primness of Conning was a thing to have been noticed by anyone save a dreamy youth in love. Conning remained in the room, keeping distinctly aloof. Her duties absorbed her, but a presiding thought mechanically jerked back her head from time to time: being the mute form of, "Well, I never!" in Conning's rank of life and intellectual capacity. Evan remained quite still in a chair, and Conning was certainly a number of paces beyond suspicion, when the Countess appeared, and hurling at the maid one of those feminine looks which contain huge quartos of meaning, vented the cold query:

"Pray, why did you not come to me, as you were commanded?"

"I was not aware, my lady," Conning drew out to reply, and performed with her eyes a lofty rejection of the volume cast at her, and a threat of several for offensive operations, if need were.

The Countess spoke nearer to what she was implying: "You know I object to this: it is not the first time."

"Would your ladyship please to say what your ladyship means?"

In return for this insolent challenge to throw off the mask, the Countess felt justified in punishing her by being explicit. "Your irregularities are not of yesterday," she said, kindly making use of a word of double signification still.

"Thank you, my lady." Conning accepted the word in its blackest meaning. "I am obliged to you. If your ladyship is to be believed, my

character is not worth much. But I *can* make distinctions, my lady."

Something very like an altercation was continued in a sharp, brief undertone; and then Evan, waking up to the affairs of the hour, heard Conning say:

"I shall not ask your ladyship to give me a character."

The Countess answering, with pathos: "It would, indeed, be to *give* you one."

He was astonished that the Countess should burst into tears when Conning had departed, and yet more so that his effort to console her should bring a bolt of wrath upon himself.

"Now, Evan, now see what you have done for us—do, and rejoice at it. The very menials insult us. You heard what that creature said? She can make *distinctions*. Oh! I could beat her. They know it: all the servants know it: I can see it in their faces. I feel it when I pass them. The insolent wretches treat us as impostors; and this Conning—to defy me! Oh! it comes of my devotion to you. I am properly chastised. I passed Rose's maid on the stairs, and her reverence was barely perceptible."

Evan murmured that he was sorry, adding, foolishly: "Do you really care, Louisa, for what servants think and say?"

The Countess sighed deeply: "Oh! you are too thick-skinned! Your mother from top to toe! It is too dreadful! What have I done to deserve it? Oh, Evan, Evan!"

Her head dropped in her lap. There was something ludicrous to Evan in this excess of grief on account of such a business; but he was tender-hearted, and wrought upon to declare that, whether or not he was to blame for his mother's intrusion that afternoon, he was ready to do what he could to make up to the Countess for her sufferings: whereat the Countess sighed again: asked him what he possibly could do, and doubted his willingness to accede to the most trifling request.

"No; I do in verity believe that were I to desire you to do aught for your own good alone, you would demur, Van."

He assured her that she was mistaken.

"We shall see," she said.

"And if, once or twice, I have run counter to you, Louisa—"

"Abominable language!" cried the Countess, stopping her ears like a child. "Do not execrate me so. You laugh! My goodness! what will you come to!"

Evan checked his smile, and, taking her hand, said: "I must tell you—think what you will of me—I must tell you, that, on the whole, I see nothing to regret in what has happened to day. You may notice a change in the manners of the servants and some of the country squires, but I find none in the bearing of the real ladies, the true gentlemen, towards me."

"Because the change is too fine for you to perceive it," interposed the Countess.

"Rose, then, and her mother, and her father?" Evan cried impetuously.

"As for Lady Jocelyn!" the Countess shrugged: "and Sir Franks!" her head shook: "and Rose,

Rose is simply self-willed; a 'she will' or 'she won't' sort of little person. No criterion! Henceforth the world is against us. We have to struggle with it: it does not rank us of it!"

"Your feeling on the point is so exaggerated, my dear Louisa," said Evan, "one can't bring reason to your ears. The tattle we shall hear we shall outlive. I care extremely for the good opinion of men, but I prefer my own; and I do not lose it because my father was in trade."

"And your own name, Evan Harrington, is on a shop," the Countess struck in, and watched him severely from under her brow, glad to mark that he could still blush.

"Oh, Heaven!" she wailed to increase the effect, "on a shop! a brother of mine!"

"Yes, Louisa, it is so. It may not last . . . I did it—is it not better that a son should blush, than cast dishonour on his father's memory?"

"Ridiculous boy-notion!"

"Rose has pardoned it, Louisa—cannot you? I find that the naturally vulgar and narrow-headed people, and cowards who never forego mean advantages, are those only who would condemn me and my conduct in that."

"And you have joy in your fraction of the world left to you!" exclaimed his female-elder.

Changing her manner to a winning softness, she said: "Let me also belong to the very small party! You have been really romantic, and most generous and noble; only the shop smells! But, never mind, promise me you will not enter it."

"I hope not," said Evan.

"You do hope that you will not officiate? Oh, Evan! the eternal contemplation of gentlemen's legs! think of that! Think of yourself sculptured in that attitude! A fine young man!"

Innumerable little pricks and stings shot over Evan's skin.

"There—there, Louisa!" he said, impatiently; "spare your ridicule. We go to London to-morrow, and when there I expect to hear that I have an appointment, and that this engagement is over." He rose and walked up and down the room.

"I shall not be prepared to go to-morrow," remarked the Countess, drawing her figure up stiffly.

"Oh! well, if you can stay, Andrew will take charge of you, I dare say."

"No, my dear, Andrew will not—a nonentity cannot—you must."

"Impossible, Louisa," said Evan, as one who imagines he is uttering a thing of little consequence. "I promised Rose."

"You promised Rose that you would abdicate and retire? Sweet, loving girl!"

Evan made no answer.

"You will stay with me, Evan."

"I really can't," he said in his previous careless tone.

"Come and sit down," cried the Countess, imperiously. "The first trifle is refused. It does not astonish me. I will honour you now by talking seriously to you. I have treated you hitherto as a child. Or, no—" she stopped her mouth; "it is enough if I tell you, dear, that

poor Mrs. Bonner is dying, and that she desires my attendance on her to refresh her spirit with readings on the Prophecies, and Scriptural converse. No other soul in the house can so soothe her."

"Then stay," said Evan.

"Unprotected in the midst of enemies! Truly!"

"I think, Louisa, if you can call Lady Jocelyn an enemy, you must read the Scriptures by a false light."

"The woman is an utter heathen!" interjected the Countess. "An infidel can be no friend. She is therefore the reverse. Her opinions embitter her mother's last days. But now you will consent to remain with me, dear Van!"

An implacable negative responded to the urgent appeal of her eyes.

"By the way," he said, for a diversion, "did you know of a girl stopping at an inn in Fallowfield?"

"Know a barmaid?" the Countess left her eyes and mouth wide at the question.

"Did you send Raikes for her to-day?"

"Did Mr. Raikes—ah, Evan! that creature reminds me, you have no sense of contrast. For a Brazilian ape he resembles, if he is not truly one—what contrast is he to an English gentleman! His proximity and acquaintance—rich as he may be—disfigure you. Study contrast!"

Evan had to remind her that she had not answered him: whereat she exclaimed: "One would really think you had never been abroad. Have you not evaded me, rather?"

The Countess commenced fanning her languid brows, and then pursued: "Now, my dear brother, I may conclude that you will acquiesce in my moderate wishes. You remain. My venerable friend cannot last three days. She is on the brink of a better world! I will confide to you that it is of the utmost importance we should be here, on the spot, until the sad termination! That is what I summoned you for. You are now at liberty. Ta-ta as soon as you please."

She had baffled his little cross-examination with regard to Mr. Raikes, but on the other point he was firm. She would listen to nothing: she affected that her mandate had gone forth, and must be obeyed; tapped with her foot, fanned deliberately, and was a consummate queen, till he turned the handle of the door, when her complexion deadened, she started up, trembling and tripping towards him, caught him by the arm, and said: "Stop! After all that I have sacrificed for you! As well try to raise the dead as a Dawley from the dust he grovels in! Why did I consent to visit this place? It was for you. I came, I heard that you had disgraced yourself in drunkenness at Fallowfield, and I toiled to eclipse that, and I did. Young Jocelyn thought you were what you are: I could spit the word at you! and I dazzled him to give you time to win this mix, who will spin you like a top if you get her. That Mr. Forth knew it as well, and that vile young Laxley. They are gone! Why are they gone? Because they thwarted me—they crossed your interests—I said they should go. George Uploft is going to-day. The house is left to us;

and I believe firmly that Mr. Bonner's will contains a memento of the effect of some frequent religious conversations. So you would leave now? I suspect nobody, but we are all human, and wills would not have been tampered with for the first time. Besides," and the Countess's indignation warmed till she addressed her brother as a confederate, "we shall then see to whom Frankley Court is bequeathed. Either way it may be yours. Yours, and you suffer their plots to drive you forth. Do you not perceive that mama was brought here to-day on purpose to shame us and cast us out? We are surrounded by conspiracies, but if our faith is pure who can hurt us? If I had not that consolation—would that you had it, too!—would it be endurable to me to see those menials whispering and showing their forced respect? As it is, I am fortified to forgive them. I breathe another atmosphere. Oh, Evan! you did not attend to Mr. Parsley's beautiful last sermon. The Church should have been your vocation."

From vehemence the Countess had subsided to a mournful gentleness. She had been too excited to notice any changes in her brother's face during her speech, and when he turned from the door, and still eyeing her fixedly, led her to a chair, she fancied from his silence that she had subdued and convinced him. A delicious sense of her power, succeeded by a weary reflection that she had constantly to employ it, occupied her mind, and when presently she looked up from the shade of her hand, it was to agitate her head pitifully at her brother.

"All this you have done for me, Louisa," he said.

"Yes, Evan,—all!" she fell into his tone.

"And you are the cause of Laxley's going? Did you know anything of that anonymous letter?"

He was squeezing her hand—with grateful affection, as she was deluded to imagine.

"Perhaps, dear,—a little," her conceit prompted her to admit.

"Did you write it?"

He gazed intently into her eyes, and as the question shot like a javelin, she tried ineffectually to disengage her fingers; her delusion waned; she took fright, but it was too late; he had struck the truth out of her before she could speak. Her spirit writhed like a snake in his hold. Innumerable things she was ready to say, and strove to; the words would not form on her lips.

"I will be answered, Louisa."

The stern imperious manner he had assumed gave her no hope of eluding him. With an inward gasp, and a sensation of nakedness altogether new to her, dismal, and alarming, she felt that she could not lie. Like a creature forsaken of her staunchest friend, she could have flung herself to the floor. The next instant her natural courage restored her. She jumped up and stood at bay.

"Yes, I did."

And now he was weak, and she was strong, and used her strength.

"I wrote it to save you. Yes. Call on your Creator, and be my judge, if you dare. Never, never will you meet a soul more utterly devoted to you, Evan. This Mr. Forth, this Laxley, I said,

should go, because they were resolved to ruin you, and make you base. They are gone. The responsibility I take on myself. Nightly—during the remainder of my days—I will pray for pardon."

He raised his head to ask sombrely: "Is your handwriting like Laxley's?"

"It seems so," she answered, with a pitiful sneer for one who could arrest her exaltation to inquire about minutiae. "Right or wrong, it is done, and if you choose to be my judge, think whether your own conscience is clear. Why did you come here? Why did you stay? You have your free will,—do you deny that? Oh, I will take the entire blame, but you must not be a hypocrite, Van. You know you were *aware*. We had no confidence. I was obliged to treat you like a child; but for you to pretend to suppose that roses grow in your path—oh, that is paltry! You are a hypocrite or an imbecile, if that is your course."

Was he not something of the former? The luxurious mist in which he had been living, dispersed before his sister's bitter words, and, as she designed he should, he felt himself her accomplice. But, again, reason struggled to enlighten him; for surely he would never have done a thing so disproportionate to the end to be gained! It was the unconnected action of his brain that thus advised him. No thoroughly-fashioned, clear-spirited man conceives wickedness impossible to him; but wickedness so largely mixed with folly, the best of us may reject as not among our temptations. Evan, since his love had dawned, had begun to talk with his own nature, and though he knew not yet how much it would stretch or contract, he knew that he was weak and could not perform moral wonders without severe struggles. The cynic may add, if he likes—or without potent liquors.

Could he be his sister's judge? It is dangerous for young men to be too good. They are so sweeping in their condemnations; so sublime in their conceptions of excellence, and the most finished Puritan cannot out-do their demands upon frail humanity. Evan's momentary self-examination saved him from this, and he told the Countess, with a sort of cold compassion, that he himself dared not blame her.

His tone was distinctly wanting in admiration of her, but she was somewhat over-wrought, and leaned her shoulder against him, and became immediately his affectionate, only too-zealous, sister; dearly to be loved, to be forgiven, to be prized: and on condition of inserting a special petition for pardon in her orisons, to live with a calm conscience, and to be allowed to have her own way with him during the rest of her days.

It was a happy union—a picture that the Countess was lured to admire in the glass.

Sad that so small a murmur should destroy it for ever!

"What?" cried the Countess bursting from his arm.

"Go?" she emphasised with the hardness of determined unbelief, as if plucking the words, one by one, out of her reluctant ears. "Go to Lady Jocelyn, and tell her I wrote the letter?"

"You can do no less, I fear," said Evan, eyeing the floor and breathing a deep breath.

"Then I did hear you correctly? Oh, you must be mad—idiotic! There, pray go away, Evan. Come in the morning. You are too much for my nerves."

Evan rose, putting out his hand as if to take hers and plead with her. She rejected the first motion, and repeated her desire for him to leave her; saying, cheerfully:

"Good night, dear, I dare say we shan't meet till the morning."

"You can't let this injustice continue a single night, Louisa?" said he.

She was deep in the business of arranging a portion of her attire.

"Go—go; please," she responded.

Lingering, he said: "If I go, it will be straight to Lady Jocelyn."

She stamped angrily.

"Only go!" and then she found him gone, and she stooped lower to the glass to mark if the recent agitation were observable under her eyes. There, looking at herself, her heart dropped heavily in her bosom. She ran to the door and hurried swiftly after Evan, pulling him back speechlessly.

"Where are you going, Evan?"

"To Lady Jocelyn."

The unhappy victim of her devotion stood panting.

"If you go, I—I take poison!"

It was for him now to be struck; but he was suffering too strong an anguish to be susceptible to mock tragedy. The Countess paused to study him. She began to fear her brother. "I will!" she reiterated wildly, without moving him at all. And the quiet inflexibility of his face forbade the ultimate hope which lies in giving men a dose of hysterics when they are obstinate. She tried by taunts and angry vituperations to make him look fierce, if but an instant, to precipitate her into an exhibition she was so well prepared for.

"Evan! what! after all my love, my confidence in you—I need not have told you—to expose us! Brother? would you? Oh!"

"I will not let this last another hour," said Evan, firmly, at the same time seeking to caress her. She spurned his fruitless affection, feeling, nevertheless, how cruel was her fate; for with any other save a brother she had arts at her disposal to melt the manliest resolutions. The glass showed her that her face was pathetically pale; the tones of her voice were rich and harrowing. What did they avail with a brother?

"Promise me," she cried eagerly, "promise me to stop here—on this spot—till I return."

The promise was extracted. The Countess went to fetch Caroline.

Evan did not count the minutes. One thought was mounting in his brain—the score of Rose. He felt that he had lost her. Lost her when he had just won her! He felt it, without realising it. The first blows of an immense grief are dull, and strike the heart through wool, as it were. The belief of the young in their sorrow has to be flogged into them, on the good old educational principle. Could he do less than this he was

about to do? Rose had wedded her noble nature to him, and it was as much her spirit as his own that urged him thus to forfeit her, to be worthy of her by assuming unworthiness. There he sat, neither conning over his determination nor the cause for it, revolving Rose's words about Laxley, and nothing else. The words were so sweet and so bitter; every now and then the heavy smiting on his heart set it quivering and leaping, as the whip starts a jaded horse.

Meantime the Countess was participating in a witty conversation in the drawing-room with Sir John and the Duke, Miss Current, and others; and it was not till after she had displayed many graces, and, as one or two ladies presumed to consider, marked effrontery, that she rose and drew Caroline away with her. Returning to her dressing-room, she found that Evan had faithfully kept his engagement; he was on the exact spot where she had left him.

Caroline came to him swiftly, and put her hand to his forehead that she might the better peruse his features, saying in her mellow caressing voice: "What is this, dear Van, that you will do? Why do you look so wretched?"

"Has not Louisa told you?"

"She has told me something, dear, but I don't know what it is. That you are going to expose us? What further exposure do we need? I'm sure, Van, my pride—what I had—is gone. I have none left!"

Evan kissed her brows warmly. An explanation, full of the Countess's passionate outeries of justification, necessity, and innocence in higher than fleshly eyes, was given, and then the three were silent.

"But, Van," Caroline commenced, deprecatingly, "my darling! of what use—now! Whether right or wrong, why should you, why should you, when the thing is done, dear?—think!"

"And you, too, would let another suffer under an unjust accusation?" said Evan.

"But, dearest, it is surely your duty to think of your family first. Have we not been afflicted enough? Why should you lay us under this fresh burden?"

"Because it's better to bear all now than a life of remorse," answered Evan.

"But this Mr. Laxley—I cannot pity him; he has behaved so insolently to you throughout! Let him suffer."

"Lady Jocelyn," said Evan, "has been unintentionally unjust to him, and after her kindness—apart from the right or wrong—I will not—I can't allow her to continue so."

"After her kindness!" echoed the Countess, who had been fuming at Caroline's weak expostulations. "Kindness! have I not done ten times for these Jocelyns what they have done for us? O mon Dieu! why, I have bestowed on them the membership for Fallowfield: I have saved her from being a convicted liar this very day. Worse! for what would have been talked of the morals of the house, supposing the scandal. Oh! indeed I was tempted to bring that horrid mad Captain into the house face to face with his slighty doll of a wife, as I, perhaps, should have done, acting by the dictates of my conscience. I lied for Lady

Jocelyn, and handed the man to a lawyer, who withdrew him. And this they owe to me! Kindness? they have given us bed and board, as the people say. I have repaid them for that."

"Pray be silent, Louisa," said Evan, getting up hastily, for the sick sensation Rose had experienced came over him. His sister's plausible untruth, her coarseness, clung to him and made part of his blood. He now had a personal reason to cut himself loose from the wret he had so long ment revealed to him, whatever it cost.

"Are you really, truly going it?" Caroline exclaimed, for he was near the door.

"At a quarter to twelve at night!" smiled the Countess, still imagining that he, like her sister, must be partly acting.

"But, Van, is it—dearest, think!—it may be for a brother to go and tell of his sister? And how would it look?"

Evan smiled. "Is it that that makes you unhappy? Louisa's name will not be mentioned—be sure of that."

Caroline was stooping forward to him. Her figure straightened: "Good Heaven, Evan! you are not going to take it on yourself? Rose!—she will hate you."

"God help me!" he cried internally.

"Oh, Evan, darling! consider, reflect!" She fell on her knees, catching his hand. "It is worse for us that you should suffer, dearest! Think of the dreadful meanness and baseness of what you will have to acknowledge."

"Yes!" sighed the youth, and his eyes, in his extreme pain, turned to the Countess reproachfully.

"Think, dear," Caroline hurried on, "he gains nothing for whom you do this—you lose all. It is not your deed. You will have to speak an untruth. Your ideas are wrong—wrong, I know they are. You will have to lie. But if you are silent, the little little blame that may attach to us will pass away, and we shall be happy in seeing our brother happy."

"You are talking to Evan as if he had religion," said the Countess, with steady sedateness. And at that moment, from the sublimity of his pagan virtue, the young man groaned for some pure certain light to guide him: the question whether he was about to do right made him weak. He took Caroline's hand between his two hands, and kissed her mouth. The act brought Rose to his senses insufferably, and she—his goddess of truth and his sole guiding light—spurred him abroad.

"The dishonor of my family, Caroline, is mine, and on me the public burden of it rests. Say nothing more—don't think of me. I will not be moved from what I have resolved. I go to Lady Jocelyn to-night. To-morrow we leave, and there's the end. Louisa, if you have any new schemes for my welfare, I beg you to renounce them."

"Gratitude I never expected from a Dawley!" the Countess retorted.

"Oh, Louisa! he is going!" cried Caroline, "kneel to him with me; stop him; Rose knows him, and he is going to make her hate him."

"You can't talk reason to one who's mad," said the Countess, more like the Dawley she

sprang from than it would have pleased her to know.

"My darling! My own Evan! it will kill me," Caroline exclaimed, and passionately imploring him, she looked so hopelessly beautiful, that Evan was agitated, and caressed her, while he said softly: "Where our honour is not involved I would submit to your smallest wish."

"It involves my life—my destiny!" murmured Caroline.

Could he have known the double meaning in

her words, and what a saving this sacrifice of his was to accomplish, he would not have turned to do it feeling abandoned of heaven and earth.

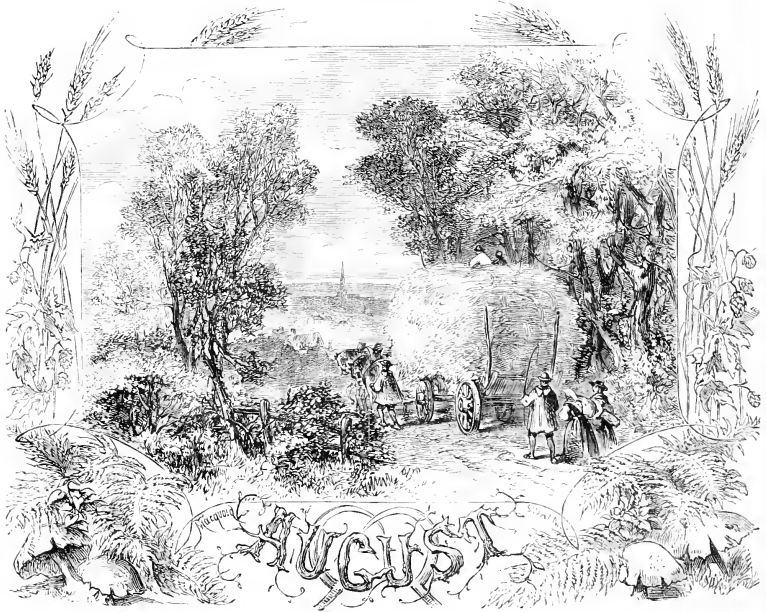
The Countess stood rigidly as he went forth. Caroline was on her knees, sobbing.

"The dishonour of my family is mine, and on me the burden of it rests."

That was the chant that rose in Caroline's bosom.

(To be continued.)

THE MONTHS.



The general notion that the seaside is superlatively charming in September and October has probably arisen from the circumstance that the order of persons who utter their feelings in print seldom go to the sea except in those months. Literary London, as well as political and fashionable London, takes its holiday in the autumn; and when it tells of its rambles, it describes the scenery of autumn. My household have enjoyed seaside pleasures during all the months between April and November; and we agree in preferring to spend the long days and the warmest weather amidst the inexhaustible pursuits and the fresh breezes of a fine coast. The Midsummer days are not too long for what we have to do; and the dog-days are not too oppressive to persons who love bathing and perpetual dabbling in the waves, and discovering the coolest recesses of caverns in

the cliffs. On a flat shore, where there are breadths of deep sand to cross to reach the sea, and no heights from which to survey a great expanse of waters, and to hail the breezes, and from which no shadows are cast below, the stormiest season must be the grandest. I have enjoyed a November walk on such a shore, amidst the steady roll of the gathering waves, and the dash of the spray, and the thunderous beat of the waters upon the land. I well know the pleasures of amber-gathering after an autumnal storm; but these are the exceptional treats of seaside life. The regular and constant delights of the coast are in their prime three months earlier. As I have before said, we go in July, and return home for the autumn privileges of country life. We have the comfort of peace and quiet during our holiday, and meet, as we depart, the throngs who are

hurrying to take possession of our haunts. We are grateful to them for not having arrived before.

This year we are on the pilchard coast, according to promise. It is pleasant to see the opening of the herring fishery, and to go out for the night to get the first fish; but it is a different thing from being on the Cornish coast in pilchard season. The sea is like a different object, as seen from St. Agnes Bay in the west and Yarmouth Denes in the east. Here we have a horizon line so high that, when the sun is behind us in the early morning, the depth of the blue is as refreshing to the eye as the green vales seen from a mountain top, while the prodigious distance at which we can descry a white sail is a delicious marvel. We spend the early mornings on one or another of those high downs, being careful then and throughout the day never to be long out of sight of the Beacon, lest we should miss the approach of the pilchards. Beside the Beacon there is a patrol, as also on headlands north and south, and many eyes are turned up towards them from dawn to twilight. And when the flag is waved at last, what a scene it is upon the shore! We are usually on the spot in the shortest possible time from the first wave of the flag, and the signals of the watchmen show us where to look. There it is, that peculiar light on or in the water caused by the shoal of glistening fish! It is very far off yet—very far out, we should say; but we are told that the shallow waters will tempt the fish in, to meet their doom. The silent bustle below is very strange to unaccustomed eyes, the thronging to the beach, the stowing the gear, and then the launching of the boats without an unnecessary sound. This is why there is a flag instead of a gun signal, that the shoal may not take alarm. The very infants learn not to scream at the bustle, or the boys to shout. Very gently the men paddle and dip their oars; and very smoothly they seem to glide to their position ahead of the shoal. One in each boat still gazes up at the Beacon for direction. The excitement of the hour is prodigious, and all the more contagious for working in dumb show. If the fate of the nation hung on that hour the solemnity could hardly be greater. And who can wonder? If the shoal should slip by unseen, while the people were asleep, or at church, or if it should be startled from its course, the Catholic towns along the Mediterranean would be disappointed of thirty thousand barrels of their Lent diet, and the coast population of Cornwall would miss their yearly gains, and be in despair how to pass the winter. At best, times are not so good as they were. The Catholic nations do not keep Lent as formerly; and from one cause or another the fishery falls off, and there must be no further loss from preventible accident. But what a sight it is, even when the old men are saying it is nothing to what it once was! When the boats come heavily in, loaded to the gunwale with the shining heaps of fish, where can there be a stronger illustration of plenty! If we could find some higher headland, whence we might survey the whole coast, we should descry a thousand boats, each with its three or four men and boys, and thousands of women and girls on shore, busy cleaning, salting, and pickling,—very happy

amidst the heat and the oily smell, and speculating on a happy return of the escaped part of the shoals in November. In the day-time we keep clear of the curing department. We watch from the breezy headland, and we go down to see the first boat-loads, and witness the process. After that, the less seen of the pilchards the better, till they appear as popular food in various parts of the world. It will soon appear whether the new government at Naples will allow the Neapolitans to buy our pilchards as they once did. It is possible that it might answer better to us to keep a good deal of our fish at home this particular year, when meat is out of the question for a large proportion of the working-classes; but that is a question which will not be settled before the autumn.

It seems strange to see the August sun shine upon, not the harvest-field, but the hay-field; but such a spectacle is not uncommon in Cornwall, any more than in Cumberland. In both, the condensing apparatus of mountains makes the season late, wide apart as they lie. While describing the appearances of the months, I often feel how extensive are the deviations from rule, as we understand it. In this very matter of the hay-harvest,—I have seen it going on from the beginning of April to the end of October. Any traveller who is fortunate enough to see Switzerland in April enjoys a feature of the Alps which later tourists miss. To them there is no motion among those mighty masses except the waterfalls; whereas he sees expanses of rippling grass, disclosing the passage of the winds. In the hot rock-bound valleys, the meadows are mown in April; and the scythe mounts higher and higher, till the last coarse upland hay is carried, just before our English mowing begins. In our northern counties, the grass is seldom all carried in August; and sportsmen who spend their autumn in Scotland see more or less hay still courting the sun and wind in the last days of October, which are there so brilliant. In one year I have known this to be the process of successive haymakings between Venice and Inverness.

The spirit of improvement is, however, bringing my countrymen into obedience to the seasons, even in the remote places of our islands. Even in Cornwall the farmers and the miners talk of agricultural shows, and can take to heart what affects them most. Skirting and crossing their bare and dreary downs there are rich valleys and clefts where one meets the rural sights and sounds of Old England; and in the most sunny and sheltered of these we find that it is really August. The women and children are giving the last thinning to the turnips. There is great rejoicing at the disappearance of the black caterpillar, which had made skeletons of half a field of root-plants, when a vast flock of starlings alighted upon it, and left all clean when it rose again. We see the cottagers trimming the scarlet-runners in their gardens, and putting in kale or cabbage wherever there is a spare foot of ground for it. We see the boys going after wasp-nests in the evening,—partly to save the fruit from their ravages, and partly for the sake of the money the fishermen will give for the grubs; but chiefly perhaps for the fun. It is not good fun if the job

is imperfectly done; for the stings given under the circumstances are very fierce: but if the gunpowder is made to dart and fizz properly into the nest, and if the sulphurous vapour is properly shut in, so as to disable the old wasps, the adventure is a pretty one. The gleam of the candle on the faces round the hole or the covert where the nest is, the solemnity of carrying the squib, and the reserve of powder; the waving of the boughs which everybody carries for defence, make up quite a spectacle, grandly concluded by the bringing home of the prize when there is one. For my part, I shall always henceforth carry a bottle of sal volatile to apply to the sting on such occasions; for there is usually some awkward or timid boy who gets stung, and comes home in a fever of fright and pain which is not likely to improve his skill and courage next time. I advise the same precaution to all whom I see collecting their honey. The bees make good profit of the wilds and uplands, it is clear. They go high and far for the sweets of the heather; and pretty is the sight of the rows of hives in the warm dells below. The practice of taking the honey by opiating the bees with a smouldering fungus seems to be spreading wherever the enlightened practice of not smoking at all remains to be learned. The old brimstone is seldom heard of now, I believe; and the common spectacle is of a man carrying the great knob of fungus on the end of a stick, by which it is to be made to reek into the hive. In many a shed are the women seen straining the golden honey into jars for sale in the town markets, and among the druggists and surgeons who dispense medicines. Then, again, the growers of potatoes, who in this county are Legion, have heard of a machine for taking up potatoes, and are wondering how much will be left for human hands to do in their children's time. We see the rural housewives jogging to market with some treasure wrapped in moist cloths, evidently some production of value;—a sucking-pig or two, as my readers will guess by the season. After each heavy shower, children cross the downs with baskets of mushrooms. Men come up from the bays with mullet, for which they know Londoners are on the watch everywhere near the coast. Occasionally a leveret is found among the paniers. Near sea-bathing places, a gardener here and there fixes himself in a sunny spot, and sends out of his sheltered ravine the most delicious apricots, greengages, and Orleans plums, and Windsor pears, and the first fiberts of the year. It is worth while to seek the fruit in its home; for then we come in for the various lovely lilies of the season, and the passion-flower mantling the house walls, and the rows of various hollyhocks, and the luscious clematis, and balsams, and the splendid tiger-lily, and all blooms which delight in the dog-day heats. Sunflowers flare in cottage gardens; and there are spots where they have been tried as a crop, for the sake of their seeds and oil, as well as other parts of the plant. Down in these recesses the birds sing again as if it were spring; and the few trees there are are variegated with young shoots; but we shall see more of this as we travel homewards. As we ascend to the downs we see

the mountain ash hanging out its red berries above the streams which cut their way down to the sea, and the winter cherry showing itself in the fringe of woodland. It is undeniable that the elms and the limes exhibit already some change of tint.

Up on the wild commons, however, all is still in the glow of summer. The colouring of the heather and gorse is almost too gaudy, delicate as is each variety of heath blossom when examined. The thistledown flies abroad, the sport of the winds, as the butterflies, and even the wild birds might almost seem to be. The butterflies flicker and flit,—small and large, white, grave, and gay. One may see the lapwings assemble and fly round; and the starlings move in clouds, and the gulls come sailing in from the sea; and at evening the young owls taking short flights down a reach of some valley, looking for small creatures not yet gone to roost. Nature is all alive, certainly. Flying ants settle on one's dress, and one must be careful to avoid ants' nests in sitting down to rest. Beetles give one slaps on the face. Grasshoppers are noisy beside long stretches of the green path. In hollows where water has collected from above and below, water-plants are in their best beauty. The bulrush is heavy, and sways in the wind; and the delicate whites and lilacs and pinks and yellows and blues of aquatic blossoms are bewitching in the evening sunlight. As we sit looking at them, the grey plover runs behind us; and the frogs before us sound the first notes of a night concert. If we fear the damps and reek and smell of the pools and bogs, we have also to think twice before we throw ourselves on the shining hot grass at noon; for the young vipers are hatched at this time, and the earwigs swarm as vexatiously as in a church-porch venerable with ivy.

These are the stations from which to look for skysights. The heavy thunder-clouds, after blotting out the ships at sea, and turning the expanse beneath to a dark leaden colour, repay us with such rainbows as can be seen in no other month. We see more than the arch; so as to lose the idea of a bow, as one does at some waterfall where there is a broad hint of a complete circle. If the black clouds are portentous, the white are truly splendid, making islands of light in the deep blue sea. Now, too, is the time for early risers to see the phenomenon of looming, so perplexing to the inexperienced eye, which sees streaky lights apparently lifting up portions of the coast, in severance from the earth. Now, in the sultry noons, we see the wavering of the air between us and the objects we look at, which puzzles children in the laundry, when the laundress tells them that it is the heat going out of the box-iron. Common-place writers of ghost stories tell us that ghosts are of a substance like this, which they fancy a sort of compromise between body and spirit. We who know something of the secrets of this natural magic, look for certain ghosts under this appearance, but not as clothed in it. We look out for the ghosts of ships which are out of sight; and of headlands, and woods, and churches, and piers, which are certainly not within the natural range of vision. Moreover, we expect them sometimes to show themselves upside down. In short, the hot noons of August are the time for

such mirage as can be seen in our climate. It is not like the mirage of the African desert; but it is sufficiently strange to impress young observers with wonder and awe. The boldest and highest headlands in the southernmost parts of England are the fittest stations from which to look out for this natural magic.

So they are for the night scenery of the season. The skies are growing darker now, at this distance from Midsummer, and more fit to set off the brilliancy of the summer meteors. How glorious they are! Not so flashing as those of the winter, but rolling and wheeling so grandly down the sky! Those policemen and night nurses, and mothers with wakeful babies, and sea-officers on watch, who first saw the falling stars of the 12th of this month, a quarter of a century ago, were much to be envied; and especially the sea-captains who were called to witness the marvel. They, with the whole arch of heaven above them, and the coast guard, and any meditative man who might be out on the headlands that night, were privileged men. That meteor-shower, raining from one centre down over the whole dome, must have been as much like a miraculous portent as any spectacle witnessed by men now living. Stories are told in New York and elsewhere of persons returning late from visits and excursions who might have seen the whole, but saw nothing,—never once thought of looking overhead! For years after, a general watch was kept by people worthy of the sight; and so the spectacle was honoured till it died out. That stream of world-material has flowed away from our path in the heavens, and left us but little new wisdom, though an immortal remembrance of what we saw. There is no clear August night, however, in which we may not see more or less of those ineffable fireworks; and sometimes, as soon as the sun is gone, or even before he is gone, there may be some indications of what we should have seen if it had now been midnight; some greenish star in the blue heaven, some golden streak in the green or lilac horizon, some shower of sparks in the upper air, which would have shone grandly after dark. We sometimes sit beside the Beacon till bed-time, facing all ways, to count the number of falling stars per hour. We take it in turn to face the sea, as that, after all, is as solemn and beautiful as the heavens themselves on a lustrous summer's night.

When that time has come, however, we are about to depart. If I am to be in the Highlands in time for the opening of the black-cock shooting, we must be turning homewards, as I have to deposit my party, and look after my concerns for a day or two before starting for Scotland. The grouse shooting must begin without me, on the 12th; but it is pleasant to make one on the other opening day—the 20th. So we take our way leisurely homewards through regions busy with the great harvest of the year.

Last year we heard complaints from county to county, from parish to parish, of the mischief done by the scarcity of labour. There were few or no Irish reapers to be seen on the roads; and the resident hands were so few in proportion to the

demand that great waste was made, when reapers were waiting their turn. If the weather was not fickle, there was the evil of the shedding of the grain. There were petitions for additional rates for paupers; but, where everything was wanted, and where pay was highest, there was still much loss. The remedy is obvious enough. Reaping-machines must come into general use. It only rich agriculturists can buy machines for their own use, the farmers of a neighbourhood may subscribe to set up a depot of agricultural machinery, so managing their crops as not to want the same implement all on the same day. My girls ask me if I can bear to think of the sickle going out of use. It is a mournful thought, certainly; but there is no help for it. The sickle shines all through human history, as the distaff did till lately. The sun coming out of a total eclipse was the "golden sickle" of thousands of years ago; and the golden moon was Diana's silver sickle. We see the sickle on the tombs of Egypt, together with the millstones, and the loom, and the fishermen's nets. The distaff is nearly lost, and the mill is too much altered to be known, and the plough and sickle will probably go out together. When children hereafter read in the Bible of sticking the sickle in the sheaf, or in classical history of its use as a symbol, they will ask what it was like, though we, in our childhood, saw parcels of it, with a specimen outside, in every ironmonger's shop in country places. Its pretty form will be forgotten, except in pictures; and its gleam will be no more seen in the evening light, nor its flash in the noonday sun. It is better so. Much human toil and much human food will be saved; and in time our children may have graceful and pleasant associations with the instruments which are taking the place of the husbandman's old tools; but we need not be ashamed of mourning the sickle and the plough, if we should survive their use. Neither is gone yet. To one field where we observe a reaping-machine at work, we see several where groups of men, women, and boys are toiling in the old way at cutting and binding. With all their fun and frolic, all their pleasant restings in the shade, and all the good things with which they quench their thirst, their piecemeal cutting and hacking, and gathering into bundles, does look barbaric beside the quick, clean work made by the machine. The new method must certainly gain ground every year.

Will it be so with the way of making merry at the end of the work? Here and there we come upon traces of the old ceremonies of harvest-home as I once saw them in the Eastern counties. The men sometimes join hands in a circle, and raise the stunning cry, known as "Hallo largesse!"—hallooing for a largesse—clamorously blessing the farmer or squire for a gift in money. The tipsy fellows, reeling with drink, and flaunting streamers of gay ribbons, used to be the terror of village and country-town after harvest. Now the mischief is taken in hand by Lord Albenarle and other kindly employers, who subscribe more than the old largesse to make a festival day for the wives and children, as well as the harvest men themselves. We certainly devoutly wish men success when we find our road obstructed, and our carriage

beset by a yelling throng of red-faced drunkards, or our horses pulled up with a jerk, because a tipsy fellow is lying across the road.

We arrange our journey in a very leisurely way, so as to enjoy the pleasures of the wayside. When we take our morning stroll through the unreaped fields we hear the quail and the corncrake from the meadows. When we go among the reapers we see the partridges run out from the furrow; and in the evening, when we turn in where the last shocks have been carried out, we find the geese already busy among the stubbles, gleaming the grains as the women and children are gleaming the ears. In the clover fields, whence the barley or oats have been carried, there is a gleaming which the farmer pays for. If he were an easy man, satisfied to let mice and birds consume his produce, he need not take this trouble; but he has rid himself of mice and birds, and the clover must not be choked next spring with self-sown corn: so there are the women picking up the golden ears from the green and fragrant carpet. We find pigs also ferreting out what they can find: and a good feast they make where the crop has been fully ripe.

These evenings among the corn-fields are like no others. There is the harvest-moon—so singular in its apparent bulk, and its hue, and its immediate appearance after sunset for several evenings together. To stand among the fields of some fertile plain, and see the great orb surge up from the abyss of the horizon, not like a disk gliding on the sky, but disclosing immeasurable depths of space beyond it, is an experience of August alone. Not only is the mellow hue of the great globe a singular appearance, but its light is mellow too, as it bathes the dome-like trees, and casts the shadows of the hedgerows upon the fields.

Then, as we make our way into some green lane, there are the gipsies pretending to turn in for the night. When there are so many creatures abroad in the stubbles, all may not be duly housed at night, and it may be harvest time for gipsies as for other people. Perhaps the women and children sleep under their stifling tilt; but the men get into sacks, it appears, and find a soft place on the grass—free to go and come where profit may invite. There the beetles may slap their faces, and the bats flit round them, and the young frogs jump upon them from the neighbouring ditch, where they were tadpoles only the other day. There are other gangs than those of gipsies when we traverse the hop counties. In Worcestershire and Herefordshire we find travelling families and groups of neighbours all along the road, or busy among the hop-poles. Of all our crops, surely this is the most beautiful—with its bunches tossing in the breeze, and its streamers waving, and light and shadow always at play among the leaves. The life of the hop-garden, with its errant population, is an unique spectacle; and now is the time to see it. It will be a greater change than has occurred yet if some mechanical means of getting the crop should be introduced which should banish the hop-pickers. Possibly such a change might be good for the *physique* of the hops and the *morale* of the pickers (who are not an immaculate order of people); but it will extinguish

one of the most picturesque aspects of English rural life.

When we get home we find that the decline of the year has indeed begun. The swifts are gone. We miss them, and inquire for them, and find that they vanished three days before. There is already hedge-fruit for the birds; the golden rod and meadow saffron abound: the asters and marigolds are out in the garden, and there are ripe codlings in the orchard. The controversy about the relative merits of barns and stacks has arisen with seasonable vehemence. Everything tells of the approach of autumn. I must leave wife and daughters to watch its coming and report its appearances; for I have to catch the skirts of summer on the Scotch hills. There, in stirring up the black game, sportsmen find the sunshine, and the gandy show of heath flowers, and the reflection from glassy lakes at least as full of summer heat as any July scene in England. I must see whether it will be so this year.

UP IN A BALLOON.

I do not know how it is, or why it is, but I have always had an intense hankering to go up in a balloon. Naturally and constitutionally I have an aversion to great heights—to such an extent, indeed, that it is a perfect misery to me to have to look out of a third-floor window.

My sensations on getting up to any considerable height somewhat resemble those of the stout old lady in "Punch," who will not approach the railings of the cliff at Brighton for fear of slipping through. No iron railing appears to me high enough or strong enough effectually to provide for my safety; and though I do not quite sympathise with, I can quite understand, those insane ideas which render it necessary to put an iron cage at the top of all our monuments.

I cannot reconcile these sensations with my long-standing wish to become an aeronaut, but so it is. Somehow or other these elevated ideas of mine remained ungratified till a few days ago—whether from want of pluck, want of funds, or want of time, I do not feel bound to specify.

I cannot rest, my dear Charlie, till I have made you *an fait* of my doings on the eventful evening that I made my first ascent.

It is needless to enlarge upon the circumstances that led to my expedition; how I was down at Cremorne rather late one evening, and in a moment of excitement and claret rashly pledged myself to pay five guineas for the glorious opportunity of breaking my neck. I will not describe my waking thoughts next morning when my engagement of the previous evening slowly came across my mind. I resolved, however, to stick to my bargain, influenced partly by the certainty of being laughed at if I shirked it, and partly by the possibility of forfeiting my deposit of five guineas.

Selecting two of the most faithful from among my own familiar friends, I imparted my intentions to them, and we at once started in a four-wheel cab for Cremorne Gardens. It was *fortunately* (as I said with a sickly grin) a lovely evening, and there was neither wind nor rain to prevent our

ascend. We at once went to the hotel in the gardens, ordered our dinner, and whilst that was preparing proceeded to inspect our friend the balloon.

She (I suppose "she" is the right thing to call a balloon, "he" does not sound right) was half lying, half sitting on the ground, like a very fat and very drunken old lady with her hair in a Brodningagian net, lolling her head about, and making ineffectual efforts to get up. She was undergoing the process of stuffing with gas from a six-inch pipe, and was swelling very visibly. We had a short conversation with the intrepid aéronaut, who was a lithe, intelligent little man of about thirty-five years of age. He told us that he had already made forty-one ascents, and had never been in the smallest difficulty. I cannot say that this re-assured me much, as my feeling was that, as he had made forty-one successful ascents already, and that all aéronauts were killed sooner or later, it must be getting near his time to have his little misfortune.

The remarks of my friends, however kindly they may have been meant, did not tend to raise my spirits, as they principally consisted of offers of service in case anything very tragical should occur.

I was becoming somewhat re-assured by the manner and conversation of the aéronaut as he bustled round his balloon—he seemed so thoroughly to know what he was about—when my cogitations were agreeably disturbed by the announcement of dinner.

To dinner we went, and a very merry little dinner we had, *considering*. Our window looked out upon the dancing platform, and in the orchestra a capital band was playing; the dinner and wine were good, the sun shone brightly, the green fresh branches of a tree partially shaded our window; the comic Irishman pattered from the orchestra his two comic costume songs, the tenor requested some young lady to "come into the garden" (Cremorne, I presume), and the soprano and contralto, of whom I will say no more than that their talents equalled their personal appearance, did their best to please us.

Whose spirits would not rise under such circumstances? Had I been a malefactor awaiting execution, I am convinced I should have made several cheery and facetious observations.

I had just lit my cigar, and was beginning to be as jolly under difficulties as Mark Tapley himself could have been, when bang went several small cannon, announcing the immediate departure of the balloon.

"Look sharp, old boy, you'll be late!" cry my friends.

"There's no fun till I come, as the man said, &c., &c.," answer I gloomily; and having with a great command of my feelings ordered supper for three at eleven that evening, and told the waiter that "I would pay the bill when I returned," got into my great coat, and with a gay and cheerful air sallied out into the garden.

There she was, but what a change! No longer the drunken old woman, but an upright, graceful, intelligent-looking creature, straining at her bands and longing to be off.

A considerable crowd was collected without the ropes, through whom I pushed, not without some feeling of dignity, as the man who was going up in the balloon.

I shook hands with my friends, who somewhat disturbed my nerve by most feelingly and unnecessarily taking an affectionate last farewell of me, and walked in as unconcerned a manner as I could command to the car. Car! Call that thing a car? why it's a clothes' basket! was my mental observation; but as the eyes of the Cremorne world were upon me I stepped in. My dignity was somewhat impaired by my hat being knocked off by the hoop above the car, upon which my friend the intrepid one was seated, separating the gas-pipe from the bottom of the balloon, and tying up the opening with his pocket-handkerchief.

I have a confused idea of several hurried preparations being made, shifting of ballast, &c. I remember wagging my hand in a general way towards the crowd, by way of taking leave of my friends, whom I need not say I was utterly unable to distinguish. The words "let go" were given—I clung to the sides of the clothes' basket, and off we went.

I could detect no movement on the part of the balloon; the earth appeared to sink away rapidly from under our feet whilst we remained stationary. In a moment the gardens appeared but a small patch beneath and behind us, and by the time I had recovered my nerve sufficiently to look about me, we were some thousand feet above the world.

The scene was so glorious and so striking that involuntarily I jumped up in my basket, quite forgetting my nerves and my previous hatred of altitudes. My companion appeared to prefer his precarious position on the hoop, for there he remained till we prepared to descend.

I cannot pretend to describe the scene that was shortly laid out before us. London, the mighty London, lay stretched out at my feet like the contents of a child's box of toy-houses. Right and left of us for miles and miles, or rather inches and inches, wound a streamlet called by pigmy mortals the Thames; nearly under our feet was the Crystal Palace; distances indeed seemed annihilated. King's Cross and Easton Square stations appeared to be but a stone's throw from Balgrave Square. I was roused from my contemplation of this magnificent scene by my friend above, who requested me to "throw out some of those bills." I accordingly disseminated a vast amount of useful and entertaining knowledge in the shape of bundles of programmes of the amusements at Cremorne. "Rather heavy reading," I said to myself as I threw them out, for they seemed to sink beneath us like sheets of lead. I found out later, however, that this was caused by the rapidity of our ascent. This was hard to realise, as it was impossible to detect the slightest movement. There was not a breath of air, though the wind was blowing freely, we moved so exactly with the current, that a lighted taper would have burnt as steadily as in the most carefully closed room.

Our course now lay over the Serpentine and Hyde Park towards the Marble Arch. As we reached the middle of the park the hum which rose from

below increased into a dull sullen roar, like the distant voice of some mighty waterfall. Oaths and prayers, the wail of suffering and the merry laugh of careless men, seemed joined together in one vast cry to heaven. It was a solemn and an awful sound. What a lesson that short half-hour would teach most men. Let him look on that great city—the largest and proudest in the universe—how small, how insignificant it looks! What must he feel himself, one of the smallest and most insignificant atoms animating that tiny city. Ah me! the great ones of the earth are but miserable little pigmies after all!

In about a quarter of an hour after leaving the gardens we were nearly above Euston Square Station, the lines leading from which appeared like narrow white threads stretching across the country. We soon after passed over the New Cattle Market, in which I could distinguish a flock of Lilliputian sheep—from their apparent size the whole lot of them would have made but an indifferent meal.

We now began to think of descending, and my friend, deserting his hoop, came down to me in the car, and, untying the bottom of the balloon, began at intervals to permit the gas to escape. The rope which communicates with the valve passes through the interior of the balloon into the car, and a slight pull opens an aperture of about eighteen inches in diameter in the crown of the balloon, which closes with a snap when the cord is loosened. Through this aperture the gas escapes at the rate of some three or four hundred cubic feet per second.

The effect was instantaneous: the papers which before had sunk so rapidly, now soared above our heads like pigeons released from a trap. The objects beneath us grew rapidly more distinct, and my companion began anxiously to scan the earth for a convenient spot to land upon.

We already saw crowds of excited people rushing from every direction towards the point we appeared likely to make in our descent.

"Ah!" said the intrepid one, with a keen sense of former injuries; "you may run, but you'll have to run a *very* long way if you wish to see me land to-night. You see, sir," he continued, turning to me, "these people have no sense; the moment I touch the ground I am surrounded by a crowd of roughs, who break the fences and tread down the crops so much that I have often seven or eight pounds to pay for the damage they do."

We accordingly let out ballast consisting of bags of fine sand, weighing some 14 lbs. each; in an instant we rose some thousand feet, but the gas that sustained us was getting contaminated with oxygen, and slowly and gradually we settled down again. We now let down a rope about 600 feet long with a small cross-bar of wood at the end, and also our grapnel fastened to a somewhat shorter rope.

Majestically we swooped towards the earth: first, our rope touched the ground, and a hundred yards further on our grapnel caught and held; the jerk was but slight, a few moments more and we touch the ground so gently that a glass of water would hardly have been spilt in my hand.

The balloon, like a bright and beautiful denizen of the air, disdaining the base material earth, tried to soar again into the heavens. Too late, my pretty bird, you are caught! Two or three sturdy labourers have hold of the line that hangs from the car—a few ineffectual struggles and she is a hopeless captive, the valve is opened, and all power of resistance is soon over. I step from the car, and in a few short minutes the beautiful life-like creature lies an inanimate shapeless mass on the earth.

I cannot conscientiously deny that I experienced some slight feeling of satisfaction at again setting foot on *terra firma*. Throughout the journey, however, I suffered from no giddiness, and after the first moment felt but little nervousness. The scene beneath me was too glorious, too unexpected, and too absorbing to leave room for any other feelings in my mind save those of surprise and delight. I experienced no oppression from the rarification of the atmosphere, although we had been, according to my companion, above a mile from the earth.

There is no use in describing the packing-up of the balloon—the noise, confusion, and squabbling for beer. My gallant little friend, however, was a host in himself, and in exactly an hour from the time we started the whole thing was packed up and on the shoulders of our numerous and willing assistants.

We found ourselves about six miles from London and close to a station on the Great Northern Railway.

My friends were anxiously awaiting my return at Cremorne, and round a merry supper-table, I gave them the history of my first experiences as

AN AÉRONAUT.

MARKHAM'S REVENGE.

"Consequences are unpaying."—GEORGE ELIOT.

CHAPTER I.

"CLARA's sister in India!" muttered Markham.

"That's Colonel Vincent's wife!" exclaimed his companion. "Isn't she handsome? Everybody's mad about her. But what's the matter, Markham? you positively shiver in this fiery furnace. Ague, my boy?"

"No, it's constitutional."

"Would you like to be introduced?"

"After this dance. You find a partner; I'll sit down."

The scene was quite novel to Markham. An English ball with oriental accessories; active dancing beneath the flap of the punkas, to the music of a regimental-band of natives, native servants flitting about, two or three native gentlemen in rich costumes, with an affectation of European manners on the surface, and oriental depreciation of women in their sensual souls, gazing in wonderment at the activity of the dancers. But the scene which was called up in Markham's mind by the sight of Mrs. Vincent was far away in England six years back. A summer moon shining through dark poplars, which shadowed a garden-walk; heavy jessamine and sickly in the sultry evening, then the lightest footsteps, and quite audible to his anxious ears—promises, and

vows, and passionate utterance, sorrow in the present, but hope in the future, and then the interview sternly broken in upon with angry words.

"Now, Markham, come and be introduced."

"Thank you, some other time."

"But I've asked her, and she says she will be very happy to make your acquaintance."

Markham was forced to acquiesce.

There was a circle of admirers around the queen of the ball.

"Who's that native?" exclaimed Markham to his companion. "I'd fella a man to the ground who stared at a woman like that."

"Bless you that's the Rajah of —, he's the best fellow in the world—gives such jolly hunting parties; quite a marvel in the way of civilisation; reads all sorts of poetry; knows Tom Moore by heart."

"But his cursed stare?"

"Pooh! it's the way these chaps have. Nobody's speaking to her now. Come along."

"Mr. Markham—Mrs. Vincent."

He stood before her perfectly self-possessed, but she was evidently taken by surprise; his name must have escaped her when the introduction was requested.

"This is unexpected,—an old friend!" she exclaimed. Then in a whisper, "an old friend, Mr. Markham, notwithstanding the past—Colonel, an old friend from England!" and she introduced Markham to her husband.

"Mr. Markham!" said the Colonel. "I have much honour—the engineer of the — Line?"

"The same, sir."

The Colonel dabbled in speculation; the Colonel was delighted to make Markham's acquaintance; his poor house was at Markham's service while he remained at the station. The Colonel drew Markham out of the circle to have some special conversation on railway topics; the circle closed again to listen to Mrs. Vincent's brilliant sallies and repartee, but she had become silent and pensive.

When she had heard of Markham last, Markham had gone to Canada. Why in the countless chances of life should he and she meet at this time in India? Why should the error of her life have been thus brought vividly before her? Was this a monition to repentance? Yet why repentance at this particular season?—repentance timing itself with the newest valse from England and the whirl of the dancers. How the heaviness and depression of the mind darkens passing events! The vague rumours of that dreadful affair at Meerut—was that merely an isolated occurrence arising out of special circumstances? The Colonel said so,—the Colonel and all the officers were fully confident in the devotion and loyalty of the regiment, she had believed them implicitly; but now her mind was filled with terrible doubt. What if these natives should prove utterly false? Why she and all around her were treading on smouldering fire. She must speak to the Colonel; where was he? She raised her eyes, the circle which had been round her gradually dispersed, all, save one, that Rajah of —. She was perfectly accustomed to that repulsive mystery of expression which marks

the oriental type; but when natives seemed to meet hers, there was something—terrible, repulsive in the gaze that she troubled and troubled pale, in another moment deeper more vacated her countenance; she felt herself at the mercy to the Colonel who was tall, scowling, talking to Markham. Placing her arm in his, she whispered:

"Let us go home now."

"It's early yet, my love."

The Colonel was deep in the share market, and anxious for further conversation with Markham.

"But I don't feel quite well, pray come. Good night, Mr. Markham, we shall meet again soon."

"Certainly," said the Colonel, "Mr. Markham has promised to dine with us to-morrow."

Markham bowed

"To-morrow!"

As it will be at the end of the world, so it was at many of those stations in India. The reliance on the ordered strength of human system, and behold! all that men trusted in and clung to, shrunk in a moment from their grasp.

They did meet again very soon, Mrs. Vincent and Markham,—a speedy transition from the amenities of society to grim strife for life and death—dragged from her own home; but he had rescued her, driven her—clinging desperately to him—through a hundred dangers.

Whither now? Bewildered by unknown roads, beneath a burning sun and fiery gusts of passing wind, the hard-held rein growing looser and looser in the hand. Still she kept urging him to hurry on—on, from a fear worse than death that possessed her soul.

But the brave horse, wounded and worn out, fell at last.

This light from the land of Death, so terrible, real, yet growing more and more into the semblance of a frightful dream—the danger of escape, and the sense of an irresistible doom—closing slowly onwards.

There was a native hut near the road. It appeared tenanted. He had, curiously—had dragged her to it. The place was piled low, save some rough planking at one end which formed a rude couch. It afforded shelter from the sun, not from the heat, still it gave them breathing-time.

Oh that fearful heat! though she had lived three years in India, she never before felt its full force untempered by the appliances of man.

Neither spoke for awhile. Profound silence reigned around them—silence more awful than the din and clamour from which they had fled. Inaction, more terrible than the sharp struggle that had saved them from death. Inaction, which allowed the mind to realize silence—as it were. Heaven hushed for a last confession and prayer.

The chances were terribly against escape. Markham saw that clearly, and yet even to surprise, he had never in his life known his mind more perfectly composed and capable of exact thought. He was constitutionally brave, and his mental powers were never fully developed until he

stood face to face with difficulty. Far different her condition. Her husband had just fallen in his brave attempt to appeal to the men, but in the terror of the present there was no room for that sorrow in her mind. Life or death? Life, was to fall alive into the rebels' hands; Death, was to die unforgiven by those she had wronged most.

"Markham, have you any ammunition left?"

"We must give up all hopes of resistance against numbers," he replied quietly.

"But the ammunition?"

"Only one barrel loaded! If more than three attack us I have determined to throw the pistol away. Perhaps I should act differently were I

alone; but it would only exasperate them against you."

"One barrel loaded!" she murmured—then was silent. A terrible resolution was forming in her mind.

She looked steadfastly at him. "Is there any hope of escape, Markham?"

"Very little hope, if we are pursued."

"How calm you are, Markham—I'm—"

"Do you think my life has been so very happy, Pauline, that I should be quite unnerved by the approach of death?"

"Does that old affection for my sister linger yet? I fancied you were so ambitious."



(See page 181.)

"It formed the very base of my ambition. I have worked since, because there is a sense of power in me which urges me on, but I have worked careless of reward and honour."

"Can you forgive her, Markham?"

"I have forgiven her since I entered this hut."

"Oh! Markham, at this last hour, can you forgive me also?" She flung herself at his feet.

"I induced her to marry that man."

"You had every right, as her sister, fairly to advise. The blame was hers in yielding."

"Markham, the blame was mine—I deceived her—kill me, but I must speak now. I was horribly tempted. Our family was very poor for the station we held. That rich man loved her, and if she married him it opened a path of affluence to us all. And you were poor and unknown then.

My father was fearfully involved—but God forbid! I should try to hide my guilt. I was cursed with the thirst for affluence and worldly position."

"But those letters I wrote her—they were placed in a secret spot known to us alone."

"Markham—I tracked her there—Oh, mercy!"

An exulting yell outside showed that the pursuers had discovered the buggy and dead horse.

She fell back terror-stricken, but he drew her forward, holding her in the grasp of a vice.

"Quick with your confession!"

"I took the letters away one by one—we urged her to consent to the addresses of Mr. Manson—"

"Well?"

"But she refused steadfastly. At last she *did* find a letter there—"

"My letter?"

"No—a letter from you which said the engagement must cease."

He let her fall from his grasp. The calm of his soul was gone. "My God! to die now, and for Clara never to know the truth."

Terror at the approaching danger overcame all her other feelings. Fascinated, she crawled up to the window of the hovel, and gazed out. She saw, even at the distance, the expression on that countenance which had caused her such horror the night before. In a minute or two more their refuge would be discovered.

"I dare not ask your forgiveness, Markham, but grant me one prayer. Life to me is more frightful than death. When they come"—she pointed significantly to the revolver. "I never fired a pistol in my life; my own hand might fail me at the last."

He was silent.

"As you hope for salvation hereafter."

"What, take vengeance with my own hand?"

"No, Markham, the act would be the token of your forgiveness. Swear!" she cried, in an agony of supplication, "and then I can pray in peace."

"I swear!" said Markham.

It was a terrible effort, but he conquered in the end, and he spoke the full truth and purpose of his heart, when he uttered in a low firm tone, "Pauline, I forgive you."

She raised her head for a moment, and pressed his hand to her lips. "Then God will forgive me, I am absolved from my guilt. I can die in peace." She bent her head again in prayer.

Markham had become quite calm again. He carefully examined the loaded barrel: with a firm hand he raised the hammer and gently lowered it, so as to press the cap more securely on the nipple.*

And they waited the end in peace.

CHAPTER II.

"You have forgiven me, Markham!"

The coast of England was in sight. From the time they left that hovel, rescued by a body of irregular cavalry, through their slow and dangerous journey down to Calcutta—through all the dull monotony of the long sea voyage—he had never referred to her confession. It was this silence which oppressed her; it would have been so much more endurable to have talked upon the subject. She often tried to lead the conversation up to the point, but he invariably turned it off, and until the present moment she had not found courage to approach it directly.

Yet she knew full well what he felt.

In long watchings beside his bed, through that dangerous fever which he had at Calcutta—she had often heard him, in the intensity of the delirium, cry her sister's name, till the word smote her like a sharp sword. One evening, as she stood before him, he had started up in his bed, and gazing wildly in her face, and clasping her hands with his burning grasp, he had uttered in incoherent words his joy that Clara had come back to him at last.

This was the violent upheaving of nature pouring forth the deep feelings of the heart like

molten lava; but with returning strength came proud endurance, beneath which those feelings were hidden away.

She would sit for hours and watch him in his fitful sleep. She knew he must always wake, yet she liked to feel that he rested in her arms as a helpless child. The vital energy was washed from his face; the strong arm she had clung to in that terrible flight was very weak and purposeless; the hands were nerveless which had freed her from the ruffian's grasp;—and yet he looked so noble in his weakness.

What was this feeling at her heart?

Was it conscience prompting her to make the fullest reparation for the past?

She felt that was not the true reply; and then she would start in terror from his bedside. The thought was so fearful. What if Love should be his own avenger?

The principle her needy parents had taught her in her youth—that Love was a fiction, marriage a result of worldly calculation—was growing into an utter falsehood. It had all seemed very true when she made the excellent match which had been so cleverly devised for her, and he had stood quite contentedly in the enjoyment of her wealth and worldly position.

Yet surely there remained to her the sorrowful recollection of that brave husband, who died a noble death, which might deliver her from this fatal fascination. She strove to love him dead as she had never dreamt of loving him when living.

Then she forgot his soldier's habit of sternness, forgot that no real sympathy had ever existed between them, and dwelt only on his kind nobility, which had been bestowed upon her as upon a child, magnifying it to the utmost. Yet, after all, they twain were only parties to a contract, beauty for wealth. She had acted her part dutifully as a wife, but her heart had never been asked, and never been given. There was no deliverance for her in all this. The feeling which wrestled with her was love,—first love,—with all its intensity, first love, to be met with shuddering and endured with sorrow. It was her sister's name which stole from his unconscious lips as she smoothed his pillow with trembling hands, and drew aside the ruffled hair from his burning brow.

But she had saved his life! there was comfort in that. The doctors all said that her careful nursing had availed more than their skill; in truth, they marvelled at the way she had, as it were, instinctively felt the slightest changes in her condition. At last they said, the sea voyage, at all hazard, was the only hope of saving him. It lightened her heart for the moment, to lavish every comfort that money could procure in the fitting up of his cabin. He was carried on board on a couch, too weak to know of the arrangements that had been made.

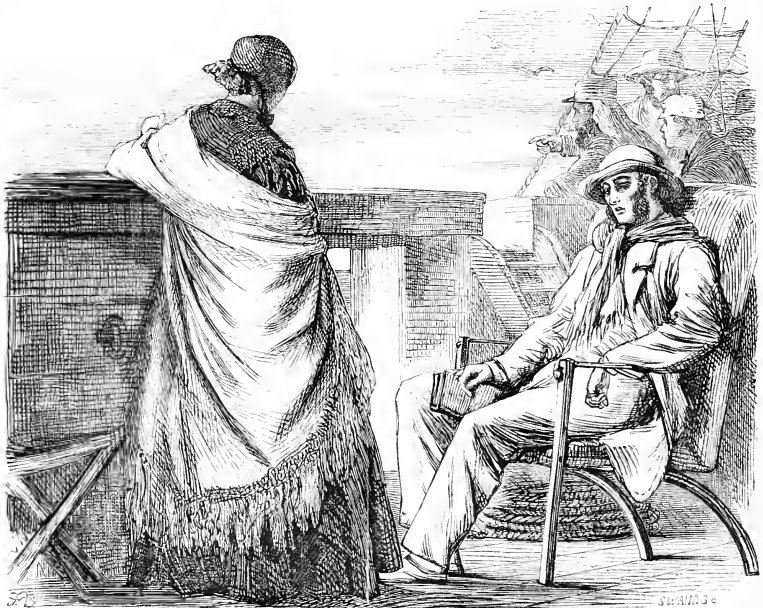
There was a change for the better from the first day of his being at sea; yet his progress towards recovery was very slow. In the depth of her heart she was glad at this; for the more service she could render, the more the load on her soul was eased; it likewise prolonged her privilege to be near him, for she felt, when he was fully recovered, that the past must be an everlasting

bar between them. She felt convinced of this, yet she hoped against her conviction ;—saddest logic !

He had not entirely recovered his strength : his cheeks were still thin and pale. She knew it was only the golden rose of the setting sun which flushed his face, as he sat near the bulwark, gazing on the last sunset of their voyage. She might justly claim her right of care a little longer ;

he had no friends near Liverpool. He must remain at her sister's house until his health was quite restored. She was too blind to see that she had no right to take him to her sister's home. It was the only means she possessed of retaining him near her.

"The captain tells me we shall be at Liverpool early to-morrow," said she, addressing him timidly.



Then the set words, thought of so long before, escaped her at the moment ; she could only add abruptly,

"You have forgiven me, Markham ?"

At her last words he turned from the sunset, and looked earnestly in her face.

"I have forgiven you," he said, compassionately. "I fear your greatest effort will be to forgive yourself."

"I shall never be able to do that."

"I am bound in deep gratitude to you, Pauline, for your devoted care—"

"Not bound to me ; you have saved my life !"

"Aye ; that was but a chance—quick, thoughtless work. I should have acted in the same way had any one else been in your place."

"But your noble forgiveness—"

He did not appear to heed her words. "You must let me say, Pauline, that I am bound to you in gratitude, and I would do all I could to help you in this sorrow ; but I know we can only forgive ourselves when God, in his mercy, allows us the opportunity of repairing the past."

"Markham, I am very rich ; set me to any task of doing good."

"I shall only demand one act from you. You will tell your sister."

She was utterly cast down. She had feared he would demand this of her. She could bear for him to know her guilt, but for another to know it—why, the knowledge in his mind that another utterly despised her would inevitably lower her still further in his estimation.

"I ask an act of justice, Pauline."

She was silent.

"An act of justice ! Let her know that I was true. It will be my only consolation."

In broken words she prayed him to spare her.

"I am resolved, Pauline,—if you are silent, I shall speak myself."

She knew the strength of his word.

Then a sense of utter desolation came upon her,—she, who had been so careless of all affection, caring only for worldly prosperity—well, that was attained, but she was miserable—there were only two beings on earth she loved—his love, could

never be hers—and her sister's love would be lost to her for ever.

"Oh, Markham! grant me a respite,—let me be happy a little time with her before she hates me—a few days—a week."

"Be it so! A week!" replied Markham; and he turned his face from her towards the long beams of golden cloud, which rested on the horizon, through which the sun was sinking into the sea.

"Only a week, Mr. Markham! Must you leave us so soon?"

"You are very good, Mrs. Manson, but the truth is, I ought to have gone directly up to town on my landing."

"Not to begin business yet! I'm certain your health is far from being restored."

"The directors are very pressing to see me; indeed, I received an urgent letter this morning. I think if I am well enough to enjoy myself here, I have no right to delay a very obvious duty."

"You will come to us again?"

"Thank you, I can scarcely promise myself that pleasure, my engagements are so very uncertain. I believe, in a short time, when things are rather more settled, I shall have to return to my post in India."

"India!—your health is not fit for that;—your friends ought never to allow you."

"It's my livelihood, you must recollect."

There was a pause in the conversation. For a few moments, Mrs. Manson bent her head over the work-frame, and appeared to be busily engaged in her work.

"Mr. Markham, I know you will not misunderstand me, but when you talk of leaving us and not coming again—I feel there is something I ought to say—I know I should never forgive myself if I were silent. There is one person who will be very sorry when you go away. Now mind, it's not from any conversation between us, I give you my honour—but I can see better than words can tell—my sister loves you!"

Markham shuddered.

"Circumstances," said he, "have certainly thrown us together—but I have never observed—"

"Ah! you must trust to us women; in these matters we are the best judges. Why, the simple fact of her mentioning your name so seldom in conversation; but, besides this, I can see how much her character has altered since she went away. As a girl, though she had many excellent qualities, she was rather too fond of grandeur and show, for I will be frank with you. But that, I am sure, is all changed—she seems to cling to me for love, she's half spoiled my boys in this short time. I fear her marriage was not very happy—Colonel Vincent was a kind, good man, but far older—and there must exist a sympathetic feeling, if I may call it so, to render marriage perfectly happy."

Markham's eyes were fixed on the ground, and he heard her voice falter at the last sentence.

"Recollect that she owes her life to you! I know, years ago, when she used to laugh and joke about people being in love, I've said, 'Ah, Pauline, with that fixed purpose of yours, when you really love, it will be a matter of intensest joy or sorrow—'"

"Mrs. Manson," said Markham, interrupting her, "this announcement is totally unexpected. Without questioning whether you have rightly interpreted your sister's feelings, it is impossible for me to tell you at once, that this allusion, supposing it to exist, can never be returned."

"The fault will be mine," said Mrs. Manson, sorrowfully.

"Why so?"

"For speaking so prematurely; but what could I do when I found you were going to leave?—She rose from her chair, greatly agitated.

"Edward Markham, I have a right to speak to you; you owe me something. I transfer all that to my sister—if you loved her, I could forgive the past. Maybe, it was prudent in you to accept that engagement which seemed so hopeful; but on the night of that fourteenth of June we had sworn to one another to be true, and wait patiently,—and yet in three short months!—well, no matter now. I returned you your letter, and but one."

"You returned me *all* my letters," said Markham, his iron resolution tried to the very verge.

"No, not that last letter; I could not return it then."

By the utmost effort governing her trembling hands, she unlocked her desk, and drew out a little packet.

"I read that letter twice, only twice, and then I sealed it up with this black wax. I have never read it since—no need; every word is stamped in my heart. They must have dragged me to the altar, but for that."

She forced the packet into his hand.

"There, Edward, I can forgive it all, forget all those words, if you make her happy. I live very happily now, very happily."

Only a few words, and she would know the truth—know that he had been faithful to his pledge; but he stilled the words which were rising to his lips, and clenched his teeth hard.

She stopped him for a moment as he was about to leave the room—she had in some degree recovered her self-possession.

"Mr. Markham, I shall never speak on this subject again; but I bid you think well before you throw away a loving heart."

He was tempted more than falls to the common lot of mortals. He must have yielded, had the temptation fallen on him unawares; but before he left Calcutta, he had resolved to see her once more, and through the long voyage, and in many a restless night, he had weighed the chances of this meeting, and armed himself at all points for resistance.

* * * * *

"Markham, have you told her?"

"No, Pauline."

She could not speak for the moment, she could only clasp his hand.

"She is never to be told!"

"This is noble beyond thought! Oh, Markham, I promise you I will strive to the utmost to atone for the past—anything is easy if I possess her love. But your goodness—I can never repay that."

"Wait awhile, Pauline. Weigh my words—she is never to be told."

"Yes, yes, I do weigh them: they seal that forgiveness which was freely given me at the hour of death."

"Pauline, I must have it on your honour, that you will never tell her."

"On my honour!" She repeated the words hastily, but she was somewhat perplexed at his meaning, and looking on his face, she saw that same expression, as it were, the very soul flushing the countenance, which she remembered so vividly when she knelt at his feet in the hovel. "Never tell her, Markham?"

"Never!"

"Not if I were at the point of death?"

"Not even at that time—you are bound evermore to silence."

She had passed through the agonising fear of death; she recollected her troubled prayers; she recollected there was no gleam of hope in her breast till he had forgiven her—then only she had found peace for her soul.

"Oh, Markham, do not bind me to this—nay, let me speak out now; let me suffer any pain now, so that she forgives me at the end."

She would have left the room: he drew her back.

"I cannot free you: it is not to me you are bound. I dare say you went with a feeling of triumph to that grand wedding when your sister became Mrs. Manson. In all probability those awful words of the marriage-service made no impression upon you at the time, and most likely you have never thought upon them since: '*Let him now speak, or else hereafter for ever hold his peace.*' You might have spoken then, but now those words bind you for ever."

She listened to him with her head depressed, her hands covering her face.

"When I found that your sister had been really true to me, my feeling towards her, which was that of utter contempt, turned back to old love, and I resolved to see her once more. Believe in my good faith—only to see her, and part for ever. I calculated my strength of will. I thought I was very strong—let no man trust to his strength in such a case! Since I came to this house, I have walked through the fire of temptation. Listen well to me, Pauline, and hear how strongly you are bound to silence. I saw that she was not happy—as to *his* love for her—"

"Mr. Manson is very proud of her," interrupted Mrs. Vincent.

"Yes," he replied, bitterly, "and he is *very* proud of his fine horses. If he does not absolutely ill treat her, she lives utterly without sympathy or affection. I dare not tell you what I have felt; but I tell you my resolution was so utterly weakened, that at one moment it was only the sight of how she clung to those children of hers—how all her happiness was centered there—"

"I understand your meaning, sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Vincent, proudly. "My sister would under all circumstances have recollected her duty."

"It might indeed be as you say. Do you know this letter?"

Breaking the black seals, he placed the false letter in her hand. She gazed at it with a sort of fascination, and in low tones said, "I thought it

was burnt at the time—she told me so—it was not with the other letters she gave me to send back."

"You would have taken care of that," he replied, with a withering glance.

"When did you receive it?"

"An hour ago—your sister gave it to me, reproaching me for having broken my plighted faith."

"Am I to bring a curse on this house?" she cried in terror, falling at his feet. "God save us from this shame! Oh, Markham, I trusted to your honour when I brought you here."

"You forget, Pauline, that I have already told you she does not know the cruel and shameful history of that letter. We will take it, as you say, at all costs she would have been faithful to her duty; but think of the terrible struggle—think of the long suffering—if she ever does know the truth. Why should she suffer? She has done no wrong. We are bound to silence in mercy to her. Mark these words, Pauline—the evil and sorrow rest on your head, if you ever break that pledge of silence."

She made him no answer.

"You forgave me once," she murmured.

"God forbid I should retract those words! It is possible to forgive, but it is impossible to absolve you from the consequences of your guilt."

Markham went back to India.

He had displayed great originality and skill in the construction of a certain railway-bridge across a rapid river, under circumstances of great difficulty. In addition to its engineering merits, the bridge happened to form the last link in a trunk-line of railway communication which promised to be of the highest value in developing the resources of the country. All classes were deeply interested. There would be a grand ovation to the engineer on the opening of the bridge. The day appointed for the ceremony had arrived.

"Not ready to start, Markham! You'll be late," cried the assistant engineer.

"I've written to say I can't be there."

"Bless me! it's one of the grandest days in your life."

"The fact is, I've just received a letter from England—"

"Not a loss in your family, I hope?"

"No; but still containing very melancholy intelligence."

"Well, Markham, I think you ought to come, nevertheless; your services demand public recognition."

"You know me, old boy—I don't care two-pence for that sort of thing—and, as for the bridge, I've got twice as good a plan in my head at this moment. Let them stick the laurel into your turban. Off with you, or you'll get a wigging for being late."

Markham was alone all that day. The letter he had received lay open before him. It was from a clergyman. The portion he read over oftentimes ran thus:

"I was requested to see Mrs. Vincent at a time when no hope was entertained for her recovery. I can assure you I had to perform a very painful duty. She confessed that she had done a grievous wrong to some

person still living, but that, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, she was bound never to disclose the wrong, lest greater evil should arise. I strove with the best power that was granted me to afford her consolation. Ever since I became acquainted with Mrs. Vincent I had had occasion to admire the noble devotedness with which she had laboured among the poor of the Lord's flock—abounding greatly in works of piety and charity. I fear, at the last, that her soul rested too much on 'works,' as a means of atoning for past transgressions. It was almost in vain that I enforced upon her the immeasurable value of a 'saving faith' over the best human acts. 'What I have done lately,' she would say, 'I count as nothing; if I could only have repented the past, I should die happy.' That idea of 'doing,' and the misery of dying unforgiven by the person she had wronged, were the thoughts that rendered her so miserable. Towards the last, when we were alone, she bade me in secrecy write to you, using these words: 'The misery that I suffer now has not been caused by him—it is the inevitable result of my own act. Tell him that I have been true to my pledge—that he has been terribly avenged.'

G. U. S.

ENGLAND'S LOST GROUND.

THERE are two classes of readers, who, I fear, will be much disappointed if they attempt to go through this paper—the politician who expects to find an elaborate disquisition on the faults and short-comings of the British Government, by which the country has lost ground and is going to the dogs; and the member of Mr. Bright's peace society, who hopes to be gratified with prophecies of decline, in consequence of the rifle movement.

The lost ground of which I am going to write, has nothing to do with these; for it is not a moral but a physical loss of country, which, to many people, will be more alarming—an actual disappearance of old England's shores, which lie buried beneath the sea. From the prehistoric days of dim, mysterious legend, down to yesterday, acre after acre of fair land has gradually been swept away by the resistless action of the waves, which, in course of time, has materially altered the shape of the coast; and there is something intensely interesting in bringing before one's mind their probable features,—the old traditions and legends connected with their disappearance, and the reconciling them with geological facts. I was much struck, while staying last summer at Aberystwith, with the contours of Cardigan Bay, which is in shape a magnificent curve, of which the horns are respectively, Strumble Head, in Pembroke-shire, and Bardsey Island, in Carnarvonshire. If the reader looks at the map he may calculate for himself the amount of square miles contained in that expanse of water, even a rough guess of which I should be very sorry to hazard. Whatever it may be, tradition asserts that a fair land lies buried here, overwhelmed by a fearful and sudden catastrophe.

Once upon a time—so runs the tale—in the year of the world, 3591, there was a Prince of Demetia, a province of South Wales, whose name was Seithenyh, the son of Seithyn Seidi. This province lay low, and was liable to inundations of the sea, to prevent which, great embank-

ments were formed with flood-gates, the care of which was committed to Seithenyh, a sort of water-commissioner. As the flood-gates were situated at the mouth of the great river, it was necessary to close them at high-water, a duty which the prince forgot on one occasion during a night of heavy conviviality. The awful result, according to the Welsh Triads, was, that the Cantref Gwaedol, or the Lowland Humdril, was swept over by the waves, which destroyed all the homes, lands, and population, including sixteen fortified towns, superior to any in Wales. A neighbouring king, of the euphonious name of Gwyddno Garanrh, who was also a poet, wrote a long account of it, invoking Seithenyh in no measured strains. The original was believed to have been written in Welsh, but has been thus translated in the "Archæologia Cambrensis":—"Seithenyh, come out and look towards the abode of heroes; the plain of Gwyddno is overwhelmed by the sea. Cursel be the embankment which let in, after wine, the open fountain of the roaring deep. Cursel be the keeper of the flood-gates, who, after his festive mirth, let in the fountain of the desolating ocean," &c. &c.

From many appearances on the coast of Cardiganshire, it seems probable enough that a large tract of country lies underneath the sea; but whether that tract was ever populated, or was overwhelmed before the time of man, is a difficult question to answer. Near Aberystwith there are, running out from the main land at intervals from each other, certain curious embankments about the width of a road, extending a long way out. They are so straight and of such extreme regularity, that it is hard to consider them, as some do, natural belts of rock, more especially as on each side of them, there is very rough, foul ground. At low water they can be traced a long way out to sea, and even when covered by the waves, a peculiar streak marks their subaqueous course, although I cannot vouch for the great length to which they are said to extend.

Sarn Badrig, to the south of Harlech, is believed to be twenty-one miles long, and is often dry for nine miles at low-water of spring tides. Sarn Cynfelin, near Aberystwith, is seven miles in length, and at the end of it ruins, like those of old walls, are said to exist, called *Cær Gwyddno*, or Gwyddno's fortifications. Besides these, there are several minor "sarns," the word itself being generally applied to a Roman road.

Whether these embankments were artificial, or whether they are natural results, such as the pebble banks which are formed sometimes by the operations of tides and currents, it is at least curious to observe how our ancestors have speculated on the appearances that presented themselves to their notice, and have endeavoured to account for them by a legend, instead of a theory, as they of the present day would do.

There are, however, other appearances on the same coast, which afford such convincing proof to the geologist of the existence of former land, that he needs not the additional confirmation of tradition. These are submarine forests which have been detected at unusually low tides in various places. At the embouchure of the river Dovey,

which divides the counties of Cardigan and Merioneth, a considerable number of oak-trees were found under the bed of the sea, together with the *Pinus Sylvestris* or Scotch fir, a phenomenon, however, by no means confined to Cardigan Bay. At Newgale, a little south of St. David's Head, trunks of trees have frequently been seen when the sand has been blown away by certain winds, and so notorious was the fact, that even old Giraldus Cambrensis, the historian of Wales in the time of Henry II., remarked upon it. "Also," he writes, the trunks of trees standing in the midst of the sea; so that it did not appear like the seashore, but rather resembled a grove." Similar examples may be quoted at Tenby and in Swansea Bay, where not only a whole forest, of which mention is made in ancient records, as being called Crow's Wood, but also a castle, have disappeared beneath the waves.

Now, as to the probable cause of these phenomena. Geologists are well aware of the fact, that there is a certain relation between the land and the sea; or, in other words, that the relative position of the land towards the sea sometimes changes. There are and have frequently been, in geological eras, extraordinary oscillations of coast lines, some of them indeed going on now, though so gradually, that they are invisible, but not the less capable of being noted; and as an instance we may point to the coast of Sweden, which by actual measurement has been discovered to be rising at an appreciable amount for every century. *Au contraire*, if elevations of land may happen, so may depressions, and these may be of every variety of direction, from the gradual and gentle sinking to the sudden and violent catastrophe. If the buried country, as for instance, the Lowland Hundred, was so little raised above the level of the sea as to demand embankments, according to the legend, it would not, in that case, require such a very great amount of depression to produce an inundation of the sea; indeed, even at the present day, were it not for the extreme care and jealousy with which the Hollanders maintain their dykes, we might at any time expect to hear the same story realised. To a certain extent this has partly happened, for it is on record that the Zuyder Zee was in the Roman era nothing but a marsh, drained by a river, but that the sea broke through the isthmus which joined Eriesland to North Holland, and rushed in, permanently submerging the country. England's lost ground, however, is by no means confined to the shores of Wales, but is even to a still greater extent on the south coast. It is, I think, a reasonable speculation, that the Scilly Islands formed a part and parcel of Cornish ground, and many are the legends of the fair land of Lyonesse, which we are told contained one hundred and forty churches, and was celebrated for the gallant deeds performed there by the knights of King Arthur's round table. The catastrophe which swallowed up this district, was in all probability caused by an earthquake, as even an unusually severe storm has frequently inflicted on our coast a loss scarcely credible; and the portion of that county between St. Ives and Mount Bay, has been more than once threatened to be made an island under the attacks of the fierce elements.

Some of my readers might be inclined to say, that all these examples of buried land, if ever they did happen, took place in times of such antiquity, that they are little better than fables, and that such things do not occur now-a-days. I will, therefore, passing by Old Brighton on the south coast, which in the reign of Elizabeth stood where the chain pier now stands, glance at the cliffs of Norfolk and Yorkshire, where the most unbelieving of mortals can actually see for themselves the precarious tenure of the land. Speaking on this point, Professor Phillips observes:—"Even the hardest rocks that begird the ocean are more or less wasted away by its never ceasing attacks; and cliffs composed alternately of softer and harder strata, are quickly eaten away, and still more rapid destruction falls annually on the crumbling diluvial clays and loose gravelly cliffs which margin so great an extent of the coast of England."

The pleasant little watering-place of Cromer and the adjacent coast, particularly in the neighbourhood of Mundesley and Happisburgh, furnish abundant confirmation. The sailors at the former place will tell you that old Cromer church is three miles out at sea, and not only the church but that a whole town, formerly known as Shipden, which stood near it, has undergone the same fate. It is very certain, that were it not for the enormous sea wall and breakwater erected by the inhabitants, Cromer would soon be numbered among the things that have been. In Yorkshire the devastation has been even more rapid and more recent. Church after church, village after village, acre after acre of broadland has disappeared, and are daily disappearing. Owthorne church, near Withernsea, was carried off within the last forty years, and a melancholy sight was it to see the skeletons and coffins protruding from the cliff, as the sea gradually washed away the churchyard. Kilnsea church has shared the same doom; but held up as long as 1831, when the cliffs sank down, carrying the church and a part of the village with it.

It has been calculated, that the annual loss of land along the shores of Holderness is not less than two and a half yards in breadth each year; on the Norfolk coast, about one yard; and on Thanet Island, three feet. In districts where soil is bad and land of no value, it does not so very much matter; but when house and church property, besides acres of good land, are annually swept away, it becomes a serious question, not only to the owners of property, but to the nation at large, how to guard against the incursions of the sea, and thus prevent old England losing any more ground.

G. P. BEVAN.

TAP-DRESSING.

A SINGULAR custom prevails in the old-fashioned town of Wirksworth, in Derbyshire, which is called tap-dressing, or sometimes *well-dressing*. It would appear that, in former times, the inhabitants of this town and its neighbourhood suffered much from the insufficiency of their supply of water. When a constant supply was at last insured by laying down iron pipes, the ceremony of tap-dressing was instituted to commemorate the improvement. This Whitsuntide of the

year of our Lord eighteen hundred and sixty, was the hundred and fifth anniversary of the event.

After a beautiful drive of about two miles from Matlock, the stranger comes upon a quaint little town surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills with dark plumes of waving firs upon their crests, and sides clothed with softer foliage which mingles at last with the apple-blossoms of the gardens. Half way up the steep street, which gives entrance to the town, he will find the first tap. That is the first dressed tap—a tap in which the teetotaller and the art-student, who does not invariably eschew more stimulating beverage, are equally interested.

The tap is a tableau of Moses striking the rock. The figure of Moses and all the accessories of the scene are composed of clay, but covered entirely with flowers. The complexion of Moses was produced (a singular conceit) by the petals of the Mount Tabor Peony. His vesture was of violets; but his hair and beard were the greatest success. Composed of dark moss, their effect might have excited jealousy in the breast of Madame Tussaud. To borrow the language of the playbills of our minor theatres, the illusion was completed by "real water."

When the rod of Moses rested on the rock, a sufficient stream trickled from early morn to dewy eve.



The designs of the other taps were not so ambitious. They both bore a certain resemblance to Grecian temples, with small fountains beneath their shade. These structures were composed of boards covered with clay, which was again overlaid with flowers. The petals only are used in this mosaic work, and the effect is very remarkable. Buttercups, blue-bells, pansies, the blossoms of the gorse, the sharp pointed leaves of the fir, mosses of various colours, geraniums, lilies of the valley, blossoms of the globe amaranthus, and the narcissus, were all impressed into the service.

With these a variety of patterns were formed, the pillars turned with parti-coloured scrolls, crowns and sceptres, lions and unicorns, even

texts of scripture were thrown out in the strongest relief by the contrast of the back grounds.

The whole bore evidence of very good workmanship. In all the patterns the lines were carefully drawn, and the edges clearly defined. It may be doubted, whether any one who has not been a spectator could form a correct idea of the effects produced by the fragile materials which are used.

The first prize was adjudged to the representation of Moses, the difficulty of the undertaking probably having some weight in influencing the decision.

Of course it was a general holiday in the neighbourhood. The village mustered in great strength.

The gorgeous blue ribbons and stars upon their breasts looked, at a short distance, as magnificent as the order of the garter on the noble owner of Chatsworth.

As they promenaded the streets, two-and-two, with a very fair band playing before them, an eye accustomed to the step of our gallant volunteers, could not but regret that they did not march in time. However, they all seemed to enjoy themselves, even the two leaders who carried the large banner—evidently a work fraught with difficulty and danger—and as the spectacle was not professedly military, its most important end may be considered to have been attained. The young ladies from the neighbouring factories also came out in force, and fine, tall, rosy-cheeked, dark-eyed damsels a great many of them were. A southern spectator might have been surprised that a young lady whose dialect he would have had considerable difficulty in comprehending, should, nevertheless, wear a bonnet trimmed with *Rosa Magenta*, a new and extremely fashionable colour. The last statement is made on feminine authority.

The cause of water-drinking has lately received a considerable impulse from the erection of drinking-fountains in many of the principal towns. Might it not aid the good cause for which these have been built, if their foundation was commemorated by some ceremony as graceful and as harmless as the tap-dressing at Wirksworth.

H.

I'VE LOST MY HEART.

WHERE *is* my heart? Alas! not here.
It wander'd from my careful keeping,
And "stole away" one summer's eve
When I was too securely sleeping.

I called it back. Ah, truant heart,
It would not heed the timely warning,
But vow'd, with many a blush and smile,
It would return before the morning.

The morning came; but not my heart;
I've never seen the wanderer since,
And can't forgive the faithless elf
For keeping me in such suspense.

I've lost my heart. What must be done?
'Tis plain I cannot live without it;
Perchance, some day it may return,
If I don't say too much about it.

For hearts, I know, are so perverse,
That if they think you prize them highly,
They give themselves conceited airs,
And very often treat you vilely.

And so I'll try to bear my loss,
My wounded feelings I must smother,
I may, perhaps, repair my loss,
And some day find myself another.
Will no one volunteer a loan
Until I can get back my own?

The heart I've lost is warm and light,
And has a trick of loving blindly,
If you should find the wayward sprite,
I hope you'll treat it very kindly.

Should you neglect it, 'twill rebel,
And surely die if you are cruel;
But if you understand it well,
You'll find this heart a priceless jewel.

So if it chance to come your way,
Don't keep it there at any cost,
Unless you'll use it tenderly,
But send me back the heart I've lost!

JESSICA RANKIN.

NEPENTHES; OR, PITCHER-PLANTS.

THE almost endless diversity of form and colour which mark the productions of Nature, so definite in the broad lines which separate the great divisions from each other, so extensively varied within those limits, so often characterised by forms of symmetry and blendings of colour inimitably beautiful, call forth universal admiration, while they invite and reward intelligent research.

This extreme variety in vegetable life constitutes one great charm of foreign travel, while it contributes largely to the ever-fresh and welcome enjoyment of the home garden and the conservatory. This pleasure is every year shared by increasing numbers, and few signs of social progress are more gratifying than the addition of one or both these latter sources of recreation and instruction to nearly all except the lowest class of rural or suburban dwellings.

The relations subsisting between the structure of plants and peculiar conditions of temperature and climate have given to different parts of the world a specific and peculiar vegetation. Formerly, the plants peculiar to each region were known to few beyond the inhabitants of the countries in which they grew; but the pursuits of commerce and science have, in recent years, made the inhabitants of Europe acquainted with the productions of all other countries; and the increased attention to horticulture in our own country, especially the labours of the Horticultural Society, have encouraged and rewarded the introduction and culture of whatever rare, curious, or beautiful forms of vegetable life have been found in any part of the globe.

Among plants of the latter class few are more remarkable and striking than the *Nepenthes*, or Pitcher-plants. One variety of this remarkable plant, *Nepenthes distillatoria*, was introduced to England towards the close of the last century from China, and hence for a long time was designated the Chinese Pitcher-plant. In recent years this, and other species belonging to the same genus, have been found in countries at a remote distance from China. Mr. Ellis saw the kind first brought into England growing, apparently in a wild state, in Madagascar; other species have been discovered in Bengal and Ceylon, and a considerable number in the large and but partially explored island of Borneo.

All the plants of this genus are natives of the tropics; but two other genera of plants, the *Sarracenia* and *Cephalotus*, greatly resembling the *Nepenthes* in organic structure, and exhibiting also in a modified form the Pitcher, or *Ascidium*, are natives of more temperate parts. The former, which is sometimes called the Side-saddle Plant, having been found in the United States, and the

latter (which is an exceedingly curious and beautiful plant, one of the varieties being ornamented with stripes of red or purple) is a native of New Holland, and is sometimes called the Australian Pitcher-plant.

The habit of growth and mode of culture are the same for the several species of *Nepenthes*. All are ever-green creepers, and in their native countries climb upon the trunks of trees to the height of thirty feet. The glass-houses in which they are grown in England seldom allow them to rise more than six or seven feet above the pot in which they are planted, and only a few attain even that elevation. The long slender stems are generally trained round a number of rods, or a wire frame. They grow best in a very moist atmosphere, seldom lower than 60°, having the pots embedded in moss, heated by artificial means to a somewhat higher temperature than the atmosphere. The roots are fibrous, and the stalk, which is smaller than an ordinary quill, is during the first year green, but afterwards turns brown, and is sometimes more than half an inch in diameter. The raceme of flowers is large, but the single flowers are small, dull coloured, and unattractive. The seeds are abundant, and the plant is propagated by seed or cuttings. The climbing habits, and the long, linear or oblong, and dark green shining leaves render the several kinds of *Nepenthes* highly ornamental; but the curiously constructed and gracefully formed pitcher which hangs by a long slender stalk to the end of each leaf places them among the most singular and attractive objects contained in our houses of glass.

This elegant and unique appendage to the leaves of the *Nepenthes*, combining lines of graceful curve and forms of exquisite symmetry that might almost have fitted them to be models for the vases or other fictile wares of antiquity, appears to be produced by a series of successive developments in the foliage of this remarkable genus. The leaf, as it first unfolds, presents to the ordinary observer scarcely any sign of the pitcher, except a curious tendril or cirrus extending beyond the extreme point of the leaf. As this tendril lengthens, the small enlargement at the end increases, and the tendril in the meantime gradually bends upwards at the point like a hook; the part thus bent continues to enlarge, the substance of the stalk appearing to swell, until it attains the size and form of the pitcher. The lid then separates from the rim, excepting at the upper and outer side, where it remains more or less raised, and united as by a hinge to the pitcher. This pitcher, being attached at its base to the slender, tendril-like stalk, hangs suspended six inches or a foot from the point of the leaf with which it is connected. Forty or more pitchers sometimes hang around a single plant. In some species this order of successive development is not followed. In the early growth of some seedling plants examined by Dr. Hooker, and described in a memoir on the origin and development of the pitchers of *Nepenthes*, recently published in the "Transactions of the Linnean Society," he found that the earliest leaves of the seedling plant became perfect pitchers, joined by the stalk or petiole to the

stem, as in *Sarracenia*, without any net-veined leaf or tendril.

Singular as is the structure, and elaborate as appears the organisation, of these slight delicately formed pitchers, and striking as is their resemblance in structure and in form to some of the most useful productions of human skill, another circumstance, in some respects yet more remarkable, remains to be noticed. As the pitcher swells, and while the aperture remains hermetically closed by its lid, a quantity of pure, tasteless, and colourless water collects in all the species in the cavity of the pitcher, which, when the lid rises, is generally found to be at least one-third full of this infiltrated fluid.

To whatever change this water may be subjected in plants growing in a natural state, it does not appear that, under the culture to which they are subject here, the quantity ever increases after the operculum or lid is raised; on the contrary, although the plant requires to be kept in a moist atmosphere, the water in the pitcher diminishes and gradually dries up. Such a remarkable arrangement is doubtless intended to answer an important purpose. Some have supposed that the inner surface of the pitchers is lined with minute rootlets, which draw nutriment from this natural reservoir; but botanists have failed to discover them. The plant does not seem to be at all dependent on this water for vigorous and healthy growth, as it is often robust and luxuriant when there are few if any pitchers.

The greatest practical utility of the pitchers hitherto discovered has been the slight check they furnish to the increase of insect life. The inner edge of the annulus of the pitcher is fringed with stiff hairs growing in an oblique, descending direction, along which insects easily pass to the water, but through which few of them seem able to make their way back; and in most of the pitchers a short time after the lids have been raised a number of insects are found drowned in the water. Hence a healthy pitcher-plant is considered useful in a house containing orchids or other tender plants, as cockroaches and such destructive insects are not unfrequently found dead in the pitchers, to which they have been attracted by the water, or by a sugary secretion said to be found in the inside of some species; while the young succulent roots and flower-buds of the orchids around have been left unimpaired.

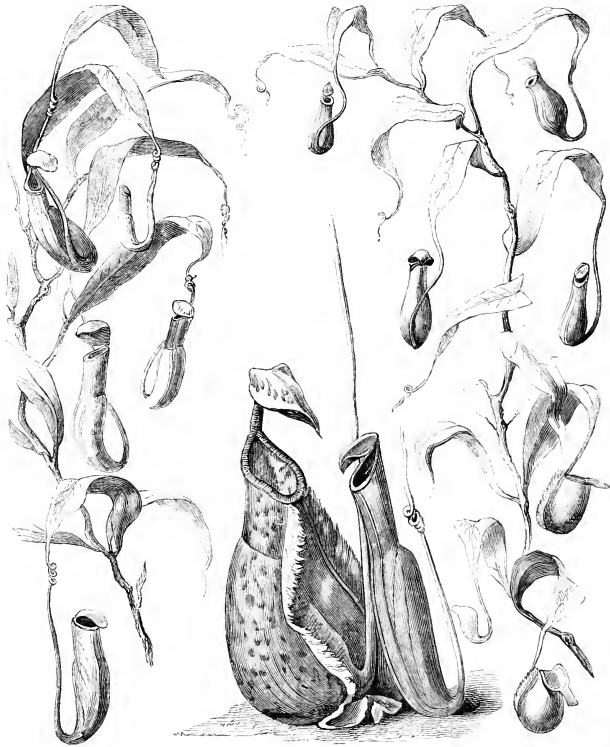
The accompanying woodcut exhibits three of the species in most general cultivation. The central plant is the *Nepenthes Rafflesiana*, so called in honour of the late Sir Stamford Raffles, Governor of Bencoolen, producing the largest and most beautiful pitchers yet grown in Europe. The linear-acuminate leaves are sometimes a foot and a half long. The cirrus, or stalk of the pitchers, is of equal length. The somewhat pear-shaped pitcher is six inches deep, and two or three inches in diameter towards the base. The lid is an inch and a half in length and an inch wide. The edge of the aperture is ornamented and protected by a broad rim or annulus of a reddish brown or purple colour. The whole of the outside of the pitcher and lid is spotted or blotched with a rich brownish red or purple. A healthy *Nepenthes Rafflesiana*,

with its luxuriant dark green shining leaves, graceful habit of growth, and large richly-coloured pitchers, is an attractive and remarkable object in any collection of plants.

The plant on the left in the plate is *Nepenthes distillatoria*, the first species introduced to Europe. The length of its pitcher is equal to those of *Rafflesiana*, but it is much less capacious. The neck and upper part are exceedingly graceful and almost classical in form. The aperture and lid are circular, and about an inch in diameter. The

colour is a rich yellow, shading into red in the upper parts. The attractiveness of this species is increased by the tendency of the cirrus to curve and form one or two rings, as is often seen in the tendrils of the vine.

The plant on the right is *Nepenthes lewis*, a less robust but graceful plant with smaller pitchers, presenting in form a medium between the two already described. There are several other species in cultivation, some more rare, but none intrinsically better than those here specified. Dried



specimens, however, of several species have been received by Messrs. Low of Clapton, and Veitch of Chelsea, from the mountains of Borneo, far surpassing in size and novelty of form anything previously imagined in connection with this interesting class of plants. Dr. Hooker, who has recently published a very interesting description of them in the "Transactions of the Linnean Society," mentions one as "a noble species, with very remarkable pitchers, very unlike any other species;" and describes another as "certainly one of the most striking vegetable productions hitherto discovered." We are not surprised at this

designation of a plant producing pitchers six inches in diameter, and twelve inches long, the aperture of which is covered with an everted annulus or ring an inch or an inch and a half broad. We can only hope that seeds have come, or will follow the dried specimens, so that these magnificent species may be added to those we already possess.

Mr. Veitch of the Exotic Nursery, Chelsea, amongst the most successful cultivators of these curious plants, and to the 314,000 visitors who annually resort to the Royal Gardens at Kew, the pitcher-plants are always attractive objects.

E. W.

LAST WEEK.

RAG FAIR.

RAG FAIR is a power in the State just now. Never mind the people who go about clothed in purple and fine linen. Rags are your only wear. The beggars throughout the British Islands had best look to themselves, for the eyes of the paper-makers are upon them. They believe that unless they can procure rags in plenty they must throw their mill machinery out of gear, and try their luck in some other kind of trade. Now, we should not smile at the sorrows of rich men when they employ their riches in a gainful way to the country and to themselves. If a manufacturer in any branch of industry can make money breed by setting a thousand pairs of arms to work, so much the better for himself, and for all. The big paper-makers have killed the small paper-makers, because, as the trade advanced, it was found that the machine helped man, more than man helped the machine. And yet there are more hands employed in the making of paper now—even relatively to supply—than in the days of the small-mill men. It is just the old story of the spinning-jenny and the threshing-machine told over again with other names. Skill and capital were brought to bear upon the trade. The small men were thrust off the path, and the capitalist and the engineer came in; and had it all their own way. There is no use in whining over this. The human race can't afford to make a bad debt here; and to pay a double price for an article there for the profit of a few. We have put off our mourning for the small paper mill-owners, and we shall not spend another farthing upon crape, even though the owners of large mills are in a scrape, which, after all, perhaps, is more one in appearance than in reality.

We all remember how it was said, in 1845-46, that the British farmer was ruined because he was exposed to the rivalry of the corn-grower in the United States and the vast plains of southern Russia. It was proved to us, as plain as figures could prove it, by Lord George Bentinck and others, that the English soil must fall out of cultivation when the British farmer was involved in this unequal contest. Is not the British farmer a more thriving man than ever, now that fifteen years have flown by, and he has tried conclusions fairly with his foreign rivals? The corn-growers of Tamboff have not answered Lord Derby's expectations. The same dismal prophecy was uttered by the workers in glass, and their friends, when the late Sir Robert Peel set the glass-trade free. Who would not be glad, at the present moment, to have an interest in a glass-factory of good repute? Now the turn of the paper-makers has come. They say that if they are exposed to the competition of the foreign paper-maker, under equal fiscal conditions,—that is to say, when there is equilibrium between the excise and custom duties—they must infallibly be ruined. This terrible result, as they say, depends upon the fact that the foreign paper-maker has access to a larger rag-market than themselves, and although he is perfectly willing to supply us with the manufactured article, he altogether declines to let us

have his rags, save they be weighted with an export duty which will place them beyond the reach of the British paper-makers altogether. In other words, there is cheaper paper to be had on the continent of Europe than here. If so—why are we, the public, not to have the benefit of this cheapness? As long as it was a question of revenue, there was not a word to be said. Mr. Gladstone was scarcely justified in throwing away 1,500,000*l.* of revenue at a time when there is such a heavy gunpowder bill falling due. How ever much the consumers of paper might desire to have the article at the cheapest possible rate, they felt that the time was not well chosen for tampering with the public finances, even though any change proposed might in the end work for good. This, however, was not the view of our patriotic paper-makers. So the Chancellor of the Exchequer had given them a penny protective duty to keep out the foreign article, they would have been quite content to see the excise duty leviable upon home-made paper knocked on the head. We should not in that case have heard much of the sweet minstrelsy of that Dying Swan, Mr. Thomas Wrigley, nor of the unsuccessful experiments of the Taverham Mills. The simple fact is this, the manufacture of paper is one of the few monopolies left in the country. It is in the hands of a few capitalists who have destroyed or bought up their smaller rivals. At considerable expense, but with enormous advantage to themselves, they have erected machinery which is admirably adapted for tearing rags into pulps, and reducing them into pulp, but which could not be brought to deal with any other materials. Of course they don't like a chance—why should they? The udders of the milch cow were in their own hands; why should they let in the foreign milkmaid to share their easy profits? Can any one say what argument can in fairness be urged in favour of the British paper-maker which has not been urged a hundred times over in favour of the British farmer, the British ship-owner, the British glass-blower, or the British monopolist of any denomination! We are just dealing over again with the ghosts of the old fallacies which, as we all supposed, were laid for ever in 1845-46, and were consigned to the Limbo of nonsense for ever.

This is sad stuff they are talking about the raw material. Is a rag raw material? Sow it in the earth, and see if other rags will spring up. Or is it raw material in the sense that iron and wool are raw materials? It is nothing of the kind, but the mere refuse of manufactured articles past service. There is such an abundance of this refuse even in our own country, that it is largely exported to the United States. The price of rags, no doubt, is thus raised in England. So much the better for the rag-merchant; so much the worse for the paper-maker; above all, in the long run, so much the worse for the consumer. Are we therefore, out of regard to those gentlemen, who are no doubt making a good thing of it, to be compelled to purchase our paper of the maker who only has access to the dearest rag-market? We cannot compel foreign nations to take the duty off rags. But if this Treaty with France had never been heard of,

it would have been equally right to set the trade in paper free. As far as the revenue is concerned, it is a matter of perfect indifference to the Chancellor of the Exchequer whether he receive the money under the head of Customs or of Excise. There may possibly have been a certain amount of blundering in the negotiation. Had Mr. Cobden held out a little longer, and played off the French Rag-merchant against the French Paper-maker, he might have made better terms for the British paper-maker. Even so, are the public to be sacrificed because Mr. Cobden might have let him down a little more easily? If it can be proved that the revenue of the country is not damaged to the extent of one farthing by the proposed change, why should we not be allowed to buy our paper where it may be had cheapest?

Again, we say the British paper-makers tell us they must infallibly be ruined if they are brought into competition with the foreigner, because the foreigner has access to the better rag-market—and because paper cannot be made out of any other material than rags—that is, so that the trade shall be remunerative. Now, is this so? They say that “any raw material possessing the quality of fibre requisite for the manufacture of good paper would be available also for the manufacture of those articles out of which good paper is now made, and the latter as a matter of course would be the more profitable application of the two.” Now, it is clear enough that a substance may possess so much toughness of fibre that it may be converted into excellent paper, and yet it might not be strong enough for other purposes, as for the making of ropes and cordage. At the present moment there is a weekly journal of enormous circulation published in this town which is *printed on straw*. Captain Sherard Osborn, in his interesting little work called “A Cruise in Japanese Waters,” tells us that in Japan paper enters far more largely into the uses of ordinary life than among ourselves. The Japanese build houses out of paper; they make carriages out of paper; they use their shavings of paper for tying up parcels as we use twine, and the paper stands the strain. There can be no doubt that you could hang a man with a strip of Japanese paper. Would the British paper-maker consent to rest his case upon the result of this ordeal? Let the trade choose a champion, and let Mr. Gladstone suspend that champion—pinioned of course—by a strip of Japanese paper to a lamp-post in Palace Yard, and leave him standing on a stool two feet above the ground, with the power of kicking away the stool if he chooses. If the rope breaks then the manufacturer is right, and we must yield to the point of the argument. If it holds he is wrong, and there is an end of his mistake and his misery. It seems clear that other materials than flax enter into the composition of Japanese paper; indeed, it is doubtful if it be made of flax at all. Upon examination here the conclusion seems to be possible that hair or wool, or some other such animal substance, is employed; but this statement is given rather as curious than material to the immediate argument. We are told that there is plenty of fibre in the short furze for paper-making purposes,

—still more in the common broom,—in the bine or stem of the hop—in the thin leaves which protect the ear of the Indian corn. Then there is the wool of the silk-cotton trees of tropical America—the refuse fibre of sugar-cane mills—and the bad short cotton of India. These articles are enumerated by a writer in the “Gardener’s Chronicle” of March last, together with “wood-shavings, the fragments of the basket-makers, the worthless thinnings of coppice woods, weeds, the valueless pulp of beet-sugar works, old mats, damaged hay, worn-out gunney-bags, all sorts of coarse grapes; to say nothing of straw.” In addition to the substances enumerated we have before us all the chances of tropical vegetation. Rags have hitherto been the substance chiefly—nay, almost exclusively employed by the British paper-maker; but it is notorious that a large fortune was made by a gentleman at the time connected with the trade of Manchester, who had the good sense to go round to the various mills, and offer the proprietors a certain sum for the cotton refuse, which was thrown off by their machinery, and which they had been in the habit of regarding as a mere nuisance. All that is wanted is a good pulp containing a short, and not necessarily a tough fibre. It is really quite immaterial whether this is made out of rags, or whether it is a broth of mahogany trees.

The British paper-makers, just because they have not been exposed to the free air of competition, have been taking this matter easily, and have been content to jog on in the old senseless way to the detriment of the public. Sleepy Hollow has proved an El Dorado to them, and they are not very pleased with any one who gives them a rough shake, and bids them look to themselves. Their machinery is only adapted to the reduction of rags into pulp; if they should be now called upon to deal with other substances, they must invest,—nay, risk capital upon the purchase of fresh machinery. They have been enjoying all the ease and mental tranquillity of carrying on a close business. They should now confront the rivalry of the whole country and the whole world, and come off victors in the contest, or quietly retire out of sight. Let no man look his fellows in the face, and assert that the ingenuity and energy of England are not equal to carrying on a brisk business in paper, even if the continent of Europe works up all its old rags. The inevitable result will be, either that this rag-fear will turn out a mere panic, or that before many months have passed away we shall have discovered various materials, which will make us independent of the rag-merchant altogether. It is a farce to speak of rags as worthless; they are just worth the labour which has been spent upon collecting them, which is considerable, and we shall probably do better than rags. At any rate, there is no reason why England should continue to buy paper in the dearest market for the benefit of the British paper-makers; to make no mention of the fact that the supply is so defective under existing arrangements that it is not without difficulty the quantity necessary for trade purposes can be procured.

THE IMPERIAL LETTER.

COBBETT, in his English Grammar, takes King's speeches as models of bad English. After laying down rules for writing or speaking English, he shows his pupils by the force of examples how they may be kept, how they may be violated. Royal speeches furnish him with a plentiful crop of blunders. "This is what his Majesty said," "This is what his Majesty meant to say," is the burden of this rough grammarian's song. Louis Napoleon's letter to M. de Persigny is not stuffed with errors of this kind. It is written in remarkably good French, almost as good as the French of M. Thiers or George Sand. It is not interlarded with phrases such as "*The inexorable logic of facts*," "*France under the influence of a generous idea*," and so forth. The Emperor's meaning is clear enough; and what a meaning as far as the French people are concerned! He writes as though France were his own in fee-simple. Louis XIV. would have found a few graceful phrases to humour the self-love of his subjects. Louis Napoleon has not one. It is all "what I intend," "what I do not intend," "my armies," "my fleets." The egotism of Louis Napoleon is the egotism of a Virginian planter rather than the self-assertion of a nation's chief. In this familiar letter he has thrown off the mask altogether, and whether he lets us into the secret of his true designs or not, he shows us the cabinet in which they are worked out. The jealousy of foreign statesmen, or of foreign nations, gives him uneasiness to a certain extent—the jealousy of his own people, not a thought. We know, at least, now what our security is—it lies in the intentions of the French Emperor—in the breast of a single man whose chief characteristic is his heroic capacity for silence. It is probable that he speaks sincerely for the moment. The worst is, that admitting all his facts to be true, we can draw no inference favourable to our own security from such truths as those. Napoleon the Unready could fight Magenta and Solferino on a six weeks' notice, and carry his Lombard campaign through to a reasonably successful issue. The day might come when we, too, might find him equally unprepared, and equally driven by the force of circumstances to attack us in our turn. In this matter we are somewhat unjust to Louis Napoleon—very unjust to ourselves. Our security lies in our own state of preparation, not in the French Emperor's want of it. He is perfectly right when he says that *his* army, and *his* fleet, are not more numerous than they were during the days of the monarchy; although it is one thing when a rifle is in the hands of a rifleman, another when it is in the clumsy grasp of a grocer. The ruler of France, exposed, as he always is, to the chances of a collision with the great military monarchies of the Continent, must keep a considerable army a-foot. We cannot blame him for this. As long as France was governed by a parliament and in a constitutional way, this gave us no cause for alarm; but now things are changed. One man, alone, can restrain that army within its camps and cantonments, or let it loose upon the world; therefore we must be prepared. The very worst thing which could happen to us, would be

that Louis Napoleon should take us at our word, and agree to a disarmament upon both sides. Two years hence, it would take us a twelve-month before we could put on our war-paint again; in a fortnight the French Emperor would be in fighting-trim. This is the most momentous of all deceptions. Whatever measures we adopt for our own security, let them be taken with reference to our own weakness and power: not because we attribute strength or weakness to our rival. When the continental nations adopt such a system of internal government as will leave them without a fear of danger from within, they will be able to disarm—not before. As long as one remains in arms, all will remain in arms. As long as the Continent is armed, England must look to her own security. Meanwhile, nothing can be more contemptible—nothing more unworthy of the English character than the periodical panics which run like wild-fire throughout the nation. Why should England fear France, or indeed Europe? We have but to *will* our own security, and the thing is done. At the present epoch of the world's history we must be content to pay a small percentage on our income in the way of insurance against foreign aggression—a small percentage indeed—and the thought of attacking England would never enter into the mind of any foreign statesman. Not only for our own sakes, but for the sake of the world, we should do this. What would be the condition of Europe if England were drawn within the maelstrom of military oppression? At the same time that we determine to put ourselves in a state of defence we should also resolve that not a penny shall be wasted by the various Boards which preside over our military and naval arrangements. It seems monstrous that we should be called upon this year to pay a gunpowder bill which, including the cost of the Chinese Expedition, and the quota to be expended upon fortifications will amount to something like 35,000,000*l.* This is for gunpowder which may be let off. We must add something like 28,000,000*l.* more for gunpowder which has been let off: in other words, for the interest of the National Debt incurred to meet the expenses of past wars. Here we have 63,000,000*l.*, or thereabouts—a heavy tax indeed upon the productive labour of the country. There is thus much of truth in the letter of the French Emperor, that his last thought would be an attack upon England. He will never run that awful hazard until he is reduced to his last throw for empire. The letter to M. de Persigny is, however, undignified enough—and not likely to earn him much favour in the eyes of Englishmen. It is the return move to Lord Palmerston's speech when the vote for fortifications was first asked from the House. Surely England may resolve to put the sea-fronts of her arsenals in a state of defence, without arousing just susceptibilities! What about Cherbourg?

THE CROWNING MERCY.

THE battle of Melazzo has been Garibaldi's "crowning mercy." With a small force of irregular-regulars, and with a swarm of Volunteers, he has inflicted a complete defeat upon the best

troops the King of Naples could bring against him, though they had all the advantages of preparation, of position, of artillery. It is idle to say that the Bourbonists had no stomach for the work in hand. Though, individually, each soldier who fought under Bosco may have cared very little for Francis II. or his throne, each one cared very much that there should be no "solution of continuity" in the region of his own throat. What they may have been before, and what after, the battle matters but little. Whilst it was raging the Bourbonist soldiers had to look to their own lives. All that they could do to beat the Garibaldians they did, and all was in vain. Fifty guns—100,000 rounds of ammunition—the evacuation of the fortress of Melazzo—the possession of the town of Messina, were the immediate and not very contemptible fruits of the victory won by the great Guerilla Chief. He must be an awkward opponent at a military chess-board, for he sees, at a glance, all the results which may be derived from the derangement of a single pawn. The blunder once committed, it is irretrievable, for the next moment the deluge is upon you. The battle of Melazzo was not the result of a pre-conceived plan, although no doubt Garibaldi had his plan for the reduction of Messina. He was quiet at Palermo when he heard by telegraph of the inconclusive fighting between Medici and Bosco. In a moment his resolution was taken. The enemy had given him the chance, and a few hours sufficed to conceive, mature, and carry out his attack. He ordered a re-inforcement of 1200 men to embark with him on board the City of Aberdeen, and with morning's dawn had accomplished the little voyage along the coast, and was present on the spot where the decisive blow was to be struck. His mere presence seems to exercise a magnetic influence upon his men. He infuses a portion of his own spirit into every soldier who fights under his orders. Who would turn back in the presence of such a leader as that? In the annals of warfare you will scarcely read of a more bloody and hopeless advance than that of the small party of Genoese Riflemen who were ordered by Garibaldi to clear the cane-thickets of the enemy. They could not see the enemy, and were seen themselves. They were shot down without the power of returning a shot themselves. Man by man they passed on in single file, whilst the thickets were glowing with the fire of the foe. At last the work was done—but of the little company who entered the cane-wood, scarcely half returned to tell the story of the struggle. It is with regret we read of Garibaldi's personal encounter with the enemy, for how much hangs at the present moment upon his single life! Were a stray bullet to strike that noble heart Italy would fall back again into the crucible of diplomacy, and ten years would not suffice to accomplish the results which he will achieve in as many weeks. Garibaldi is a man of a single idea—and that idea is, that without looking to the right or left, and without calculation of remote consequences, Italy must be purged of her foreign and native oppressors. It is an error to give this gallant soldier credit for a kind of subtlety and forethought which are foreign to his character. As sure as he

lives, so surely will he go from Sicily to Naples—from Naples to Rome—from Rome to Venice in the end, or perish in the attempt. He puts the King of Sardinia's letter in his pocket, with the simple remark that he, being on the spot, is the best judge of the situation of affairs. The battle of Melazzo is the answer to the Royal letter. The affairs of Sicily once arranged, he will pass over to the mainland and exact from the young king an account of his stewardship—nor can the result be very doubtful. Naples, however, is but the stepping-stone to Rome. General Lamoricière, before the autumn is out, will have to look to his arms, though the presence of the French force in the city of Rome itself is an obstacle which can scarcely be overcome. All persons who have the honour of Garibaldi's friendship—or even of acquaintance with him—must be well aware that he never loses an opportunity of declaring that in his view the temporal power of the Pope and the priests has been the cause of misery and abasement to Italy for centuries. The Pope and his belongings are—as our own Cromwell would have said—the root of the matter. Garibaldi, moreover, has some recollections of what occurred twelve years ago, or thereabouts, in the neighbourhood of Rome, and no doubt he will be anxious to complete a task which he was then unable to carry through. Can we have any hesitation in saying that the sympathies of England are with him in his work? Even the French Emperor, in his letter of the other day to M. de Persigny, says that he is anxious to take measures in concert with England for the settlement of the affairs of Southern Italy. Let us hope it is so. Our answer cannot be other than that the sound policy is to leave the Italians to themselves. If the French Emperor will heartily unite with us on this point it would be a great re-assurance to Europe after the unfortunate blunder of Savoy. Meanwhile the "Moniteur," on Friday last, published the text of the convention signed at Messina between General Clary and Colonel Medici. It is a military convention for the evacuation of Sicily, and purports to be based simply upon motives of humanity. So far it is well; but when we read, under date of August 3rd, from Naples, that the King and his ministers are occupied with the convocation of parliament, and are disposed to grant even more than the constitutionalists ever asked, we cannot but doubt if that parliament will ever meet, according to our own usual phrase, for the despatch of business.

It looks, this time, as though the problem which has been the great enigma of Europe for centuries was upon the eve of solution. The Austrian Emperor declines yet to renounce the style of Lord of Lombardo-Venetia, and his officers declare that before a few months they will be back in Milan. It may be so; but such a result does not look very probable just now. Upon the birthday of Francis Joseph, now just at hand, Austria is about to enter upon the path of constitutional reform—at least it is said so. Louis Napoleon was about to despatch Kossuth during his Lombard campaign to Hungary—even without Kossuth, Hungary will give work enough to the Austrian Cæsar.

EVAN HARRINGTON; OR, HE WOULD BE A GENTLEMAN.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.



CHAPTER XXXIV. A PAGAN SACRIFICE.

THREE steps from the Countess's chamber-door, the knot of Evan's resolution began to slacken. The clear light of his simple duty grew cloudy and complex. His pride would not let him think that he was shrinking, but cried out in him, "Will you be believed?" and whispered that few would believe *him* guilty of such an act. Yet, while something said that full surely Lady Jocelyn would not, a vague dread that Rose might, threw him back on the luxury of her love and faith in him. He found himself hoping that his statement would be laughed at. Then why make it?

No: that was too blind a hope. Many would take him at his word; all—all save Lady Jocelyn! Rose the first! Because he stood so high with her now he feared the fall. Ah, dazzling pinnacle! our darlings shoot us up on a wondrous juggler's pole, and we talk familiarly to the stars, and are so

much above everybody, and try to walk like creatures with two legs, forgetting that we have but a pin's point to stand on! Probably the absence of natural motion impairs the prophesy that we must ultimately come down: our unused legs wax morbidly restless. Evan thought it good that Rose should hit her head to look at him; nevertheless, he knew that Rose would turn from him the moment he descended from his superior station. Nature is wise in her young children, though they wot not of it, and always trying to rush away from her. They escape their wits sooner than their instincts.

But was not Rose involved in him, and part of him? Had he not sworn never to renounce her? What was this but a betrayal?

Go on, young man: fight your fight. The little imps pluck at you: the big giant sails you: the seductions of the soft mouthed syren are not

wanting. Slacken the knot an instant, and they will all have play. And the worst is, that you may be wrong, and they may be right! For is it, can it be proper for you to stain the silvery whiteness of your skin by plunging headlong into yonder pitch-bath? Consider the defilement! Contemplate your hideous aspect on issuing from that black baptism!

As to the honour of your family, Mr. Evan Harrington, pray of what sort of metal consists the honour of a tailor's family?

One little impertinent imp ventured upon that question on his own account. The clever beast was torn back and strangled instantaneously by his experienced elders, but not before Evan's pride had answered him. Exalted by Love, he could dread to abase himself and strip off his glittering garments; lowered by the world, he fell back upon his innate worth.

Yes, he was called on to prove it; he was on his way to prove it. Surrendering his dearest and his best, casting aside his dreams, his desires, his aspirations, for this stern duty, he at least would know that he made himself doubly worthy of her who abandoned him, and the world would scorn him by reason of his absolute merit. Coming to this point, the knot of his resolve tightened again: he hugged it with the furious zeal of a martyr.

Religion, the lack of which in him the Countess deplored, would have guided him and silenced the internal strife. But do not despise a virtue purely Pagan. The young who can act readily up to the Christian light are happier, doubtless; but they are led, they are passive: I think they do not make such capital Christians subsequently. They are never in such danger, we know; but some in the flock are more than sheep. The heathen ideal it is not so easy to attain, and those who mount from it to the Christian have, in my humble thought, a firmer footing.

So Evan fought his hard fight from the top of the stairs to the bottom. A Pagan, which means our poor unsupported flesh, is never certain of his victory. Now you will see him kneeling to his gods, and avon drubbing them; or he makes them fight for him, and is complacent at the issue. Evan had ceased to pick his knot with one hand and pull it with the other: but not finding Lady Jocelyn below, and hearing that she had retired for the night, he mounted the stairs, and the strife recommenced from the bottom to the top. Strange to say, he was almost unaware of any struggle going on within him. The suggestion of the foolish little imp alone was loud in the heart of his consciousness; the rest hung more in his nerves than in his brain. He thought: "Well, I will speak it out to her in the morning;" and thought so sincerely, while an ominous sigh of relief at the reprieve rose from his over-burdened bosom.

Hardly had the weary deep breath taken flight, when the figure of Lady Jocelyn was seen advancing along the corridor, with a lamp in her hand. She trod heavily, in a kind of march, as her habit was; her large fully-open grey eyes looking straight ahead. She would have passed him, and he would have let her pass, but seeing the unusual pallor on her face, his love for this lady moved him

to step forward and express a hope that she had no present cause for sorrow.

Hearing her mother's name, Lady Jocelyn was about to return a conventional answer. Recognising Evan, she said:

"Ah, Mr. Harrington! Yes, I fear it's as bad as it can be. She can scarcely outlive the night."

Again he stood alone: his chance was gone. How could he speak to her in her affliction? Her calm, sedate visage had the beauty of its youth, when lighted by the animation that attends meetings or farewells. In her bow to Evan, he beheld a lovely kindness more unique, if less precious, than anything he had ever seen on the face of Rose. Half exultingly, he reflected that no opportunity would be allowed him now to teach that noble head and truest of human hearts to turn from him: the clear-eyed morrow would come: the days of the future would be bright as other days!

Wrapped in the comfort of his cowardice, he started to see Lady Jocelyn advancing to him again.

"Mr. Harrington," she said, "Rose tells me you leave us early in the morning. I may as well shake your hand now. We part very good friends. I shall always be glad to hear of you."

Evan pressed her hand, and bowed. "I thank you, madam," was all he could answer.

"It will be better if you don't write to Rose."

Her tone was rather that of a request than an injunction.

"I have no right to do so, madam."

"She considers that you have: I wish her to have a fair trial."

"Madam!" His voice quavered. The philosophic lady thought it time to leave him.

"So good-bye. I can trust you without extracting a promise. If you ever have need of a friend, you know you are at liberty to write to me."

"You are tired, madam?" He put this question more to dally with what he ought to be saying.

"Tolerably. Your sister, the Countess, relieves me in the night. I fancy my mother finds her the better nurse of the two."

Lady Jocelyn's face lighted in its gracious pleasant way, as she just inclined her head: but the mention of the Countess and her attendance on Mrs. Bonner had nerved Evan: the contrast of her hypocrisy and vile scheming with this most open, noble nature, acted like a new force within him. He begged Lady Jocelyn's permission to speak with her in private. Marking his fervid appearance, she looked at him seriously.

"Is it really important?"

"I cannot rest, madam, till it is spoken."

"I mean, it doesn't pertain to the delirium? We may sleep upon that."

He divined her sufficiently to answer: "It concerns a piece of injustice done by you, madam, and which I can help you to set right."

Lady Jocelyn stared somewhat. "Follow me into my dressing-room," she said, and led the way.

Escape was no longer possible. He was on the march to execution, and into the darkness of his brain danced Mr. John Raikes, with his grotesque

tribulations. It was the harsh savour of reality that conjured up this flighty being, who probably never felt a sorrow or a duty, and whose extremest burden was the attachment of a tin plate. The farce Jack lived was all that Evan's tragic bitterness could revolve, and seemed to be the only light in his mind. You might have seen a smile on his mouth when he was ready to ask for a bolt from heaven to crush him.

"Now," said her ladyship, and he found that the four walls enclosed them, "what have I been doing?"

She did not bid him be seated. Her brevity influenced him to speak to the point.

"You have dismissed Mr. Laxley, madam: he is innocent."

"How do you know that?"

"Because, madam,"—a whirl of sensations beset the wretched youth,—"because I am guilty."

His words had run a-head of his wits; and in answer to Lady Jocelyn's singular exclamation he could simply repeat them.

Her head drew back; her face was slightly raised; she looked, as he had seen her sometimes look at the Countess, with a sort of speculative amazement.

"And why do you come to tell me?"

"For the reason that I cannot allow you to be unjust, madam."

"What on earth was your motive?"

Evan stood silent, blinching from her frank eyes.

"Well, well, well!" Her ladyship dropped into a chair, and thumped her knees.

There was lawyer's blood in Lady Jocelyn's veins: she had the judicial mind. A confession was to her a confession. She tracked actions up to a motive; but one who came voluntarily to confess needed no sifting. She had the habit of treating things spoken as facts.

"You absolutely wrote that letter to Mrs. Evremonde's husband!"

Evan bowed, to avoid hearing his own lie.

"You discovered his address and wrote to him, and imitated Mr. Laxley's handwriting, to effect the purpose you may have had?"

Her credulity did require his confirmation of it, and he repeated: "It is my deed, madam."

"Hum! And you sent that premonitory slip of paper to her?"

"To Mrs. Evremonde, madam?"

"Somebody else was the author of that, perhaps?"

"Madam, it is all on me."

"In that case, Mr. Harrington, I can only say that it's quite right you should quit this house to-morrow morning."

Her ladyship commenced rocking in her chair, and then added: "May I ask, have you madness in your family? No? Because when one can't discern a motive, it's natural to ascribe certain acts to madness. Had Mrs. Evremonde offended you? or Ferdinand—but one only hears of such practices towards fortunate rivals, and now you have come to undo what you did! I must admit that, taking the monstrosity of the act and the inconsequence of your proceedings together, the

whole affair becomes more incomprehensible to me than it was before. Would it be important to you to favour me with explanation?"

She saw the pain her question gave her and, passing it, said:

"Of course you need not be told that Rose must hear of this?"

"Yes," said Evan, "she must hear it."

"You know what that's equivalent to? But, if you like, I will not speak to her till you have left us."

"Instantly," cried Evan, "Now—to-night, madam! I would not have her live a minute in a false estimate of me."

Had Lady Jocelyn's intellect been as penetrating as it was masculine, she would have taken him and turned him inside out in a very short time; for one who would bear to see his love look coldly on him rather than endure a minute's false estimate of his character, and who could yet stoop to concoct a vile plot, must either be mad or simulating the baseness for some reason or other. She perceived no motive for the latter, and she held him to be sound in head, and what was spoken from the mouth she accepted. Perhaps, also, she saw in the complication thus offered an escape for Rose, and was the less inclined to elucidate it herself. But if her intellect was baffled, her heart was unerring. A man proved guilty of writing an anonymous letter would not have been allowed to sit long by her side. She would have shown him to the door of the house speedily; and Evan was aware in his soul that he had not fallen materially in her esteem. He had puzzled and confused her, and partly because she had the feeling that this young man was entirely trustworthy, and because she never relied on her feelings, she let his own words condemn him, and did not personally discard him. In fact, she was a veritable philosopher. She permitted her fellows to move the world on as they would, and had no other passions in the contemplation of the show than a cultured audience will usually exhibit.

"Strange,—most strange! I thought I was getting old!" she said, and eyed the culprit as judges generally are not wont to do. "It will be a shock to Rose. I must tell you that I can't regret it. I would not have employed force with her, but I should have given her as strong a taste of the world as it was in my power to give. Girls get their reason from society. But, come! if you think you can make your case out better to her, you shall speak to her first yourself."

"No, madam," said Evan, softly.

"You would rather not?"

"I could not."

"But, I suppose, she'll want to speak to you when she knows it."

"Then she will—madam! I can take death from her hands, but I cannot slay myself."

The language was natural to his condition, though the note was pitched high. Lady Jocelyn hummed till the sound of it was over, and an idea striking her, she said:

"Ah, by the way, have you any tremendous moral notions?"

"I don't think I have, madam."

"People act on that mania sometimes, *I believe*. Do you think it an outrage on decency for a wife to run away from a mad husband whom they won't shut up, and take shelter with a friend? Is that the cause? Mr. Forth is an old friend of mine. I would trust my daughter with him in a desert, and stake my hand on his honour."

"Oh, Lady Jocelyn!" cried Evan. "Would to God you might ever have said that of me! Madam, I love you. I shall never see you again. I shall never meet one to treat me so generously. I leave you, blackened in character—you cannot think of me without contempt. I can never hope that this will change. But, for your kindness let me thank you."

And as speech is poor where emotion is extreme—and he knew his own to be especially so—he took her hand with petitioning eyes, and dropping on one knee, reverentially kissed it.

Lady Jocelyn was human enough to like to be appreciated. She was a veteran Pagan, and may have had the instinct that a peculiar virtue in this young one was the spring of his conduct. She stood up and said: "Don't forget that you have a friend here."

The poor youth had to turn his head from her.

"You wish that I should tell Rose what you have told me, at once, Mr. Harrington?"

"Yes, madam; I beg that you will do so."

"Well!"

And the queer look Lady Jocelyn had been wearing dimpled into absolute wonder. A stranger to Love's cunning, she marvelled why he should desire to witness the scorn Rose would feel for him.

"If she's not asleep, then, she shall hear it now," said her ladyship. "You understand that it will be mentioned to no other person."

"Except to Mr. Laxley, madam, to whom I shall offer the satisfaction he may require. But I will undertake that."

"Just as you think proper on that matter," remarked her philosophical ladyship, who held that man was a fighting animal and must not have his nature repressed.

She lighted him part of the way, and then turned off to Rose's chamber.

Would Rose believe it of him? Love combated his dismal foreboding. Strangely, too, now that he had plunged into his pitch-bath, the guilt seemed to cling to him, and instead of hoping serenely, or fearing steadily, his spirit fell in a kind of abject supplication to Rose, and blindly trusted that she would still love even if she believed him base. In his weakness he fell so low as to pray that she might love that crawling reptile who could creep into a house and shrink from no vileness to win her.

CHAPTER XXXV. ROSE WOUNDED.

THE light of morning was yet cold along the passages of the house when Polly Wheedle, hurrying to her young mistress, met her loosely dressed and with a troubled face.

"What's the matter, Polly? I was coming to you?"

"O, Miss Rose! and I was coming to you. Miss Bonner's gone back to her convulsions again. She's had them all night. Her hair

won't last till thirty, if she keeps on giving way to temper, as I tell her: and I know that from a barber."

"Tush, you stupid Polly! Does she want to see me?"

"You needn't suspect that, Miss. But you quiet her best, and I thought I'd come to you. But, gracious!"

Rose pushed past her without vouchsafing any answer to the look in her face, and turned off to Juliana's chamber, where she was neither welcomed nor repelled. Juliana said she was perfectly well, and that Polly was foolishly officious: whereupon Rose ordered Polly out of the room, and said to Juliana, kindly: "You have not slept, dear, and I have not either. I am so unhappy!"

Whether Rose intended by this communication to make Juliana eagerly attentive, and to distract her from her own affair, cannot be said, but something of the effect was produced.

"You care for him, too," cried Rose, impetuously. "Tell me, Juley: do you think him capable of any base action? Do you think he would do what any gentleman would be ashamed to own? Tell me."

Juliana looked at Rose intently, but did not reply.

Rose jumped up from the bed. "You hesitate, Juley? What! *Could* you think so?"

Young women after one game are shrewd. Juliana may have seen that Rose was not steady on the plank she walked, and required support.

"I don't know," she said, turning her cheek to her pillow.

"What an answer!" Rose exclaimed. "Have you no opinion? What did you say yesterday? It's silent as the grave with me: but if you do care for him, you must think one thing or the other."

"I suppose not, then—no," said Juliana.

Repeating the languid words bitterly, Rose continued: "What is it to love without having faith in him you love? You make my mind easier."

Juliana caught the implied taunt, and said, fretfully: "I'm ill. You're so passionate. You don't tell me what it is. How can I answer you?"

"Never mind," said Rose, moving to the door, wondering why she had spoken at all: but when Juliana sprang forward, and caught her by the dress to stop her, and with a most unwonted outburst of affection, begged of her to tell her all, the wound in Rose's breast began to bleed, and she was glad to speak.

"Juley, do you—can you believe that he wrote that letter which poor Ferdinand was accused of writing?"

Juliana appeared to muse, and then responded: "Why should he do such a thing?"

"O my goodness, what a girl!" Rose interjected.

"Well, then, to please you, Rose, of course I think he is too honourable."

"You do think so, Juley? But if he himself confessed it—what then? You would not believe him, would you?"

"Oh, then, I can't say. Why should he condemn himself?"

"But you would know—you would know that he was a man to suffer death rather than be guilty of the smallest baseness. His birth—what is that!" Rose flipped her fingers: "But his acts—what he is himself you would be sure of, would you not? Dear Juley! Oh, for heaven's sake speak out plainly to me."

A wily look had crept over Juliana's features.

"Certainly," she said, in a tone that belied it, and drawing Rose to her bosom, the groan she heard there was passing sweet to her.

"He has confessed it to mama," sobbed Rose. "Why did he not come to me first? He has confessed it—the abominable thing has come out of his own mouth. He went to her last night . . ."

Juliana patted her shoulders regularly as they heaved. When words were intelligible between them, Juliana said: "At least, dear, you must admit that he has redeemed it."

"Redeemed it? Could he do less?" Rose dried her eyes vehemently, as if the tears shamed her. "A man who could have let another suffer for his crime—I could never have lifted my head again. I think I would have cut off this hand that plighted itself to him! As it is, I hardly dare look at myself. But you don't think it, dear? You know it to be false! false! false!"

"Why should Mr. Harrington confess it?" said Juliana.

"Oh, speak his name?" cried Rose.

Her cousin smiled. "So many strange things happen?" she said, and sighed.

"Don't sigh: I shall think you believe it!" cried Rose.

An appearance of constrained repose was assumed. Rose glanced up, studied for an instant, and breathlessly uttered: "You do, you do believe it, Juley?"

For answer, Juliana hugged her with much warmth, and recommenced the patting.

"I dare say it's a mistake," she remarked. "He may have been jealous of Ferdinand. You know I have not seen the letter. I have only heard of it. In love, they say, you ought to excuse . . . And the want of religious education! His sister . . ."

Rose interrupted her with a sharp shudder. Might it not be possible that one who had the same blood as the Countess might stoop to a momentary vileness?

How changed was Rose from the haughty damsel of yesterday!

"Do you think my lover could tell a lie?" "He would not love me long if I did!"

These phrases arose and rang in Juliana's ears while she pursued her task of comforting the broken spirit that now lay prone on the bed, and now impetuously paced the room. But as Rose had entered, she did not leave it. She came, thinking the moment Juliana's name was mentioned, that here was the one to fortify her faith in Evan: one who, because she loved, could not doubt him. She departed in a terror of distrust, loathing her cousin: not asking herself why she needed support. And indeed she was too young

for much clear self-questioning, and her blood was flowing too quickly for her brain to perceive more than one thing at a time.

"Does your mother believe it!" said Juliana, evading a direct assault.

"Mama? She never doubts what you speak," answered Rose, disconsolately.

"She does?"

"Yes."

Whereat Juliana looked most grave, and Rose felt that it was hard to breathe.

She had grown very cold and calm, and Juliana had to be expansive unprovoked.

"Believe nothing, dear, till you hear it from his own lips. If he can look in your face and say that he did it . . . well, then! But of course he cannot. It must be some wonderful piece of generosity to his rival."

"So I thought, Juley! so I thought," cried Rose, at the new light, and Juliana smiled contemptuously, and the light flickered and died, and all was darker than before in the bosom of Rose.

"Of course, it must be that, if it is anything," Juliana pursued. "You were made to be happy, Rose. And consider, if it is true, people of very low birth, till they have lived long with other people, and if they have no religion, are so very likely to do things. You do not judge them as you do *real* gentlemen, and one must not be too harsh—I only wish to prepare you for the worst."

A dim form of that very idea had passed through Rose, giving her small comfort.

"Let him tell you with his own lips that what he has told your mother is true, and then, and not till then, believe him," Juliana concluded, and they kissed kindly, and separated. Rose had suddenly lost her firm step, but no sooner was Juliana alone than she left the bed, and addressed her visage to the glass with brightening eyes, as one who saw the glimmer of young hope therein.

"She love him! Not if he told me so ten thousand times would I believe it! and before he has said a syllable she doubts him. Asking me in that frantic way! as if I couldn't see that she wanted me to help her to her faith in him, as she calls it. Not name his name? Mr. Harrington! I may call him Evan: some day!"

Half-uttered, half-mused, the unconscious exclamations issued from her, and for many a weary day since she had dreamed of love, and studied that which is said to attract the creature, she had not been so glowingly elated or looked so much farther in the glass than its pale reflection.

(To be continued.)

JAPANESE FRAGMENTS.

BY CAPTAIN SHELLARD OSBORN, R. N.

CHAPTER IV.

EUROPEAN relations with Japan appear to have culminated about 1577; then it is that we read of that embassy to Rome, which is the only one on record, previous to the one that has recently reached the United States. The envoys on that occasion did not, however, come from the emperor, but from the almost independent princes of Bungo, Arima, and Ormosa. We gather that this embassy sailed from Nangasaki, and, after many dangers,

reached Macao at the entrance of the Canton river. Detained there for nine months, for want of shipping, they eventually proceeded to Malacca, but being attacked by enemies they were pillaged and evil entreated before reaching that place. Passing on to Hindostan they travelled to Goa, and were received in great state by the Portuguese viceroy. Embarking thence in a Portugal ship, they sailed for Europe, and at last disembarked in the Tagus, after a three years voyage, from Japan! Brave shows and pageants here awaited them, and Mr. Buchanan and the White House at Washington must exert themselves if they desire the comparison to be given in favour of the United States of to-day against the courts of the kings of Portugal and Spain in those times. We are told how they journeyed through Talavera and Toledo to where Philip of Castille entertained them with splendour and kindness in his palace of the Escorial; and how he displayed his treasury overflowing, because the Plate fleet had just arrived safe from the Americas!

We wonder whether Mr. Gladstone will be able to show our Japanese friends an equally pleasing sight in Downing Street, or whether the first Lord can report as favourably of the present employment of Her Majesty's ships.

We are afraid to say how long the Japanese envoys spent in Alicante, Majorca, and Minorca, and may merely tell that they landed in Pisa, and that the Duke of Florence received them right royally. Rome welcomed them with the greatest pomp; first marched his Holiness' life-guards in rich and costly habits; then the Switzers; then the attendants of the cardinals glittering in gold and carnation silks. How one envies the fair sex—the sensation which visions of such bravery must occasion. The princes and nobility with kettle-drums beating a rare symphony preceded the Japanese envoys curiously attired, after their manner, in garments embroidered with birds and flowers, they each had two swords—it was remarked—and that the hilts and scabbards were rich with pearls and diamonds. Thus they marched in proud array until they entered the presence where sat his Holiness, surrounded with cardinals and bishops in *Pontificalibus*, a wilderness of croziers, crosses, and surplices, exceeding all the gorgeous shows ever before seen in Rome or Miaco. Here the envoys kissed his Holiness' feet, and publicly announced their mission, and it was, that "To the most zealous and chief vicar supplying Christ's place on earth, the prince and holy father!" one Trimus, king of Bungo, threw himself in all humility at his most blessed feet!

It was difficult in those days to get to Rome from Japan, but it appears to have been a still more hazardous undertaking to get back again; for, in spite of apostolic blessings, the unfortunate

envoys took nearly five years to return home—a home which they reached only in time to find it a sad scene of misery and bloodshed. Indeed, we never hear anything more of them than that they did return; and then in a few years afterwards, when martyrdom awaited all professors in the faith of Rome, we read of one of these poor envoys proudly accepting death and torture, "for he who had kissed the feet of the Vicar of God would not recant"—a generous resolution which speaks volumes for the nation that can produce such men.

In the year 1578, the storm which had so long threatened was about to burst upon Japan, but not before some of the calmer and wiser of the Christian clergy had foreseen it must soon arrive. The three great princes of Bungo who had first received the Christian sacrament were dead; wars and rebellion followed in their states. The Jesuits were not wanting in that crisis, they toiled most fearlessly; there were fifty-five of them, or twenty-three priests and thirty-two laymen,

whose life was one constant pilgrimage, wandering from place to place, cheering the faithful, threatening the backsliders. Religious dissension, it is allowed, was the main cause of this distracted condition of the interior of Bungo; and added to that, the reckless indifference to life which the natives exhibited when once their passions were



Doctor and Patient. (Fac-simile.)

aroused. Just about this time, too, a terrible calamity aroused the fears and suspicions of the governing classes against all the religious bodies, whether native or foreign. The Emperor Nobananga, after suppressing with great bloodshed one rebellion of the native priesthood, was traitorously slain by an assassin in his own palace; and the Christians with him lost their best friend and ally.

The court of this potentate vied in magnificence, we are told, with the most brilliant ones of Europe in that day; and on perusing all the minute details given by Charles the Second's Master of the Revels, we cannot but come to the conclusion, that, Christianity apart, the Japanese nation in 1577, and up to 1650, were quite as civilised, and quite as advanced in most of the arts and sciences, as we were in England. The reception of the Japanese envoys at Rome was not a jot more magnificent than the grand tourney held by the Emperor Nobananga at Miaco to receive some present sent him by a Pope. We there read how he caused a vast space to be levelled, three times as large as the great square of Lisbon; how it was set round with the tents and pavilions of all his princes and barons; how it was filled with men in rich liveries; how the good priests could not find words to extol sufficiently the gorgeous richness of the velvets and brocades, the tapestries; the long lines of gentlemen bravely

attired; the flags, and the noise of barbaric music. The Emperor in state opens the tourney, and receives the papal present—a chair of state. Then there are courses, jousts, tournaments, and fights, in which the Emperor Nobananga carries off many prizes. The scene winds up with gladiatorial displays, in which there is a regular fray and shout as of battle, “their gorgeous armours and shining weapons glittering under a bright sun, and forming a noble picture of war,” only marred, says the priestly chronicler, by the savage expenditure of human blood by the combatants in the heat of battle.

Taiko-Sama, the Commander-in-Chief of the murdered Nobananga's armies, was no ordinary man. On the death of his patron, he fell upon the rebellious native priesthood and nobility, and either destroyed them, or caused them to submit to his power. In a short time he assumed the imperial authority, and took care to make it be felt in the most remote portions of the empire, where his former master had had little, if any, power. He appears early to have suspected the disinterestedness of his foreign visitors, and to have decided on adhering to the old faith of Japan, taking care, however, to still farther reduce the temporal authority of his spiritual coadjutor the Mikado. It was now that the Christians began to reap the fruits of the cupidity of the mercantile fraternity, and the thoughtless conduct of religious fanatics. There are some curious documents extant upon the native view of the conduct of Europeans in those days, which it would be well for our politicians and others of the present day to peruse; for assuredly we are, by the inconsiderate conduct of Europeans, tending again in the present day to awaken similar feelings of hostility.* We there read that a Minister of State thus addresses Taiko: “Be wary, oh, my Liege! of these Christians; mistrust the union that exists amongst them. * * * Bethink thee what destruction there hath been of our temples and holy establishments, so that our provinces seem as if they had been laid waste by fire and sword. These priests proclaim that they have come from afar to save us from perdition; but may not some dangerous project lurk beneath this fair pretext. Have you not an example in the recent revolt of the bonzes of Osaka? Now treachery may be hid under the cloak of religion. The Europeans are not less traitorous, be assured. They have in Nangasaki a perfect fortress; by it they can obtain foreign aid. Not a moment should be lost if you consult the safety of the State!” Others called attention to the drain of gold and silver, and to the deficiency of the currency in the State; and whilst Taiko was hesitating how to act—for, though severe, he does not appear to have been a cruel man—the conduct of the Portuguese and Spaniards, lay and clerical, was most rash and intemperate, and all calculated to bring on a crisis. There had been local risings in many parts of the empire; the church at Miaco had been destroyed, the fathers escaping with difficulty. Christianity had been early uprooted from the island of Sikok,

and death in many shapes began to threaten the native converts in Kiusiu. The doubts and misgivings of these converts are compiled in an original Japanese letter, happily preserved amongst Jesuit archives. The writer, a native nobleman, writes as follows to his spiritual father:

“Aware that your reverence intends to return, I hasten to inform you of the state of affairs here. Subsequent to your departure hence, I became desirous of baptism, and unwilling to await for your return, I sought the rite at the hands of the priest at Funay, and an opportunity soon after occurring, I had the good fortune to recover all my states except the city of Fata, whither retired my enemy, Tosaquani, with some six hundred followers, but with very little prospect of being long able to hold out. Mindful of my vows to God for the benefits thus accruing, I immediately ordered a church to be built, as well as an abbey for the holy fathers, and assigned them revenues in perpetuity. Furthermore, I caused similar houses to be constructed elsewhere in my kingdom, and all my subjects, seeing I was thus powerfully aided of the Lord, were on the point of becoming Christians likewise, when most suddenly the whole kingdom revolted against me, and I had to flee to my present retreat, Nan-gaxima. To this hour I cease not to lament my fate before the Lord; and I own some doubts have arisen in my mind at the success of these rebels, seeing that they are pagans, or whether their good fortune is to be attributed to the multitude of my sins. I therefore beg your reverence to recommend me in your prayers, and to send some one to resolve my doubts.” &c. &c.

This curious confession of a half-converted mind bears date about 1576, and comes from a prince of Tosa. We hardly need a better proof of how weak was the foundation upon which the Christian faith rested, the material advantages of the aid of Providence being evidently those upon which the worthy Prince placed most importance.

In the year 1587 Taiko sent two commissioners to the head of the Jesuit church in Rome, asking for categorical answers to the following questions: Why do you and your associates use force in the promulgation of your creed? Why do you invite my people to the destruction of the public temples and persecution of native priesthood? Why do your countrymen consume cattle, so useful to man and needful for agricultural purposes? Finally, Why do your traders kidnap my subjects, and carry them off as slaves. The replies, embodied in terms of no great humility, denied the employment of force in conversion, but pleaded holy zeal as the cause of the destruction of the false gods, and that the bonzes brought ridicule upon themselves by the absurdities they upheld; they regretted the slaying of oxen, and promised to check it; and, without denying the charge of a traffic in human beings being carried on, they said it was in the power of the native authorities to check it if they pleased. Full of wrath at this unsatisfactory explanation, the Emperor launched an edict against farther promulgation of Christianity, and ordered professors of it to quit his realm. Of course, the authorities at the Portuguese and

* Some of these may be found in the “Memorials of Japan,” edited by Thos. Rundall, Esq., and published by the Hakluyt Society.

Spanish settlements in the East rushed to the rescue of their co-religionists; but it was only by moral support that they dared to act against a warlike sovereign and a people whose desperate courage was respected by all who had intercourse with them. The Emperor answered all such protests calmly and rationally. He replied to the Viceroy of Spain: "Place yourself in my position, the ruler of a great empire, and suppose my subjects were to enter it on pretence of teaching a new doctrine. If you subsequently found that they merely made such professions a mask for subverting your authority, would you not treat them as traitors? Such I hold the fathers to be to my state, and as such I treat them." Taiko,

however, was prudent in the measures he took to discountenance a faith which evidently struck at the root of imperial authority as established in Japan; and, by way of giving vent to a certain pugnacity visible in his Christian subjects, he directed large armies of them to the conquest of the Corean Peninsula, and encouraged them to not only settle there, but if they pleased, to exercise their spirit of propagandism upon the inhabitants of that country. This policy was so successful, that during his reign Japanese influence and authority is said to have become paramount in that little known country, and it was only uprooted by subsequent interference of the Court of Peking. The forbearance of Taiko-sama was mis-



A Japanese Hero in the Rain taking off his Hat to a Lady of Surpassing Beauty. (Fac-simile.)

construed by some zealots from the Philippines, who persisted in landing and preaching in spite of his interdict. The Emperor issued a warrant, ordering them to be executed; and twenty-three priests suffered death at Nagasaki in 1797,—a fearful example of Taiko's power, intended evidently to warn the forty thousand Christians then living in and about that city of the consequences of incurring his displeasure or disobeying his laws.

When, moreover, it is remembered that these twenty European Christians were the only ones executed during the ten years the edict had been in force against them, it would be hardly fair to accuse Taiko of cruelty—and even in this case, political as well as religious reasons may have had

much weight in occasioning so large an execution. The authorities of Macao and Manilla had fiercely resented the action of Taiko-sama against their priesthood, and wantonly executed some of his subjects in the former city, as well as committed an act of bloodthirsty piracy upon a Japanese vessel off the shores of the Philippines. These acts were not likely to mollify the temper of an Eastern despot, and perhaps one of the ablest men who ever ruled over Japan. He died soon afterwards, but not before his energy, bravery, and skill had imperishably enshrined his memory in the love and admiration of his countrymen. To this day, the name of Taiko-sama, or the most high and sovereign lord, is, we are told, spoken

of with reverence throughout the empire. His valour, abilities, and devotion to the interests of Japan still form the theme of her poets and painters—and it pleases the idiosyncrasy of this people that their great warrior-statesman—their second Sin-fuh—combined great talents with a rough, unpleasing exterior. All impartial foreign writers bear testimony to the abilities, and we almost say virtues, of this extraordinary man, who may be said to have reformed and reconstituted the Japanese Empire, and left it much as we now find it. When he ascended the throne—to use his own words—he found the kingdom distracted with civil wars, the native bonzes endeavouring to grasp the supreme power, so as to re-establish the Theocracy as founded of old, the Christianised chiefs attempting to throw off their allegiance to the imperial power, and the whole land a scene of turmoil. He devoted himself to the task of regenerating his country: he omitted nothing to make all men esteem him for valour and earnestness of purpose. By energy and firmness he fully succeeded, and lived to see the state ruled as one nation, instead of sixty petty kingdoms. “Severe I may be deemed,” says Taiko, “but I am only so to the evil doers: the good repose confidently under my protection, and Japan is now a rock which may not be easily shaken from its foundation.”

The martial spirit which Taiko called into existence amongst his followers, exists still throughout the whole of the upper classes. Military rank takes precedence of mere literary merit, contrary to what is the case in China, and we find the Japanese of the higher classes rank far before those of the neighbouring continent in personal bravery, and they possess in a great degree that spirit of chivalry, honour, and generosity which in this country is said to define a gentleman. The Jesuit records, as well the writings of Kämpfer and others, are replete with instances illustrative of these qualities in the Japanese, and under trials of no ordinary nature. We even find in the sketches and illustrations sold in the shops, abundant proof that these qualities are still looked upon with love and interest. We see a picture of two horsemen charging a host of enemies; in another place, a single-handed knight holds a drawbridge, and flings his foes into the moat: a royal army, under a great leader, quells a host of rebels. Women are not deficient in this quality of valour, or devotion to duty; and we see the lovely daughter of a great sea-king rewarding with her hand the gallant leader of a victorious army. Better still, we see, when war's alarms are laid aside, little touches of nature, which make the whole world a-kin. We read of Japanese Portias, who will not survive disgrace;—of others, whose gentle wit saves a husband's life and honour; and last, but not least, we hail such proofs of the civilisation of these Eastern people as are evinced in the little sketch on the opposite page.

A distinguished general—it may be the great Taiko-sama himself, although we fear the officer is not half ugly enough—encounters a beautiful maiden, in a heavy shower of rain. She has taken shelter under some rose-bushes;—most

appropriate shelter for one so lovely. But in spite of rain, and despite of rank, the elegant son of the Japanese Mars uncovers to salute one so surpassingly beautiful—whilst she, blushing, trembling, with downcast looks, asks who he is, by courtesy, by presenting flowers. A charming type—a picture of the combination of military and social virtues worth a whole book full of type. There is, of course, a dark side to Japanese, as well as European society; we will touch upon it hereafter, but let us for the present carry these traits to their credit.

REPRESENTATIVE MEN.

THE NATURAL PHILOSOPHER.

FARADAY.

In the history of the intellect of any one of us, perhaps no stage is more strongly marked, or more vividly remembered, than that in which we first conceived of the subject-matter of Physics and Chemistry. It was the opening of a new world; or rather the ordinary world of our experience became altogether new, as if we had been translated into a different system of nature from that in which we had hitherto lived. We were all once children: and little children go through the same experience, all the world over, up to the point of which I am speaking; when some get no further, but remain children all their lives in their way of regarding the objects around them, while others obtain an insight, a revelation, which at once raises them to a higher rank of human intelligence.

The lowest stage of our minds, in regarding objects, is very like the notions that the higher brutes evidently have. An infant and a savage, like a monkey or a dog, supposes everything he sees to be alive as he is alive. In the early days of our race this notion was a permanent belief for a long period of time. Each tree, each hill, each brook, each cloud was supposed to be a separate existence, with a life of its own—with thoughts and feelings more or less like ours. The actions and passions of our higher domestic animals show now that they regard in this way any objects that puzzle or oppose them; and we need not go so far as to the Red Indians or the Patagonians to satisfy ourselves that the case is the same with human observers in their lowest stage of knowledge. We can remember the time when the starry sky was, in our opinion, alive and observing us, and when the bushes nodded intelligently to us; and when the clock stared at us, and when shadows crept round the wall to catch us. Not only does a dog greet a ticking watch as a live thing; but a Highlander who had taken on the battle-field the first watch he had ever seen, and gazed at the face and listened to the tick all day, had no conception that it was not a conscious being. When, next morning, it neither moved nor ticked, he whispered to a comrade, “She died in the night.” It might be going out of my way to inquire why the common people in Scotland and the North of England call a clock or a watch “she.” “I wound her up;” “she stopped this morning.” one hears in every kitchen there; and if one remarks upon it, one is asked why a ship is called “she.”

By degrees the delusion passes away from the minds of children in a civilised country, that every object has a conscious or at least a sensitive life of its own; but even in our own land we cannot say that all persons get beyond this stage. There is an Irish island where a stone, shaped like a short pillar, is actually worshipped. The women periodically dress it in a woollen petticoat or wrapper; and then the men pray to it to send them wrecks! This is the Fetishism of the rude African and low Hindoo. Our children are led up out of it; but the wild Irish out in the Western main, and the Africans in Soudan, have hitherto rested in that primitive state.

Next, we supposed each object to be a complete, individual thing,—a unit which we had only to take as it stood. We made no inquiry about it, because we did not conceive that there was anything to inquire about. A man was that man: a table was that table: air was air, and water water: and we could count existing things, and make an inventory of the furniture of nature, if only we could count up to the sum of such a multitude. It was an advance when we understood that anything was made up of necessary parts; and yet more when those parts were seen to grow out of each other. A tree appeared in a somewhat fresh light when we were shown that it had grown out of a seed or a root, and that the buds and leaves grew out of the wood. At this stage we were capable of some serviceable notion of the structure of the human or other animal body, so as to perceive what the heart and lungs were for, and how the limbs were moved, and what a delicate structure the eye is. Still, all this advance threw no light at all upon the constitution of bodies, and caused no inquiry into their material, and what was going on there. The regions of Physics and Chemistry were not yet even dreamed of. A table was still a table, with nothing more to be said about it; and the air, and the water, and the fire were in the same case. To be sure, there were incidents which might puzzle us. When a felled tree in time began to rot, that was no great wonder. The damp from the ground might well cause fungi to grow; and it was natural that insects should infest it. The case of a decayed cheese was not much more difficult. Somebody had told us that the mould was a vegetation, like the moss on a damp wall: and as for the mites, some creature or other must have laid eggs in the cheese. These sorts of decay might be accounted for: but what were we to say to milk and broth and beer turning sour? If we were told that it was the heat that did it, or time (standing too long), we could only take it as a fact to be believed because everybody said so, and not from any understanding how it was.

There may have been different ways of first obtaining the notion that the universe was not an abode furnished with articles large and small, each complete and unchanging after being once made till it was worn out; but an infinite region so all alive with ever-acting forces that no atom remains for one second of time unaffected by some of those forces; so that forms which appear to us rigid, and substances which seem to us hard and impenetrable, are, in fact, incessantly fluctuating,

falling away, rushing together, subject to eternal change and mutation, never pausing, while so silent and invisible as to be concealed from us till reason opens our senses to the truth. At the beginning of the disclosure, we can manage the mechanical facts before we know what to make of the chemical. We can take in and believe any marvels about the changes in the structure and position of bodies caused by the operation of forces. We ignorantly fancy we know what forces must be, and can imagine anything that is set before us that is at all in analogy with what we ourselves can do by exertions of force. We can blow feathers, and knock billiard balls, and produce a vacuum (or what we call so) in tubes, and pull india-rubber, and so forth: and thus some of the leading ideas of Physics are easily received, and, while making a considerable impression, leave room for a deeper. It was a prodigious gain to have heard about the solar system; and, as wiser people have done before us, we adopted the terms "gravitation," "heat" (which we called "caloric"), as meaning actual principles or agents, and went on very pleasantly accounting for everything we saw or felt that was wrought by "forces" or "elements." A great entertainment was opened to us in this way; and our minds had certainly expanded in a very desirable way. But all that we had gained in amusement, all the benefit of new conceptions about mechanical action, and the relation of different bodies to each other, was a mere introduction to the mental changes wrought by the first conception of chemical action. That there should be constant action on the form and arrangement of bodies was a wonderful revelation; but how immeasurably more astonishing was the notion of change in substance itself! Under this view we saw all nature always melting, flowing, dissolving, recomposing,—till the whole frame, and every object in it, seemed to our mind's eye fluid and transparent, whirling and spinning with eternal movement in every particle, and each form losing its limits, and its materials blending with forces that have no form, but pass through all to work upon substance. But I must stop; or inexperienced readers may fancy the first glimpse of science is the last of reason. It must suffice, then, that the whole aspect and notion of nature are changed into a scene of intense life and utterly new beauty by the disclosure of the mere object and scope of natural philosophy, and especially of Chemistry. It does not follow from this that Chemistry is the highest branch of natural philosophy, but only that it is the most striking at the first moment to minds to which all science is new and strange.

It is not surprising that natural philosophers should have been eminent men in every stage of human society. A man who was not frightened at an eclipse when his neighbours were frantic with terror was a distinguished man; and when he could foretell one, he became preter-human. A man who could measure time and height by a shadow, or turn one substance into another in a crucible, or create new arts by his science, was sometimes a miracle-worker, sometimes a sorcerer, sometimes a sage, sometimes a beloved teacher;

but he has always been a distinguished man. There have been some of these in every age,—now arriving at the conclusion that Water was the all-in-all in the universe; and now that it was Air; and now that it was Number: and then learning to see that there were different methods of pursuing the truths of Nature; and again, discovering what the true method really is; each one adding largely to our knowledge, and most of them opening some new region to human inquiry.

These men have been usually, and very properly, supposed venerable and admirable on other grounds than their superior knowledge, or their usefulness to mankind. There is, and always has been, a rooted persuasion in men's minds that the loftiness of the pursuits of these philosophers must have an elevating effect on their characters. The persuasion is rational; and it may be said that, on the whole, it is justified by fact. It may be true that of the great students of nature through the whole historical period some have been vain, some rapacious, many jealous and irritable, and some malignant: but it is also true that the proportion of these unhappy men has not been larger than among any other class of distinguished persons; while it is certainly the general impression that these confidential servants of nature have been, for the most part, eminently serene in their habit of mind, unworldly from their habitual occupation by large ideas, happy in their eagerness about substantial realities of a noble and beautiful kind; grave and thoughtful from passing their hours out of hearing of the babbles and jests of the market, and pure and clear in heart and manners from living in the holy places of wisdom, instead of seeing and hearing the things that press upon other men's notice wherever there is gossip, and passion, and idleness, and a police.

In the earliest days of science, it seems that philosophers were honoured and revered as well as admired: and if, up to this day, there have been *savans* notoriously greedy of praise, or of money, at least as much as of knowledge, we must suppose that they would probably have been more vain and rapacious in any other career. The irritability and jealousy which appear to be a more ordinary snare when the pursuit lies in the direction of discovery, is simply the form assumed by ambition in a department where there is less restraint imposed by custom and breeding than in the walks of worldly pursuit: and we see the same evils in a much aggravated form among students and professors of art and literature. At the same time, these evil tempers, though complained of by *savans* who are themselves not so happy as they should be, are so far from being generally considered characteristic of natural philosophers that we find that class indicated both by moralists and by common observers as the most simple-minded and amiable order of men of their time—whether that time be past or present.

If it is true that the man who has the best chance of wisdom and peace is (other things being equal) he who is born into a working-class, with means of intellectual cultivation when his handiwork is done, the natural philosopher must be regarded as blessed in the same way, while he has at the same time special advantages of his own.

Like the intelligent artisan, he lays his hands upon the substance of nature. The *bookish* professional student, the man who is called by a calling, who is doomed to a life of passive observation, never exercise their faculties to the same practical and effectual result as the student who passes his days in materials, and verifies his conclusions by the most direct demonstration. The manipulating faculty is the education when the mind is unawakened, and the knowledge of words and abstract theories becomes a man intellectually feeble and misled if he brings nothing to the test of actual handling. The studious artisan may have the advantage of both in regard to mental health; and under the same conditions with the studious artisan, but of a far higher order in the scale of advantage, is the Natural Philosopher.

The best case of all, and that which is the greatest blessing to everybody to contemplate, is that of the philosopher who, now supreme, as that highest class of men, has passed into it from the other favoured condition. A man who once worked at day-labour for his bread, and so valued knowledge as to obtain it by intellectual toil which seemed better than rest and pleasure; thence passing by natural desert into the class of philosophers, and rising in it to the highest seat, ought to be morally elevated, ought to be serene, ought to be amiable, ought to be happy. And this is precisely the case, in all its points, of the chief Representative Man of the Natural Philosophers in our day.

Michael Faraday was born in the dwelling of a poor blacksmith in London. He must have had the handling of very hard realities, physical and moral, during his childhood; and it does not appear that he had much to do with books before becoming apprenticed to a bookbinder. If any readers have attended his lectures at the Royal Institution, they have probably heard him mention "the time when I was a bookbinder's apprentice." Critical observers who expect to find either pride or shame in a low-born man's mention or concealment of his original rank, will be disappointed in Faraday's case. He has something else to do than to spend thought on considerations of rank; and he is too simple to see that it can possibly affect a man being what he is—whether he was born in a cottage or a manor-house. Faraday is neither proud nor ashamed of his birth and rearing. The reason for mentioning his apprenticeship is that at that time he had already instituted some experiments with an electrical machine and some other instruments of his own making. The lad was philosopher and mechanic in one, as far as he had yet gone; and his admirable use of his hands through life—his fingers being the speech of his purposes in his experiments—is probably owing to his being the son of a labouring man. If he could not have made his electrical machine and other instruments, his master would not have seen reason to point out his apprentice, Michael, to a member of the Royal Institution, Mr. Dumas, when that gentleman wanted some books bound, and then the great first opening of Faraday's career would have been no opening at all.

How he had obtained insight into the reason of Natural History has never, as far as I know, been

told; but at this time he was certainly forming a comparison in his own mind between such different ways of spending life as he knew something of. His father had passed his years in useful bodily labour, for which he took pay in detail. He thought he was raising his son Michael by putting him to a trade in which the practices of commerce might be united with that of a handicraft. Michael had had seven years' insight into this kind of commercial life; and he made no secret of his impression that in working for money, and in scheming to increase their gains, commercial men do what is demoralising and hurtful to themselves and others. Many, perhaps most, young people think so at one time or another, when their desires for a spiritual life are strongest, and their actual knowledge of permanent moral influences is weakest; and Michael might have held the same view if he had not formed a conception of the life of scientific pursuit which he has since so exquisitely illustrated: but he announced his expectation, from what he knew of science, that the philosopher would be found amiable and liberal, while the trader was growing hard and rapacious. So thought the youth after a season of hankering after "experiment" and extreme dislike of trade; and when Mr. Dance took him to hear four lectures of Sir Humphry Davy's, he made a decisive effort to get out of the one mode of life into the other. He wrote out the notes he had taken at the lectures, and sent them to Sir H. Davy, with an account of his feelings about trade and science, and a petition that Sir H. Davy would remember him if he could see any way open for the fulfilment of his wishes. The philosopher received the application kindly, smiled at what he considered the delusion about the spirit and temper of philosophers, expressed a wish to serve him, and in a few weeks let him know that an assistant was wanted in the laboratory of the Royal Institution—a post which Faraday obtained. Sir H. Davy advised him to hold by his trade, saying that science was a harsh mistress, and ungrateful in regard to pecuniary recompense for service. At a later time, the philosopher found by his own experience that this was not always true, as wealth is an early consequence of discoveries which can be applied to the arts; but Faraday had other interests in his mind, and let the pecuniary question drop out of sight.

It was in April, 1813, that he entered upon his professional scientific life in the laboratory of the Royal Institution, where he has worked from that day to this, except during the year and a half when he was abroad with Sir H. Davy, as his assistant in experimenting and writing. That visit to Paris tested the *morale* of the man in a decisive way, and proved him worthy of his vocation, under his own lofty view of it. He went as a servant. His employer considered him so, and he considered himself so. The philosophers at Paris, while anxious to pay homage to his employer in proportion to his eminence in science, observed the singular merits of his assistant, and, finding in him a fuller measure of the true philosophic spirit and temper, they fell into sympathy with him, and sought his society on his own account, as comrades and not as patrons. Young

as he was, only then twenty, he was in no way injured by this trial of his modesty and simplicity. He never forgot or attempted to disguise his position; in short, then, as ever since, the interests of science engrossed him, leaving no room for self-regards and the carking cares which belong to them. He "returned to his situation," as simple and modest and happy as when he went forth, and for many years pursued his eager studies without making himself heard beyond the bounds of his personal acquaintance.

When he did, it was to open a new region of ideas to mankind, preparing it for a wholly fresh conception of the structure of the universe. During the quiet years when he seemed to be like other men in his ways and his talk, only disclosing occasionally to those who could comprehend it a range of view and originality of speculation which warranted any amount of expectation from him, he was learning to see the visible frame of things with new eyes, and, in fact, to pass his life amidst a scenery of nature immeasurably more sublime, wonderful, and beautiful than untrained minds can conceive of. In 1831 he showed what he had been thinking about. Within four years he had published three treatises on the practice of experimentation, and on other practical matters; but in 1831 he first communicated to the world those researches on Electricity which have changed the conditions of life to a multitude, and the aspect of life to not a few, while they open a prospect of unlimited advance towards a comprehension of the conditions of existence. In the *Philosophical Transactions* the whole development of electrical science is shown in a series of papers by Faraday, extending over nearly thirty years, and the progress made in collecting the phenomena, and tracing their operation, and establishing their laws, is wonderful in the life-time of any one man. He sets out, of course, without the remotest idea of the point to which his investigations would bring him, though aware that his subject was practically unlimited. He has (as every great discoverer must have) the imagination of the poet, not the less for his absolute need in his work also of the accuracy of the mathematician, and the judicial faculty of the weigher of evidences; yet, after half a lifetime of grand speculation and growing familiarity with the mighty secrets of nature, he said, fifteen years since, that he had just then obtained glimpses into the constitution of matter which, he owned, had well nigh overwhelmed his faculties.

Even if I had his unequalled power of explanation, I could not, within my present limits, convey to my readers any true conception of Faraday's achievements, nor even any accurate notion of their nature and value. It must suffice to say that he has detected a range of forces always at work in the universe, which, in proportion as they are studied, explain more and more of the structure and action of everything that exists, and also are seen to merge in each other, so as to suggest and justify the idea that in time we may discover that there is one force in nature under the vast variety of appearances that we think we see. If the sum of the attainment, actual and possible, could be conveyed into the reader's mind, it would

still afford no conception of the marvellous things learned by the way. Now and then there comes such a startling fact as the electric telegraph, to show the ignorant something of the seriousness of the pursuits of the learned; but the profit and pleasure of such pursuits cannot be described to the uninitiated, any more than colours to the blind, music to the deaf, or the charms of mountain-climbing to the cripple who has never gone abroad on his own feet. What we have to do here and now is to look at the winner of these challenges of nature as a Representative of that method of life, and of the order of men to which he belongs. It is impossible to convey what he knows, or what it is in which he is so learned; but any one can understand what sort of man he is.

His love of knowledge is so pure that it is the same thing to him whether any addition to the stock is made by himself or somebody else. Very great men, such as he is now, can afford to let lesser men do all they can, and to help them to do it, without an uneasy thought about their own position and credit; but it is a test of a man's real greatness whether he is aware of this, or whether he is still subject to a jealousy which he might have left behind long ago. The highest man of all is he who does not consider the thing, one way or another, but simply rejoices in something being gained, and does not care about who has the credit of it, himself or another. Probably Faraday does not care. He certainly never stops to discuss it; never stoops to urge any personal claim; never wastes precious thought and time in settling his own position, or calculating his own greatness. But he always has leisure and patience for other people's claims. He has sympathy for every new success, and the most winning respect and tenderness for every modest and sensible effort in that direction. What his power of sympathy is appears in his lectures to every class of persons. No treat that can be offered can tempt scientific men to forego a lecture of Faraday's, while children, when he addresses them, understand all he tells them, or can go up to him afterwards to ask him to settle their difficulty. The same simple hearty sympathy is always ready in his heart for the child who is trying for the first time to discern invisible things, and for the discoverer who is treading on his heels in his own path. Thus does he justify the view which excited Sir H. Davy's smile,—that the spirit of the philosopher should be amiable and liberal.

It is not often that he puts himself forward otherwise than in his function as a lecturer; but now and then, when he may hope to be useful, we hear of him and his opinion in counsel. When our discontent with the Thames was reaching its height, Faraday employed himself, during a trip in a Thames steamer, in throwing bits of paper into the water, to ascertain its density and other qualities: and he then sent a business-like and rousing letter to the "Times" which did more good than all the vague complaints of meaner men.

His next effort was not, in some people's opinion, so entirely fortunate; but it did some good, and by its weakness prepared the way for more profit.

At the time when heads were setting, and with table-turning, Faraday published the account that the phenomenon was occasioned by the unconscious action of the hands of the conjurers, under the full idea and expectation of the table moving in a certain direction. The explanation was eagerly seized upon by puzzled conjurers, as was natural, and by scornful despisers of the experiment; while it was regarded as rather meagre by some who dared not say so, and openly repudiated, in regard to its sufficiency, by the experienced.

Time seems to have decided that it is an excellent and very useful explanation of many deceptive appearances, and might be applied to half the cases in the absence of the other half; but it casts no light on the phenomenon of tables walking and turning and ascending under certain conditions, without being touched in any way what-ever. If, after a series of trials, a heavy table without castors (or cover to hide deception) moves several feet on a Turkey carpet or rises from the floor, while all the persons present are ranged by the wall of the room, Faraday's explanation is of no avail; and the question is why he does not go one step further, and himself witness the fact, in order to decide speech or silence in regard to it. No fact is said to be more securely attested; and it seems to crave investigation from the man most capable of it.

If any one wishes for material for a conception of a wise and happy man, I do not know where he could better look for it than in the successive volumes in which Faraday's researches are given in a collected form from the "Philosophical Transactions" and other scientific publications. Bacon would have delighted in that course of investigation and its results; and the humblest of us may delight in it as an exemplification of the true philosophical spirit. We see the great discoverer advancing, step by step, towards the mighty fact, the hope of which he has set before him,—of proving the oneness of several agencies which, not very long ago, were regarded as elements and forces of essentially different natures, and having no necessary connection with each other. Such men are more likely than others to live to attain their objects, because the full occupation and serene pleasures of their lives are favourable to health of brain. Philosophers who are afflicted with a jealous temper or a passionate nature which exhausts itself under pretence of enthusiasm, and sinks under an intemperate love of either personal fame or the marvellous in nature, may, and usually do, suffer through a few years of vanity and irritability which encroach more and more on the greatness of their aims, and then die, worn out in body and mind; but this is not the natural course of the philosopher's life. After Faraday's example of a philosophic life, we ought to hear no more of intemperate action and bad passions being characteristic of genius. Whether genius tracks the lightning, or analyses human character, or gives us inventions, or utters poems, it is simply the perfection of sense, acting in one direction or another. The highest genius must have that strength of sense which keeps the world under its feet, and can never more be troubled by passion. To belong to the order supposed to consist of the sage and

serene—the chief of the searchers for knowledge—is an honour. To be a Representative Man of that order, in virtue of, not only brilliant achievement, but the illustrative completeness of

the whole character, is the highest of honours; and this is the honour which crowns the life, and will immortalise the career of Michael Faraday.

INGLEBY SCOTT.

WANTED—A DIAMOND RING!



I SAW it kicked by the careless Balmorals of a jaunty nurse; I saw a fat morsel of humanity make for it with a hey!—broken into divers hey-ey-eyes by pudgy trotting—and I stooped and secured it, thereby causing the fat one to pull up short, stare at me with two black currants stuck in a dreary expanse of dough, insert a dumpy thumb in an orifice of the same expanse, and trot back again with that stolid resignation under disappointment which is the peculiar attribute of the London infant population.

Having ascertained the nature of my prize, I proceeded to meditate on the proper course to be taken, which meditation resulted in the following advertisement:

FOUND this evening, Wednesday, in the Regent's Park, nearly opposite the New College, a valuable diamond ring. The owner may recover it by calling at No. 19, Wilton Place, &c.

Before noon on the following day I was making my most courteous bow to a venerable-looking old gentleman whose white hairs and benevolent smile added a double charm to the grace with which he stepped forward, and, waving ceremony, extended his hand, saying:

"You have taken a weight from my mind, my young friend, and must allow me to thank you."

The insinuating delicacy of the adjective (I am not more than forty-five) was, perhaps, not with-

out its effect. I accepted the offered pledge of anxiety in respectful silence.

"A young man," continued the patriarch, "may possibly find it difficult to understand how the loss of a trinket can be a source of positive suffering to an old one, but—I am alluding to my lost ring—there are associations connected with it which—ahem! This is childish, you will excuse my emotion."

I bowed profoundly in the presence of this natural agitation.

"I have passed some hours of sleeplessness and distress, from which you have been the means of relieving me—I feel deeply indebted to you. There remains nothing now but to reimburse you for—a—"

Here the old gentleman drew forth his purse, and proceeded to unclasp it.

"Excuse me, sir," I stammered rather hurriedly, "but if the ring is yours, you can doubtless, describe the armorial bearings?"

"Armorial bearings, sir! It was a diamond ring."

"Certainly."

"A plain diamond ring!" repeated the old gentleman, sternly. "Do not attempt to play tricks with me, young man. I will point out to you directly—"

"I beg your pardon," said I, drawing back from the outstretched hand, "but, as the ring in my possession is assuredly engraved with a crest and motto, I conclude it cannot be the one you are in search of."

The old gentleman eyed me for a moment keenly.

"I am afraid you are right," he sighed, in a tone of deep dejection; "I must seek farther. Alas! what a melancholy termination to my hopeful journey."

"Speed the parting, welcome the coming guest," is a very good motto. I made no attempt to detain my venerable friend; but, as he turned towards the door, I am certain I saw beneath the silver hairs a lock of dark and shining brown.

My next visitor was a lady extensively got up, of imposing height and carriage, rouged, scented, spectacled.

"We meet under singular circumstances," began this lady, with condescending haughtiness. "I am the principal of a college for young ladies—"

With a deferential acknowledgment of the honour done me, I begged to know what had produced it.

"In the hours of recreation we are accustomed to promenade in the Park—a delightful spot, so suggestive of the blushing country!—during our ramble of yesterday, a young lady under my charge was unfortunate enough to lose her ring. You, sir, are the fortunate finder."

"I certainly did, madam, pick up a ring; but—"

"Ah! how grateful my dear pupil will be at beholding it again!" exclaimed the teacher of youth, clasping her hands, ecstatically.

"May I trouble you to describe the ring?"

"Describe it! A diamond ring, sir—handsome and massive, but plain."

"And the crest?"

"The crest! Ah! that my young charge were with me. Stupid! to have forgotten—the crest of the Deloraines. Is it a lion passant? No, I am wrong. Unfortunate, sir! I am so unwell to accompany me! But it is so important, I will take it for her in person—she will be able to recognise it at once."

"I fear, madam, that I should hardly be justified—"

"Sir!!!"

"I feel it my duty," I said, finally, "under the circumstances, to take every possible precaution against mistakes. I trust the young lady is not too seriously indisposed to give you the necessary description."

"Very well, sir! Exceedingly well! It is I who have been mistaken. I fancied—you, a truly fancied—that I was speaking to a gentleman! You will find, sir, to your cost, that the lady principal of a college is not to be trifled with impunity! I wish you a good morning."

Very harrowing this. I am so sore provoked from the lady principal when there is a double wheel to the door, and a young fellow, flinging the reins to a groom in livery, springs up the steps to the door-bell.

"Oh, dash it!" he begins, breathing out a volume of stale tobacco; "I beg your pardon, and that, but the old woman—dash it! I mean my mother—told me I should find my ring here, so I ordered out the vessel and the cats, and spun along like ninepence for it!"

"I shall be very glad to restore the ring I was unfortunate enough to find when I came over its owner."

"Discover! dash it! Didn't I tell you it's mine? I say, I wish you wouldn't be so precious slow—I don't want the cats to catch cold. I've just had 'em shampooed, you know, naphthalene and that."

"What sort of ring was yours?"

"What sort! Oh, come, as if you didn't know—that's good."

I intimated that I should be glad to send out if he knew.

"Not know my own ring, oh! I know it's worth a couple o' ponies. Come, let's hear the damages, and I'll stump up."

"You can describe the device?"

"Device, oh? What, the governor's! Bless you, he has a device for every hour in the day, to do me out of my rightful allowance. Device! Oh, come, you don't expect me to do the heraldic dodge, dash it!"

"I cannot give up the ring unless you describe it."

"Oh, dash it, don't chaff a fellow, now. I shouldn't care a rap about the thing, only it belonged to some defunct party, and the governor'd cut up so deuced rough. I've got heaps o' 'em. Come, I'll swap you any one of these for it, because of the governor."

I respectfully declined the proposal.

"Well, dash it," exclaimed the young fellow, as though struck with a sudden idea, "what a couple of muffs we are! Why don't you tell the thing? I could tell in a minute if it's mine, dash it!"

I replied that I was sorry I could not oblige him, and adding that he had better obtain an exact description of the "thing" from his governor, I recommended him not to keep the cats any longer in the cold.

Mem. I am getting exceedingly tired of my treasure trove. I retire to my room with a view of dressing to go out. I am informed that a lady wishes to see me, and I am afraid my mental ejaculation was not complimentary to the lady in question.

A tall, graceful figure, draped in heavy mourning, rises at my entrance. She opens the negotiation in some confusion, turning away her face. She has come to me in the hope of regaining a ring, carelessly lost, the parting gift of a fond father to her brother and herself.

My eye rests on the crape about her dress, on her pale beautiful face, from which the blush of confusion and timidity has faded. Deferentially I request her to describe it.

"A large diamond, handsome," she believed, "but valuable to her for far other reasons."

"But," I said, gently, "chased on the gold inside the ring there is—"

"A crest, I am aware of it," she answered, sadly, "but I know nothing of heraldry, and have never given it more than a casual glance. My brother is dying, sir," she said, lifting up her pale face to mine. "Only this morning he missed the ring from my finger uneasily; we are alone in the world: it is the only relic left of one so lately taken from us, how can I tell him it is lost?"

"I am sorry to pain you," I said, striving to be firm; "but it would be more satisfactory for all parties, and cause but little delay if you could obtain the description from your brother."

Without a word she turned away; the mournful resignation of her air and attitude touched me, and, as she turned, I saw a tear roll silently down and fall upon the hand stretched out to the door-handle. I couldn't stand that.

"Stop!" I exclaimed, "one moment. I am sure—I feel certain—I may trust you. You will tell me—"

I take the ring from its security, I hold it out timidly for the blue eyes to examine.

I see yet the look of delight overspread her fine features—I see the expression of almost childish pleasure in her eyes as she looked up at me, as she clasped her hands, and cried out, "The ring, the ring! Oh, Alfred, my dear brother!"

Her hand was upon it; such a tremulous happy eagerness in her glance; such a caressing fondness in her way of fingering it. How pretty she was.

"My dear child" (I am forty-five) "it gives me sincere pleasure—" Then I stammer, then I spring after her. "At least, you will leave your address with me."

What a look shades her face now! Wounded integrity mingled with pity for me.

"Ah, sir," she says, sadly, handing me the card on which she has been pencilling, "some day you will be sorry for this. You do not trust me."

Certainly, I am a brute. The accent of reproach in her voice haunts me; the sorrowful glance of her eye—how pretty she is! I sit down to my breakfast in the morning, half inclined to call at

the address given, and apologise for my heathenish distrust. How delightful to see her in her own peculiar atmosphere, ministering to the sick brother who is all she has in the world, to look upon if one cannot enjoy the beautiful tenderness of a gentle sister to an afflicted brother. But my letters wait, and I toy with them. This is a hand I know. What does Fred want, I wonder? I tear it open: I read:

DEAR JACK,—What a queer chance if you have stumbled upon my ring. I was obliged to run down to Romford late last evening, and never missed it till we slackened at Ilford. A pretty taking I've been in. If its mine, the crest is inside: you know it,—a mailed hand holding a lance, and the motto "Armed at all points." Verily, truth is stranger than fiction. Keep it for me. Thine,
FRED VYING.

Idiot! Gull! It is quite useless to call myself names. It is almost superfluous to add, that when I called at a certain address in Eaton Square to inquire for Miss Lucy Hamilton, the lady was not found. Probably, the "dear Alfred" had required speedy change of air; probably, brother and sister were even now embracing in rapturous gratitude over the precious relic of that one lost to them so lately. Was that dear one not lost, but transformed? Had the silver-haired patriarch of the first visit changed to the dashing buck of the third? And was the virtuous teacher of youth only the tender sister in masquerade? On my word, I believe so. I dare say they are enjoying the joke. Possibly it is a dodge often repeated. But what am I to say to Fred?

LOUIS SAND.

RECENT SPIRIT RAPPINGS.

ARE we, or are we not, on the eve of a new Revelation? Are the secrets of the invisible world, concealed for so many thousands of years from mortal ken, now for the first time to be made plain to us through the agency of our household furniture? Are mahogany tables the apostles of the new faith, and brass bells and accordions its missionaries? Will an outlay of ten shillings and sixpence, and the engagement of a celebrated medium, procure for us an interview with the soul of a departed father, mother, husband, wife, in the midst of a London drawing-room, with the Hansom cabs rattling outside, and the servants standing in waiting with the tray of sandwiches and sherry? Can the hand of my dead child be made to grasp me—*palpably*, as though flesh still covered those decaying bones, and the life-blood were yet coursing through the shrivelled veins? and can it make itself, at other times, visibly patent, floating through the air in a halo of light and glory? Is our friend Newton, after all, but a shabby impostor, and his great discovery of gravitation no discovery at all? Or, in other words, is it possible for a gentleman to ride up to the ceiling on a rosewood chair, just for all the world as in olden times, not so very far bygone, certain old ladies were believed to perform their journeys with the aid of a broom-handle?

Abstruse and a score of similar questions may appear to the majority of the readers of

ONCE A WEEK, it must be recollected that thousands of respectable persons in England and America would not hesitate for an instant to answer them in the affirmative. As holding a prominent place amongst the faithful, I must be permitted to instance the writer of a recent very able article in the "Cornhill Magazine." That gentleman witnessed, or was made to believe that he witnessed, phenomena quite as remarkable as any of those just alluded to. Nor am I in the slightest degree disposed to question his veracity, or to pronounce an opinion on spiritual manifestations generally. But, agreeing with him, that the subject cannot be too much ventilated in this which may be described as the earlier stage of its revival, I shall proceed to give the reader a brief account of a *séance* recently held at my chambers, and at which the presiding medium was the celebrated Mrs. Marshall, of Red Lion Street, Bloomsbury.

I must premise this account by stating that the reports which had been brought to me of Mrs. Marshall's performances fell very little short of what, in the article in question, has been described by an eye-witness as having been accomplished by Mr. Home. Friends, in whose truthfulness and good sense I placed the highest confidence, had furnished me with their personal experiences on the subject. Not only had they seen tables rise half way to the ceiling, sofas walk mysteriously about the room; and heard guitars and accordions, untouched by human hands, emit the most ravishing and ethereal sounds; but they had also been favoured with special messages from the invisible world, which, relating to bygone events known only to themselves, had of necessity carried conviction to their minds. One of my informants on the subject of Mrs. Marshall—one of the firmest believers in that lady, and to whom indeed I am indebted for her acquaintance—is also a personal friend of Mr. Home's, and was actually present at the *séances* described in the "Cornhill Magazine." I mention these facts merely by way of assuring the reader that Mrs. Marshall is a person of high standing in her profession, with a considerable body of followers—not a mere unrecognised poacher on the domain of magic: a person, in short, through whose agency manifestations of a remarkable kind (whether produced by supernatural means or by clever legerdemain was of course another question); but, at any rate, certain phenomena of an unusual and inexplicable nature might fairly be expected, and, indeed, were expected, by all those who had assembled to meet her on the evening which I shall attempt to describe.

At the appointed time she made her appearance, accompanied by a young lady whom she introduced as her "niece." The presence of this assistant, or confederate, struck several among us as being, to say the least, suspicious (for why should a spirit require two mediums?); but on this, and every other point, we agreed for the present to suspend our judgment. After a little preliminary conversation, some eight or ten of us seated ourselves round a circular drawing-room table, Mrs. Marshall being some places to my left, with her niece next but one to her, and exactly opposite to me. The "spirits" having been invited to manifest

themselves, three distinct raps were heard under the table. These raps resembled those usually produced by a stick concealed under the finger-paw-line still in fashion, and attached to the foot and ankle, so that by an upward motion of the foot would be brought to bear on the under surface of the table. Of course, I am not entitled to affirm that they were so produced; but simply that being capable of being wrought by a very ordinary piece of mechanism, they were hardly to be accepted off-hand, as evidences of a supernatural visitation. The same may be said of a violent motion, or tilting-up of the table, which occurred frequently afterwards, and especially at times when the "spirits" were becoming somewhat hazy and confused in their replies. The table was invariably lifted up, from the side at which the younger medium was sitting, until (curious to know whether this "manifestation" might not be accomplished by natural means, I produced a precisely similar result, from my own side, to the great confusion of all sceptics, the immeasurable comfort and consolation of the believers present, and, as it struck me, the astonishment of the mediums. In my own case I am free to confess that a movement of the knee supplied the place of spiritual assistance.

A spirit being, however, announced by Mrs. Marshall, as positively situate and lying under the table, and ready for cross-examination, Mrs. C——n, a friend seated on my left, was invited to question it as to its identity. This she proceeded to do, in the usual manner, by the help of a printed alphabet. The spirit declared itself to be that of one of her relations (I am unable to recollect the precise degree of relationship) and the following dialogue ensued:

Q. What is your name?

A. George.

Q. Your surname?

A. Collins.

Q. How did you die?

A. Murdered.

Q. Where?

A. In Spain.

During the progress of this interrogatory, Mrs. C——n had evinced a continually increasing agitation. At its close she fairly broke out:

"Yes, I did have a relative of that name, and the family have always suspected that he was murdered in Spain."

A dead silence fell upon the company; and, as a matter of course, every lady present was transformed into an ardent believer.

This, however, was not precisely the case with the gentlemen, some of whom, like myself, had been intently watching the process, and to whom this experiment would have been (but for an unfortunate circumstance to which I shall presently refer) a really interesting one—interesting as throwing a strong light upon some of the spiritual revelations of which we have all heard so much. For we noticed that Mrs. C——n, in her trepidation, made a distinct pause at each particular letter which she expected to hear rapped out. As thus: "a, b, c, d, . . . a, a pause. Spirit raps. So with F, with G, H, I, and

every letter comprising the various answers. And taking note of this from the beginning, I was able to compose those answers in my mind, and would have undertaken to rap them out with my knuckles, in my present earthly and corporeal state, to the full as accurately as I (and the reader, for the matter of that) may be expected to sound our replies, when summoned into some Chicago or Melbourne drawing-room by a Mrs. Marshall of the twentieth century.

This statement, it may be objected by the believer, is a mere fancy engendered by incredulity, and cannot be accepted as true. A circumstance, however, which I have already hinted at, as, in any case, marring to some slight degree, the value of the experiment, may here be mentioned. While the stupor caused by the late revelation still lingered on the faces of some of the party, one of our friends who had been standing round the table, ventured a remark. "Mrs. C——n," said he, "while you were sitting on the sofa with Mrs. Marshall some short time ago, I heard you tell her that you were extremely anxious to question the spirits about your relative, George Collins, whom you supposed to have been murdered in Spain." This being admitted, after a while, by Mrs. C——n (if this paper should chance to meet her eye, she will, I suppose, never forgive me for remarking that she is somewhat advanced in age and apt to be forgetful), it was agreed that some further questions should be put to our mysterious visitor, previous to his dismissal. He was accordingly asked for the name of his murderer, which nobody knew. He refused so far to further the ends of justice, and indeed to all further queries opposed a dead silence. In a short time he was replaced by a spirit which proclaimed itself that of the writer's father. I shall not weary the reader by stating the exact questions which I put to the new-comer, but shall content myself with assuring him that to every one of them a wrong answer was given. Or, to speak more correctly, I caused Mrs. Marshall's niece to rap out any reply that I chose, by the simple process above referred to, of pausing at a particular letter. In only one case did this mode of proceeding fail, and it happened to be the one single case in which I desired to put a correct reply into the spirit's mouth. It occurred on my asking him to spell one of my names, a family one, "Delaware," which being somewhat uncommon, proved too much even for the spirit of my own parent, so that, despite all the guidance afforded him, he fairly broke down in the middle of the word, and retired in dudgeon. He was followed, in succession, by other spirits, not one of whom, to the best of my recollection, gave a correct answer to a single question. Indeed, when not absolutely guided, they generally adopted the safer course of not answering at all. Only in one instance did they venture on what may be termed an independent shot, which was in the case of a gentleman asking for his Christian name (some one present said, loud enough to be heard by the medium, that it began with E), upon which they rapped out "Edward," and then "Edmond," neither of which happened to be anywhere near the mark.

The majority of the company, at this period, presenting anything but an awe-struck appearance, and, on the contrary, strongly inclining to mirth, the spirits rapped out "Small table," (this time without any guidance on our part, or hesitation on theirs), and a fresh set of experiments commenced. This consisted in four persons—the two mediums and myself included—placing their hands on a small table which stands, or alas! rather *stood*, in my front drawing-room. The table being unmistakably pushed by Mrs. Marshall and her niece, naturally began to move across the carpet, and two or three times jumped up with a jerking motion from the floor. I am relieved from all conjecture as to the probable cause of this latter movement by having myself distinctly seen Mrs. Marshall's niece place her foot under one of the legs and tilt it upwards. On the third occasion of this very clumsy operation being performed, the table was discovered to be broken, and the experiment, of course, came to an end.

We now returned to the larger table, for the purpose of being touched by "spirit hands." The first person selected by Mrs. Marshall as the subject of this manifestation was a lady seated close to herself. A long pause ensuing, and nothing appearing to take place, Mrs. Marshall suddenly exclaimed: "You'll feel them immediately, ma'am; they're a-pulling at my legs." Directly after which the lady in question certainly did feel something pulling at her legs. A sceptic might be inclined to surmise that the younger medium having, in the first instance made a mistake, her aunt took this means of setting her right and directing the instrument with which she was operating under the table a little further to the left. However this might be, I now requested the niece to favour me by leaving her seat for a short time, in order that we might feel the "spirit hands" without any suspicion of collusion on her part. This, I added, would no doubt be more satisfactory to her as well as to ourselves. *She declined to do this.* After which, the reader will not be surprised to learn that several persons felt something tugging at their legs and feet, every one of these being in the immediate vicinity of the younger medium, and no effect of the kind being once produced upon those seated at a little distance.

I can only afford to glance at several other "manifestations" which took place during the *séance*, and which it would be an abuse of the reader's patience to dwell upon at length. Thus, a tray was produced which, under the manipulation of the two mediums, shuffled up and down on the surface of the mahogany, and on one occasion tilted up on one end, a performance which I again most distinctly saw to be due to a sharp movement of the fingers on the part of the niece. The spirit of some one's father danced to the air of "God Save the Queen." Spirits were ordered to rap on the walls, and inside the piano, which they entirely failed to do, rapping all the time unmistakably under the table, with slight variations of sound. And every time that one of these raps was produced, it was impossible for the younger medium to repress a slight, almost imperceptible,

movement of the body, showing plainly that they were caused by her: even if this could for a moment be doubted, after a second request from us that she would leave the table, and suffer us to hear so much as a single rap when she was not there, which she again refused to do. In short, I feel some difficulty in conveying an accurate notion of the extremely clumsy nature of the whole exhibition—far, very far, below the performances of a strolling conjuror at a country fair. Those who may consider this statement an exaggeration can easily satisfy themselves (provided they go without any *parti pris*, either on one side or the other, and are only anxious, like myself, to discover the truth), on applying at 21 or 22, Red Lion Street, Bloomsbury, for an interview with the celebrated medium, Mrs. Marshall—and her niece.

I write this woman's name in full (perfectly regardless of the "spirits" which she may summon up for my destruction), and I append my own name and address, from the same sense of duty which has induced me to trouble the Editor of ONCE A WEEK with this short article. When we reflect on the number of weak minds which are being still further weakened by attendance on the *séances* of Mrs. Marshall, and others of her class; on the well-authenticated instances of ladies of rank regulating their course of life, and physicking their children, according to the directions of spirits of Red Lion Street manufacture; on the abominable profanity and wickedness of a piece of jugglery by which feeble imaginations are brought to conceive that a dead father, husband, or child, is dancing on the table to an air from the *Traviata*; it becomes obviously the duty of the sane part of society to stand forth and expose the delusion. Of Mr. Home, the highest living professor of his art, I have said nothing, simply because I know nothing. It would afford me, however, great pleasure to be favoured by a *séance* with him; and if convinced by his experiments, I would (with the permission of my friend, the Editor) record my conversion, and the grounds on which it was based, in this journal. Should Mr. Home be—as I have no reason for denying—in contact with the spiritual world, he will thank me for exposing one at least of the pretenders, who, independently of the harm which they do to mankind at large, are throwing very serious discredit, and a degree of suspicion which he himself will admit to be unavoidable, on the art or mystery of which he is so distinguished a professor.

JOHN DELAWARE LEWIS.

16, King Street, St. James's.

PIPES OF PAPER.

MANY are the uses to which the generic name of pipe applies. Water pipes, gas pipes, sewer pipes, drain pipes, warming pipes, ventilating pipes, organ pipes, medical pipes, blowpipes, reed pipes, tobacco pipes, pipe sticks, petticoat piping, and the pipes that Tom Pipes, one of Smollett's heroes, played on as boatswain. My present dealing is with water pipes, which, after ranging through many varieties of material, are now being constructed of—paper.

Our earliest pipes for water were made of

lead, like the bullets in the marine arsenal, from facility of manufacture, but not so good, and were of small size, owing to their liability to collapse. When the early water companies first set pipes for general supply under the same name, the streets of London, no better material could be found than the bolls of trees—birch and elm being the favourites,—which, in lengths of not less than six feet, were bored out to a diameter of about six inches,—one end hooped, and the other tapered conically, so that each joint resembled the connection known as "spigot and flange." Extraordinary was the duration of these pipes, but they ultimately went out of use because their diameter was unequal to the constantly increasing supply demanded by the public.

And so water engineers took to cast iron as the next material. The announcement of this called forth many denunciations of the unheeded now-forgotten novelty, amongst all classes, but more especially amongst the washerwomen, who beheld therein the downfall of their trade from the universal iron-moulding of every article of personal, bed, or table, apparel. But the engineers persevered, and the soap-bubbles burst, which was not the case with the pipes. Cast-iron pipes then became an enormous manufacture, and were the subject matter of many patents, the problem being how to cast them thinnest, while containing the requisite strength. In their application to rain-water purposes, where no pressure had to be guarded against, marvellous was the thinness achieved—so thin that they seemed to be formed of two thin skins with nothing between, sometimes disintegrating in the acridulated smoke atmosphere of London in the course of two seasons. A new difficulty in the foundry was to keep the core central, so as to preserve an equal thickness of the metal,—a difficult thing, when the total thickness was less than the eighth part of an inch. One inventor resorted to a plan of forming these pipes without central cores, substituting for them a violent whirling movement of the mould, whereby the molten metal was flying by centrifugal action against the sides of the mould. But it does not appear to have been successful on the large manufacturing scale.

In France "iron is iron," and every kind of scheme, save importing it from England, is resorted to to economise its use. So a certain M. Chamerois invented a plan of making water pipes of thin sheet iron, rivetted together like the funnels of common stoves. The insides he coated with mineral pitch to a beautifully smooth surface, and the outside with the same pitch mixed with small gravel pebbles. The iron was thus hermetically sealed against the action of oxygen. On each end of each pipe was cut a screw, one male and the other female, and they were connected just like wrought iron gas tubing. Pipes of this description have been in use in Paris for many years, successfully. But want of stiffness to prevent collapse is a practical difficulty, unless for small uses.

In England the system of "pot pipes," or pipes of earthenware, have been largely introduced for drainage purposes. These pipes will stand sufficient pressure in each length, but they cannot be

made in greater lengths than two feet, and the consequent increase in the number of joints is a great difficulty. But, apart from this, a very slight sinking of the ground is sure to break them at the joints by an internal leverage pressure, independently of the pressure of the fluid. The same difficulty occurs with the glass pipes which have been attempted. In fact, a permanent pipe cannot be made of brittle material, and its brittleness is one very serious objection to cast-iron, apart from the consideration of its objectionable weight in transport. In streets vibrating beneath rolling carriages, cast-iron pipes frequently break, and it has been stated, that in the Australian Waterworks, the breakage in transport and allocation has amounted to as much as from twenty to twenty-five per cent., a very serious addition to the cost.

Impressed with these serious difficulties, M. Juloureau, of Paris, has hit upon a new material, which, it is stated, can be sold at half the price of cast-iron, for equal capacity, while it is less than one-sixth the weight. He makes a pipe resembling those of M. Chameroi in the system, of bituminous lining inside and out, but the case, instead of being of sheet-iron, is of paper, which, being saturated with bitumen, is rolled up in the form of a hollow cylinder, fold on fold, till it has attained a thickness of about three-eighths of an inch.

On the 19th of January, of this present year, a number of engineers were got together at the base of the Westminster Clock-tower, the scene of Mr. Denison's bell craft, and there a variety of these pipes—measuring from two and a-half to seven inches internal diameter, and five feet in length—were subjected to hydraulic pressure, tested by one of Bourdon's gauges, of 220 lbs. to the square inch, equal to a column of water about 500 feet high, and this pressure they sustained without any damage. This is more than the pressure that common cast-iron pipes will sustain, and it was stated that it required 330 lbs. to the inch to burst them. On testing the power of a two and a-half inch pipe to bear a transverse strain, a very satisfactory result was attained, and upon shivering a piece with a sledge-hammer it appeared that every fold of the paper was separate, and retained considerable fibrous strength, notwithstanding the heat of the bitumen it had been exposed to in the process of manufacture.

The source of strength in this arrangement is found in the fact that the pressure increases the contact of the folds of the paper, making every fold bear an equal strain like the wire-folded gun of Mr. Longridge, or the silk-folded guns of the Chinese. The adhesion of the separate folds may be illustrated by the mode in which a Thames steamer is held fast to the pier by two turns of a rope round the timber bit, by which means the friction enables a single man to control the movement.

These pipes will be less subject to the action of frost than metal is; and although they are not yet tried in large sizes, and the requisite thickness for that purpose is not yet known, it is possible that they will come largely into use for moderate sizes, and also for small service pipes to replace lead at a very far less cost than gutta percha.

The severe frost last winter, bursting our water-pipes and driving us to stand-cocks in the streets, was not creditable to us, as a mechanical nation, in its results upon our domestic water supply. There exists so simple a mode of preventing water-pipes in houses from bursting by frost, that I suspect the plumbers must be aware of it, and keep it carefully out of sight. It is to have a small spherical cistern of thin copper attached to the lower part of the water-pipe, and a gas-burner fixed below it. If, when the frost comes on, the gas-jet be lighted, the effect will be that the cistern will become a boiler on a small scale, circulating sufficient warmth through the pipes to prevent the action of the frost either in stopping the supply or in bursting the pipes. Every household might be saved from winter's mishap in this simple mode, without the unsightly process of hay-banding its service pipes.

Some objection has been raised about difficulty in bending for curves, but without apparent reason. These pipes may be made in curved forms as easily as cast-iron; or, by filling with sand and heating, they may be bent like a malleable metal pipe. Their stiffness, and freedom from decay, renders them peculiarly eligible for the purpose of draining the permanent way of railways. Whether any better material will ultimately be discovered it is difficult to pronounce; but, so far as judgment goes, and experience has verified, a new era appears to have been attained in pipe making. The strength of the material has long been proved in the familiar instance of rocket cases, where the enormous pressure of the powder is so successfully resisted by simple concentric folds of paper.

Just at this time, Mr. Gladstone's alteration of the tariff opportunely arrives to facilitate a new manufacture, opening up also new sources of material.

W. BRIDGES ADAMS.

JOTTINGS IN JERSEY.

CHARACTERISTICS.

VOLTAIRE's vivid description of Holland was summed up in three words, "Canaux, canards, canaille."

The same alliteration might be used to form an accidental definition of Jersey—cows, cabbages, cider, and crapauds. The cows are those usually known by the name of Alderneys; but the smaller isle steals its bucolic honour from the larger. There are no other cows in Jersey *alive*; for the laws of the island forbid the importation of foreign breeds. All extraneous cows seen painfully landed from the butchers' cutters from France, or painfully dragging their stiffened limbs along the road, are under sentence of death. France supplies Jersey with meat, not of a first-rate description, from which cause Jersey labours under a twofold disadvantage—that of having French meat and English cookery; and, under the circumstances, it is a wonder that the thing called digestion exists at all in the island: for in England, where there is no cookery, the meat is so good that it does not require it; in France, where there is no meat, properly so called, the cookery is so good as to create it: in Jersey there is neither meat nor cookery.

The cows are amiable creatures, and, as all the world knows, very pretty. They come up to be petted, instead of moving away like most cattle in England; but they make a virtue of necessity, since they are all fed chained or tethered, as in fact are all the animals in Jersey, the goats, and even the sheep, where sheep are found. There is one Jersey bull, in a field under Fort Regent, but he appears to be under sentence of excommunication.

The Jersey cabbages do not grow close to the ground like most cabbages, but from a kind of cabbage-tree, with a stalk six or seven feet long in some instances, from which very bad walking-sticks are made.

The cider is excellent, but very difficult to obtain from the inhabitants, for love or money, in any small quantity. During a residence of some

months in Gorey we were unable to obtain any by the usual means. On one occasion our question as to the possibility of obtaining a gallon of cider being answered by a string of questions about our own business; on another, a vendor of cider declaring that he had order to sell, but that his house was very difficult to find in the labyrinth of lanes. We believed him, and gave up our quest in despair.

The crapauds are perhaps the most characteristic of all the island productions. They were generally supposed to be the French frog, but the Jersey crapaud is a distinct animal. Those who know old pictures, will remember certain imaginary creatures in the temptations of St. Anthony, and certain batrachian denizens found only where no one would wish to go after death—such are the Jersey crapauds. We have



Mont Orgueil.

lect mistaking one in the moonlight for a small dog lying in the road; to our surprise, instead of jumping up it waddled off. In the sister island of Guernsey they are said not to exist at all; hence the sobriquet of crapauds, as good-naturedly applied by the people of one island to that of the other.

THE SHAPE OF THE ISLAND,

as seen in the map, is that of some amphibious animal squatting on its hind-quarters, with the fore-feet, as the heralds would say, *coupel*. A walrus would perhaps best represent it. Thus, Cape Grosnez would form the head, Noirmont Point and that next it the *coupel* fore-legs, and La Rocq the *os coccygis*, or place where the tail ought to be. Geologically viewed, the island dips from north to south.

On the northern side the rocks rise to the height of about three hundred feet; on the south they lose themselves in marsh-land and alluvium. It would appear as if the island at one time lay flat on the sea, with its inland springs bubbling up, and forming quagmires on its surface; then that some submarine force raised the northern part, and caused the springs to run southward, scooping themselves channels in their course, which form a most extraordinary ramification of valleys. There are few exceptions to this rule, amongst them are the lowly peninsulas of Grève de Lecq and Les Mouriers, which are watered by streams of about two miles in length; in the latter case a waterfall, very respectable for so small an island, being formed over the rocky escarpment.

Learned anatomists, or lovers of hot suppers,

might compare Jersey to a split kidney, the congeries of vessels running out into the bay of St. Aubin's. The rocks consist of syenite, with its various modifications, great dykes of quartz and other primary rocks occurring at intervals.

THE NATURAL BEAUTIES

are very considerable. Perhaps the finest view in Jersey is that from near the Manor House at St. Aubin, looking towards the town and Fort Regent. The bay of St. Aubin's only wants Vesuvius to be the bay of Naples in miniature. The prominent feature is formed by the fantastic rocks of the island (or peninsula at low water) on which Elizabeth Castle stands. Seen with a sunset effect, and at the moment of the explosion of the evening gun, it forms one of the most lovely pictures imaginable.

The second in rank may be that seen on mounting the ridge of hill which divides the bay of St. Clement's from that of Grouville, where the road winds like an Alpine pass over the crest by the arsenal at Grouville, and as it were suddenly introduces the passenger to a new world, with Gorey Common below, the beautiful castle of Mont Orgueil forming beyond it the extremity of a long shore-like hill, which in Germany would be planted with vines; and beyond, all the dim coast of Normandy, distant some fifteen miles. If the Gorey oyster-fleet, of a hundred or so vessels at a time, are in the offing in full sail, the view is very much enhanced.

The walk round the island will be found most interesting. The beauty of the coast begins with Mont Orgueil Castle—a grand mediæval fortress in beautiful preservation—

A tower of victory, from which the flight
Of baffled hosts was watch'd along the plain.

Here Pryme was confined, and wrote some bad verses on the wall, and Charles II. took refuge in the troubles of the Commonwealth; Jersey being royal, while Guernsey was parliamentary. The house where the Merry Monarch lived at Gorey is just below the grounds of Lady Turner, and was lately tenanted by the estimable clergyman of Gorey. The king gave its tenants the characteristic privilege of keeping a public-house without a licence for ever. Of this privilege our reverend friend did not avail himself. Mont Orgueil looks weirdly grand on the other side, where the shore becomes rocky, and breaks into bays with sands which afford excellent bathing. There is a rugged path of extreme beauty along the cliffs to St. Catherine's Pier—a very long jetty of stone running out into the sea, favoured in August, 1859, by a visit from her most gracious Majesty, and intended originally to form part of an immense harbour of refuge. As it is, it would wonderfully facilitate the landing of 10,000 Frenchmen, being "convenient," as the Irish say, to Grouville, Cherbourg, and St. Malo.

From St. Catherine's way may be made to Rozel Bay, where are the grounds of the late Mr. Curtis, a gentleman who, like the old man of Tarentum in Virgil's "Georgics," bought a bit of rock and transformed it into an ornamental garden. Australian gum-trees, and nearly all the products of the southern hemisphere, flourish there under the mild

influences of the climate; and one would almost expect to see the southern cross in the sky. Near Bouley Bay, from which a fine view of the opposite coast of France is obtained, the coast becomes barren and almost mountainous, resembling some parts of north Devon. It culminates in the heights of Mont Madoe, where are some most picturesque old granite quarries, and in the heathery promontories which encircle Bonne Nuit Bay.

As the route is pursued, the rocks become steeper and more fantastic, and the shore less and less constantly accessible. Passing the waterfall at Les Mouriers we come to the Creux du Vis—a hole in the cliff where the superincumbent earth has collapsed into a cave, driven into it horizontally from the sea. It is fine, if the difficult descent can be managed, to see the great pent-up waves bursting into the abyss. Farther on is Crabbe, a wonderfully grim chasm, some 300 feet down, but accessible by a winding path. Below it are great pyramids and arches of rock—a feature constantly occurring on this coast, where the force of water produces most extraordinary forms. The effect is aided by the colour of the rocks, which is generally dark red, and in some places nearly black, here and there hoary with the light-green moss of ages, giving the appearance of gigantic ruins of enormous antiquity, and variegated with party-coloured lichens, the yellow the most remarkable, only to be represented in painting by the brightest cadmium.

Near Grève de Lecq, where is an hotel which continually advertises itself as the "Star and Garter of Jersey," is another stupendous hollow, with vaulted caverns among its rocky cathedrals, which are better not visited unless the visitor can be sure that the tide is retiring. But the most remarkable caves and pyramids seem to be on the side of Plemont Point, on the bay called the Grève au Lançon, so called from the sand-eels caught there.

Beyond them is Grosnez Castle, or rather what is left of it, a single arch of a gateway, standing on the neck of a promontory, with precipitous cliffs behind. This is the north-western extremity of the island. It balanced Mont Orgueil in the olden time, and was held by the Lords of St. Owen for the English crown, when the half of the island from Mont Orgueil to the middle was in possession of the French. Its defenders, if hard pressed, could have no alternative between starvation and jumping into the sea, if they did not choose to surrender. Its only access or egress was apparently by the gateway which remains. Following the course of the high cliffs, one more pyramid is seen, grandest of all, the Pinnacle Rock, connected with the shore by a narrow neck of land, and forming a fine object from the distant Corbières. There is a break in the series of high rocks at L'Etac, formed by the long sweep of St. Owen's bay, depreciated by the guide-books as monotonous, but presenting to the painter's eye, by its great comparative size, the finest aerial effects to be seen in the island. At the other turn of St. Owen's bay are the Corbières rocks, pyramidal again, and insulated at high tide—a place whence to see a storm to perfection;

with reasonable caution not to be washed off by an unusually high wave, an accident which has happened. It was near there that the unfortunate Express mail-steamer was lost on a fine morning,

the 20th of September, 1859. It was the ill-omened vessel which carried over 1,000 passengers to Newhaven, in 1818, in a gale of wind. There is the beautiful seclusion of St. Aubin's



Rocks at Grève au Lançon.

bay, with the oldest church of the island in one corner of it, and beyond the next point and Noirmont, the still more beautiful, and still more secluded, Portelet bay. At Noirmont point, the coast beauty ceases, and the view of St. Aubin's bay closes the exhibition. On its further horn appears, looking well in the distance, the town of

ST. HELIER'S.

"HULL, hell, and Halifax," have been for a long time quoted as the three most disagreeable places in the world, or out of it. We have come to the conclusion that the second of these words is a corruption of St. Heliers. It seems inconceivable that the odour of sanctity should ever have embalmed this most corrupt of towns. St. Helier was a hermit inhabiting a cell, difficult of access, on a rock behind Elizabeth Castle. Elizabeth Castle is connected with the mainland by a natural bridge, flooded at half-tide—a trap in which sometimes a tipsy soldier has been caught. Our Government really ought not to post soldiers in Jersey, as spirits are ruinously cheap, and the temptation too great. Jersey would be best defended by gun-boats, and by dismantling its fortresses, which are all commanded by heights. An enemy in command of the sea, would of course compel its garrison to surrender at discretion. The militia are sufficient to guard it against a Filibustering attack, like that of the Baron Billecour, which was so gallantly frustrated, though at the sacrifice of his young life, by Major Pierson, not long before the outbreak of the French Revolution.

The town is chiefly inhabited by the Anglo-

Saxons; the original Norman population keeping pretty much to the country. The immense prevalence of drunkenness proves that the national habit of England will scarcely be corrected by an infusion of cheap French wine, since French wine is as cheap in Jersey as in France. A walk in the streets of St. Helier's would induce a passer-by to invoke a Maine liquor law in utter exasperation. The police appear to be few and far between, and in fact afraid to show themselves. The town appears to be in the hands of a sort of *gaminerie*, or democracy of *gamins*, who commit with impunity all sorts of depredations on persons and property, and fill the streets night and day with yellings, whistlings, and all sorts of discordant noises. A Royal Commission—which will cost John Bull something, but Jean Jersey Bull nothing—has been lately sitting to consider the abuses of

JERSEY JUSTICE.

The criminal law of the island appears to be most strangely administered. Last summer, 1859, a girl found guilty of infanticide was haled out for 10*l*. A year or two before, a man who shot his sister, and was tried for manslaughter, got off *scot-free among the chers of his party*. More lately, two drunkards quarrelled in a gig, and one tried to seize the gun of the other, the other in the scramble shot him and wounded him; the wounded man got well, but the aggressor was sentenced to seven years' transportation, and his property was confiscated to the lord of the manor, thus punishing his innocent family by a barbarous feudal law.

Some time ago, a poor little French boy was killed by a blow by a Jersey butcher-boy, when

the Jersey jury entirely acquitted. No French or English resident is said to have much chance with an islander in the civil courts, and on one occasion lately, when by some accident or mistake justice was done, the Jerseyman was heard to exclaim as he went out: "What a shame it is, that *foreigners* should be allowed to beat us in our own courts!"

By its situation the town of St. Helier's, most overgrown in population for the size of the island, is the receptacle for all the impurities, moral and physical, of this pretty little island, and for much of those of the external world. It is cooped up in a close, unhealthy hollow, and the wonder is how the cholera could ever have passed over it without destroying half the inhabitants. By some strange perversity, the best parts are built away from the sea, so that the fashionables are shut out from the view of Elizabeth Castle and the harbour, which is really pretty. There is no promenade near the sea, the only place answering that description being the College Gardens, where the military band plays. The strand, and pier, and outskirts of the harbour are given up to seafaring business, and being also the haunt of the scum of England and France, are not desirable as a social lounge. The New Parade Ground is prevented from being a public promenade by being entirely in the hands of the *gaminocracy*, one or more of whose body, some time last summer, had the assurance to steal a sheep which was put there to graze, flay it on the spot, and carry off the mutton, under the very nose of the police-office. There is a theatre at St. Helier's, at the wrong end of the town, the performances of which are nightly disturbed by drunken sailors, it being no one's business to keep order.

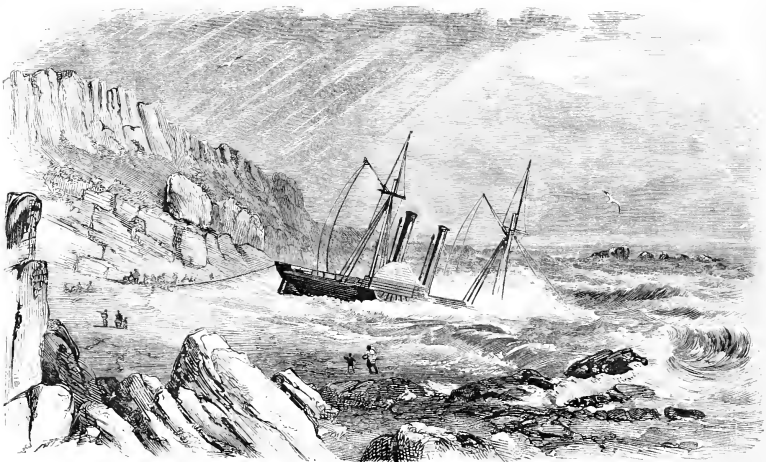
In short, our impressions of Jersey have tended

much to corroborate in our minds the poet's dictum, that

God made the country, and man made the town;

for while the town is a huge seething kettle of corruption, the country is a labyrinth of loveliness. It is a labyrinth of lanes all arched by trees and fringed by lush herbage, and with certain lights presenting little fantastic avenues of fairy beauty. It is a labyrinth of vallies running into one another, and losing their branches in the hills, each with its own little rivulet, opening into interminable glimpses of sea and land, while in the first spring-time the ground is beautified with snowdrops, primroses, violets, and especially jonquils and daffodils. But each part of Jersey with all its variety, has a certain likeness. Everywhere are seen the same quaint old farmhouses of granite, half sunk in the earth, solidly built, with moss overgrown roofs and round arched doorways; everywhere the same, orchards and perpendicular banks covered with fern and all its congeners; everywhere in summer, the huge geraniums attaining the growth of trees, the semi-tropical oleanders, and acacias, and magnolias, and camellias, growing in the open air all the year round; everywhere the same round picturesque wells covered with botany, looking as if built to be bomb-proof; the same pretty little fields and beautiful eyed and silken coated cattle tethered in them, and everywhere round the coast the same stacks of *vaie* or seaweed, used to fertilise the fields, the same Martello-towers, picturesque from the colours of the stone, the same fields of reefs inhabited by curious anemones and starfish, and girdling all the same gemmy sea, far more enjoyable here from the facility of bathing in it at almost any season, than the salt element as familiarly known to the frequenters of the coast of Great Britain.

G. C. SWAYNE.



Wreck of "Express" Steamer on the Carbières Rocks.

LAST WEEK.

PRIMUS IN INDIS.

AFTER the division in the House of Peers of Friday night last, the principle of the amalgamation of the two services may be considered as out of further peril. The point, which is a capital one to the future security of the empire, has been carefully considered since the suppression of the great mutiny. There is a great conflict of authorities upon the subject. On the whole, a majority of English statesmen are for the change—a majority of Indian statesmen against it. Of English statesmen, the supporters of the present government are for it,—the leaders of her Majesty's opposition against it. Lord Clyde and the Queen's officers are, for the most part, for it,—Sir James Outram and the Indian officers, for the most part, against it. Is not the inference from this plain statement of facts, which are beyond all dispute, almost irresistible! Each of these statesmen—each of these officers, although jealous of his country's honour, and giving utterance, no doubt, to his honest convictions, regards the subject from his own point of view. The prejudices, the aspirations of his class, even the political incidents of the time, operate upon the minds of each of the speakers and writers; and to say this is but to say that all are men. We had rather not dogmatise upon a point on which statesmen, and officers of the longest experience and of great fame are at issue; but yet we think that, on the whole, the country will be content with the decision at which the Houses have arrived. It is idle to suppose that the military service of India can ever be carried on without a large co-operation from the native forces. At the present moment there are actually 46,000 of the old Sepoy force under arms in the provinces which were the seat of the mutiny; of Sikhs and Native Irregulars, in addition to these, about 30,000 more. We have not done with the native soldier, and never can have done with him as long as we hold British India. The question, however, is not whether we shall govern with or without the assistance of native troops—not even, with regard to the European local corps, of whether the *status quo* shall be maintained; but whether the system of local corps shall be indefinitely extended to the practical exclusion of the soldiery enlisted for the general service of the empire. The local system does not appear wise or prudent, either as far as the stability of things Indian, or the general security of the empire is concerned. As far as India goes, our recent experience of the fidelity of local European soldiers is not very encouraging. Taking a broader view, and regarding the empire as a whole, it seems as though India is the natural parade ground of the British nation, as much as Manchester is its chosen spot for the manufacture of cottons, or Portsmouth is its arsenal. Is it a good thing for a soldier or officer to gain experience in his profession, send him to India. If you want trained officers to guard the empire in any sudden emergency, draw them from India; or from the men who have served there. The Duke of Wellington learnt his trick of

fence in India. Again if India is to be held by British troops, there will be the less necessity for that intimate knowledge of the habits of the natives, and even familiarity with their language, than heretofore. The grand ignorance of the British soldier—may we venture in all countries to add—and officer will almost prove an additional security, inasmuch as it will lessen all chances of seduction, or even hesitation in his allegiance to Powers that rule in the little island beyond the seas. The task of reconciling the millions of India to our rule by gentle means, had perhaps better be entrusted to other hands. In addition to these considerations, we should not banish from our recollection the part which the railway, the steam-ship, the steam-ship, and the electric telegraph will play in our future relations with British India.

THE DOVER VOLUNTEERS.

We cannot hope that any words we may write will be of much avail to help the mourners who are now deploring the loss of the two Artillery Volunteers, killed on Thursday evening last by the explosion of a gun at Dover. We would, however, offer an expression of sympathy with their sorrow, and we are very contented that in so doing we represent the feeling of all our readers. Mr. G. T. Thompson, a solicitor of Dover and coroner for the town, one of the Lieutenants, and Mr. G. Manger, a tobacconist of the same town, were killed upon the spot. Mr. Harris, the commander of the corps, received an injury from which concussion of the brain followed; and he lies in a precarious, but not, at the time we write, in a hopeless state. Mr. Hallow, a painter, Mr. Gillillan, a tailor, and a young man named Boulding, are sufferers, though in a less degree. As far as the facts have yet been ascertained, no blame is to be imputed, either for want of skill or negligence, to the sufferers from this lamentable accident. The damage arose from a defect in the gun, which had been too long in use. Very severe tests are applied to a gun to ascertain its fitness when it is fresh from the manufacturer or founder's hands. We know not what precautions are exercised after the weapon has once been brought into use. How carefully after each journey the soundness of every wheel in every railway carriage is tested and ascertained! It is not held sufficient that they were known to be fit for use when they were delivered in the first instance from the maker's yard. Be this, however, as it may, we have now arrived at a point when we are made painfully aware that the Volunteers of England have taken upon themselves a duty which involves serious risks even before they are called upon to meet an enemy in the field. In the discharge of their self-imposed duty, they should be supported by the full strength of public opinion, and public feeling. These young men lost their lives in the service of their country. It is no exaggeration to say so, when they were killed in the discharge of their duty, and whilst engaged in the exercises necessary to prepare themselves for combat with an enemy, if any such should ever venture to attack our shores. The families of the sufferers by this tragic occurrence ought to know that their private loss is regarded by all as a public affliction.

BLOOD AGAIN.

LAST week has been unusually fertile in savagery. Of course the occurrence of the assizes revives the wretched blood-chronicle of the last six months in all our minds; but independently of this we have a crop of fresh horrors. We have just had another case as bad as that of the infamous Mrs. Greenacre, in the person of a schoolmistress who was doing her best to torture to death a wretched little girl whom she had adopted, from what other motive than a good one, in the first instance, one cannot see. She seems to have revelled in the spectacle of the poor creature's sufferings. We must not soil our pages with full details of the case; but when the child was exhibited at the Southwark Police Court, it bore upon its body such marks of violence, that every one present shuddered at the sight. There was nothing to suggest insanity as a palliation of the prisoner's brutality. We are left to the conclusion, that a woman may be of sane mind, and yet feel a kind of sensual gratification in the agony of a child. The other day a coroner killed himself on his wedding-tour. The other day, too, a ruffian of the name of Foley was brought up at the Bow Street office charged with having committed a series of the most savage assaults on his wife and daughters—the youngest daughter, a child nine years of age, he had literally thrown on the fire. John Fenton has just been hung for the Walkingham murder, and a gentleman who was present at the execution hung himself next morning. The number of the "Times" for Monday of last week (August 6th), contains such a catalogue of murders and attempts at murder, that it is clear enough our civilisation is not worth so very much. The first of these was tried at Carlisle before Baron Martin. George Cass was charged with the murder of Ann Sewell at Embleham on the 26th of March last, and substantially convicted on his own confession. We would invite particular attention to this confession, inasmuch as it gives some little insight into the clumsy workings of the ruffian's mind. Here is the autobiography of George Cass at the only interesting period of his brutal life. The fellow's intelligence is obviously scarce higher than that of a bullock. He thinks as much of the three halfpence out of which Sarah Dixon cheated him when he sent her for the 'bacco, as he does of the blood he had spilt. How differently a fashionable novelist would have dealt with the phenomena of the murderer's mind! As far as our own recollection extends, this document is what collectors of *bric-à-brac* would call *unique*, and certainly is a literary curiosity. Here it is:—

George Cass saith,—“How it was done you know. She made me mad, you know; and I was coming from righting a ewe. She was in the passage or lobby, as some folk call it, coming out of the front door, leading into the yard opposite to the stable. I had been in the orchard righting the ewe. She wanted me to do something with her caulkers; and then, you know, as I would not bother with her caulkers, and then she began to bother and call me. She had a knife in her hand, and I was standing between the stable-door and the house-door, and then she threw the knife at me, and the haft just caught me on the left cheek, just below the cheek-bone. Well, then, I clicked it up in my madness, and I just took it up and threw it at the deceased Ann

Sewell. She was then standing just within a yard from the door in the passage, and it struck just about there (prisoner pointing to the apple of his throat); somewhere about the part of the throat which projects out. Well, then, you know, she ran from there down to the bottom of the passage. She did not scream out 'Oh, dear,' She says, 'Come here and put me away altogether.' She said she could not find it of her heart to go out again. Well, then, I said, I did not like. She begged and prayed of me either twice or three times to do it, and then I just took up t'knife, which I had in my hand, and just came a stroke across the left side of her neck. When I was coming a second time she put her hand up to the left side of her face, and she said it did not seem to go far enough in. 'Give us another.' I gave like a second one, when she asked me: and then she stood a little bit, and then she dropped. She never said nout (nothing) more after she dropped, and she laid there. Then I came up into the kitchen, and I took the knife up with me and thought I would wash it, and then I rued—I would not; and I just went and put it into her hand, and there was just a drop of blood about the size of a half-penny on here (pointing to his waistcoat), and then just with that John Robinson came up to the door. I was in the back-kitchen at the time washing my waistcoat-bread with my hand. I just stepped aside till he went away, and he went into the stable, and then he came out again and went away home. When I saw him off I washed my hands and waistcoat out, and then I went like down into the kitchen and went out of the front window into the orchard, and then I got my mare out of the stable, and then when I got her into the field she would not stand until I got the gear on. She went galloping back into the fold. Then I went and brought her back and yoked her. About a quarter of an hour [after that, I saw Mr. Boys going down. A little bit after that there was a young lad went down on a cuddy donkey, and then I saw nothing more till Mr. Boys' girl came to take me home that night. Then, when I got home, Mrs. Fearon told me to go in at the front window, and I said, 'No, I could get in at the back door.' I had got in many a time at it, and then I opened the door for the mistress. I opened the door with that piece of iron that Mr. Brown had there. [Cass was here cautioned a second time, but said he only wanted to tell the truth.] Then at night, after we had all gone to bed, I went up-stairs into Ann Sewell's room. Her and me was down at Cokermonth one night before that a bit, and she wanted to get some things, and she had forgotten her purse, and she asked me if I had any money in my pocket, and I said I had a half-crown if that would do aught for her, and so I lent her it. So, as I thought I had lent her the half-crown, I thought I would have it back again. Then I just looked into her box, and there was a little bag, you know, that they hang over their arms, and I opened this and I found a purse in it, and I just opened it, and there was just eighteen-pence in it, and then I just put the eighteen-pence in the purse in my pocket, and then I groped her frock-pocket, as I thought there might be something more in it, and there was a half-crown in it. I put that in my pocket. In the morning I was putting the half-crown into the purse with the eighteen-pence, and at one side of the purse there was a little hole in it, and a sovereign in it. I did not know what to make of the sovereign, and I owed our folk a sovereign, and so I was over home on Wednesday night after I got the sovereign, and I just left the purse and sovereign with my mother. Then I spent the half-crown, and got some drink on the road. And then I had eighteen-pence left; and then I ran out of 'bacco, and sent for another ounce. Then I had like fifteen-pence left. But Sarah Dixon,

the person I sent for the 'bacco, only gave me three-halfpence, instead of threepence. I had given her a sixpence out of the eighteen-pence. That is all, I think. I do not wish to add anything more to this statement. I have made it voluntarily, and of my own free will."

After hearing the statement read over, the prisoner said, "That is all, I think. It would be as near half-past three, as near as I can tell, when this happened. There was no one with me. I have done it all myself, and I was very sorry, too, after I had done it."

"GEORGE CASS."

He took exactly four shillings by the transaction. Some years ago, a fellow was executed at Brussels for committing a murder in the Wood of Soigny; he had realised by the business exactly three half-pence, and the handle of an old knife—the blade was gone. George Cass was found guilty, and left for execution.

On the same day we have the report of the trial of one Thomas Sowerby, for the murder of Simon Manassa at Penrith. This is the case which has been spoken of as the Penrith murder. It turned out that there was no ill will between the men; nor had his little stock of money been removed from the pockets of the dead man. The discovery was brought about curiously enough. On the 10th of April last, very early in the morning, George Pattinson was going to his work, and was going over a field, when he picked up a stick covered with hoar-frost. The hoar-frost melted, and, on examining his hand, *George Pattinson found that it was bloody.* This roused his suspicions; he looked round him, and saw the body of a man lying in the corner of the next field. The prisoner was within fifty yards of the place at the time Pattinson made this discovery. When hailed a second time, Thomas Sowerby turned back, joined Pattinson, and looked at the body. He said he had seen it before, and promised to give information. Suspicion afterwards fell on him, and when his clothes were examined, blood was found upon his leggings, upon the cuff of his kytle, and upon a button of his coat. He subsequently admitted that he had killed Simon Manassa; but that the death had been the result of an affray betwixt them, in which Manassa had been the assailant. When attacked Sowerby had thrown his opponent a cross-buttock in old Cumberland fashion, and without intending his death, had afterwards beaten him with a stick. It was held that his story might be true. He was convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced to eighteen months of imprisonment, with hard labour.

Again, on the same day, we have a report of the trial of Francis Price, at Warwick, for the murder of Sarah Platt, his sweetheart. He seems to have been a very respectable young man. He was the son of a "minister of the Gospel"—probably of a Dissenting minister. He had been a prize-walker in his youth, and was actually a shoemaker by trade. There was some dispute between the lovers as to a woman with whom the deceased had associated, and whose acquaintance Price had wished her to give up. After a fruitless effort at reconciliation, upon the 18th of April last he sent for her to the house of an old woman named Agnes Hone, and when Hone had turned

her back for a moment, *Price* cut Sarah Platt's throat in the passage with a shoemaker's knife. Almost immediately afterwards he said: "Is she dead? It is Mrs. —, and Mrs. —, and then women, that are the cause of it. I shall not tell you a lie about it. I loved her as I loved my life. I know my fate. My days are numbered." His right hand was stained with the blood of Sarah Platt—even whilst he was speaking.

The crowning horror, however, of this week has been the Walworth murder. William Godfrey Youngman stands charged with the wilful murder of his mother, his two young brothers, and his sweetheart, Mary Wells Streeter. As the prisoner has not yet taken his trial, we abstain from all comment, which might have the effect of prejudicing his case. His defence is, that his mother had slaughtered the three other victims, and that, to save his own life, he had taken hers. Youngman had effected an insurance of 100*l.* upon the life of Mary Streeter, payable to him after her death.

WITH THIS—OR ON THIS.

THE Spartan matrons have been fairly outdone by our fair countrywomen, if all tales are true which pass current at Paris just now. It was all very well for a classical virago to send out her sons to death of victory, but in order to make the heroism perfect, she might have gone herself. A high-spirited lady might tap her son's shield, and say to him in a significant way,—"*Agasippus*, my dear boy, with this, or on this—you understand your poor old mother;" but it would have been far more edifying had his parent added, "and I will go with you!" There has been a good deal of talk lately about our national defences. Despite of Sir Frederick Smith, backed as that gallant officer has been by the professional experience of Mr. Edwin James, we are about to fortify Portsdown Hill, and look after the defences of our arsenals. What with regular troops, and militia-men, and volunteers, we are doing our best just now to take care of Lord Overstone's till. We trust that in a short time we shall be beyond the necessity of following his advice, and offering the Zouaves a ransom if they will be good enough to march out of London. All these clumsy precautions of armies, fleets, fortresses, volunteers, &c., &c., are quite unnecessary—at least so we are told upon excellent French authority. The fact is, we are safe. Our countrywomen have volunteered *en masse*, shouldered their rifles, and stand ready to answer any overtures from the peridious Gauls with a Minié bullet, or the point of a bayonet. "Brunettes, form square to repel cavalry." "Blondes, advance in loose order." "Orders from General Charlotte to Colonel Louisa to silence that battery." The Zouaves and Chasseurs d'Afrique will soon learn what they have to expect from the stern coquetry of the British female.

There is published every week in Paris an illustrated newspaper, called "Le Monde Illustré." In a recent number, the editor has favoured his readers with a full page cut which represents three of our fair countrywomen in Knickerbockers, and Mandarin hats, standing at ease and leaning upon their rifles. These three ladies are described as samples of "LES RIFLEWOMEN (*ou les hotelliers*)

de Volontaires féminins en Angleterre.)” It must not be supposed that this is what would be called in the rude language of camps “a shave.” The intelligent editor heartily believes in his own announcement, and by this time our French neighbours are perfectly convinced that our countrywomen have really turned out with arms in their hands, in defence of their helpless fathers, husbands, brothers, sons, nephews, and male cousins. The editor is courteous, sarcastic; grave, merry; witty, and exceedingly dull at our expense. “There is a fact,” he says, “which France would refuse to believe, if it was not supported by the evidence of photography, ‘ce témoin irrécusable.’ England, not satisfied with raising with one effort an army of 150,000 Volunteers, has pushed the principle of patriotism a little further; one may even say, has exceeded the limits assigned by right reason even to public spirit. This is the turn which things take amongst a people disposed to mistake exaggeration for enthusiasm.” After this fine moral reflection, the editor adds:—“But let us come to the point; it is time to give an explanation to those amongst our readers who may be stupefied by a glance at the engraving in the next page.” The engraving represents the three ladies in the Knickerbockers, &c. We can’t do these things as well as they are done in Paris, and so let it be understood that what follows is written not with English, but with French ink.

A society of English ladies, who had been dreaming of Zouaves, has risen up like a *single man* (the irony is italicised in the original), and has determined to go halves with the Riflemen in the defence of the country. It is not exactly proved that the fatherland is in danger, but it would be cruel to say a word which might calm these alarms, and so deprive these ladies of the “*prétexte complaisant*” for playing at soldiers. Their fancy is quite harmless. The intelligent writer does not seem to apprehend any serious danger to an invading force from the efforts of these heroines. He does not even see why they should not be thoroughly drilled, if only precaution is taken that their rifles shall not in any case be loaded. Here is a box on the ears for the British female. The writer is a sad fellow, and proceeds with his odious sneers. He is pleased with the thought that this institution of the British Riflemen will throw a little variety into our military pictures. MM. Horace Vernet, Yvon, Dumaresq, and all the modern Vander-Meulens must set their pallets afresh. At the next exhibition M. Albert de Lasalle’s prophetic soul foresees “Bivouacs of English Ladies,” “Patrols of English Ladies,” &c. Who would not lead a forlorn hope against such enemies as these? One would think that M. de Lasalle might have left the poor things quiet after grinding them down to the dust in this way. Not a bit of it. He pretends to fear that our legs of mutton may get scorched, and that poor Paterfamilias’s false collars may sometimes need a button, whilst his martial spouse has gone where glory waits her, and is perfecting herself in the principles of “*la charge en douze temps*,” whatever that may be. *Mais que voulez-vous? . . . Il*

fallait opter. When called upon to choose between the welfare of the country and that of the stepot, the British female could not hesitate. After pelting our wives and daughters with these pitiless sarcasms, M. de Lasalle turns round upon us, the men of England. He tells us, that there is compensation in store for us. Although our roast mutton may be burnt, and our “dickies” may be without buttons, we shall escape with fewer turns of service whilst our fair countrywomen are doing duty for us. Besides, there is this farther advantage, that whilst they are on guard, we may learn how to look after the cooking, and—oh, death! oh, fury! oh, vengeance!—how to darn stockings.

After he has treated us in this shocking way, M. de Lasalle proceeds to soothe our wounded pride in more courteous tone. He says: “At the bottom of all this, as at the bottom of all things English, there is a serious thought, and the sentiment which has inspired the idea of the formation of a force of Riflemen is most praiseworthy. The spirit of the ancient Amazons, and of the women of Sparta, has animated these ladies, whom we may regard as funny in their military costume, but ridiculous—NEVER!” Thank you, M. de Lasalle, for this scrap of consolation. A strong head and a kind heart always go together. Would that you had persevered in this view! Why, after half lifting us from the ground with one hand, do you knock us down again with the other? Why tell us, that if an intelligent Frenchman was inclined to be calumnious, he might just suggest that feminine coquetry might realise heavy profits out of this martial arrangement. The elegance of the costume worn by the *Riflemen*—which, to M. de Lasalle’s personal knowledge, was a powerful recruiting agent—might, if a man was inclined to be ill-natured, inspire him with certain ideas, not to say convictions, upon this critical point. *Voyez plutôt comment on se met dans ce joli bataillon!* Then follows a description of the uniform of the Riflemen; and as it will be quite as new to our readers as to the well-informed French public who rely upon the “*Monde Illustré*” for their facts, here it is. “The hat is of circular form, something like the Spanish *sombrero* (it is, in fact, our old friend the Mandarin). The coat fits tight at the waist, and is embroidered and fashioned like that of the old *mousquetaires*; unmentionables à la Zouave; and from the garter downwards (Fie! M. de Lasalle!) discloses the form of the leg, which is covered by tight elastic hose. In the hat there is a plume, which is the sport of every wind. *On serait jolie à moins!*” So far M. Albert de Lasalle.

May we venture to suggest to him, that he has mistaken a pretty little photograph, which is just now to be seen in our shop-windows, for the indication of a serious fact. As well might we suppose that all the matrons of France and Belgium have taken to dancing the *cancan* because engravings of “*La Reine Pomaré*” engaged in that delightful exercise are still extant. Let our French neighbours come over to us as friends, not as enemies, and no doubt they will surrender at discretion before the sustained fire of our Riflemen; but at least, in such a case, defeat will be agreeable, and death without pain.

EVAN HARRINGTON; OR, HE WOULD BE A GENTLEMAN.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.



(See p. 200.)

CHAPTER XXXVI. BEFORE BREAKFAST.

COLD through the night the dark-fringed stream had whispered under Evan's eyes, and the night breeze voiced "Fool, fool!" to him, not without a distant echo in his heart. By symbols and sensations he knew that Rose was lost to him. There was no moon: the water seemed aimless, passing on carelessly to oblivion. Now and then the trees stirred and talked, or a noise was heard from the pastures. He had slain the life that lived in them, and the great glory they were to bring forth, and the end to which all things moved. Had less than the loss of Rose been involved, the young man might have found himself looking out on a world beneath notice, and have been sighing for one more worthy of his clouded excellence: but the immense misery present to him in the contemplation of Rose's sad restrained contempt, saved him from the silly elation which is the last, and generally successful, struggle of human nature in those who can so far master it to commit a sacrifice. The loss of that brave high young soul—Rose, who had lifted him out of the mire with her own white hands: Rose, the image of all that he worshipped: Rose, so closely wedded to him that to be cut away from her was to fall like pallid clay from the soaring spirit: surely he was stunned and senseless when he went to utter the words to her mother! Now

that he was awake and could feel his self-inflicted pain, he marvelled at his rashness and fool-hness, as perhaps numerous mangled warriors have done for a time, when the battle-field was cool, and they were weak, and the uproar of their jarred nerves has beset them, lying unhealed.

By degrees he grew aware of a little consolatory touch, like the point of a needle, in his consciousness. Laxley would certainly insult him! In that case he would not refuse to fight him. The darkness broke and revealed this happy prospect, and Evan held to it an hour, and could hardly reject it when better thoughts conquered. For would it not be sweet to make the strength of his arm respected? He took a stick, and ran his eye musingly along the length, trilling with it grimly. The great Mel had been his son's instructor in the chivalrous science of fence, and a *maître d'armes* in Portugal had given him polish. In Mel's time duels with swords were occasionally fought, and Evan looked on the sword as the weapon of combat. Face to face with his adversary—what then was birth or position? Action!—action!—he sighed for it, as I have done since I came to know that his history must be morally developed. A glow of bitter pleasure exalted him when, after hot passages, and parryings and thrusts, he had disarmed Ferdinand Laxley, and bestowing on him his life, said: "Accept this worthy gift of the son of a tailor!" and he

wiped his sword, haply bound up his wrist, and stalked off the ground, the vindicator of man's natural dignity. And then he turned upon himself with laughter, discovering a most wholesome power, barely to be suspected in him yet; but of all the children of glittering Mel and his solid mate, Evan was the best mixed compound of his parents.

He put the stick back in its corner and eyed his wrist, as if he had really just gone through the pretty scene he had just laughed at. It was nigh upon reality, for it suggested the employment of a handkerchief, and he went to a place and drew forth one that had the stain of his blood on it, and the name of Rose at one end. The beloved name was half-blotted by the dull red mark, and at that sight a strange tenderness took hold of Evan. His passions became dead and of old date. This, then, would be his for-ever! Love, for whom earth had been too small, crept exultingly into a nut-shell. He clasped the treasure on his breast, and saw a life beyond his parting with her.

Strengthened thus, he wrote by the morning light to Laxley. The letter was brief, and said simply that the act of which Laxley had been accused, Evan Harrington was responsible for. The latter expressed regret that Laxley should have fallen under a false charge, and, at the same time, indicated that if Laxley considered himself personally aggrieved, the writer was at his disposal.

A messenger had now to be found to convey it to the village-inn. Footmen were stirring about the house, and one meeting Evan close by his door, observed with demure grin, that he could not find the gentleman's nether-garments. The gentleman, it appeared, was Mr. John Raikes, who, according to report, had been furnished with a bed at the house, because of a discovery, made at a late period over-night, that farther the gentleman could not go. Evan found him sleeping soundly. How much the poor youth wanted a friend! Fortune had given him instead a born buffoon; and it is perhaps the greatest evil of a position like Evan's, that with cultured feelings you are likely to meet with none to know you. Society does not mix well in money-pecking spheres. Here, however, was John Raikes, and Evan had to make the best of him.

"Eh?" yawned Jack, awakened; "I was dreaming I was Napoleon Bonaparte's right-hand man."

"I want you to be mine for half-an-hour," said Evan.

Without replying, the distinguished officer jumped out of bed at a bound, mounted a chair, and peered on tip-toe over the top, from which, with a glance of self-congratulation, he pulled the missing piece of apparel, sighed dejectedly as he descended, while he exclaimed:

"Safe! but no distinction can compensate a man for this state of intolerable suspicion of everybody. I assure you, Harrington, I wouldn't be Napoleon himself—and I have always been his peculiar admirer—to live and be afraid of my valet! I believe it will develop cancer sooner or later in me. I feel singular pains already. Last

night, after crowning champagne with ale, which produced a sort of French Revolution in my interior—by the way, that must have made me dream of Napoleon!—last night, with my lower members in revolt against my head, I had to sit and cogitate for hours on a hiding-place for these—call them what you will. Depend upon it, Harrington, this world is no such funny affair as we fancy."

"Then it is true that you could let a man play pranks on you," said Evan. "I took it for one of your jokes."

"Just as I can't believe that you're a tailor," returned Jack. "It's not a bit more extraordinary."

"But, Jack, if you cause yourself to be contemptible——"

"Contemptible!" cried Jack. "This is not the tone I like. Contemptible! why, it's my eccentricity among my equals. If I dread the profane vulgar, that only proves that I'm above them. *Odi, &c.* Besides, Achilles had his weak point, and egad, it was when he faced about! By Jingo! I wish I'd had that idea yesterday. I should have behaved better."

Evan could see that Jack was beginning to rely desperately on his humour.

"Come," he said, "be a man to-day. Throw off your motley. When I met you that night so oddly, you had been acting like a worthy fellow,—trying to earn your bread in the best way you could——"

"And precisely because I met you, of all men, I've been going round and round ever since," said Jack. "A clown or pantaloon would have given me balance. Say no more. You couldn't help it. We met because we were the two extremes."

Sighing, "What a jolly old inn!" Mr. Raikes rolled himself over in the sheets and gave two or three snug jolts indicative of his determination to be comfortable while he could.

"Do you intend to carry on this folly, Jack?"

"Say, sacrifice," was the answer. "I feel it as much as you possibly could, Mr. Harrington. Hear the facts." Jack turned round again. "Why did I consent to this absurdity? Because of my ambition. That old fellow, whom I took to be a clerk of Messrs. Grist, said: 'You want to cut a figure in the world—you're armed now.' A sort of Fortunatus's joke. It was his way of launching me. But did he think I intended this for more than a lift? I his puppet? He, sir, was my tool! Well, I came. All my efforts were strained to shorten the period of penance. I had the best linen, and put on captivating manners. I should undoubtedly have won some girl of station, and cast off my engagement like an old suit, but just mark!—now mark how Fortune tricks us! After the pic-nic yesterday, the domestics of the house came to clear away, and the band being there, I stopped them and bade them tune up, and at the same time seizing the maid Wheedle, away we flew. We danced, we whirled, we twirled. Ale upon this! My head was lost. 'Why don't it last for ever?' says I. 'I wish it did,' says she. The *navvies* enraptured me. 'Oooo!' I cried, hugging her; and then,

you know, there was no course open to a man of honour but to offer marriage and make a lady of her. I proposed; she accepted me, and here I am, eternally tied to this accursed insignia, if I'm to keep my promise! Isn't that a sacrifice, friend H.? There's no course open to me. The poor girl is madly in love. She called me a 'rattle!' As a gentleman, I cannot recede—ha! ha! I must carry on my suit! I must be tied to tin! Think I'm merry, if you like, but I doubt an thou'dst be capable of sacrifice so vast! I doubt it indeed!"

Evan got up and burst into laughter at this burlesque of himself. Telling Jack the service he required of him, and receiving a groaning assurance that the letter should, without loss of time, be delivered in proper style, the egotist, as Jack heartily thought him, fell behind his knitted brows, and, after musing abstractedly, went forth to light upon his fate.

But a dread of meeting had seized both Rose and Evan. She had exhausted her first sincerity of unbelief in her interview with Juliana: and he had begun to consider what he could say to her. More than the three words "I did it," would not be possible; and if she made him repeat them, facing her truthful eyes, would he be man enough to strike her bared heart twice? And, ah! the sullen brute he must seem, standing before her dumb, hearing her sigh, seeing her wretched effort not to show how unwillingly her kind spirit despised him. The reason for the act—she would ask for that! Rose would not be so philosophic as her mother. She would grasp at every chance to excuse the deed. He cried out against his scheming sister in an agony, and while he did so, encountered Miss Carrington and Miss Bonner in deep converse. Juliana pinched her arm, whereupon Miss Carrington said: "You look merry this morning, Mr. Harrington:" for he was unawares smiling at the image of himself in the mirror of John Raikes. That smile, transformed to a chuckling grimace, travelled to Rose before they met.

Why did she not come to him?

A soft voice at his elbow made his blood stop. It was Caroline. She kissed him, answering his greeting: "Is it good morning?"

"Certainly," said he. "By the way, don't forget that the coach leaves early."

"My darling Evan! you make me so happy. For it was really a mistaken sense of honour. For what can at all excuse a falsehood, you know, Evan!"

Caroline took his arm, and led him into the sun, watching his face at times. Presently she said: "I want just to be assured that you thought more wisely than when you left us last night."

"More wisely?" Evan turned to her with a playful smile.

"My dear brother! you did not do what you said you would do?"

"Have you ever known me not do what I said I would do?"

"Evan! Good Heaven! you did it? Then how can you remain here an instant? Oh, no, no!—say no, darling!"

"Where is Louisa?" he inquired.

"She is in her room. She will never appear at breakfast, if she knows this."

"Perhaps more solitude would do her good," said Evan.

"Remember, if this should prove true, think how you punish her!"

On that point Evan had his own opinion.

"Well, I shall never have to punish you in this way, my love," he said fondly, and Caroline dropped her eyelids.

"Don't think that I am blaming her," he added, trying to feel as honestly as he spoke. "I was mad to come here. I see it all now. Let us keep to our place. We are all the same before God till we disgrace ourselves."

Possibly with that sense of shame which some young people have who are not professors of sounding sentences, or affected by missionary zeal, when they venture to breathe the holy name, Evan blushed, and walked on humbly silent. Caroline murmured: "Yes, yes! oh, brother!" and her figure drew to him as if for protection. Pale she looked up.

"Shall you always love me, Evan?"

"Whom else have I to love?"

"But always—always? Under any circumstances?"

"More and more, dear. I always have, and shall. I look to you now. I have no home but in your heart now."

She was agitated, and he spoke warmly to calm her.

The throb of deep emotion rang in her rich voice. "I will live any life to be worthy of your love, Evan," and she wept.

To him they were words and tears without a history.

Nothing further passed between them. Caroline went to the Countess: Evan waited for Rose. The sun was getting high. The face of the stream glowed like metal. Why did she not come? She believed him guilty from the mouth of another? If so, there was something less for him to lose. And now the sacrifice he had made did whisper a tale of moral magnificence in his ears: feelings that were not his noblest stood up exalted. He waited till the warm meadow-breath floating past told that the day had settled into heat, and then he waited no more, but quietly walked into the house with the strength of one who had conquered more than human scorn.

CHAPTER XXXVII. THE RETREAT FROM BECKLEY.

NEVER would the Countess believe that brother of hers, idiot as by nature he might be, and heir to unnumbered epithets, would so far forget what she had done for him, as to drag her through the mud for nothing: and so she told Caroline again and again, vehemently.

It was about ten minutes before the time for descending to the breakfast-table. She was dressed, and sat before the glass, smoothing her hair, and applying the contents of a pot of cold cream to her forehead between whites. With perfect sincerity she repeated that she could not believe it. She had only trusted Evan once since their visit to Beckley; and that this once he

should, when treated as a man, turn traitor to their common interests, and prove himself an utter baby, was a piece of nonsense her great intelligence indignantly rejected.

"Then, if true," she answered Caroline's assurances finally, "if true, he is not his father's son!"

By which it may be seen that she had indeed taken refuge in the Castle of Negation against the whole army of facts.

"He is acting, Carry. He is acting the ideas of his ridiculous empty noddle!"

"No," said Caroline, mournfully, "he is not. I have never known Evan to lie."

"Then you must forget the whipping he once had from his mother—little dolt! little selfish pig! He obtains his reputation entirely from his abominable selfishness, and then stands tall, and asks us to admire him. He bursts with vanity. But if you lend your credence to it, Carry, how, in the name of goodness, are you to appear at the breakfast?"

"I was going to ask you whether you would come," said Caroline, coldly.

"If I can get my hair to lie flat by any means at all, of course!" returned the Countess. "This dreadful horrid country pomade! Why did we not bring a larger stock of the Andalusian Regenerator? Upon my honour, my dear, you use a most enormous quantity; I must really tell you that."

Conning here entered to say that Mr. Evan had given orders for the boxes to be packed and everything got ready to depart by half-past eleven o'clock, when the fly would call for them and convey them to Fallowfield in time to meet the coach for London.

The Countess turned her head round to Caroline like an astonished automaton.

"Given orders!" she interjected.

"I have very little to get ready," remarked Caroline.

"Be so good as to wait outside the door one instant," said the Countess to Conning, with particular urbanity.

Conning heard a great deal of vigorous whispering within, and when summoned to re-appear, a note was handed her to convey to Mr. Harrington immediately. He was on the lawn; read it, and wrote back three hasty lines in pencil.

"Louisa. You have my commands to quit this house, at the hour named, this day. You will go with me. E. H."

Conning was again requested to wait outside the Countess's door. She was the bearer of another note. Evan read it likewise; tore it up, and said that there was no answer.

The Castle of Negation held out no longer. Ruthless battalions poured over the walls, blew up the Countess's propriety, made frightful ravages in her complexion. Down fell her hair.

"You cannot possibly go to breakfast," said Caroline.

"I must! I must!" cried the Countess. "Why, my dear, if he has done it—wretched creature! don't you perceive that, by withholding our presences, we become implicated with him?" And the Countess, from a burst of frenzy, put this

practical question so shrewdly, that Caroline's wits succumbed to her.

"But he has not done it; he is acting!" she pursued, restraining her precious tears for higher purposes, as only true heroines can. "Thinks to frighten me into submission!"

"Do you not think Evan is right in wishing us to leave, after—after—" Caroline humbly suggested.

"Say, before my venerable friend has departed this life," the Countess took her up. "No, I do not. If he is a fool, I am not. No, Carry: I do not jump into ditches for nothing. I will have something tangible for all that I have endured. We are now tailors in this place, remember. If that stigma is affixed to us, let us at least be remunerated for it. Come."

Caroline's own hard struggle demanded all her strength: yet she appeared to hesitate. "You will surely not disobey Evan, Louisa?"

"Disobey?" The Countess amazedly dislocated the syllables. "Why, the boy will be telling you next that he will not permit the Duke to visit you! Just your English order of mind, that cannot—brutes!—conceive of friendship between high-born men and beautiful women. Beautiful as you truly are, Carry, five years more will tell on you. But perhaps my dearest is in a hurry to return to her Maxwell? At least he thwacks well!"

Caroline's arm was taken. The Countess loved an occasional rhyme when a point was to be made, and went off nodding and tripping till the time for stateliness arrived, near the breakfast-room door. She indeed was acting. At the bottom of her heart there was a dismal rage of passions: hatred of those who would or might look tailor in her face: terrors concerning the possible re-visitation of the vengeful Sir Abraham: dread of Evan and the effort to despise him: the shocks of many conflicting elements. Above it all her countenance was calmly, sadly sweet: even as you may behold some majestic lighthouse glimmering over the tumult of a midnight sea.

An unusual assemblage honoured the breakfast that morning. The news of Mrs. Bonner's health was more favourable. How delighted was the Countess to hear that! Mrs. Bonner was the only firm ground she stood on there, and after receiving and giving gentle salutes, she talked of Mrs. Bonner, and her night-watch by the sick-bed, in a spirit of doleful hope. This passed off the moments till she could settle herself to study faces. Decidedly, every lady present looked glum, with the single exception of Miss Current. Evan was by Lady Jocelyn's side. Her ladyship spoke to him; but the Countess observed that no one else did. To herself, however, the gentlemen were as attentive as ever. Evan sat three chairs distant from her.

If the traitor expected his sister to share in his disgrace, by noticing him, he was in error. On the contrary, the Countess joined the conspiracy to exclude him, and would stop a mild laugh if perchance he looked up. Presently Rose entered. She said "Good morning" to one or two, and glided into a seat.

That Evan was under Lady Jocelyn's protection

soon became generally apparent, and also that her ladyship was angry: an exhibition so rare with her that it was the more remarked. Rose could see that she was a culprit in her mother's eyes. She glanced from Evan to her. Lady Jocelyn's mouth shut hard. The girl's senses then perceived the something that was afloat at the table; she thought with a pang of horror: "Has Juliana told?" Juliana smiled on her; but the aspect of Mrs. Shorne, and of Miss Carrington, spoke for their knowledge of that which must henceforth be the perpetual reproof to her headstrong youth.

"At what hour do you leave us?" said Lady Jocelyn to Evan.

"When I leave the table, madam. The fly will call for my sisters at half-past eleven."

"There is no necessity for you to start in advance?"

"I am going over to see my mother, madam."

Rose burned to speak to him now. Oh! why had she delayed! Why had she swerved from her good rule of open, instant, explanations? But Evan's heart was stern to his love. Not only had she, by not coming, shown her doubt of him,—she had betrayed him!

Between the Countess, Melville, Sir John, and the Duke, an animated dialogue was going on, over which Miss Current played like a lively iris. They could not part with the Countess. Melville said he should be left stranded, and numerous pretty things were uttered by other gentlemen: by the women not a word. Glancing from certain of them lingeringly to her admirers, the Countess smiled her thanks, and then Andrew, pressed to remain, said he was willing and happy, and so forth; and it seemed that her admirers had prevailed over her reluctance, for the Countess ended her little protests with a vanquished bow. Then there was a gradual rising from table. Evan pressed Lady Jocelyn's hand, and turning from her bent his head to Sir Franks, who, without offering an exchange of cordialities, said, at arm's length: "Good bye, sir." Melville also gave him that greeting stiffly. Harry was perceived to rush to the other end of the room in quest of a fly, apparently. Poor Caroline's heart ached for her brother, to see him standing there in the shadow of many faces. But he was not left to stand alone. Andrew quitted the circle of Sir John, Seymour Jocelyn, Mr. George Uploft and others, and linked his arm to Evan's. Rose had gone. While Evan looked for her despairingly to say his last word and hear her voice once more, Sir Franks said to his wife:

"See that Rose keeps up-stairs."

"I wan't to speak to her," was her ladyship's answer, and she moved to the door.

Evan made way for her, bowing.

"You will be ready at half-past eleven, Louisa," he said with calm distinctness, and passed from that purgatory.

Now honest Andrew attributed the treatment Evan met with to the exposure of yesterday. He was frantic with democratic disgust.

"Why the devil don't they serve me like that, eh? 'Cause I got a few coppers! There, Van! I'm a man of peace; but if you'll call any man of 'em out I'll stand your second—'pon my soul, I

will. They must be cowards, so there isn't much to fear. Confound the fellows, I tell 'em every day I'm the son of a cobbler, and egad, they grow civilier. What do they mean? Are cobblers ranked over tailors?"

"Perhaps that's it," said Evan.

"Hang your gentlemen!" Andrew cried.

"Let us have breakfast first," uttered a melancholy voice near them, in the passage.

"Jack!" said Evan. "Where have you been?"

"I didn't know the breakfast-room," Jack returned, "and the fact is, my spirits are so down, I couldn't muster up courage to ask one of the footmen. I delivered your letter. Nothing hostile took place. I bowed fiercely to let him know what he might expect. That generally stops it. You see, I talk prose. I shall never talk anything else!"

Andrew re-commenced his jests of yesterday with Jack. The latter bore them patiently, as one who had endured worse.

"She has rejected me!" he whispered to Evan. "Talk of ingratitude of women! Ten minutes ago I met her. She perked her eyebrows at me!—tried to run away. 'Miss Wheedle!' I said. 'If you please, I'd rather not,' says she. To cut it short, the sacrifice I made to her was the cause. It's all over the house. She gave the most excruciating hint. Those low-born females are so horribly indelicate. I stood confounded. Tomorrow I shall wear an independent pair—'gad, a rhyme! I'd borrow of you, but your legs are too long. I'm in earnest."

Commending his new humour, Evan persuaded him to breakfast immediately, and hunger being one of Jack's solitary incitements to a sensible course of conduct, the disconsolate gentleman followed its dictates.

"Go with him, Andrew," said Evan. "He is here as my friend, and may be made uncomfortable."

"Yes, yes,—ha! ha! I'll follow the poor chap," said Andrew. "But what is it all about? Louisa won't go, you know. Has the girl given you up because she saw your mother, Van? I thought it was all right. Why the deuce are you running away?"

"Because I've just seen that I ought never to have come, I suppose," Evan replied, controlling the wretched heaving of his chest.

"But Louisa *won't* go, Van."

"Understand, my dear Andrew, that I know it to be quite imperative. Be ready yourself with Caroline. Louisa will then make her choice. Pray help me in this. We must not stay a minute more than is necessary in this house."

"It's an awful duty," breathed Andrew, after a pause. "I see nothing but hot water at home. Why—but it's no use asking questions. My love to your mother. I say, Van,—now isn't Lady Jocelyn a trump?"

"God bless her!" said Evan. And the moisture in Andrew's eyes affected his own.

"She's the staunchest piece of woman-goods I ever— I know a hundred cases of her!"

"I know one, and that's enough," said Evan.

Not a sign of Rose! Can love die without its

dear farewell on which it feeds, away from the light, dying by bits? In Evan's heart Love seemed to die, and all the pangs of a death were there as he trod along the gravel and stepped beneath the gates of Beckley Court.

Meantime the gallant Countess was not in any way disposed to retreat on account of Evan's defection. The behaviour towards him at the breakfast-table proved to her that he had absolutely committed his egregious folly, and as no general can have concert with a fool, she cut him off from her affections resolutely. Her manifest disdain at his last speech, said as much to everybody present. Besides, the lady was in her element here, and compulsion is required to make us relinquish our element. Lady Jocelyn certainly had not expressly begged of her to remain: the Countess told Melville so, who said that if she required such an invitation she should have it, but that a guest to whom they were so much indebted, was bound to spare them these formalities.

"What am I to do?"

The Countess turned piteously to the diplomatist's wife.

She answered, retiringly: "Indeed I cannot say."

Upon this, the Countess accepted Melville's arm, and had some thoughts of punishing the woman.

They were seen parading the lawn. Mr. George Uploft chuckled singularly.

"Just the old style," he remarked, but corrected the inadvertence with a "hem!" committing himself more shamefully the instant after. "I'll wager she has the old Dip down on his knee before she cuts."

"Bet can't be taken," observed Sir John Loring. "It requires a spy."

Harry, however, had heard the remark, and because he wished to speak to her, let us hope, and reproach her for certain things when she chose to be disengaged, he likewise sallied out, being forlorn as a youth whose sweet vanity is much hurt.

The Duke had paired off with Mrs. Strike. The lawn was fair in sunlight where they walked. The air was rich with harvest smells, and the scent of autumnal roses. Caroline was by nature luxurious and soft. The thought of that drilled figure to which she was returning in bondage, may have thrown into bright relief the polished and gracious nobleman who walked by her side, shadowing forth the chances of a splendid freedom. Two lovely tears fell from her eyes. The Duke watched them quietly.

"Do you know they make me jealous?" he said.

Caroline answered him with a faint smile.

"Reassure me, my dear lady, you are not going with your brother this morning?"

"My lord, I have no choice!"

"May I speak to you as your warmest friend? From what I hear, it appears to be right that your brother should not stay. To the best of my ability I will provide for him; but I sincerely desire to disconnect you from those who are unworthy of you. Have you not promised to trust in me? Pray, let me be your guide."

Caroline replied to the heart of his words: "My lord, I dare not."

"What has changed you?"

"I am not changed, but awakened," said Caroline.

The Duke paced on in silence.

"Pardon me if I comprehend nothing of such a change," he resumed. "I asked you to sacrifice much; all that I could give in return I offered. Is it the world you fear?"

"What is the world to such as I am, my lord?"

"Can you consider it a duty to deliver yourself bound to that man again?"

"Heaven pardon me, my lord, I think of that too little!"

The Duke's next question: "Then what can it be?" stood in his eyes.

"Oh, my lord!" Caroline's touch quivered on his arm. "Do not suppose me frivolous, ungrateful, or—or cowardly. For myself you have offered more happiness than I could have hoped for. To be allied to one so generous, I could bear anything. Yesterday you had my word: give it to me back to-day!"

Very curiously the Duke gazed on her, for there was evidence of internal torture across her forehead.

"I may at least beg to know the cause for this request?"

She quelled some throbbing in her bosom. "Yes, my lord."

He waited, and she said: "There is one whom, if I offended, I could not live. If, now, I followed my wishes, he would lose his faith in the last creature that loves him. He is unhappy. I could bear what is called disgrace, my lord,—I shudder to say it—I could sin against Heaven; but I dare not do what would make him despise me?"

She was trembling violently; yet the nobleman, in his surprise, could not forbear from asking who this person might be, whose influence on her righteous actions was so strong.

"It is my brother, my lord," she said.

Still more astonished, "Your brother!" the Duke exclaimed. "My dearest lady, I would not wound you; but is not this a delusion? we are so placed that we must speak plainly. Your brother I have reason to feel sure is quite unworthy of you."

"Unworthy? My brother Evan? Oh, my lord! he is noble,—he is the best of men!"

"And how, between yesterday and to-day, has he changed you?"

"It is that yesterday I did not know him, and to-day I do."

Her brother, a common tradesman, a man guilty of forgery and the utmost baseness—all but kicked out of the house! The Duke was too delicate to press her further. Moreover, Caroline had emphasised the "yesterday" and "to-day," showing that the interval which had darkened Evan to everybody else, had illumined him to her. He employed some courtly eloquence, better unrecorded; but if her firm resolution perplexed him, it threw a strange halo round the youth from whom it sprang.

The hour was now eleven, and the Countess thought it full time to retire to her entrenchment in Mrs. Bonner's chamber. She had great things still to do: vast designs were in her hand awaiting the sanction of Providence. Alas! that little idle promenade was soon to be repented. She had joined her sister, thinking it safer to have her up-stairs till they were quit of Evan. The Duke and the diplomatist loitering in the rear, these two fair women sailed across the awn, conscious, doubtless, over all their sorrows and schemes, of the freight of beauty they carried.

What meant that gathering on the steps? It was fortuitous, like everything destined to confound us. There stood Lady Jocelyn with Andrew, fretting his pate. Harry leant against a pillar. Miss Carrington, Mrs. Shorne, and Mrs. Melville, supported by Mr. George Uploft, held watchfully by Juliana, with Master Alec and Miss Dorothy, was in the back-ground.

Why did our General see herself cut off from her stronghold, as by a hostile band? She saw it by that sombre light in Juliana's eyes, which had shown its ominous gleam whenever disasters were on the point of unfolding.

Turning to Caroline, she said: "Is there a backway?"

"Too late!" Andrew called.

"Come along, Louisa. Just time, and no more. Carry, are you packed?"

This in reality was the first note of the retreat from Beckley; and having blown it, the hideous little trumpeter burst into scarlet perspirations, mumbling to Lady Jocelyn: "Now, my lady, mind you stand by me."

The Countess walked straight up to him.

"Dear Andrew! this sun is too powerful for you. I beg you withdraw into the shade of the house."

She was about to help him with all her gentleness.

"Yes, yes. All right, Louisa," rejoined Andrew. "Come, go and pack. The fly'll be here, you know—too late for the coach, if you don't mind, my lass. Ain't you packed yet?"

The horrible fascination of vulgarity impelled the wretched lady to answer: "Are we herrings?" And then she laughed, but without any accompaniment.

"I am now going to dear Mrs. Bonner," she said, with a tender glance at Lady Jocelyn.

"My mother is sleeping," her ladyship remarked.

"Come, Carry, my darling!" cried Andrew.

Caroline looked at her sister. The Countess divined Andrew's shameful *quet-à-pens*.

"I was under an engagement to go and canvass this afternoon," she said.

"Why, my dear Louisa, we've settled that in here this morning," said Andrew. "Old Tom only stuck up a puppet to play with. We've knocked him over, and march in victorious—eh, my lady?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the Countess, "if Mr. Raikes shall indeed have listened to my inducements!"

"Deuce a bit of inducements!" returned

Andrew. "The fellow's ashamed of himself—ha! ha! Now then, Louisa."

While they talked, Juliana had loosed Dorothy and Alec, and these imps were seen rehearsing a remarkable play, in which the damsel held forth a hand and the cavalier advanced and kissed it a loud smack, being at the same time reproached for his lack of grace.

"You are so English!" cried Dorothy, with perfect languor, and a malicious twit-ter passed between two or three. Mr. George spluttered indiscreetly.

The Countess observed the performance. Not to convert the retreat into a total rout, she, with that dark flush which was her manner of blushing, took formal leave of Lady Jocelyn, who, in return, simply said: "Good bye, Countess." Mrs. Strike's hand she kindly shook.

The few digs and slaps and thrusts at gloomy Harry and prim Miss Carrington and beaming Mr. George, wherewith the Countess, torn with wrath, thought it necessary to cover her retreat, need not be told. She struck the weak alone: Juliana she respected. Masterly tactics, for they showed her power, gratified her vengeance, and left her unassailed. On the road she had Andrew to tear to pieces. O delicious operation! And O shameful brother to reduce her to such joys! And, O Providence! may a poor desperate soul, betrayed through her devotion, unremunerated for her humiliation and absolute hard work, accuse thee? The Countess would have liked to. She felt it to be the instigation of the devil, and decided to remain on the safe side still.

Happily for Evan, she was not ready with her packing by half-past eleven. It was near twelve when he, pacing in front of the inn, observed Polly Wheedle, followed some yards in the rear by John Raikes, advancing towards him. Now Polly had been somewhat delayed by Jack's persecutions, and Evan declining to attend to the masked speech of her mission, which directed him to go at once down a certain lane in the neighbourhood of the park, some minutes were lost.

"Why, Mr. Harrington," said Polly, "it's Miss Rose: she's had leave from her Ma. Can you stop away, when it's quite proper?"

Evan hesitated. Before he could conquer the dark spirit, lo, Rose appeared, walking up the village street. Polly and her adorer fell back.

Timidly, unlike herself, Rose neared him.

"I have offended you, Evan. You would not come to me: I have come to you."

"I am glad to be able to say good-bye to you, Rose," was his pretty response.

Could she have touched his hand then, the blood of these lovers rushing to one channel must have made all clear. At least he could hardly have struck her true heart with his miserable lie. But that chance was lost: they were in the street, where passions have no play.

"Tell me, Evan,—it is not true."

He, refining on his misery, thought, "She would not ask it if she trusted me:" and answered her: "You have heard it from your mother, Rose."

"But I will not believe it from any lips but yours, Evan. Oh, speak, speak!"

It pleased him to think : "How could one who loved me believe it even then?"

He said : "It can scarcely do good to make me repeat it, Rose."

And then, seeing her dear bosom heave quickly, he was tempted to fall on his knees to her with a wild outcry of love. The chance was lost. The inexorable street forbade it.

There they stood in silence, gasping at the barrier that divided them.

Suddenly a noise was heard. "Stop! stop!" cried the voice of John Raikes. "When a lady and gentleman are talking together, sir, do you lean your long ears over them—ha?"

Looking round, Evan beheld Laxley a step behind, and Jack rushing up to him, seizing his collar, and instantly undergoing ignominious prostration for his heroic defence of the privacy of lovers.

"Stand aside," said Laxley, imperiously. "Rosey! so you've come for me. Take my arm. You are under my protection."

Another forlorn "Is it true?" Rose cast towards Evan with her eyes. He wavered under them.

"Did you receive my letter?" he demanded of Laxley.

"I decline to hold converse with you," said Laxley, drawing Rose's hand on his arm.

"You will meet me to-day or to-morrow?"

"I am in the habit of selecting my own company."

Rose disengaged her hand. Evan grasped it. No word of farewell was uttered. Her mouth moved, but her eyes were hard shut, and nothing save her hand's strenuous pressure, equalling his own, told that their parting had been spoken, the link violently snapped.

Mr. John Raikes had been picked up and pulled away by Polly. She now rushed to Evan : "Good-bye, and God bless you, dear Mr. Harrington. I'll find means of letting you know how she is. And he shan't have her, mind!"

Rose was walking by Laxley's side, but not leaning on his arm. Evan blessed her for this. Ere she was out of sight the fly rolled down the street. She did not heed it, did not once turn her head. Ah, bitter unkindness! When Love is hurt it is self-love that requires the opiate. Conning gave it him in the form of a note in a handwriting not known to him. It said :

"I do not believe it, and nothing will ever make me.

JULIANA."

Evan could not forget these words. They coloured his farewell to Beckley : the dear old downs, the hop-gardens, the long grey farms walled with clipped yew, the home of his lost love! He thought of them through weary nights when the ghostly image with the hard shut eyelids and the quivering lips would rise and sway irresolutely in air till a shape out of the darkness extinguished it. Pride is the god of pagans. Juliana had honoured her god. The spirit of Juliana seemed to pass into the body of Rose, and suffer for him as that ghostly image visibly suffered.

(To be continued.)

ASSIZE INTELLIGENCE—VERY ORDINARY.

BY ALBANY FONBLANQUE, JUN.

CHAPTER II.

READER! Listen once again to the voice of wisdom—unto the words of Charley Davis :

"By Jove, old fellow, a pretty girl is never more captivating than when she is making tea."

It was the sight of Grace Wardleur, wielding the sugar-tongs, that elicited this observation whispered, parenthetically, into my ear as my cup was presented by the roundest and most snowy arm in the world—a plump chiseled arm, up and down which, as it was lifted and fell, a plain red gold bracelet slipped coquetishly, leaving behind it a track of little pink dimples that died out like blushes to mark where it had pressed—oh, lucky bracelet!—on the dainty limb! A cool fragrant arm draped bewitchingly in folds of soft and cloudy lace, and ending in a fairy hand that—Woe is me! Oh! Charley!—of the piercing eye and silver tongue—how is this? You were my fag at school, and a dirty little dunce you were. Have you not come snivelling to me many a day to do your nonsense-verses for you? Candidly confess, Charley, that even now you are not a profound and learned pundit, and I will admit that the style in which you part your hair behind, and pin your scarf, is unapproachable,—that your self-confidence is sometimes quite appalling, and that what perhaps I shall best describe, by calling your "extra newspaper news," about great and famous persons moving about in this world of ours, makes you the honoured guest alike of boudoir and smoking-room.

It was a mistake of mine, introducing you to this family, Charley Davis.

Jack Wardleur was a baby in arms when I was a young man. I have known the girls since they wore their hair in long tails dangling down their backs, and strummed the "Battle of Prague." Their comely mother—God bless her!—was my kind and generous comforter in a very bitter trial years and years ago, when—but never mind. I was the white-headed boy of the house, the always welcome guest,—chief conspirator in all the little schemes and loving surprises that are always going on in this pleasant household. I am not less liked, or welcomed, or trusted, now; but, oh, Charley! Charley! why does winsome Grace cast down her violet eyes when you speak to her,—why have you assumed that humble air towards the gentle girl? What means that tremble in her voice, and why should you speak so low? Ah, me! You might—but, no matter. Let me proceed with my narration.

As soon as we had finished our tea, "Jack," said Charley, "when you've quite done toasting your shins by the fire, perhaps you'll come and be tried for your life."

"All right," said Jack coming forward, "but you can't hang me for robbery."

"Yes, but I can," replied Charley, "at least, I can, and must order sentence of death to be recorded against you; should you be convicted of that, or any of six other crimes short of murder."

"What are they?" inquired Grace.

"Well, we must not talk about two of them, but robbery accompanied with violence;—setting fire to houses in which people are residing, attempting to murder, and scuttling ships are all capital offences, upon conviction of which judgment of death is recorded, but never of late years put into execution."

"How much imprisonment, then, can you give me," asked Jack, "if this perjured Scribbler's story is to be believed?"

"Penal servitude for life. But we must try you first, and talk about your punishment afterwards. There, now," he continued, wheeling round an amber-satin ottoman, "that is the dock, and the prisoner, on account of his delicate state of health, is permitted to sit down. This sofa is the bench, and Tiney! jump up good doggie (Tiney was a Skye terrier somewhere underneath his long hair). Tiney, I say, is the high-sheriff, who is privileged to sit on the right-hand of the judge (that's myself). Observe the high-sheriff's sword and cocked-hat," placing a pen-wiper under Tiney's paw and propping the paper-knife against his side.

"Do you know, mamma," observed Fanny, "that Sir Hildebrand Jones wore a cocked hat and sword, to-day, with his ordinary evening dress. Do you not think it is a very ridiculous costume for a high-sheriff to wear in the day time?"

"My dear Miss Wardleur," rejoined Charley very sententially, "it's the fashion to do so. Need I add anything more?"

"I suppose not," was the reply; "but what does the high-sheriff do?"

"What will Tiney do?" asked Jack, rolling that shaggy favourite over on his back.

"Sit still like a good dog, and not make a noise," answered Grace.

"Then," said Jack, restoring the subject of the conversation to a sitting posture, "if Tiney does so, he will make an admirable high-sheriff."

"But let us get on with our trial. As before observed," said Charley, "I am the judge. On my left-hand is my secretary, and at a desk, somewhat further on, is the under-sheriff—an attorney who acts as 'Tiney's' deputy, and makes a very good thing of it. It is his duty to see that judgments are put into execution. Immediately underneath me is the clerk of assize, who has prepared Jack's indictment and taken his plea. In front of his table are the benches appropriated to attorneys, and, further on, the seats occupied by the gentlemen of the bar. On one side, to the right, is the jury-box, and opposite this the witness-box. The dock faces the bench, beyond the bar-seats. There, now, we are settled."

"Grace! have you instructed counsel for the prosecution?"

"Yes," was the reply; "you were only a magistrate just now, and have promoted yourself into a judge. I have called myself to the bar, and shall prosecute Jack. Behold, and tremble!" And the winsome one bound a lace handkerchief over her bonnie tresses to imitate a wig, and sate down upon the chair indicated by Charley as the Bar seat.

"Am I to have any counsel?" demanded Jack.

"Time was," replied Charley, "when you

would not have been allowed one, and your witness would not have been examined upon oath on your trial. You fare better now. If you have 1*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.*, or if your vile associate can scrape together for you that sum, you may give it to any barrister present (one guinea for himself, and half a-crown for his clerk), and ask him to defend you."

"But suppose he won't."

"The rules of his profession do not allow him to refuse a brief, accompanied by such a fee as I have named, if handed to him by a prisoner from the dock."

"I thought barristers only took briefs from regular attorneys," remarked Fanny.

"That is the general rule; but there exists an exception in favour of wretched criminals like Jack."

"But supposing I have not even that much in the world?" asked Jack, playing with the massive gold pendants from his watch-chain.

"If you are to be tried for murder, the judge will perhaps assign you an advocate; but in all cases he will see that you have fair play."

"All right, then—go on."

"Very well," said Charley. "Attend now to what the clerk of the Crown is going to say. About a dozen other persons who have pleaded 'Not guilty,' are placed in the dock with you, and you are all thus addressed: 'Prisoners at the bar! these good men that you shall now hear called, and who will attend, are the jurors who are to pass between our Sovereign Lady the Queen and you upon your respective trials. If, therefore, you or any of you will challenge them, or any of them, you must challenge them as they come to the book to be sworn—before they are sworn—and you shall be heard.'"

"I remember hearing that," said Grace. "But why do they swear the jurors one by one?"

"To give the prisoner the opportunity of seeing the faces, as well as of hearing the names, of the men who are to try him, in order that he may object to any whom he may suppose to be prejudiced against him. If he please, he may challenge the whole number summoned by the sheriff. This is called a 'challenge to the array;' objections to single jurymen are called, 'challenges to the polls.' These latter are of two kinds—*peremptory challenges*, when no reason is given, and challenges *for cause*. Jack, being an ordinary felon, is allowed twenty 'peremptory challenges;' were he upon his trial for high treason, unless indeed he had compassed the Queen's death, he would have twenty-five."

"I suppose I may make as many challenges *for cause* as I can establish?" demanded Jack.

"Yes; that is the case."

"And suppose," asked Grace, "that I see some friends of his on the jury, may not I, as counsel for the Crown, object to them?"

"You may. You may challenge, without showing any cause, until the panel has been gone through, and it appears that there will not be jurors enough to try the prisoner, and then he is bound to show all his causes of challenge before you can be called upon to give reasons for yours. Well, we will suppose that twelve jurors have

been sworn, and counted by the Crier of the Court, who then makes the following proclamation :

“ ‘ Oh yes ! Oh yes ! Oh yes ! ’ (a corruption of the French word ‘ Oyez, ’ ‘ hear. ’) ‘ If any one can inform my Lords—the Queen’s Justices—the Queen’s Attorney-General, or the Queen’s Serjeant ere this Inquest taken between Our Sovereign Lady the Queen, and the prisoners at the bar, of any treason, murder, felony, or misdemeanour, committed or done by them, or any of them, let him come forth, and he shall be heard—for the prisoners stand at the bar upon their deliverance, and all persons bound by recognisance to prosecute and give evidence, let them come forth, prosecute, and give evidence, or they shall forfeit their recognisances.—God Save the Queen.’ ”

“ The prisoners are then removed back again into the cells under the dock, all except Jack, who stands first for trial, and is ‘ given in charge ’ to the jury by the Clerk of Arraigns. The old form commenced by the clerk turning to the jury, and saying, ‘ Jury, look upon your prisoner,’ and then to the prisoner, saying, ‘ Prisoner, look upon your jury.’ ”

“ What bosh ! ” exclaimed Jack.

“ Should you like to be present at your trial ? ” asked Charley.

“ Of course—I’ve a right to be.”

“ Why ? ”

“ Because I have.”

“ A very excellent argument ; but the lawyers have a better one contained in the form you call ‘ bosh.’ How can the jury look upon the prisoner unless he is before them ? ”

“ The clerk then tells them shortly what the indictment charges against the prisoner—that he has been arraigned—that he has pleaded ‘ Not guilty,’ and that therefore their charge is to hearken to the evidence, and to say whether he be ‘ Guilty,’ or ‘ Not guilty.’ This done, his trial commences in earnest, and Grace will be good enough to begin.”

“ Begin what ? ”

“ Why, your opening address to the jury, to be sure. How are they to know what you are driving at in your questions to the witnesses, unless you give them a sketch of the case at the commencement ? ”

“ Am I to invent a charge ? ” asked Grace, with a little puzzled smile.

“ Lovely but unprincipled party—no ! As judge,” said Charley, “ I have the depositions taken by you (when you were magistrate’s clerk) before me, and you must abide by them. It appears, from what is sworn to in them, that this prosecutor was walking home, after having been to a dinner-party, and that, strange to say, he was quite sober. He was crossing St. James’s Park, when suddenly a man sprang upon him from behind, seized him by the throat, and, bending him backwards, snatched his watch from his pocket, and ran away—”

“ The ruffian was Jack.”

“ Of course, but how are we to prove this ? ” inquired Charley. “ The prosecutor could not see his assailant.”

“ Ask him,” said Grace. “ Jack, have you the hardihood to deny that it was you who—”

“ Stop ! ” interposed the judge ; “ it is my duty, Jack, to inform you that you are not bound to criminate yourself.”

“ Then I shan’t,” replied the prisoner at the bar, composing himself comfortably upon the cushions of his settee. “ Cut along, I defy you to prove that I stole the watch.”

“ Wait awhile,” continued Charley. “ Our prosecutor gave information to the police, and diligent search was made to discover the thief, but without avail—Jack was too sharp for them. At last, about a year afterwards, this advertisement appeared in the ‘ Times : ’

LOST.—A GOLD HUNTING-WATCH, by DENT, London, No. 13, 240. The Dial is slightly defaced at the Hours 9, 10, 11.

In this description our prosecutor instantly recognises his lost property, and having called at the address given in the advertisement, finds a respectable elderly gentleman seated at breakfast.

“ You have advertised for a lost watch, I believe, sir ? ” says the prosecutor.

“ ‘ I did, sir,’ replies the elderly gentleman, ‘ and am happy to say that it was this morning restored to me.’ ”

“ ‘ I am glad to hear that,’ rejoins our prosecutor, ‘ because the watch is mine.’ ”

“ ‘ Yours ? ’ exclaims the R. E. G.

“ ‘ Mine ! ’ reiterates our prosecutor.

“ The respectable elderly gentleman then explained that he purchased the watch from a pawnbroker in Birmingham. The services of the police were again invoked. The pawnbroker remembered that the watch was pledged by Mrs. Jones, of Little Dandelion Court, Paradise Buildings, and Mrs. Jones asserts that it was given to her to raise money upon by Mrs. Jack, who was lodging with her at the time, and owed her some weeks’ rent—”

“ Oh, Jack, Jack ! ” exclaimed Mabel, severely, “ so you have a wife in Little Dandelion Court, have you, unknown to your family ?—but go on.”

“ Mrs. Jones also says that she can recollect a parcel arriving by post, addressed to Mrs. Jack, containing the watch and a letter, which Mrs. Jack, being like her husband, an illiterate person, was unable to make head or tail of, and asked her, Mrs. Jones, to read. That as nearly as she could tell, it was to the effect that Jack had no ‘ ochre ’ to give her, but sent a ‘ ticker,’ which though ‘ muzzy ’ about the dial, would fetch a ‘ flimsy ’ at her ‘ uncle’s.’ That at Mrs. Jack’s request she let her daughter take the watch to that ‘ relative,’ who advanced her four pounds ten upon it, and that she also wrote to Jack for his wife, acknowledging the receipt of his delicate little attention. Now do you think you can go on by yourself, and convict Jack upon this evidence ? ”

“ Of course,” replied Grace, “ it is quite plain, now. I shall first call the prosecutor.”

“ Well ! call him.”

Winsome Grace rose, drew her gauze scarf over her shoulders with a jerk, in imitation of a learned counsel, whom she had observed in the morning, and called me.

“ Now tell me,” she said, “ when you were going home that night, did a man spring out on you ? ”

"Stop—stop—stop," vociferated the judge, shutting his ears with horror, "that's a leading question."

"What's a leading question?"

"One which leads the mind of the witness to the answer you want from him."

"But I must ask him, if Jack seized him by the neck," pleaded Grace.

"Indeed you must not," replied Mr. Justice Davis. "In the first place, you have no right to assume that it was Jack just yet; and in the second, you must not lead. Ask him to tell what happened."

"Well! what happened?"

I replied that a man had seized me by the throat, &c., &c., &c., as narrated by Charley.

"And was yours a gold hunting-watch, made by Dent?" continued the fair counsel, "and nun—I mean, what was your watch like? Is that right?"

This last question was addressed to Charley.

"It is not usual," he replied, "for learned counsel to ask the judge if 'that's right,' but the question was a proper one. Suppose it answered. Who is your next witness?"

"Mrs. Jack."

"You cannot call her. She is the prisoner's wife; or, what comes to the same thing in criminal proceedings, she is ostensibly such. Our law refuses to hear the husband or wife of the accused, as a witness for or against him or her."

"What am I to do, then!" said Grace, with a puzzled look. "Of course I must prove that Jack had the watch once."

"Mrs. Jones can prove that a watch arrived at Birmingham from *somebody*."

"Exactly: but that does not inculpate Jack."

"Of course not," interrupted that criminal, insolently. "I am not responsible for what any fellow may send my missus in my absence. Cut along!"

"It is not usual," said Charley, with mock gravity, "for the prisoner at the bar to tell the court to 'cut along.' But to continue our proofs. Mrs. Jones writes a letter to this somebody. You trace it through the post to Jack."

"Ha! ha!" exclaimed Grace. "Now we have him!"

"Deuce a bit!" exclaims Jack. "Am I to be found guilty, because some old woman at Birmingham chooses to send me a letter, acknowledging the receipt of a watch which I never sent?"

"But when we find you trying to sell the pawn-ticket of the watch, which was inclosed in that letter, and discover that you must have been in possession of the stolen property almost immediately after it had been stolen, your chances begin to assume an ichthyological aspect," observed the learned judge.

"Now I see exactly what I shall do," said Grace. "I shall ask Mrs. Jones what was written on the pawn-ticket, to show that the one she sent to Jack was the same he tried to sell."

"Oh dear me," replied Charley, "that won't do at all. When anything is in writing, you must produce the writing itself. Words fade from the memory; writings remain unaltered, says our law. You must produce the pawn-ticket."

"Jack!" said the counsel for the prosecution, "Just hand over the pawn-ticket."

"I'm sure I shall do no such thing," responded the prisoner. "I'm not going to help you to convict me."

"Very well, then," said Charley, "you have done quite right, Grace. You have traced the ticket into his possession, and have given him notice to produce it. You should have given it in writing some days ago; but never mind. He has refused to produce the document; therefore you may now ask Mrs. Jones the question you proposed. In legal language, 'give secondary evidence of it.' Her story is told. Now go on. Whom do you call?"

"The pawnbroker who sold the watch to your respectable elderly gentleman."

"But you have not got the watch into his shop yet."

"Oh yes, I have. Mrs. Jones sent her daughter with it."

"How are the jury to know that the watch sent by Jack, was the same watch that Miss Jones pawned—or that she pawned the watch at all?"

"Oh, I shall prove all that," said Grace.

"But how?"

"Why, you stupid thing, by asking Mrs. Jones what her daughter told her when she came back."

"Yes, but you cannot ask people what other people tell them; that is hearsay evidence and inadmissible."

"What nonsense!"

"Indeed," said Charley, "it is not nonsense. Every witness must speak from his own knowledge; else how is it possible to test the value of his evidence. You must call Miss Jones; and when you have shown that she deposited the watch with the pawnbroker, and received from him a ticket, which she gave to her mother, who forwarded it to Jack—and when you call the postman to prove that he delivered a letter, with a Birmingham postmark, to Jack in London, in due course, and that the parcel containing the watch was despatched from London the day after the robbery, and have proved that the handwriting on it is Jack's, and the prosecutor has identified the watch,—then you may tell the jury, that as the prisoner was in possession of the stolen property almost immediately after it had been stolen, that they may, if it so please them, conclude that Jack is the thief, unless he can give some reasonable account of how he came by it. Perhaps you will admit now that a prosecution is not the simple affair that you suppose it to be. Now, Jack, for your defence."

"I shall give a reasonable account of how I came possessed of this fellow's trumpery watch. I shall prove——"

"Take care what you are about," said Charley. "If you call witnesses, Grace may make a speech in reply, and so will have the last word with the jury."

"I don't care. The watch was sold to me by two men——"

"Take my advice, Jack," said the learned judge, "and make it one."

"Why?"

"Because, if you have two, Grace will have them ordered out of court, and cross-examine them separately. Their accounts—false ones, of course—will agree in the main incidents; but when Grace enters into particulars, and asks where you were standing when you bought it, what sort of money you paid for it, *where they got it*—"

"Oh! they found it."

"Exactly; that will not be the most probable part of your case. People constantly find watches in the street! In other minor particulars your witnesses will differ hopelessly, and break down."

"I see I am to be convicted," said Jack, mournfully. "Get it over."

Charley then summed up the case to the suppositional jury, with great solemnity, in these words: "Gentlemen of the jury,—If you think that the prisoner really committed the crime charged against him, you will find him guilty; and if you think that he did not, you will acquit him;"—a direction which enabled them at once to dispose of the mass of evidence before them, and to find the prisoner "Guilty."

"I now as judge," said Charley, "order the Clerk of the Court to call upon the prisoner, which he does in these words: 'John Wardleur, you have been convicted of highway robbery; what have you to say why the court should not proceed to pass sentence upon you according to law?'"

"I've said all I've to say. What's the use of bothering?" replied the criminal.

"You are not now called upon to make any defence upon the *facts* of the case, but to answer whether you have to complain of any error upon the record. For example: suppose you are indicted for burglary, and the jury find you guilty of murder; that verdict would show a palpable error in the record. You can find no error in the record, oh, miserable Jack! The sentence of the court upon you is, that you proceed forthwith to your room, and select from your case four of the very best Manilla cigars that you possess, and that you present them to your prosecutor and myself in the hall, where you will find us putting on our coats. But remember this, Jack, that you have been guilty of felony; and should you repeat your offence, this conviction will be charged against you in your indictment."

"To show how infamous a character you are, Jack," added Grace.

"Not so," replied Charley, "for no mention will be made of it until you have been again proved guilty, and then, being proved, it will go in aggravation of punishment."

Here we wished them all good night, and went home to our lodgings, consoled by Jack's cigars, which I am bound to acknowledge were capital.

IS THE YELLOW JACK AT SHORN-CLIFFE?

THE newspapers have lately contained some statements regarding the appearance of a species of fever at Shorncliffe, which, if they were thoroughly reliable, would afford us a novel cause for alarm. Thus it has been stated that a disease had broken out there, and that this disease, although not strictly speaking genuine yellow fever, was so near akin to that tropical malady,

that the doctors were sorely puzzled to make a distinction. "The symptoms," it was said, "are so similar to those of the terrible yellow jack of Jamaica, that the doctors are sorely puzzled to call it anything else." This statement has been subsequently controverted in the "Times" by the Incumbent of Sandgate as having been based on reports in various particulars exaggerated. Now we are inclined to accept the Incumbent's view, and questioning the appearance of any disease which is new to these islands, we think it may be useful to state the symptoms of those fevers which alone are acclimatised here.

The three forms of fever which always prevail to a greater or less extent in this country, and which at times produce great domestic desolation, are severally named *typhus*, *typhoid*, and *relapsing*. The terms, we admit, are unsuitable and unfortunate; but as they are in common use, we shall here accept them, and seek to state their respective significations. Putting aside mild and imperfectly marked cases, so as to give sharpness and brevity to our descriptions, we offer the following as a simple and yet rigidly accurate account of the characters of these three fevers.

1. *Typhus Fever*, or, as it is also called, "filth fever," and "low nervous fever," has certain very distinctive characters. An ordinary uncomplicated case has generally the following symptoms and course: The attack is ushered in by shivering fits, prostration of strength, and pain in the back; the tongue becomes dry and hard; and there is headache, accompanied by more or less wandering of the mind, or a low muttering form of delirium. When there is no mismanagement, convalescence usually begins about the fourteenth, and is seldom delayed beyond the twenty-first day. The *diagnostic symptom of this fever is a mulberry rash*, which appears most commonly between the fifth and eighth day, and fades away after a few days in favourable cases. The spots do not disappear when pressed by the finger. In this, and in other respects, it essentially differs from the fever which so nearly resembles it in name, typhoid fever. It very rarely twice affects the same individual. By protracted contact, and in crowded dwellings, it is contagious. In such places it likewise spontaneously rises among the inhabitants, probably, as Mr. Simon suggests, from "the putrefaction of their undispersed exhalations."

2. *Typhoid or Gastric Fever*.—This is the fever which created so much anxiety in 1858, at Windsor. Then and there, as in other well-observed outbreaks of it, the engendering morbid influence was proved to arise from emanations consequent upon defective ventilation in the drains, and from the gases which belong to such nuisances as pigsties, dunghoops, and foul gulleys. There is no class which suffers so much from typhoid fever as domestic servants, a circumstance which may be explained by the fact of their living and sleeping apartments being so often in the basement of houses, proximity to the sink holes and crevices, whence emanate the sewer gases. They must, therefore, oftener breathe the poisonous gases in a less diluted form than other members of the same household. Cowkeepers and others ex-

posed to concentrated exhalations from excrementitious matter are peculiarly liable to typhoid fever.

The haunts of cholera and typhoid fever are identical. In other respects, which we cannot now enlarge upon, the two pestilences are closely related to each other. In the meantime, the point to be remembered is, that when we dislodge one we dislodge both.

Passing over minor characteristics, we may at once mention that the *diagnostic symptom of typhoid fever is an elevated rose-coloured rash*, occurring about the seventh day in patches of papules, which lose their colour when pressed. In fatal cases, certain glands of the intestinal surface are found, on examination after death, to be in an ulcerated state. Neither the elevated rosy rash disappearing on pressure nor the ulcerated intestine are ever met with in cases of typhus. The importance of these medical facts as guides to the employment of the proper measures of preventive sanitary police must have already suggested themselves to the reader. A single case of typhoid fever ought always to be at once attended to, as a call to test with care the state of sewers and stink-traps, and to remove all reeking cess-pools and such like nuisances from the vicinity of dwellings.

3. *Relapsing Fever* has sometimes manifested great severity as an epidemic. During a portion of the duration of the celebrated epidemic of 1843 (as appears from Dr. Cormack's description) it was a very severe fever in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, and other towns. Speaking generally, however, relapsing fever is much less serious than either typhus or typhoid, provided the patients are adequately clothed and fed during the whole period of convalescence. When there is neglect in these particulars, many perish from dropsy and other secondary affections, after passing well through the fever.

Relapsing fever possesses great social importance, from its relation to, or we may say its actual dependence upon destitution. It is the "famine fever," just as typhus is the "filth fever" and typhoid the "sewage fever." At the commencement of an epidemic all, and during its continuance nearly all, its victims, are among the destitute and imperfectly nourished. Like typhus, and unlike typhoid fever, it is contagious under certain conditions. It does not spread readily by slight and casual contact with the infected, but is freely communicated when the contact with or contiguity to the sick is prolonged and takes place in confined rooms. Relapsing fever sets in abruptly and violently. The pyrexial condition continues for a few days; it then ceases for a day or several days; and afterwards returns once or oftener. Hence the name of "relapsing fever," by which it is now generally designated.

The practical conclusions to be drawn from the above statements are apparent. Use all possible means to prevent people crowding together in filthy ill-aired houses, and so prevent typhus; give protection from sewage gases, and so prevent typhoid fever; and lastly, in times of scarcity and destitution, give timely succour, and so prevent the poor from falling under the relapsing fever.

The thorough application of these preventives requires a better system of sanitary police than we possess, and a higher grade of officers to carry out the administrative details. The supervision of dwellings must be made stringent and general, in respect of number of occupants, ventilation, cleanliness, and sewage gases. In respect of all of these conditions, authoritative and intelligent supervision is required, but particularly in respect of house and town drainage. Sewers may be good; but if they are ventilated into the houses, in place of external to them, they become the most pestiferous agencies which can be imagined. Moreover, all drains are liable to go wrong, and all of them, therefore, require frequent inspection by experienced persons. Unfortunately, the inspectors of nuisances appointed by the rate-payers are very often not competent. They are generally tradesmen who have failed or are failing in business, who by favour of some parochial coterie manage to be placed in office. The Privy Council, by the Public Health Act of 1858, have power to issue regulations for securing the due qualification of public vaccinators. Why should they not have a similar control over the appointment of officers of health and inspectors of nuisances?

SALUS POPULI.

KINDLING THE NEED FIRE.*

INQUIRIES having been made as to the method employed to kindle the Need Fire (not the bonfires on St. John's Eve, as one inquirer supposes), I have only to direct attention to the practice of producing fire by the friction of wood which is common among all uncivilised tribes. The Red Indian, the black African, and the brown Mongolian, all use the same method till they become acquainted with tinder-boxes or lucifer matches. By what I remember of the loss of time over the tinder-box, before lucifers were invented, I should imagine the savage method is superior. I have witnessed the process in wild countries, but not in our own,—in the case of the Need Fire or otherwise. It is to be supposed, however, that the best method is used in Cumberland, as in California or the Kobi desert.

The woman makes the fire in savage life. She collects a handful of dry leaves, or wisps of dry grass; also twigs of various sizes up to that which will maintain a fire. She then places herself with her back to the wind, with a sharpened stick in one hand, and a bit of wood with a hole in it in the other. Any kind of wood will do, if it be but dry. She steadies the larger piece with her foot or knee, and twirls the other with its sharpened end in the hole,—as we twirl a chocolate mill,—as fast as it will go, and without stopping for an instant. Smoke comes in three or four minutes, if not sooner; and then a spark. This is the critical moment; and the art is so to apply dry grass, or leaves, or a splinter of touch-wood as to catch. It is a pretty sight to see how skilfully the sparks are cherished,—how they run through the grass, and how a gentle breath in the nick of time produces flame, and how the flame is fed and coaxed, till the fire which was covered by

* See No. 50, page 207.

a sheltering pair of hands roars and rages among the tree-logs of the camp fire, round which a whole tribe finds warmth through the longest night.

Some practice is required to produce fire in this way ; but every child can do it where the method is in constant use. When the materials are in a favourable state, five minutes will suffice to obtain the flame. In rude places, where cart wheels are

mere wooden disks set upon wooden axletrees, the driver knows too well how soon fire is produced, on any quickening of the pace. Steady continuous friction will kindle dry wood in a longer or shorter time, under any circumstances ; but the shortest seems to be by the rapid twirling of a sharpened stick in a hole which just contains it, with room to turn freely.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE MONTHS."

DARK GORDON'S BRIDE.



Young Helen has heard the fatal order,
Her English lover must banish'd be,
For Gordon, Chief on the Scottish border,
Comes hither to bend the wooer's knee.

She wildly vows to the heavens above her
She'll wed young Nevill, whate'er betide ;
But her father has banish'd her landless lover,
And the haughty chieftain claims his bride.

In after days they have met : far better
That parted lovers should meet no more,
When *one* is bound by that golden fetter,
With the love still warm at each true heart's oere.

So sadly he touch'd her lily finger,
Weeping she look'd on her ring of gold :
Ah, fatal thus by his side to linger !
Fatal to sigh for the days of old !

"I saw thee kneeling before the altar,
My haughty rival was by thy side,
But I could not hear thy dear voice falter
When vowing to be his *faithful* bride !"

"What, Nevill ! can'st thou be cruel-hearted ?
A father's blessing I could not win,
Unless we two for aye were parted,—
But, O, I have wept for that deadly sin !

"Vowing to honour, I scorned and hated,
 Dreaming on all I had loved and lost,
 But, ah! more bitter, more darkly fated,
 That ever again our paths have crossed!"

She felt the clasp of his hand so tender,
 One kiss he press'd on her cheek so fair,—
 Hark to that curse! May heaven defend her!
 Dark Gordon is standing before the pair!

Proudly he lifted his Scottish bonnet,
 O, but his smile was dark to see:
 "What ho! Sir Nevill, my life upon it,
 Thou comest to win my bride from me!"

Now foot to foot, as the sun was sinking,
 Both lover and husband frowning stood,
 The fiery chieftain's blade is drinking
 The brave young Nevill's knightly blood.

She tore the ring from her lily finger,
 With, "Nevill, beloved, I come to thee!
 In the Gordon's halls no more I linger
 If this weak hand can set me free!"

She pluck'd the dirk from her bleeding lover,
 She buried it deep in her breast so white,—
 With, "Nevill, beloved, our woes are over!
 To the Gordon's thrall a glad good-night!"

The chief look'd down on the hapless lovers;—
 O, but his frown was dark to see:
 "I would give the best of my lands, proud Nevill,
 To hold the heart thou hast lured from me!"

He knelt him down as her life was ebbing,
 On the trampled heather he bent the knee;
 "I would pluck the heart from my breast, false Ellen,
 For one soft smile of love from thee!"

B. S. MONTGOMERY.

THE INDIA-RUBBER ARTIST.

WE have all of us laughed at the grotesque appearance made by toy heads of vulcanised india-rubber. A little lateral pressure converts its physiognomy into a broad grin, whilst a perpendicular pull gives the countenance all the appearance that presents itself when we look into the bowl of a spoon held longways. The pressure removed, the face returns to its normal condition. Of the thousands of persons who have thus manipulated this plaything, it perhaps never struck one of them that in this perfect mobility lay the germ of a very useful invention, destined to be, we believe, of great practical value in the arts. If we take a piece of sheet vulcanised india-rubber and draw a face upon it, exactly the same result is obtained. This fact, it appears, struck an observant person, and out of his observation has sprung a patented process, worked by a company under the name of the "Electro-Printing-Block Company," for enlarging and diminishing at pleasure, to any extent, all kinds of drawings and engravings. It must be evident that if a piece of this material can be enlarged equally in all directions, the different lines of the drawing that is made upon it in a quiescent condition, must maintain the same relative distance between each other in its extended state, and be a mathematically correct amplification of the original draft. The material used is a sheet of vulcanised india-rubber, prepared with a surface to take lithographic ink;

this is attached to a moveable framework of steel, which expands by means of very fine screws. On this prepared surface lines are drawn at right angles; these are for the purpose of measurement only. The picture to be enlarged is now painted upon its face in the usual way, and supposing it is to be amplified four-fold, the screw framework is stretched until one of the squares formed by the intersection of the lines, measures exactly four times the size it did whilst in a state of rest. It is now lifted on to a lithographic stone and printed, and from this impression copies are worked off in the usual manner. If the picture has to be worked with type, the enlarged impression has, of course, to be made from block plates, the printing lines of which stand up like those of a woodcut. This is accomplished by printing the picture with prepared ink, upon a metal plate; the plate is then subjected to voltaic action, which eats away the metal excepting those parts protected by the ink. On the next page are examples of the amplification and reduction of a woodcut by this process. Both are exact transcripts of the original, even to little defects. The human hand, with unlimited time, could never reproduce such a fac-simile as we have here performed in a few minutes, at a very trifling expense. Where it is required to make a reduced copy of a drawing, the process is inverted; that is, the vulcanised india-rubber sheet is stretched in the frame before the impression is made upon it. It must be evident, that on its being allowed to contract to its original size, it will bear a reduced picture upon its surface from which the copies are printed.

The application of this art to map-work is very apparent. Let us instance the ordnance maps. Both enlargements and reductions of the original scale on which they were drawn have been made in the ordinary way at an enormous expense, the greater part of which might have been avoided had this process been known. As it is, we have gone to work in a most expensive manner. The survey for the whole of England was made on the very small scale of one inch to a mile for the country, and of six inches to the mile for towns, and now there is a cry for an enlarged scale of twenty-five inches to the mile. In other countries, comparatively speaking poor to England, this scale has been far exceeded. For instance, even poverty-stricken Spain is mapped on the enormous scale of as many as sixty-three inches to the mile. The Government maps of France and of Sweden are equally large; it does, therefore, seem strange, that, when we are making a second edition of our Doomsday books, with the pencil rather than with the pen, our Legislature should shrink from undertaking a scale of only twenty-five inches to the mile for so rich a country as our own. But with this question we have nothing to do; our purpose is only to show that it would be a great saving if the twenty-five-inch scale had been originally carried out, as with this new process all the smaller scales could have been produced with perfect accuracy from this one at a very small cost. Indeed, the public could, if they wish, have pocket facsimile copies of that gigantic map of England and Scotland on the twenty-five-inch scale, which, according to Sir M. Peto, would



(Enlarged Size.)

be larger than the London Docks, and would require the use of a ladder to examine even a county. The new art is applicable to engraving of every kind; and, moreover, it can very profitably reproduce types itself in an enlarged or reduced form. This is a fact of great importance to all Bible Societies, for enormous sums are spent in producing this work in all imaginable sizes. The clearness and beauty with which a page of type can be reduced is such as will surprise Mr. Bagster or Lord Shaftesbury.

But, it will be asked, what advantage does this method present over a resetting of the page in the usual manner? Two very important ones—speed and price. Let us suppose, for instance, that we wish to make a reduction of a royal octavo University Bible to a demy octavo. The price of resetting the type alone would be 800*l.*, and the “reading for corrections” another 300*l.* at the least.

Now, an identical copy could be produced by the process employed by the Company for 120*l.*; there

would be no charge for “reading,” as the copies are many rules, instead of kinds of types, as in 1840; the Bibles, the advantages of reproduction by the india-rubber process would be of course proportionately greater. Any society possessing one standard Bible have thus within their reach the means of bringing out as many different sized editions as they like, from the large type fitted for the eyes of very old men, to the diminutive editions that require a microscope to read them.

We may mention another power possessed by the new method, which will prove very valuable to publishers. It sometimes happens that when a new edition of a work is called for, some of the original blocks, or stereotyped impressions, are found to be wanting. Heretofore new drawings and engravings would have to be made; but now all this difficulty is obviated, by simply taking the engraved page out of the old book, and reproducing the block required from it. This



(Reduced Size.)



(Original Size.)

actually occurred with respect to the well-known work “Bell on the Hand,” the missing blocks of

which have been reproduced from some old printed pages. It is scarcely known yet how many

turies may elapse ere the ink of old books becomes so dry that it cannot be transferred by the new process; but it is quite certain that a couple of hundred years does not so far dry it as to render it incapable of giving an impression, so that we may have the earliest folio copies of Shakspeare's Plays reproduced with exactness, in more available sizes, through the medium of a few sheets of India-rubber. It seems only the other day since this extraordinary substance performed the solitary duty of rubbing out pencil-marks: now there is scarcely a manufacture in which its agencies are not employed, and it bids fair, as we have shown, to revolutionise one branch of the fine arts, and to add very largely to the sum of enjoyment among the refined and educated classes of society. When the first savage tapped the india-rubber tree, how little did he dream that the turbid stream that flowed from the bark was destined to work such changes in certain branches of trade, and to add a new and most important civilising agent to the pale faced nations!

THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK.

IN spite of discrepancies in the many notices which have come down to us relative to this mysterious personage, it is impossible to doubt that a prisoner, whose face was always covered by a mask, whose identity was concealed by precautions unparalleled in the annals of tyranny, and who was, nevertheless, treated with a degree of respect and personal indulgence such as would scarcely have been accorded save to an individual of the most exalted rank, did really pass the greater part of his life in various State-prisons of France, in the immediate custody and guardianship of M. de Saint-Mars, a man of some eminence under Louis XIV., a country gentleman of Champagne, Lord of Dinon and of Paltean in Burgundy, who was one of the King's body-guard, and filled successively the post of governor of the State-prisons of Pignerol, Sainte-Marguerite, and the Bastille.

Voltaire, Soulavie (secretary to the Marshal Duc de Richelieu), Péra, Griffet, the Abbé Papon, Desodoard, De Landine, Beth, and a host of others—French, German, English, and Spanish—have written on this subject; collecting, commenting upon, and in some instances evidently embellishing, by the efforts of their own imaginations, the traditions regarding this mysterious prisoner which have been handed down in the various places in which he was confined. But amidst the host of contradictory assertions, discrepant dates, and apocryphal anecdotes which complicate the subject, the authenticated facts at which the industry of consecutive inquirers has arrived with regard to it, are briefly as follows.

Shortly after the death of Cardinal Mazarin, about the year 1662, a prisoner, whose face was concealed by a mask, was brought with the utmost privacy by M. de Saint-Mars to the château of Pignerol, in Piedmont, a citadel built by the French, and demolished in 1696. The prisoner appeared to be young; was tall, well-made, and of noble bearing. The mask he wore was not of "iron," as generally believed, but of black velvet,

stiffened with whalebone, and furnished about its lower part with steel springs which permitted its wearer to breathe, eat, drink, and sleep, without difficulty. It covered the whole of the face, and was fastened behind the head with a padlock, of which the governor kept the key. This functionary was under orders from the King to put the masked captive immediately to death if he attempted to show his face, or to communicate a knowledge of his identity to any one.

About the year 1698, this same prisoner, was removed to the castle in the little island of Sainte-Marguerite, off the coast of Provence, where he occupied an apartment lighted by a window on the north side, pierced through a wall four feet thick, secured by three iron bars. A sentinel was always placed at the two extremities of the fortress towards the sea, with orders to fire on any vessel that should approach within a certain distance.

In 1698, M. de Saint-Mars was appointed governor of the famous fortress of the Bastille; and, on quitting Sainte-Marguerite, took the masked prisoner thither in a litter. The new governor is stated by M. de Joneca, then lieutenant of the Bastille, to have arrived at the dreaded fortress with his masked charge on Thursday, the 18th of September, 1698, at three o'clock in the afternoon. The latter on his arrival was placed in the tower of the Basinière, where he remained until nine o'clock at night, when he was conducted by M. de Joneca to an apartment in "the third tower of the Bertandière," which he occupied until his death. This apartment was the best in the Bastille; and had been previously prepared for its new occupant by order of the governor, and furnished with everything that was deemed necessary for his use. The masked prisoner was accompanied on his installation in this apartment by an attendant named De Rosargues, said to have been a major in a Company of Free Lances, who was appointed to wait upon him, and who continued to do so until the death of the captive. As this De Rosargues had accompanied the new governor and his mysterious charge from Sainte-Marguerite, it is probable that he had previously served the latter in the same capacity. Very few of the other officials or servants employed in the Bastille were allowed to approach the prisoner, and none were ever permitted to speak with him. He was sometimes visited, when indisposed, by a medical officer attached to the prison; and also on one occasion by the surgeon Nélaton, who bled him in the arm. These gentlemen were allowed to feel his pulse, examine his tongue and other parts of his body, and to address to him a few queries respecting his health; but they were neither permitted to see his face, nor to speak with him. M. Nélaton described the masked patient as of dark complexion, possessing a voice so sweet and touching that it could not be heard without awakening sympathy; making no complaint of his position; grave and dignified in manner, and having the air of a person of distinction; a description which tallies with that which was given of him to Voltaire by the son-in-law of the physician of the Bastille.

Rigorous as was his sequestration from the world, he was uniformly treated with the utmost

respect by all who approached him. Already, in the Castle of Sainte-Marguérite, he had been visited by the Duke de Louvois, whose intimacy with the king had probably gained for him a knowledge of the identity so much disputed in later times; and this nobleman, whose haughtiness was proverbial, remained uncovered and standing throughout the interview, and is even said to have addressed the prisoner as "*mon Prince*." M. de Saint-Mars—a man of repulsive exterior, harsh manners, and dubious principles, but whose devotion to the king was entire and unhesitating—invariably remained standing in the presence of his captive; and, on the day when he entered the Bastille as its governor, himself waited upon him at table. The apartment occupied by the prisoner was richly furnished; his apparel was of the most sumptuous description: and he was supplied with the most luxurious viands, served up in silver plate. Of his avocations during his long confinement no record remains, except that he amused himself with playing on the guitar.

On Sunday, Nov. 18th, 1703, the masked prisoner, "on his return from mass," was taken ill, and died on the following day. As soon as he expired, his head was severed from his body, and cut to pieces, to prevent his features from being seen. The headless trunk, registered under the designation of "Marchiali, aged forty-five," was interred on the 20th inst. in the cemetery of the Church of St. Paul, in the presence of De Rosargues, and of M. Reihl, Surgeon-Major of the Bastille. The mutilated remains of the head were buried in different places, in order the more effectually to disappoint curiosity. Immediately after his decease, an order was given to destroy everything that had been used by him. His clothes, linen, mattresses, bedding, and furniture were burned; the plate which had been used at his table was melted down; the walls of the apartment in which he had been confined were carefully scraped and then whitewashed, its doors and windows were destroyed, and its flooring was taken up to make sure that no scrap of paper, no distinctive relic, or mark of any kind, had been hidden beneath it by its mysterious occupant.

It will be seen, from this rapid sketch of the life of the unhappy individual in question, that while little, beyond the mere fact itself, has been gleaned by the above-mentioned writers respecting his imprisonment at Pignerol, no trace whatever of his existence previous to that event has been discovered by them; and yet, as Voltaire has pertinently remarked in commenting upon this fact, no political character of sufficient importance to justify the precautions exercised with regard to the masked prisoner, and the efforts made, after his death, to blot out, if possible, his very remembrance from among the living, had disappeared in Europe at the period when he was sent to Pignerol.

Entire silence appears to have been maintained on the subject of the masked captive, by the persons to whom this singular State-secret was confided; and the successors of Louis XIV. have invariably maintained the same attitude with regard to it. M. de Chamillard seems to have been the last person, out of the royal family of France, who was entrusted with this secret. The second

Marshal de la Feuillade, who married his daughter, and who had always been tormented by the desire to penetrate the mystery, conjured his father-in-law, on his knees, when M. de Chamillard was on his death-bed, to reveal to him the name of the prisoner then, as now, known by the name of "The Man in the Iron Mask." But the expiring minister refused to satisfy his curiosity, declaring that it was a secret of State, and that he had sworn never to reveal it.

Louis XV. to whom the secret is said to have been revealed by the Regent, remarked, on one occasion, when certain courtiers had been discussing this subject in his presence: "Let them dispute; no one has yet said the truth upon this matter."

M. de Laborde, first valet to Louis XV., and who stood high in the favour and confidence of his master, once besought him to tell him the secret of this imprisonment; when the king replied, "I am sorry that it happened; but the confinement of that unfortunate man did no wrong to any one but himself, and saved France from great calamities;" adding, "You are not to know who it was."

Among the legends which sprang up around the prison-homes of the mysterious individual in question, is one that tells how, while at Sainte-Marguérite, the prisoner one day wrote something with the point of a knife, on one of the silver plates used at his table, and flung it out of the window towards a boat that stood near the bank, almost at the foot of the tower. A fisherman, who owned the boat, took up the plate, and carried it to the governor, when the latter, with great surprise, asked the fisherman, "Have you read what was written on this plate? Or has anybody else seen it in your hands?"

"I cannot read," replied the fisherman, "I have but just found it, and nobody else has seen it."

The fisherman was detained until Saint-Mars was well assured that he could not read, and that no one else had seen the plate; when he was dismissed by the governor with these words:—

"Go, then; it is lucky for you that you do not know how to read."

A similar story is told by the Abbé Papon, who claims to have gained his information respecting the mysterious captive in the Island of Sainte-Marguérite itself. This writer was informed by an officer of la Franche Comté, that his father, who had served in the same company, and had enjoyed the confidence of Saint-Mars, had assured him that a "frater" (barber's boy), belonging to the corps, one day perceived something white floating under the prisoner's window; that he took it up, and carried it to Saint-Mars; that it was a very fine shirt, neatly folded up, on which something was written. That Saint-Mars, having unfolded it, asked, with a face expressive of great embarrassment—"if the boy had had the curiosity to read what was written on it?" That the boy solemnly protested he had read nothing; but that, two days afterwards, he was found dead in his bed; and that he (the officer), had often heard his father relate this incident to the chaplain of the fortress, as an undoubted fact.

The Abbé was also informed by the same officer that his father had been obliged, on the death of the woman who used to wait on the prisoner, to take the corpse on his shoulders, at midnight, to the place of burial; and that he had imagined the deceased to be the prisoner himself, until he was ordered by the governor to find another woman to take her place. That he had discovered, at a neighbouring village, a woman who seemed likely to suit, and that the governor had assured her that her acceptance of the proposed situation would be the means of making the fortune of her children; but on condition that she should never see them again, never leave the service she was invited to enter, and never again hold any intercourse with the rest of the world; and that the woman refused to allow herself to be incarcerated for life upon those terms, especially as she was informed that the least indiscretion on her part would cost her dear. The same writer tells us, in his *History of Provence*, that, one day, when Saint-Mars was conversing with the prisoner, as he came out of the chamber (a sort of corridor or gallery whence he could see from a distance those who came thither), the son of one of his own friends arrived, and was advancing towards the place where he stood. Hearing the noise (of some one approaching), the governor hastily shut the door, and coming up to the young man, demanded of him, with a troubled countenance, "If he had seen anybody, or had heard anything he had been saying?" Being assured that he had not, he made him return home the same day, writing to his friend "how imprudently his son had acted, and how great a danger he had run."

It has also been asserted by M. Crange Chancel that a person named Du Buisson and some other prisoners were placed in a room under that occupied by the masked captive, and conversed with him by the tunnel of the chimney; and on Du Buisson asking him to tell him his name and condition, he replied that "to do so would cost his own life, and the lives of those to whom he should reveal the secret." This writer does not state in which of the prisons inhabited by the mysterious captive this conversation took place; but we know that it could not have been in the Bastille, as the apartment occupied by him in that fortress was found, on the destruction of the building in 1789, to be absolutely without communication with any other. The incident of the plate has been related of many other captives; and, moreover, so closely watched and guarded as were the State-prisoners of France at that period—neither pen, ink, nor knife being left in their possession—it is difficult to believe that either that, or the incident of the shirt, could really have happened.

But without attaching much importance to these stories, enough, as we have seen, is certainly known with regard to the history of the prisoner in question to justify the conclusion, that he must have been not only a person of very high rank, but also one whose existence was a source of danger to the monarch by whom he was retained so long sequestered from all that gives value to life: and, as already remarked, a problem so eminently calculated to stimulate inquiry as the

secret of an identity which could at once inspire so much uneasiness, and command so much deference, on the part of a sovereign so proud and so unscrupulous as Louis XIV., could not fail to lead to a vast amount of research, and to prompt the formation of various hypotheses explanatory of the mystery; these hypotheses being almost as numerous as the writers who support them, and, with the exception of those advanced by the two first named, agreeing only in their obvious impossibility.

Thus, some have supposed the masked prisoner to have been the Count de Vermandois (son of Louis XIV. and the Duchesse de la Vallière), punished in this manner for having struck the Dauphin; the disgraced minister Fouquet; the Duke of Monmouth; the turbulent Duke de Beaufort, commonly known as "the King of the Markets;" the schismatic Armenian Patriarch, Arwediecks, noted for his hostility to the Catholics of the East; and Count Ercole Antonio Matthioli, Senator of Mantua and private agent of the Duke, who, after having entered into a secret treaty with Louis XIV. for the sale of the fortress of Casale—the key of Italy—thwarted and disappointed the policy of that sovereign, and incurred his vengeance by inducing his master to break off the negotiation with the French king, and to accept the higher bribe which had been subsequently offered by the emissaries of Spain and Austria.

As for the Duke of Monmouth, who was publicly beheaded on Tower Hill, on the 6th of July, 1685, and the Duke of Beaufort, who, having escaped from the prison in which he had been confined on a charge of conspiring against the life of Cardinal Mazarin, began a civil war, made his peace with the king, was created Admiral of France, defeated the Turkish fleet near Tunis in 1665, and was killed in a sally at the siege of Candia in 1669, the pretensions put forth on their behalf are clearly inadmissible; while the other hypothetical explanations of the mystery appear to have been suggested solely by certain coincidences of dates and places in the fragmentary notices that attest the various imprisonments undergone by the masked captive, and the persons whom he has been supposed to be. None of them can stand examination; a simple comparison of other ascertained dates in the history of the captive in question with those of various authenticated incidents in the lives of these other persons, sufficing to show that no one of these could have been identical with the unfortunate prisoner in question. Nor, indeed, even were not the hypotheses alluded to thus positively disproved, would it be possible, in the case of any of the persons thus brought forward, to explain the excessive precautions employed by the government with regard to the masked prisoner, both before and after his death, the secrecy so scrupulously maintained in regard to him by Louis XIV. and his successors, or the assertion of Louis XV. that the incarceration of this captive had "saved France from great calamities."

Voltaire, who was the first to call attention to this subject, and who declares that he gained his information from parties still living in his

"Memoirs of Richelieu," published in 1790, by Soulavie; a work which contains many errors, but whose information on the subject of the famous prisoner whose identity we are endeavouring to ascertain, is strongly confirmed in other quarters. Now Soulavie expressly asserts that a portion of the details he has given were "derived from a statement drawn up by M. de Saint-Mars, governor of the captive prince, some time before his death;" and, singularly enough, after the Revolution of July, M. Auguste Billiard, formerly secretary-general of the Ministry of the Interior, recounts, in a letter addressed by him to the "Review of the Historical Institute," that, under the First Empire, he had held in his hands a state-

ment written by Saint-Mars himself, relative to the secret mission which had been confided to him. This manuscript, taken from the archives of the office of the Minister of the Interior, had been lent by M. de Hauterive, Guardian of the Archives, to M. de Montalivet, Minister of the Interior, to whose cabinet M. Billiard was attached. This latter gentleman affirms that no doubt can be raised as to the genuineness of this document, the paper, the writing, the style, all indicating that it really belongs to the age of Louis XIV. He gives the name of the clerk who made the copy retained by the minister, and adds that the son of M. de Montalivet was then in possession of the copy so obtained. He finishes



(See p. 243.)

his statement by asserting that two other persons (M. Goubault, Prefect of the Var, and M. Labiche, Chief of Division in the cabinet of the Minister of the Interior) had also read the manuscript of Saint-Mars.

A few years after this letter appeared, a copy of the statement of M. de Saint-Mars was offered to the editors of the "Memoirs of Everybody," then in course of publication. This copy was at once submitted to M. Billiard, who declared it to be a transcript, word for word, of the document which he had read in the original. The editors, therefore, felt justified in publishing it in their work, in the third volume of which it may be read at length. The following passages are extracted from it:—

"The unfortunate Prince whom I have brought up and guarded to the end of my days, was born the 5th of December, 1638, at half-past eight o'clock, when the king was at supper. His brother, the present king, was born at noon of the same day, while the king was at dinner. But, just as the birth of the present king was brilliant and splendid, the birth of his brother was sad and secret. The king, informed by the midwife that the queen was about to give birth to a second child, had ordered the Chancellor of France, the first almoner, the queen's confessor, and myself, as well as the midwife, to remain in her Majesty's chamber. He told us all, in the queen's presence, in order that she might hear the command, that we should answer with our

heads for the revelation of the birth of a second Dauphin, that he willed his birth to be kept a State-secret, the Salic Law making no provision for the inheritance of the kingdom in case of the birth of two eldest sons of the monarch.

"What had been predicted by the midwife came to pass, and the queen gave birth to a second Dauphin, still prettier and better made than the one previously born; this latter prince ceased not to cry and moan, as though he foresaw the life of suffering and denial upon which he had entered. The Chancellor of France drew up the *procès verbal* of this marvellous birth, unique in our history; his majesty was not satisfied with this document, and caused him to re-write it several times, until he was satisfied with it, burning the first copy, although the almoner remonstrated on the subject, declaring that the king could not keep secret the birth of the Dauphin, to which the king replied, that he had reasons of State for so doing.

"The king then made us all sign an oath that we would never divulge the birth of the last-born prince; the chancellor signed first, then the almoner, then the queen's confessor, and then I; the oath was also signed by the queen's surgeon, and by the midwife, and the king attached this oath to the *procès verbal*, and carried away the document, of which I have never heard anything farther. After this the midwife took away the last-born prince, whom she was charged to bring up; and as the king feared lest she should gossip about his birth, she has often told me that he frequently threatened to put her to death if she ever divulged this secret; he also forbade the rest of us, who had witnessed his birth, to speak of this fact even between ourselves. Not one of us has hitherto broken this oath. The king had ordered us to make a thorough examination of the unfortunate prince, who had a mole above the left elbow, a yellow mark on the right side of the neck, and a still smaller mole on the thickest part of the right thigh; for his majesty intended, in case the first-born prince should die, to substitute in his place the royal infant whose guardianship he had confided to us; and for this cause he required our signature to the registration of birth, which he sealed with a small royal seal in our presence, and which, as already said, we signed according to his majesty's order, and after him.

"As regards the childhood of the second-born prince, Dame Peronnet brought him up at first as though he were her own child; but he was thought to be the illegitimate child of some great nobleman, because it was clear from the great expense she was at for him that he was the son of some very rich man, although not acknowledged.

"When the prince grew older, M^{onsieur} le Cardinal Mazarin, to whom was confided the direction of his education, after M^{onsieur} le Cardinal de Richelieu, placed him in my care that I should educate and bring him up like a king's son, but in secret. Dame Peronnet remained in his service until her death, being greatly attached to him, and he still more so to her. The prince was educated in my house, in Burgundy, with all the care due to a king's son.

"I have had frequent conversations with the queen-mother during the troubles of the Fronde, and her Majesty appeared to me to fear that if ever the existence of this child should be known during the lifetime of his brother, the young king, certain mal-contentments might make it a pretext for getting up a revolt, as many doctors think that the last born of two twins is, in reality, the elder, and that therefore this captive prince should be rightful king, though other doctors give a contrary opinion. This fear, however, could never induce her to destroy the written proofs of the young prince's birth; because, if the young king had died, she intended to make the prince king in his room, although she had another son. She often told me that she preserved these written proofs in her casket.

"I gave to the unfortunate prince all the education I should have wished to receive myself, and no prince in the world ever had a better. The only thing with which I have to reproach myself is, that I made him unhappy without intending to do so; for, as he was seized, about the age of nineteen, with a strong desire to know who he was, overwhelming me with questions upon the subject, and as I showed myself more resolutely silent the more he implored me to tell him his history, he resolved thenceforth to hide his curiosity, and to make me believe that he thought himself my son.

"I often, when we were alone, and he called me his father, told him that he was mistaken; but I no longer opposed the sentiment which he affected to feel towards me, perhaps in order to induce me to speak; I allowing him to fancy himself my son, and he pretending to rest in that idea, but still seeking some means of ascertaining who he was.

"Two years had passed thus when an unfortunate piece of imprudence on my part, for which I reproached myself bitterly, revealed to him in part who he was. He knew that the king frequently sent me messengers; and one day I had the misfortune to leave unlocked the casket in which I kept the letters from the queen and cardinal. He read a part of them and guessed the contents of the rest with his usual penetration, confessing to me afterwards that he had possessed himself of the letter which was the most expressive with regard to his birth.

"I remember that about this time his behaviour to me became harsh and rude, instead of friendly and respectful as it had formerly been; but I did not at first suspect the cause of this change, for I have never been able to imagine by what means he got at my casket, and he would never tell me how he had done it. He one day committed himself so far as to ask me for the portraits of the late and the present king. I replied that all the engravings of them were so bad that I was waiting for the appearance of some better ones before having them in my house. This reply, which did not satisfy him, was followed by a request to be allowed to go to Dijon. I have since learned that his object was to see a portrait of the King which was there, and to go thence to the Court, which was then at St. Jean de Luz, on account of the king's marriage with the Infanta, that he might

compare himself with his brother, and see whether he resembled him. This project of his came to my knowledge, and from that moment I never left him.

"The young prince was exceedingly handsome; and having fallen in love with a young lady employed in my house, whose affections he had gained, he procured from her a portrait of his brother. Although the strictest orders had been given to all my household to give him nothing, she gave him an engraving of the king. The unfortunate Prince recognised the likeness—and well he might, for one portrait would have served for both, so like were the two brothers—and this sight threw him into such a fury, that he came to me, exclaiming:

"This is my brother's portrait! This shows who I am!"

"He then showed me the letter of Cardinal Mazarin, which he had stolen from my casket, and avowed the discovery he had made. This scene took place in my house.

"The fear of seeing him escape, and make his appearance at the king's marriage, compelled me to send a messenger to his Majesty to inform him of the opening of my casket, and my need of fresh instructions. The king sent his orders by M. le Cardinal, commanding that we should both be imprisoned until further orders; and that he should be informed that this severity was brought upon us both through his pretensions.

"I have suffered with him in our common prison until this time, when I believe that my sentence of recall from earth has been pronounced by my Judge on high; and I cannot refuse, for the tranquillity of my soul, and for that of my pupil, a sort of declaration which will enable him to deliver himself from the ignominious state in which he is, if the king should die without children. Can a compulsory oath force me to keep secret that which ought to be made known to posterity?—SAINT-MARS."

The authenticity of this document, notwithstanding the intrinsic evidence it contains of being a genuine production of the epoch whose date it bears, has been questioned on account of its signature; as the name of "Saint-Mars" has been supposed to be that of the Governor of the Bastille, in whose wardship the unfortunate prisoner is known to have passed so many years, and who, it is evident, could neither have acted as tutor to the captive, nor—as he survived his ward—have written a statement destined to throw light on the identity of the latter, after his own decease.

But the letter of the Duchess of Modena expressly states that the Burgundian nobleman who witnessed the birth of the second of the twins, and to whose care the ill-fated prince was confided during his boyhood, had come to Court in the train of the person who was afterwards his governor, that is to say, of the M. de Saint-Mars who held the posts of governor in the prisons of Pignerol, Sainte-Marguerite, and the Bastille; and the whole difficulty vanishes if we suppose this unnamed lord, brought to St. Germain by M. de Saint-Mars, and like him a native of Burgundy,

to have been a relative of his patron, and to have borne the same name; a supposition which, considering the general aptitude of successful courtiers like Saint-Mars to introduce their kinsfolk into the sphere of royal favour, is certainly by no means improbable.

Assuming this supposition to be correct, and the first twenty years of the young prince's existence to have been passed in retirement under the care of this first governor, the blank already noticed in the history of the masked prisoner previous to his incarceration at Pignerol is at once accounted for; while the choice of that fortress as the residence of the mysterious captive is satisfactorily explained by the fact that it was already under the command of an officer who was not only a devoted and unscrupulous agent of the king, but also a kinsman of the young prince's first guardian; one who was probably initiated already into the secret of the prisoner's birth, and who, moreover, on account of his relationship to the guardian whose remissness had incurred the royal displeasure, would be doubly vigilant in his custody of the captive thus confided to him.

The woman mentioned by the Abbé Papon, as having waited on the masked prisoner, and who was buried at night in the Island of Sainte-Marguerite, may probably have been Madame Peronnet; and as no second prisoner is mentioned by M. de Jonca as having been brought with the masked prisoner to the Bastille, it would seem that the death of the unfortunate tutor must also have preceded that event: the *Sieur de Rosargues*, who accompanied the masked captive to the last of his prison-dwellings, and to his grave, having probably been admitted to his service on the decease of his former guardian.

The editors of the "Memoirs of Everybody" affirmed, in 1835, that the original of this document still existed in the archives of the Minister of Foreign Affairs; and this statement has never been contradicted. It is natural that this document, supposing it to be authentic, should be in the archives of that department rather than of any other, as it would, in all probability, have been sent by the writer to some foreign place for safety, and would be brought back thence by some agent of the French government. It is true that the assertion of Louis XVIII. to M. de Pastoret would appear to invalidate the statement of Saint-Mars; but it is quite possible that he may have preferred to allow it to be thought that Louis XIV. sacrificed an illegitimate half-brother, rather than a prince of the blood-royal, whose claims might be held to invalidate those of that monarch, and consequently of himself as his descendant. On the other hand, if we consider the confirmation which the letter of the Duchess of Modena—with the exception of the legendary addition of the prophecy of the two shepherds—the *Memoirs of Richelieu* and the declaration of Saint-Mars lend to each other, and the perfect explanation thus afforded of the various contradictory points in the history of the prisoner in question, we may fairly conclude, that we have at length arrived at the true explanation of an historical puzzle which has been sought in vain for the last hundred and fifty years.

ANNA BLACKWELL.

LAST WEEK.

THE TWO SICILIES & BOURBON.

MANY Englishmen may not know why the Sicilians and the Neapolitans dislike the Bourbons. A few words upon the subject just now may not be amiss, for the chances are, before these lines are published, the warning on the wall may have received practical fulfilment. Young Francis II., the pitiless son of a most pitiless father, has been weighed in the balance long since, and has been found wanting. The ships are waiting in the offing to take him away to Austria, the asylum of deposed kings. Empire has passed from his hands.

Now, in talking of Neapolitans and Sicilians, we are not speaking of people like ourselves. This quick, impulsive, sensuous race does not breed Hampdens and Sidneys. Northern nations are gluttonous, metaphysical, and hard to guide. The old Viking blood moves in our veins still, and the sturdy Saxon spirit fires us to action. Englishmen are discontented, and a Cromwell expounds their grievances, or they seek a home on the other side of the globe—say in North America, or in Australia. We are an unmanageable set. Not so with these warmer and more comfortable fellow-creatures of ours, who are content to bask all day under a Calabrian sun, and to wander about at night under the great moon which silvers over their beautiful bays and creeks, or to watch the fiery play of Vesuvius or *Ætna*. Give the peasant in these regions a handful of macaroni and a slice of melon to sustain his body, and a little image of the Virgin all over spangles to inspire his poor soul with devout thoughts, and you have done enough for him. The macaroni is his here—the little doll his hereafter. Of course this description does not apply to the number of highly intellectual and highly educated men whom Naples has produced. England and France might be proud to insert the names of many of the Neapolitan historians and men of science on their bead-roll of worthies. The tyranny of the Bourbons, however, has been so impartial that it has struck at both classes. It has paralysed the intellect and tortured the mere muscle of the country. With the story of *Poerio* and his companions so freshly before us no one would attempt to deny the cruelties that have been systematically practised by the Government of Naples upon the educated classes. But it has been the fashion to say that, however harsh the Government of the late and the present king has been wherever they found or suspected brains, still, on the whole, and as far as the peasantry were concerned, it was a good, sympathetic, rollicking sort of rule enough. Had this been so, both Ferdinand and Francis might have snapped their fingers at the advocates and men of letters. A hundred *Garibaldis* would not have sufficed to drive the young Bourbon from his throne if he had the peasantry of the country on his side. To say the least, there would have been two parties in the country; but the only Royalists in the country known as *The Two Sicilies*—leaving the *Camarilla* and the mere hangers-on about the court out of the question—have turned out to be Austrian recruits, and the rump of the Swiss regiments. This requires explanation.

Now a few words may not be amiss as to the causes of the discontent which seems to be universal. The mission of the Bourbons apparently is to put loyalty out of fashion. In France, in Spain, and now in Naples it is the same thing. When Murat had been disposed of at Pizzo, by the easy process of putting half-a-dozen bullets through his head, the restored Bourbons had for a while all their own way. Their own way was to trust the management of their affairs to one of the vilest scoundrels who ever disgraced the human form. The name of this wretch was *Canosa*; he was the head of the secret police. To be sure, not much could have been expected from a royal race, who in the temporary eclipse of their fortunes had suffered Cardinal *Ruffo* to organize assassination into a system within the dungeons which had been theirs yestereve, and might be theirs again to-morrow. *Fra Diavolo* was the trusted agent. This robber and cut-throat is a very romantic personage, when introduced upon the operatic stage: but in reality he was a most sanguinary ruffian. In the year 1821, *Canosa* caused the Sicilians to be murdered by hundreds for alleged complicity with the Carbonari societies. *Del Carretto* was the successor of *Canosa*; now, here, upon very trustworthy authority—namely, that of the historian *Colletta*, is an account of what this man did in Sicily, in the year 1837—twenty-three years ago. "Order had been restored in Sicily, but he instantly instituted courts martial to try the offenders. A thousand of the Sicilians were summarily sentenced to death, and more than a hundred executed. The leaders had escaped, or fallen in conflict, but *Del Carretto* hoped, by the number of his victims, to strike terror, prove the magnitude of the revolt to Europe, and justify the subsequent acts of the Government, which had been already decided upon. Such was the haste with which the executions were conducted, that in one instance there was found one too many among the dead. A lad of fourteen perished, besides many priests and women, while to add to the horror of the scene, a band of music was ordered to play during the executions. *Del Carretto* passed his time in feasting and dances to which he invited the wives and daughters of those who had fled, or been compromised." It is needless to say what was the object of these invitations. Now after 1848, these horrors were renewed. Can any one wonder that *Garibaldi* found so hearty a welcome in Sicily?

For forty long years this sort of work has been going on, both in the island and upon the mainland. For a few years after the Congress of Vienna, the Neapolitan Bourbons were kept quiet by the public opinion of civilised nations. But with 1820, the hanging, shooting, imprisonment in loathsome dungeons, and bodily torture, commenced. From 1820 to 1830, Ferdinand I., and Francis I., under the dark shade of the Austrian banners, had it all their own way. Then barricades were erected in Paris, and the nations of Europe had a short breathing-time. As a set-off against this, the late King of Naples, Ferdinand II., succeeded to the throne; and in the year 1833, when the revolutionary spirit had been somewhat stamped out in Europe, he opened

his shambles. From 1833 to 1847, there were several attempts at revolution within the Neapolitan dominions—all put down in sanguinary fashion enough. This, however, does not appear very strongly to confirm the view that the humbler classes of Neapolitans were attached to the King's government. With 1848, the revolutionary spirit again broke out yonder in Paris, at the end of the *Rue des Capucines*. The Tiberius again became the Policinello of Naples. For a short time he was hail-fellow-well-met with all classes of his subjects; but if there was one amongst them dearer than another to the Royal heart, it was the one who had given some evidence of liberal opinion. Wonderful to relate, he won back the confidence of his subjects; but the delusion was a short one. On the 15th of May, 1848, he got up a sham *émeute* in the streets of Naples, and turned his great guns upon his people—sent in his drunken soldiers as husbandmen, and the lazzaroni as gleaners. The pavements of Naples were red with human blood on that day—and then, for a while, there was terror and silence.

If any one wonders why the Neapolitans are not so quick as the friends of order and compromise might wish to believe in the promises of the son, let him consider how the father kept his word. On the 10th of February, 1848, this worthy sovereign, being in much the same kind of position as his son at the present moment, took a right Royal oath. Ferdinand II., being by the grace of God King of the Two Sicilies, of Jerusalem, and many other places, in the first place swore very heavily to defend the Catholic, Apostolic, Roman Religion—and, so far, no doubt he was sincere. He then went on with the swearing, as thus:—"I promise and swear to observe, and cause to be inviolably observed, the constitution of this Monarchy, promulgated and irrevocably sanctioned by me on the 10th day of February, 1848, for the same kingdom. I promise and swear to observe, and cause to be observed, all the laws actually in force, and the others which shall be successively sanctioned within the limits of the said constitution of the kingdom. I promise and swear never to do, nor to attempt, anything against the Constitution, and the laws which have been sanctioned, as well for the property as the persons of our most loving subjects. So may God help me, and preserve me in His holy keeping!" This is pretty hard swearing;—the gunners of the 15th of May were the commentators upon the Royal oath.

We are speaking of only twelve years ago. These matters are fresh in the recollection of the Neapolitan people. Trust to the word of a Neapolitan king! Why, upon the 24th of May, when he had blown a good number of his subjects off the face of the earth, and further hypocrisy was quite needless, Ferdinand II., of blessed memory, published another proclamation in which he declared it to be his fixed resolution "to maintain the constitution of the 10th of May pure and unstained by any kind of excess, which, being the only one compatible with the real and present wants of this part of Italy, will be the Holy Ark upon which the destinies of our most beloved people and our crown must repose." After this

preliminary falsehood, Ferdinand II., in an unctuous paternal kind of fashion, tells his subjects to resume their usual occupations, "to trust with effusion of mind to our loyalty, our religion, and our *holy and spontaneous oath*, and live in the fullest assurance, &c., &c., &c." The good King wanted to catch his loving subjects, and he caught them. In 1851, when Mr. Gladstone visited Naples, there were still between 15,000 and 20,000 state prisoners in the two Sicilies, although a good number had been worked off in the interval. Settembrini and the other leading prisoners of the time have left an account of what these prisons were; and how they were dragged through the streets by the hair of their heads, beaten, spat upon, pinioned for days together, and made to sit in chairs in the presence of soldiers, who told them they had orders to shoot them. Settembrini, after being sentenced to death, was confined in a room fifteen feet square with eight other persons—one of them a notorious assassin. Povero, with fifteen others, was shut up in a small room, where they were chained two and two together. It is well to remember these things at the present time, when there seems a probability that the Neapolitans may be able to rid themselves of a family, where the son is like the father—and this is what the father did.

Ferdinand II. for a quarter of a century and more murdered and tortured his loving subjects, and Francis II. has only held the reins of empire for a short time, yet in this short time he has contrived to bombard Palermo, and do a few other acts which would lead one to dread the contingency of another 15th of May in Naples itself should he ever gain the upper hand again. Before concluding it is proper to recur to the fact that the government of the Two Sicilies has been—with short intervals—a government by the secret police. A rumour of disaffection is held to be a sufficient title for a man's arrest. Special commissioners are appointed for political trials—one of whom is a lawyer, but without deliberative voice. The decisions of the commissioners are without appeal. The impeachment, the defence, and the trial of the accused are secret. The statements of the police prove the crime. The police may liberate or detain any individual in prison without sanction, and even though he has been acquitted of the charge on which he was originally arrested. The police may flog prisoners at their pleasure. Espionage is enforced so strictly, that not to be a spy is a crime. The police may penetrate into prisons, and extract confessions from prisoners. Such has been the Magna Charta of Naples in use for well-nigh half a century. Does not all this explain Garibaldi's Sicilian successes?—and if the Royal authority at Naples should melt away upon his approach as wax before fire, who would wonder at it?

This miracle of the liberation of Italy from foreign and domestic tyranny has been so much a miracle, that one sometimes doubts if it had not been better if the march of events had not been quite so sudden. Last week there was talk of a simultaneous attack from two quarters upon the Papal forces, to be accompanied by a general rising of the Pope's

lieges, and, at the same time, Garibaldi was to disembark upon the mainland. On the other hand the Austrian has again been giving signs of life. Let us hope that Lord Palmerston's speech upon the National Defences has not misled the opinion of the present Cabinet of Vienna as to the state of feeling between England and France, as some expressions of Lord Malmesbury's misled their predecessors at the beginning of 1859. It is said that the Austrian army has repaired its losses, and could again hope to take the field with advantage, if not against France, at least against any military power which Italy could bring into the field.

A SINGULAR SESSION.

SIR RICHARD BETHELL, on Friday night, being engaged in a little passage of arms, or tongues, with his learned brother, Mr. Edwin James, said, that the peculiarity of the present session was, that it was a "singular" one. The singularity consisted in the fact that 650-odd gentlemen had been sitting together in council now for well-nigh seven months, and had not much to show as the result of their labours. No one can say that the members of the House of Commons have been idle. On the contrary, they have been the hardest-worked men in London—but they have done nothing. Like the King of France, in the old chronicle, they have marched up the hill, and down again—repeating the manœuvre as often as you please. The toil of a session has produced a Penelope's web at last. The very point at issue between the learned gentlemen on Friday night afforded a fair example of House of Commons work. With infinite labour and pains, the Attorney-General had introduced a Bill for the amendment of our Bankruptcy Law. There was an enormous amount of what was valuable in it. As it was mainly drawn in harmony with the views of the commercial classes, it seemed probable that it would endure for ten years at least, at which period of existence any English system of bankruptcy seems to reach the last stage of decrepitude. That would have been a great gain. The House of Commons very properly refused to pension off the existing officials on the extravagant scale proposed by the author of the measure. The Attorney-General got huffy. They declined to allow non-traders who might be debtors to the extent of 20*l.* to be made bankrupts with little or no ceremony. The Attorney-General got huffier still, and in his huff withdrew the bill. There was an end of that. Then the Government had introduced some seven or eight bills for the consolidation of the criminal law. They were sent down to the Lower House by the Peers at so late a period of the session that it was judged useless to proceed with them. This time the Solicitor-General was cast for the part of Saturn with a commission to devour his own progeny. It was so said, and so done. The Solicitor-General, as he looks into the waste-paper basket to which he has consigned these most useful measures, must say with a sigh, like Brummel's valet with the tray-full of cravats, "These are Sir Richard's failures!" These bills, however, were simply useful, and it would have been of the utmost advantage to the public if they could have been converted into Acts of Parliament. They

had no political significance whatever. This, however, is not true of Lord John's failure, which was the monster failure of the session. What about the Reform Bill? It came in like a lion, and went out like a lamb. As the event has shown, the cautious prophets who told us that we should find in the end that the English mind was indifferent to the subject, have turned out to be right. The bill is gone, and nobody cares to inquire where. Then, how much valuable time was consumed in the discussion of the excise duty on paper! The abolition was carried by the Nine Muses; but despite of this tuneful support—no sooner was the proposition brought under the notice of the Peers than it was summarily rejected. A collision between the Houses seemed imminent. Brave words were spoken, and tunc deeds followed. Lord Palmerston proved himself to be the best slack-rope dancer of the age. His lordship's lips flowed with milk and honey, for everybody's benefit except poor Mr. Gladstone, whose financial labours were pronounced a failure. Mr. Gladstone walked out of the House while his leader was still speaking. It was decided by the quid-nuncs of the House that a dissolution of the Cabinet was imminent. Mr. Gladstone walked back again. So it has gone on throughout the session; and when it is at an end, we shall just have the Indian Forces Bill, the vote for the Fortifications, and the French Treaty, with its corollaries, to show as the practical result of labour done by 1000 legislators, who have been bending to the oar morning, noon, and night, for seven months. All the rest has been strenuous idleness—crank work. With considerable felicity of expression, Sir Richard Bethell has characterised the present as "a singular session." May it never become plural!

THE WALWORTH MURDER.

THE same story which had been told the other day before the police magistrates was repeated on Thursday last before Mr. Justice Williams and a jury. The result was, that William Godfrey Youngman was found guilty of the murder of his sweetheart, Mary Wells Streeter, and condemned to death. Had not the evidence produced in support of the indictment proved sufficient, there were three others hanging over the prisoner's head. Besides killing the poor girl to whom he professed attachment, he had murdered his mother and his two young brothers. The matter happened on the morning of the 31st of July—just about three weeks ago—and already the murderer is convicted, and sentenced to death. We do these things expeditiously in our time. The story of the murder has been told often enough, and it is needless to go back to the shambles in Manor Place, where the wholesale slaughter took place. If we notice the subject at all, it is on account of the evidence given by Dr. Duncan, in whose service the prisoner had lived from the 18th of April until the 16th of July last. Now, after speaking to what little he knew about the facts of the case, Dr. Duncan gave it as his deliberate opinion, that it was possible for a man to have an impulse to destroy another, while at the same time possessed of his reason. "He might commit the act, although aware it was a wicked one;—in fact, he

might be unable to control the impulse to destruction." Now it is not a little remarkable, that in this instance, and despite of this testimony, the gentleman who conducted the prisoner's defence—and who, to judge by the report, really did for him all that could be done, which was not much—seems to have felt that he could not substantiate the plea of insanity, and therefore did not produce any medical witnesses on the trial. We are accustomed in such cases, in the Criminal Courts, to the presence of such gentlemen as Dr. Conolly, Dr. Forbes Winslow, and others, who have devoted particular attention to the pathology of the human mind. No man of professional mark was forthcoming, although it had been elicited from the prisoner's father, in cross-examination for the defence, that his wife's mother was a lunatic, and that she had died in Peckham Lunatic Asylum; that one of his own brothers (that is, an uncle of the prisoner's) had died in a lunatic asylum; and that his own father had been two or three times in a lunatic asylum. Surely, if all this was true, here was a very good foundation on which to rest a plea of insanity. All that would have been needed would have been to carry this kind of evidence one step further, and to have shown that at some period or other of his life the prisoner himself had given signs of mental aberration. Here was proved insanity on both sides—it may almost without stretch of propriety be said in such a case that the burden of proving sanity rested on the prosecution. What could be done was done. Dr. Duncan, in whose service he had lived for three months, was produced in the witness-box, and he stated that he had never noticed anything in the prisoner's conduct which could suggest that his mind was in any way affected. "Of course," said Dr. Duncan, "I saw him very frequently, and I did not notice anything peculiar about him." More than this, it was shown that the prisoner had made a proposal to the Argus Insurance Company to insure poor Mary Wells Streeter's life for 100*l.*, and that on the 19th of July he came to the office in the company of a young woman who paid the premium. The policy was delivered to the prisoner. This was scarcely the act of a man whose mind was deranged. Ignorant of law he may have been, but it is most probable that the same degree of ignorance would be found in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred amongst all persons in his own class of life. Of course, it is not worth while to murder your mother, your two brothers, and the girl whom you are courting, for the sake of 100*l.*—(what is the exact sum for which murder does become a gainful speculation?)—but at least here was a motive such as would be likely to have weight with an unscrupulous ruffian in full possession of his reason. William Youngman, for aught we know to the contrary, was quite as sane at the time he committed the crime, and during his trial, as any other murderer who has stood in the dock at the Old Bailey.

It is needless to insist at length upon the point that in reality a jury must be told in all cases that every man is presumed to be sane, and to be possessed of a sufficient degree of reason to be responsible for his crimes until the contrary is proved

to their satisfaction. This cannot be too emphatically expressed; but when this is done, surely the old doctrine, with regard to insanity as a plea in criminal cases, is lax enough, and favourable enough to a prisoner without introducing the modification proposed by Dr. Duncan. It is but justice, however, to Dr. Duncan to give him the benefit of a letter which he addressed to the editor of the "Times," and which was published on Saturday last in the columns of that journal. In them he states that, so far from wishing to prove the prisoner irresponsible for his acts, "he was prepared to give a very positive opinion as to an entire absence of any symptom of insanity, or even eccentricity, during the period of his service." So far in the particular case Dr. Duncan has put himself right with the public, but he adheres to his general doctrine. He gives it as his belief that a person "may have his intellect perfect, while his emotions, at the same time, have become morbidly deranged." Again, he says, "The possibility of homicidal mania is no more to be discarded than the kleptomania, or the *irresistible impulse* so frequently indicated by some ladies of purloining." If this be so, what is society to do with an offender who murders a fellow-creature, and pleads "irresistible impulse?" Every murderer may be acting under irresistible impulse. How is the intensity of the impulse to be measured? We do not profess to have a scientific knowledge of the pathology of the mind, but would suggest it as a probability, that wherever true homicidal mania exists, other symptoms of mental aberration will not be found wanting. In Oxford's case, what Lord Denman said to the jury might, at first sight, bear out Dr. Duncan's view; but how carefully the Chief Justice afterwards guarded his first proposition. "If some controlling disease is, in truth, the acting power within him which he cannot resist, then a man will not be responsible," or, as Dr. Duncan puts it, "he may be unable to control the impulse to destruction." Lord Denman, however, went on to say: "The question is, whether the prisoner was labouring under that species of insanity, which satisfies you that he was quite unaware of the nature, character, and consequences of the act he was committing; or, in other words, whether he was under the influence of a diseased mind, and was really unconscious at the time he was committing the act that it was a crime." That is a very different thing. Consciousness, as above, or unconsciousness, is the true test of criminality, not the degree or intensity of the homicidal impulse. The old course is the proper one, which is simply to ask the jury if a prisoner has—or rather had at the time when the crime was committed—a sufficient degree of reason to know right from wrong. We might well tremble at the consequences if it was once established that a man's mind might be right in all points, save a tendency to commit murder. It is idle in cases of insanity—as far as the administration of criminal law is concerned—to lose ourselves in fine-drawn distinctions. If a man knows what he is about when he commits a crime, he is amenable to justice, no matter how strong his inclination may be to violate the law.

EVAN HARRINGTON; OR, HE WOULD BE A GENTLEMAN.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.



(See p. 232.)

CHAPTER XXXVIII. IN WHICH WE HAVE TO SEE
IN THE DARK.

So ends the fourth act of our comedy.

After all her heroism and extraordinary efforts, after, as she feared, offending Providence—after facing tailormaking—the Countess was rolled away in a dingy fly: unrewarded even by a penny, for what she had gone through. For she possessed eminently the practical nature of her sex; and though she would have scorned, and would have declined to handle coin so base, its absence was upbraidingly mentioned in her spiritual oratories. Not a penny.

Nor was there, as in the miseries of retreat, she affected indifferently to imagine, a duke fished out of the ruins of her enterprise, to wash the mud off her garments and edge them with radiance. Caroline, it became clear to her, had been infected by Evan's folly. Caroline, she subsequently learnt,

had likewise been a fool. Instead of marvelling at the genius that had done so much in spite of the pair of fools that were the right and left wing of her battle array, the simple-minded lady wept. She wanted success, not genius. Admiration she was ever ready to forfeit for success.

Nor did she say to the tailors of earth: "Weep ye for I sought to emancipate you from opprobrium by making one of you a gentleman; I fought for a great principle and have failed." Heroic to the end, she herself shed all the tears; took all the sorrow!

Where was consolation? Would any Protestant clergyman administer comfort to her? Could he?—might he do so? He might listen, and quote texts; but he would demand the harsh rude English for everything: and the Countess's confessional thoughts were all immense, aerial; too delicate to live in our shameless tongue. Confession by implication, and absolution; she could

know this to be what she wished for, and yet not think it. She could see a haven of peace in that picture of the little brown box with the sleekly reverend figure bending his ear to the kneeling beauty outside, thrice ravishing as she half-lifts the veil of her sins and her visage!—yet she started alarmed to hear it whispered that the fair penitent was the Countess de Saldar: urgently she prayed that no disgraceful brother might ever drive her to that!

Never let it be a Catholic priest!—she almost fashioned her petition into words. Who was to save her? Alas! alas! in her dire distress—in her sense of miserable pennilessness, she clung to Mr. John Raikes, of the curriole, the mysteriously rich young gentleman; and on that picture with Andrew roughly contemplating it, and Evan, with feelings regarding his sister that he liked not to own, the curtain commiseratingly drops.

As in the course of a stream you come upon certain dips, where, but here and there, a sparkle or a gloom of the full flowing water is caught through deepening foliage, so the history that concerns us wanders out of day for a time, and we must violate the post and open written leaves to mark the turns it takes.

First we have a letter from Mr. Goren to Mrs. Mel, to inform her that her son has arrived and paid his respects to his future instructor in the branch of science practised by Mr. Goren.

“He has arrived *at last*,” says the worthy tradesman. “His appearance in the shop will be highly gentlemanly, and when he looks a little more pleasing, and grows fond of it, nothing will be left to be desired. The ladies, his sisters, have not thought proper to call. I had hopes of the custom of Mr. Andrew Cogglesby. Of course you wish him to learn tailoring thoroughly?”

Mrs. Mel writes back, thanking Mr. Goren, and saying that she had shown the letter to inquiring creditors, and that she does wish her son to learn his business from the root. This produces a second letter from Mr. Goren, which imparts to her that at the root of the tree of tailoring the noviceiate must sit no less than six hours a-day with his legs crossed and doubled under him, cheerfully plying needle and thread; and that, without this probation, to undergo which the son resolutely objects, all hope of his climbing to the top of the lofty tree, and viewing mankind from an eminence, must be surrendered.

“If you do not *insist*, my dear Mrs. Harrington, I tell you candidly, your son may have a shop, but he will be *no tailor*.”

Mrs. Mel understands her son and his state of mind well enough not to insist, and is resigned to the melancholy consequence.

Then Mr. Goren discovers an extraordinary resemblance between Evan and his father: remarking merely that the youth is not the gentleman his father was in a shop, while he admits that, had it been conjoined to business habits, he should have envied his departed friend.

He has soon something fresh to tell; and it is that young Mr. Harrington is treating him cavalierly. That he should penetrate the idea or ap-

preciate the merits of Mr. Goren's balance was hardly to be expected *at present*: the world did not, and Mr. Goren blamed no young man for his ignorance. Still a proper attendance was requisite. Mr. Goren thought it very singular that young Mr. Harrington should demand all the hours of the day for his own purposes,—up to half-past four. He found it difficult to speak to him as a master, and begged that Mrs. Harrington would, as a mother.

The reply of Mrs. Mel is dashed with a trifle of cajolery. She has heard from her son, and seeing that her son takes all that time from his *right studies* to earn money wherewith to pay debts of which Mr. Goren is cognisant, she trusts that their oldest friend will overlook it.

Mr. Goren rejoins that he considers that he need not have been excluded from young Mr. Harrington's confidence. Moreover, it is a grief to him that the young gentleman should refrain from accepting any of his suggestions as to the propriety of requesting *some*, at least, of his rich and titled acquaintance to confer on him the favour of their patronage.

“Which they would not repent,” adds Mr. Goren, “and might learn to be very much obliged to him for, in return for kindnesses extended to him.”

Notwithstanding all my efforts, you see, the poor boy is thrust into the shop. There he is, without a doubt. He sleeps under Mr. Goren's roof: he (since one cannot be too positive in citing the punishment of such a Pagan) stands behind a counter: he (and, oh! choke, young loves, that have hovered around him! shrink from him in natural horror, gentle ladies!) handles the shears. It is not my fault. He would be a Pagan.

If you can think him human enough still to care to know how he feels it, I must tell you that he feels it hardly at all. After a big blow, a very little one scarcely counts. What are outward forms and social ignominies to him whose heart has been struck to the dust? His gods have fought for him, and there he is! He deserves no pity.

But he does not ask it of you, the callous Pagan! Despise him, if you please, and rank with the Countess, who despises him most heartily.

Dipping further into the secrets of the post, we discover a brisk correspondence between Juliana Bonner and Mrs. Strike.

“A thousand thanks to you, my dear Miss Bonner,” writes the latter lady. “The unaffected interest you take in my brother touches me deeply. I know him to be worthy of your *good opinion*. Yes, I will open my heart to you, dearest Juliana; and it shall, as you wish, be *quite secret* between us. Not to a soul!

“He is quite alone. My sisters Harriet and Louisa will not see him, and I can only do so by stealth. His odd little friend sometimes drives me out on Sundays, to a place where I meet him; and the Duke of Belfield kindly lends me his carriage. Oh, that we might never part! I am only happy with him!

“Ah, do not doubt him, Juliana, for anything he does! You say, that now the Duke has ob-

tained for him the Secretaryship to my husband's Company, he should not stoop to that other thing, and you do not understand why. I will tell you. Our poor father died in debt, and Evan receives money which enables him by degrees to liquidate these debts, on condition that he consents to be what I dislike as much as you can. He hears it; you can have no idea of his pride! He is too proud to own to himself that it debases him—too proud to complain. It is a tangle—a net that drags him down to it; but whatever he is outwardly, he is the noblest human being in the world to me, and but for him, Oh! what should I be! Let me beg you to forgive it, if you can. My darling has no friends. Is his temper as sweet as ever? I can answer that. Yes, only he is silent, and looks—when you look into his eyes—colder, as men look when they will not bear much from other men.

“He has not mentioned her name. I am *sure* she has not written.

“Pity him, and pray for him.”

Juliana then makes a communication, which draws forth the following:—

“Mistress of all the Beckley property—dearest, dearest, Juliana! Oh! how sincerely I congratulate you! The black on the letter alarmed me so, I could hardly open it, my fingers trembled so; for I esteem you all at Beckley; but when I had opened and read it, I was recompensed. You say you are sorry for Rose. But surely what your grandma has done is *quite right*. It is *just*, in every sense. But why am I not to tell Evan? I am certain it would make him very happy, and happiness of any kind he needs so much! I will obey you, of course, but I cannot see why. Do you know, my dear child, you are extremely mysterious, and puzzle me. Evan takes a pleasure in speaking of you. You and Lady Jocelyn are his great themes. Why is he to be kept ignorant of your good fortune? The spitting of blood is bad. You *must* winter in a warm climate. I do think that London is far better for you in the late autumn than Hampshire. May I ask my sister Harriet to invite you to reside with her for some weeks? Nothing, I know, would give her greater pleasure.”

Juliana answers this—

“If you love me—I sometimes hope that you do—but the feeling of being loved is so strange to me that I can only believe it at times—but, Caroline—there, I have mustered up courage to call you by your Christian name at last—Oh, dear Caroline! if you do love me, do not tell Mr. Harrington. I go on my knees to you to beg you not to tell him a word. I have no reasons indeed—not any; but I implore you again *never* even to *hint* that I am any thing but the person he knew at Beckley.

“Rose has gone to Elburne House, where Ferdinand, her *friend*, is to meet her. She rides and sings the same, and *keeps all her colour*.”

“She may not, as you imagine, have much sensibility. Perhaps not enough. I am afraid that Rose is turning into a very worldly woman!”

“As to what you kindly say about inviting me to London, I should like it, and I am my own mistress. Do you know, I think I am *old* r

than your brother! I am twenty *three* years, when you write, tell me if he is *older* than that. But should I not be a dreadful burden to you? Sometimes I have to keep to my chamber whole days and days. When that happens now, I think of you entirely. See how I open my heart to you! You say that you do to me. I wish I could really think it.”

A postscript begs Caroline “not to forget about *the eyes*.”

In this fashion the two ladies open their hearts, and contrive to read one another perfectly in their mutual hyperisies.

Some letters bearing the signatures of Mr. John Raikes, and Miss Polly Wheedle, likewise pass. Polly inquires for detailed accounts of the health and doings of Mr. Harrington. Jack replies with full particulars of his own proceedings, and mild correction of her grammar. It is to be noted that Polly grows much humbler to him on paper, which being instantly perceived by the mercurial one, his caressing condescension to her is very beautiful. She is taunted with Mr. Nicholas Frim, and answers, after the lapse of a week, that the aforesaid can be nothing to her, as he “went in a passion to church last Sunday and got married.” It appears that they had quarrelled, “because I danced with you that night.” To this Mr. Raikes rejoins in a style that would be signified by “ahem!” in language, and an arrangement of the shirt collar before the looking-glass, in action.

CHAPTER XXXIX. IN THE DOMAIN OF TAILORING.

THERE WAS peace in Mr. Goren's shop. Badgered ministers, bankrupt merchants, diplomatists with a headache—any of our modern grantees under difficulties, might have envied that peace over which Mr. Goren presided: and he was an enviable man. He loved his craft, he believed that he had not succeeded the millions of antecedent tailors in vain; and, excepting that trifling equestry with shirt-fronts, viz., the red crosses, which a shrewd rival had very soon eclipsed by representing nymphs triangularly posed, he devoted himself to his business from morning to night, as rigid in demanding respect from those beneath him, as he was profuse in lavishing it on his patrons. His public boast was, that he owed no man a farthing: his secret comfort, that he possessed two thousand pounds in the funds. But Mr. Goren did not stop here. Behind these external characteristics he nursed a passion. Evan was astonished and pleased to find in him an enthusiastic fern-collector. Not that Mr. Harrington shared the passion, but the sight of those brown roots spread out, ticketed, on the stained paper, after supper, when the shutters were up and the house defended from the hostile outer world; the old man poring over them, and naming this and that spot where, during his solitary Saturday afternoon and Sunday excursions, he had lighted on the rare samples exhibited: this contrast of the quiet evening with the sordid day humanised Mr. Goren to him. He began to see a spirit in the rigid tradesman not so utterly dissimilar to his own, and he fancied that he, too, had a taste for ferns. Round Beckley how they abounded!

He told Mr. Goren so, and Mr. Goren said :

"Some day we'll jog down there together, as the saying goes."

Mr. Goren spoke of it as an ordinary event, likely to happen in the days to come: not as an incident the mere mention of which as being probable, stopped the breath and made the pulses leap.

For now Evan's education taught him to feel that he was at his lowest degree. Never now could Rose stoop to him. He carried the shop on his back. She saw the brand of it on his forehead. Well! and what was Rose to him, beyond a blissful memory, a star that he had once touched? Self-love kept him strong by day, but in the darkness of night came his misery: wakening from tender dreams, he would find his heart sinking under a horrible pressure, and then the fair fresh face of Rose swam over him; the hours of Beckley were revived; with intolerable anguish he saw that she was blameless—that he alone was to blame. Yet worse was it when his closed eye-lids refused to conjure up the sorrowful lovely nightmare, and he lay like one in a trance, entombed—wretched Pagan! feeling all that had been blindly: when the Past lay beside him like a corpse that he had slain.

These nightly torments helped him to brave what the morning brought. Insensibly also, as Time hardened his sufferings, Evan asked himself what the shame of his position consisted in. He grew stiff-necked. His Pagan virtues stood up one by one to support him. Andrew, courageously evading the interdiction that forbade him to visit Evan, would meet him by appointment at City tavern, and flatly offered him a place in the brewery. Evan declined it, on the pretext that, having received old Tom's money for the year, he must at least work out that term according to the conditions. Andrew fumed and sneered at Tailor-don. Evan said that there was peace in Mr. Goren's shop. His sharp senses discerned in Andrew's sneer a certain sincerity, and he revolted against it. Mr. John Raikes, too, burlesqued society so well, that he had the satisfaction of laughing at his enemy occasionally. The latter gentleman was still a pensioner, flying about town with the Countess de Saldar, in deadly fear lest that fascinating lady should discover the seat of his fortune; happy, notwithstanding. In the mirror of Evan's little world, he beheld the great one from which he was banished.

Now the dusk of a winter's afternoon was closing over London, when a carriage drew up in front of Mr. Goren's shop, out of which, to Mr. Goren's chagrin, a lady stepped, with her veil down. The lady entered, and said that she wished to speak to Mr. Harrington. Mr. Goren made way for her to his pupil; and was amazed to see her fall into his arm, and hardly gratified to hear her say: "Pardon me, darling, for coming to you in this place."

Evan asked permission to occupy the parlour.

"My place," said Mr. Goren, with humble severity, over his spectacles, "is very poor. Such as it is, it is at the lady's service."

Alone together, Evan was about to ease his own feelings by remarking to the effect that Mr. Goren

was human like the rest of us, but Caroline cried, with unwonted vivacity :

"Yes, yes, I know; but I thought only of you. I have such news for you! You will and must pardon my coming—that's my first thought, sensitive darling that you are!" She kissed him fondly. "Juliana Bonner is in town, staying with us!"

"Is that your news?" asked Evan, pressing her against his breast.

"No, dear love—but still! You have no idea what her fortune—Mrs. Bonner has died and left her—but I mustn't tell you. Oh, my darling! how she admires you! She—she could recompense you; if you would! We will put that by, for the present. Dear! the Duke has begged you, through me, to accept—I think it's to be a sort of bailiff to his estates—I don't know rightly. It's a very honourable post, that gentlemen take: and the income you are to have, Evan, will be near a thousand a-year. Now, what do I deserve for my news?"

She put up her mouth for another kiss, out of breath.

"True?" looked Evan's eyes.

"True!" she said, smiling, and feasting on his bewilderment.

After the bubbling in his brain had a little subsided, Evan breathed as a man on whom fresh air is blown. Were not these tidings of release? His ridiculous pride must nevertheless inquire whether Caroline had been begging this for him.

"No, dear—indeed!" Caroline asserted with more than natural vehemence. "It's something that you yourself have done that has pleased him. I don't know what. Only he says, he believes you are a man to be trusted with the keys of anything—and so you are. You are to call on him to-morrow? Will you?"

While Evan was replying, her face became white. She had heard the Major's voice in the shop. His military step advanced, and Caroline, exclaiming "Don't let me see him!" bustled to a door. Evan nodded, and she slipped through. The next moment he was facing the stiff marine.

"Well, young man," the Major commenced, and, seating himself, added, "be seated. I want to talk to you seriously, sir. You didn't think fit to wait till I had done with the Directors to-day. You're devilishly out in your discipline, whatever you are at two and two. I suppose there's no fear of being intruded on here? None of your acquaintances likely to be introducing themselves to me?"

"There is not one that I would introduce to you," said Evan.

The Major nodded a brief recognition of the compliment, and then, throwing his back against the chair, fired out: "Come, sir, is this your doing?"

In military phrase, Evan now changed front. His first thought had been that the Major had come for his wife. He perceived that he himself was the special object of the visitation.

"I must ask you what you allude to," he answered.

"You are not at your office, but you will speak to me as if there were some distinction between us," said the Major. "My having married

your sister does not reduce me to the ranks, I hope."

The Major drummed his knuckles on the table, after this impressive delivery.

"Hem!" he resumed. "Now, sir, understand, before you speak a word, that I can see through any number of infernal lies. I see that you're prepared for prevarication. By George! it shall come out of you, if I get it by main force. The Duke compelled me to give you that appointment in my Company. Now, sir, did you, or did you not, go to him and deliberately state to him that you believed the affairs of the Company to be in a bad condition—infamously handled, likely to involve his honour as a gentleman? I ask you, sir, did you do this, or did you not do it?"

Evan waited till the sharp rattle of the Major's close had quieted.

"If I am to answer the wording of your statement, I may say that I did not."

"Very good; very good; that will do. Are you aware that the Duke has sent in his resignation as a Director of our Company?"

"I hear of it first from you."

"Confound your familiarity!" cried the irritable officer, rising. "Am I always to be told that I married your sister? Address me, sir, as becomes your duty."

Evan heard the words "beggarly tailor" mumbled: "out of the gutters," and "cursed connection." He stood in the attitude of attention, while the Major continued:

"Now, young man, listen to these facts. You came to me this day last week, and complained that you did not comprehend some of our transactions and affairs. I explained them to your damned stupidity. You went away. Three days after that, you had an interview with the Duke. Stop, sir! What the devil do you mean by daring to speak while I am speaking? You saw the Duke, I say. Now, what took place at that interview?"

The Major tried to tower over Evan powerfully, as he put this query. They were of a common height, and to do so he had to rise on his toes, so that the effect was but momentary.

"I think I am not bound to reply," said Evan. "Very well, sir; that will do." The Major's fingers were evidently itching for an absent rattan. "Confess it or not, you are dismissed from your post. Do you hear? You are kicked in the street. A beggarly tailor you were born, and a beggarly tailor you will die."

"I must beg you to stop, now," said Evan. "I told you that I was not bound to reply: but I will. If you will sit down, Major Strike, you shall hear what you wish to know."

This being presently complied with, though not before a glare of the Major's eyes had shown his doubt whether it might not be construed into insolence, Evan pursued:

"I came to you and informed you that I could not reconcile the cash-accounts of the Company, and that certain of the later proceedings appeared to me to jeopardise its prosperity. Your explanations did not satisfy me. I admit that you enjoined me to be silent. But the Duke, as a Director, had as strong a right to claim me as his

servant, and when he questioned me as to the position of the Company, I told him what I thought, just as I had told you."

"You told him we were jobbers and swindlers, sir!"

"The Duke inquired of me whether I would, under the circumstances, while proceedings were going on which I did not approve of, take the responsibility of allowing my name to remain—"

"Ha! ha! ha!" the Major burst out. This was too good a joke. The name of a miserable young tailor!—"Go on, sir, go on!" He swallowed his laughter like oil on his rage.

"I have said sufficient."

Jumping up, the Major swore by the Lord, that he had said sufficient.

"Now, look you here, young man." He squared his figure before Evan, eyeing him under a hard frown. "You have been playing your game again, as you did down at that place in Hampshire. I heard of it—deserved to be shot, by Heaven! You think you have got hold of the Duke, and you throw me over. You imagine, I dare say, that I will allow my wife to be talked about to further your interests—you self-seeking young dog! As long as he lent the Company his name, I permitted a great many things. Do you think me a blind idiot, sir? But now she must learn to be satisfied with people who've got no titles, or carriages, and who can't give hundred guinea compliments. You're all of a piece—a set of . . ."

The Major paused, for half a word was on his mouth which had drawn lightning to Evan's eyes.

Not to be baited, he added: "But look you, sir. I may be ruined. I dare say the Company will go to the dogs—every ass will follow a duke. But, mark: this goes on no more. I will be no woman's cully. Mind, sir, I take excellent care that you don't traffic in your sister!"

The Major delivered this culminating remark with a well-timed deflection of his forefinger, and slightly turned aside when he had done.

You might have seen Evan's figure rocking, as he stood with his eyes steadily levelled on his sister's husband.

The Major who, whatever he was, was physically no coward, did not fail to interpret the look, and challenge it.

Evan walked to the door, opened it, and said, between his teeth, "You must go at once."

"Eh, sir, eh? what's this?" exclaimed the warrior: but the door was open, Mr. Goren was in the shop; the scandal of an assault in such a house, and the consequent possibility of his matrimonial alliance becoming bruited in the newspapers, held his arm after it had given an involuntary jerk. He marched through with becoming dignity, and marched out into the street; and if necks unelastic and heads cret may be taken as the sign of a proud soul and of nobility of mind, my artist has the Major for his model.

Evan displayed no such a presence. He returned to the little parlour, shut and locked the door to the shop, and forgetting that one was near, sat down, covered his eyes, and gave way to a fit of tearless sobbing. With one foot in the room Caroline hung watching him. A pain that she

had never known wrung her nerves. His whole manhood seemed to be shaken, as if by regular pulsations of intensest misery. She stood in awe of the sight till her limbs failed her, and then staggering to him she fell on her knees, clasping his, passionately kissing them.

(To be continued.)

TELEGRAPH REPORTING IN CANADA AND UNITED STATES.

It is not surprising that an agent so useful as electricity should, at an early period of its application to telegraphic purposes, have been forced into requisition by the conductors of newspapers. "The ordinary channels of information," as it is the custom in another place to term the newspapers, would, without the aid of the electric telegraph, present a very different appearance from that which they do at present. Electricity has, in fact, done for the press of our day what the art of printing accomplished for knowledge in the middle ages.

The agency of the electric telegraph was first employed in a regular and systematic manner by the newspaper press on the other side of the Atlantic. Ever on the look out for means of saving time or labour, the astute Americans saw when the first line of telegraph was erected between Washington and Baltimore, what facilities the new system would afford for the collection and transmission of news, and they at once set to work to discover some mode by which they might obtain the maximum amount of information for a minimum charge. To accomplish this task a vast amount of ingenuity was displayed, and some of the bitterest controversies which have distracted the Union have been those which have been carried on between "the gentlemen of the press" and the managers of the various telegraphic lines in the United States.

Persons of sanguine disposition, who believe that every great discovery in science is always made in the interest of peace, will be disappointed to find what an important part the electric telegraph has played in connection with war; and it is somewhat curious that the earliest news conveyed by telegraph to the press of America was the launch of a sloop of war at the Brooklyn Yard, and that the first regular organisation for the purpose of telegraph reporting was formed for obtaining news of the progress of the war in Mexico. A daily horse-express was run between Mobile and Montgomery, a distance of 200 miles, in order to anticipate the arrival of the mail, and forward the news by telegraph to New York and other places. In 1847 the complete and efficient organisation of what is termed the "Associated Press of New York" was established, with "telegraph reporters" and agents in every important city or port in the United States, as well as in Canada, England, and other countries. The charge for sending messages by telegraph was at first much higher than is at present the case, and the great object of the associated reporters was to devise some means of getting as much as possible for their money from the telegraph companies. As the result of much anxious deliberation and fore-

thought, they at length prepared a complete system of short-hand or cipher which, while it was perfectly unintelligible to the clerks of the telegraph, was, when translated by those possessing the key, found to possess remarkably elastic properties. A message of ten cipher words would expand to fifty or sixty, or even a hundred, when translated. Some of the words sent were of enormous length, and made up of syllables, each of which had a hidden meaning, and when in combination defied all the dictionaries of the civilised world. There came, however, a limit to human endurance on the part of the managers of the telegraphs, and they ordered that no word sent by the Associated Press should contain more than five letters, that the letters in every message should be counted, and the whole divided by five for the number of words, and charged accordingly. The new society did not rest content with protesting against the tyranny of "Fog Smith," as they nick-named the manager of the New York and Boston line, but they ransacked the dictionaries for the purpose of finding a sufficient number of words of five letters to serve the purpose of a new cipher system, and some thousands of short words were very speedily selected, and were sent over the line, possessed of even greater expanding powers than those under the former system.

From the many thousands of cipher words which were adopted we will extract a few, in order to convey an idea of the system as adopted by the "telegraph reporters." It was required to send to different parts of the Union the particulars respecting the flour or wheat markets. The first word of the message which would be sent commencing with a consonant would express the "condition" of the market; the second word beginning with a different consonant would indicate the "price," while a third word which began with a vowel would tell the "quantity sold." Every word sent had, of course, its distinctive meaning attached to it; thus "babe" signified "western is firm with moderate demand for home trade and export;" "back" told that "the market is a shade firmer, but that owing to absence of private advices, buyers and sellers do not meet;" for "bake" we read "markets dull; buyers do not enter freely at the higher rates demanded;" "bacon" was "dull, but if anything a shade firmer," and "basin" meant "there is a speculative demand at better prices." The prices were required, and for these words commencing with the letter "C" were used. Thus "camp" stood for 5-18, "car" 5-75, "carp" 6-31, meaning, of course, dollars and cents, and when it was required to add half cents to the quotation, the letters "ed" were added, so that "camp ed" was made to stand for 5-18½, and so on. The quantities of corn or flour sold were stated by words commencing with the letter "A," as abaft, abuse, above, abash, abate, abide, and others, each of which had its correlative numbers assigned to it in the system. One instance will suffice to show how rapidly these cipher messages expanded when translated. A message of nine words, "bad, came, aft, keen, dark, ache, lain, fault, adopt," told the following interesting facts: "Flour market for common and fair brands of western is

lower, with moderate demand for home trade and export. Sales 8000 barrels. Genesee at \$5.12. Wheat prime in fair demand, market firm, common description dull, with a downward tendency; sales, 4000 bushels at \$1.10. Corn, foreign news unsettled the market; no sales of importance made. The only sale made was 2500 bushels at 67 c., or a total of sixty-eight words. "Fog Smith" once more issued his edict, and decided that no English word should be spelt with more than three letters, but by this time there were competing lines of telegraph in existence, and the able manager "locked the door after the steed was stolen."

On the extension of the telegraph system, arrangements were made for sending reports of the proceedings in Congress, and for this a more comprehensive and ingenious system of ciphers was adopted, but founded upon the same principle as that employed for commercial news, and an immense number of congressional phrases and forms of speech were represented by their particular cipher. Thus "bacon" was equivalent to saying that "a report was brought up from the Committee on Agriculture;" and "bawl" that "an interesting debate followed, in which several honourable senators took part." The fact of a report being brought up from the committee on military affairs, was represented by the word "had," and the word "bribe" signified that a Bill to reduce and graduate the price of public lands was taken up and discussed; in fact, almost every variety of judicial, diplomatic, and executive phrase was provided for in a voluminous and alphabetically arranged code of ciphers. When the scrap of news was received from Congress, the cipher words were not only translated into their legitimate meaning, but they were very largely amplified, being treated in many cases as a clergyman would deal with a small text for his sermon. Some occasional mistakes have occurred by this practice, which have been ludicrous, and sometimes highly inconvenient. On one occasion when a measure was under discussion, the telegram stated that a certain Whig orator addressed the senate, but the wires of the telegraph being interrupted, no portion of the speech came to hand. The recipients of the message considered what were the probable objections which a Whig would have to the Bill in question, and a very violent speech against it was duly printed the next morning. Unfortunately the honourable senator had spoken and voted in exactly the opposite direction. On another occasion the want of due attention to the cipher word caused a serious mistake. Among the words which were adopted in the system was "dead." Its equivalent was, "after some days' absence from indisposition, the honourable gentleman reappeared in his seat." Now it happened that the venerable senator John Davis had been unwell, and had again taken his place in the senate, and the telegram sent was "John Davis dead." The words of the message were not translated but adopted literally; and immediately the sad event was communicated all over the Union of the death of Davis, who, on the following day, had the privilege vouchsafed to but few persons, of learning what was the opinion of posterity upon his private life

and public career. In this country Lord Brougham, and more recently the Duke of Buckingham, have had the privilege of reading their memoirs under circumstances similar to those of senator Davis.

It is, however, in connection with the foreign news that the most strenuous exertions and greatest activity is displayed by the telegraph reporters of America. They have fast sailing yachts, which put out to sea to meet the European steamers, board them, carry off the heads of the latest news, and speedily transmit the latest intelligence over the continent. Among the earliest of these attempts, was the obtaining and transmission of the news taken out by the Europa. The foreign news by that ship was forwarded from New York at ten minutes past eight in the morning, received at New Orleans, two thousand miles distant, by the telegraph lines, and hung up in the Merchants' Exchange by nine o'clock on the same morning. The mode adopted was to direct the agent of the Associated Press at Liverpool to prepare a synopsis of commercial news up to the latest moment of departure of the steamer, in such a form as to be ready for transmission the moment the steamer reached New York. Some "news boatmen" were ordered to cruise in the harbour and watch for the steamer; and as soon as she came up to quarantine, the bag of news was handed to one of the boatmen, who immediately made all possible speed with oar and sails to the city, and then to the telegraph office, with the prepared message. By this means the news is not unfrequently received at New York some time before the steamer is alongside the quay. On one occasion great anxiety was felt respecting the safety of the Atlantic, one of the American line of postal steamers. News was brought by the Africa, that the Atlantic was safe, and the pleasing intelligence was known in all parts of the country long before the ship that brought the news had come to her moorings. The intensity of delight with which the news was received is thus described by Mr. Jones, one of the earliest members of the Associated Press. He says:—"At last the news came. It was read aloud to them—'*The Atlantic is safe!*'—when there arose loud and enthusiastic shouts of joy. It flew from mouth to mouth, from one extremity of the city to the other, along the shipping, among the ship-yards and ship-builders, among those who had worked on the missing vessel. It flew abroad to the suburban towns. It became a theme of exultation at the hotels and theatres. In some of the latter the managers came on the boards and announced to their auditors, '*The Atlantic is safe!*' which was followed by the rising of the whole audience to their feet, and giving the most deafening and enthusiastic applause. In our whole experience in telegraph reporting we recollect no instance in which a piece of news gave such universal delight. No battle ever won in Mexico diffused greater satisfaction in New York than the safety of the noble ship Atlantic."

These endeavours to anticipate by the telegraph the receipt of news by the ordinary means are not, however, confined merely to the neighbourhood of New York and Boston. A fast-sailing yacht has

recently been provided, which is stationed near Cape Race on Newfoundland, for the purpose of intercepting the ships in the Atlantic and obtaining from them the highly-prized "latest news." The steamers crossing from England or Ireland make for Cape Race, and when they approach the cape, they run up a signal or fire a gun to attract attention. The newsmen are on the alert, and start off with the yacht to the large steamer. A tin canister or box made water-tight, and to which a flag is fixed which can be seen at considerable distance when in the water, is thrown overboard, and this contains the latest news made up at Liverpool or Galway. The yachtsmen make for the small flag, pick up the box, and make all speed to St. John's, Newfoundland, from which place the news is immediately telegraphed to all parts of Canada and to the United States, a distance of more than a thousand miles. The news is carried across a country great part of which is little more than a savage wilderness, over lofty hills, deep swamps, and almost impenetrable woods. It passes by submarine telegraph from Newfoundland to the American continent, over a portion of the lines to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and thence to Portland, state of Maine, where the American system of telegraphs commences. The news from Europe thus precedes the arrival of the steamers by several days.

When the Whig Convention met in Philadelphia in 1848, great anxiety was felt as to the result of the proceedings in the nomination for the Presidency, the chances lying between General Taylor, Mr. Scott, General Scott, and Judge McLean. As the telegraph across the Hudson river was not completed, a mode was devised of supplying the deficiency by means of a system of coloured flags, which were to be displayed and repeated by signals at different parts. A white flag was to denote that the choice had fallen on General Taylor, red and different colours for the other candidates. It so happened, however, that, unknown to the telegraph reporters, the brokers and stock-jobbers of Philadelphia had also a system of telegraphing the prices of stocks and upward or downward movements of the money-market by the use of coloured flags. One of their men on a commanding position waved his white flag, as a signal to one of his own confederates at a distance. It was mistaken by one of the signalmen of the reporters who forthwith rushed to the telegraph office, and the wires in every direction were giving out the exciting news, that General Taylor had been nominated by the important convention. Portland, and some other towns—favourable to the gallant candidate—"blazed" away with salutes of a hundred guns, and gave vent to their gratification in the usual approved forms. In this case the telegraph, unfortunately, went "a-head" of the fact.

Greater experience, and improved modes of working the telegraphic lines, have now removed many of the difficulties which, at an earlier period of their establishment, restricted their use for the purposes of the daily press, both in the United States, and in this country. Even a President's message does not now offer any difficulty to the conductors of the telegraphs, and column after column of these long and prosy official expositions of

the political principles of the government at Washington are carried safely along the slender wires to all parts of the country. On the same day as that of its delivery, the message at Washington, has been placed on board the steamers starting for Europe from New York or Boston. Speeches of some great American orator on the Kansas question, or the appropriation of some plot of waste land in the Far West—and in which are included dissertations on the creation of the world, the Deluge, the origin of evil, the decline of the nations of antiquity, the marvellous growth and development of the American people, some very "tall" compliments to the "Eagle" and the "Star Spangled Banner;" and glowing prophecies of the destiny of the great republic—travel as easily along the silent highway of the electric fluid to the newspaper-offices of New York and Boston, as the prices of bread-stuffs. The ragged urchins of New York who vend the daily papers at two cents, are aiding in carrying out that which Congress, reporting in favour of the first telegraph line constructed in America, said, "From a feeling of religious reverence the human mind had hardly dared to contemplate." E. McDERMOTT.

JAPANESE FRAGMENTS.

BY CAPTAIN SHERARD OSBORN, R.N.

CHAPTER V.

THE execution of the disobedient Christian priests and the death of Taiko-sama, followed, as we have already said, close upon each other. The new emperor, beset with difficulties, paused for a while in the prosecution of his predecessor's views against the Portuguese and Spaniards, although it appears that the natives of the country who had become Christians were treated with unmitigated severity—death or recantation being their only alternative. We need not dwell on this painful episode in Japanese history, but there is no doubt that between about 1580 and 1620 nigh upon a million and a half of Christianised natives perished, and that the Europeans after the year 1600 made few fresh converts.

Spain never appears to have had any great commercial relations with Japan, and directly the Franciscan monks were banished from Japan, the Spaniards may be said to disappear from the field, except by the accidental wreck of a galleon, bound to Acapulco, upon the west coast of Nippon, and the exchange of courtesies which ensued from the generous treatment they received at the hands of the Japanese authorities. The Portuguese, however, maintained their trading ports at Nagasaki and its neighbourhood, and the Jesuit priests constantly recruited from the great college at Goa, perseveringly intrigued to regain the ground they had lost in the confidence of the ruling classes. Portuguese interests, however, were doomed to receive a blow from a quarter whence danger could then have been little anticipated. The ships of Holland and of England, not men-of-war, not royal ships, but those of their enterprising traders, were about this time, struggling to reach a land of which marvellous tales were then rife in the seaports of Rotterdam, London, and Plymouth. Drake and Cavendish in 1577 and 1586, brought

home such astounding proofs of the untold wealth of the various nations dwelling upon the shores of the great South Sea, and of the arrogant weakness of the twin bullies of Rome who wished to monopolise the plunder of those heathen, that the stout burghers and hardy seamen of Northern Europe, determined to contest that right in spite of Dons, Jesuits, or Inquisition. In 1598, two expeditions sailed from Holland—one from the Texel, and the other from Rotterdam. The Texel squadron of five ships was purely Dutch, commanded by one Jacques Mahay, whilst the Rotterdam fleet was a combined one, two out of the four vessels being English. It is worthy of note that the pilots of both these fleets were Englishmen, who had obtained great experience in long voyages. For instance, we find that in the Texel fleet there was William Adams of Gillingham, and his good friend Timothy Shotten, who had circumnavigated the globe a few years previously with Cavendish; whilst in the Rotterdam fleet another of Cavendish's old followers, Captain Melish, undertook a similarly responsible task. It is foreign to our purpose to follow these stout seamen, these pioneers of Dutch and English enterprise, wealth, and success in the East, through their long and hazardous voyaging. The Rotterdam fleet saw and heard but twice of their brethren during many years, and in neither case was their intelligence cheering. In the Straits of Magellan, they met one of the Texel ships much shattered by weather, her crew broken down and disheartened, and only anxious to escape

back in safety to their homes. They reported, however, that the ships in which were embarked the English pilots, Will Adams and Shotten, had proceeded into the Great Sea. Our Rotterdam friends, following Drake's example, went direct from a little promiscuous plundering on the coast of South America to the Philippine Isles, in the hope of capturing something that would enrich them, and repay all their sufferings. Less fortunate, they had more hard knocks, and found no pieces of gold, no ryalls of plate, no galleon laden with Mexican silver to exchange for Chinese produce. However, we find them one December morning of 1600, boarding off Manilla, a Japanese vessel, which had been twenty-five days out from a port of that country; and Oliver van Noort and Captain Melish then first learnt and recorded the news of the

thriving trade of the Portugals in Japan, and how Japanese vessels came south "laden with precious metals, and much victual." The strong north-east monsoon of that season forbade Captain Melish proceeding in the direction of the much to be desired El Dorado, so he wisely turned highwayman, and obtained at "an easy rate," as he naively remarks, all that they wanted, excepting gold and silver. During the cruise of this Rotterdam fleet we are told incidentally, that whilst in Borneo they heard from a Japanese ship, of the ultimate fate of the last of the other Dutch expedition. There is something touching in the words, in which Melish records his information. "We then heard," he says, "of a great Hollander by tempests shaken, which had put into Japan, the company by famine and sickness all but fourteen dead!" Let us turn to the adventures of that great Hollander,

and her gallant survivors. On a spring morning, supposed to be the 11th April, 1600, a sea-worn, tempest-tossed vessel drifted rather than sailed into a port upon the east coast of Kin-sin, or Bongo. She was the only survivor of the squadron of five which had sailed from the Texel in 1598. The last of her consorts, piloted by Timothy Shotten, went down in the deep sea of the North Pacific, and she (The Erasmus), had much to do to reach any haven. From the letters subsequently received from Japan, written by the English pilot of The Erasmus, we learn how dire was their necessity; for when the anchor was joyfully let go in that port, "hard unto Bungo," he, Will Adams, of the strong heart,



Fusi-hama seen through the rain. (Fac-simile.)

and ten others of her company were only able to creep about upon their hands and knees, and the rest, amongst whom was the captain, looked every moment for death. The Japanese received these new-comers with kindness, and the authorities were not a little astonished to find there were others, as bold seamen, as enterprising navigators, as they of Portugal and Spain.

The Zio-noon, or Tai-koon, sent for William Adams, and must have been interested in the honest fearlessness of the old scurvy-stricken sailor, who, having tenderly bid his shipmates Good-bye, and commended his soul to God, boldly told the successor of Taiko-sama that his countrymen had long sought the Indies for mercantile purposes, and that his sovereign was at war with all Portugals and Spaniards, though at peace with

the world beside. The Tai-koon, no doubt, was not sorry to see the prospect of European aid, thus held out, to rid himself of the threatening military preponderance of those two great powers. If others dare beard the Don, why might not he? And the Japanese monarch must have marked the contempt of the Hollander and Englishman for the military prowess of those two nations of southern Europe that had hitherto carried all before them in the East. The Portuguese and Jesuits used all their arts and influence to have the wretched crew of The Erasmus executed as pirates. They failed signally; and, although The Erasmus was confiscated, and her people desired to consider themselves to all intents and purposes Japanese, the kindness they experienced in other respects was very great. Will Adams became in time the European adviser to the emperor, and for years afterwards we constantly meet the name of our honest pilot as the transactor of business between the court of Yedo and the subjects of foreign powers. Mindful of his friends the Dutchmen, he secured to them, in 1601, a place of trade at a place called Firando, an island off the west coast of Kiu-siu, not very distant from Nangasaki. Indeed, in his own quaint way, he tells us as much in a letter bearing date January 12th, 1613. "The Hollanders being now settled," says Adams, "I have got them such privileges as the Spaniards and Portuguese could never get, and last year those nations tried to employ me to obtain them like advantages; but, upon consideration of further inconvenience, I have not sought it for them." There is little doubt, from the rapid decadence of Portuguese commerce and influence after the arrival of The Erasmus and William Adams, that Englishmen and Dutchmen contributed in no small degree to enlighten the Japanese as to the best mode of getting rid of those their first European friends. Year by year, fresh restrictions, fresh annoyances, rendered the position of the Portuguese more and more intolerable, and at last they may almost be said to have voluntarily withdrawn, leaving the field clear to their more energetic opponents, the heretics of Europe. The Portuguese went not away empty-handed, and either through their system of commerce, or system of plunder, they drew off a quantity of gold from the country which, for those times, seems almost fabulous—so much so, indeed, that it became a common saying amongst the Portuguese of Macao, "that if they could have preserved the Japanese trade to themselves for a few years more, that the streets of that colony would have been paved with gold kobangs;" a boast only on a par with the offer of the Spanish citizens of Lima, who tried to induce the emperor to visit that city by offering to lay down silver ingots for him to travel upon from Callao to the city gates, a distance of eight miles. According to one writer the sum of gold and silver carried off by the Portuguese during three years amounted to the enormous figure of 2,713,795*l.* sterling; but the Hollanders subsequently exceeded this considerably, for, by an estimate made by Mr. Rendall in his curious compilation of Japanese information, they exported, in some thirty years or so, nigh upon twenty-nine and three-quarter millions'

worth of the precious metals from the two ports of Firando and Nangasaki.

Whilst, on the one hand, the emperor thus liberally entertained the newly-arrived Dutchmen and especially our countryman (indeed, he raised him to the high offices of imperial tutor, and charged him with the responsibility of constructing vessels upon the model of The Erasmus), the Roman Catholic Christians in Kiu-siu were perseveringly persecuted; and when they, in despair, flew to arms, they were ultimately exterminated, and, sad to say, in that final extinction of the faith implanted by the brethren of Xavier, the Dutch took a lamentable part. We need say no more, than that they subsequently suffered the deepest humiliation, and although, as the poet observes—

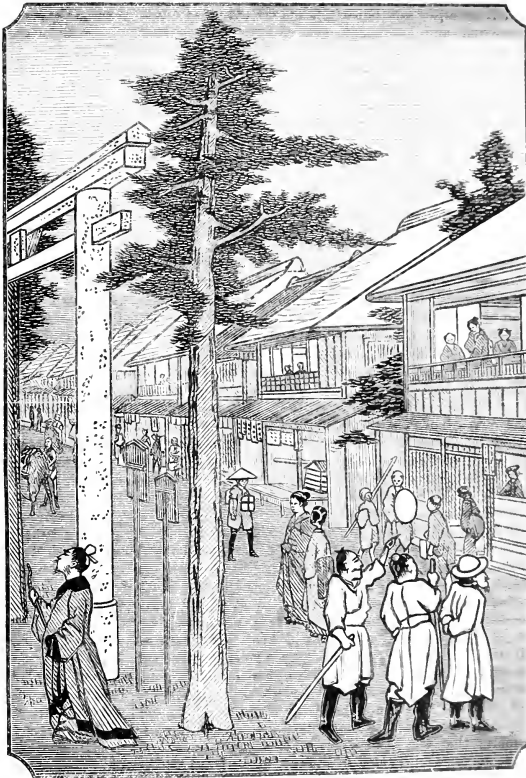
Gold helps the hurt that honour feels,

the Hollanders, in their wretched prison of Nangasaki, had, for centuries, to regret that they should have allowed themselves to be tempted by Asiatics to take a part in exterminating men who, whatever were their faults, were nevertheless fellow Christians. The success of the Tai-koon against the representatives of those two great powers whose colonies and forces had hitherto awed the kings and nobles of all Eastern nations, rendered him perfectly at his ease in the treatment of the Dutch and English. At first they were granted most liberal concessions. The treaty arranged by Captain Saris, in August, 1613, between the Emperor of Japan and King James was a great deal more liberal than any which ambassadors of to-day have been able to negotiate, and the freedom with which the Dutch and English passed and repassed from one part of the country to the other, and the insight they obtained into the manners and customs of this singular people was very great. That commercial and personal liberty was, however, very short lived. The English factory was voluntarily abolished at Firando about 1620, a year after the death of Will Adams, and the Dutch were ordered to occupy the vacated prison of Desima, in the harbour of Nangasaki,—an imprisonment from which they may be said to have been only released by the perseverance and pertinaciousness of the Americans in our day, who have almost insisted upon Japan being again opened to the intercourse of foreign nations.

Between those distant years 1600 and 1650, the opportunities of studying the Japanese people were very great, and we cannot accuse our friends the Dutch or our own countryman of having failed to take advantage of them. The information they gleaned, however, is spread over such a vast area of print, and often given in such unpalatable forms, that the wheat is in most cases buried under a mountain of chaff, and it is only now that we are in a position to separate one from the other. There is hardly a prospect of our countrymen being able, for many years to come, to pass and repass as our forefathers did in the interior of Japan. It may never arrive, perhaps, that another Englishman shall be taken into royal favour, and be granted estates and rank like unto a lordship in England, with eighty

or ninety retainers to support his rank ; and we must therefore content ourselves, for the present, with the commercial advantages secured by the Earl of Elgin, and satisfy ourselves as to the condition and habits of the people of the interior of Japan as they were reported and observed by our forefathers. Happily for us, the aspect of an Asiatic nation does not change as rapidly as in Europe. A picture of any state in our quarter of the globe drawn two hundred years ago would hardly be recognisable to-day ; but it is not so in

Japan, China, or many other places we could name. The Japanese of to day are just the same people first seen by Pinto and praised by Xavier. The very cut of their garments is unchanged, they shave the tops of their heads and brush up their back hair as in the sixteenth century, and although their curiosity and skill are as great as when they imitated the petronels of their Portuguese visitors and Toledo blades of the Spaniards, yet they are in all other respects that same people of the isles of the day-dawn who



Street in the suburb of Yedo. (Fac-simile.)

repelled Kublai-khan's fleets and armies, and preferred heathen independence to the Christian vassalage of the Church of Rome.

Let us turn therefore, to the people themselves, and leave the history of their foreign relations until we again take up the theme, in the modern visits to Japanese seaports. The first thing that strikes us is the strange coincidence between Marco Polo's report of 1295, and the accounts given in letters written by Adams three hundred years subsequently, of the general cha-

raeter and disposition of the Japanese. He dwells especially upon the good administration of the laws, and the order everywhere prevalent, as well as the courtesy and valour of the people. But it must not be denied, that there was a dark side to this picture, for none of our writers pretend that the Japanese are a heaven-born race, free from the usual taints of frail mortality. Jealous of foreign interference, contented with their own laws and institutions, they at the same time, unlike the Chinamen, were full of curiosity as to the

habits, manners, arts and sciences of other nations. Every visitor to Japan was struck with their intellectual superiority over all other Easterns—their sound sense, and powers of reasoning, their ready wit, keen perception, and great taste. The Jesuits, the soldiers and merchants of Europe, all bear testimony to their quickness in acquiring languages—their love for the exact as well as speculative sciences. The self-possession and self-respect, so apparent in the present day amongst all classes, was constantly noted. "Their rustics," said Ambassador Spex, "appear gentlemen by the side of our churls:" and it was remarked, in favourable contrast to the relative position of European classes of the community in those days, that although the inferiors were most respectful to their superiors, their superiors were ever mindful of civility to those beneath them. Brave, prone to appeal to arms, and ruthless in battle, the Japanese exhibited at the same time a strange contrast in a hardened indifference to the sufferings of his fellow-creature: there was a total absence of all public charity for the relief of the aged or diseased; infanticide was frequent; and there was an anomalous mixture of love and respect for women and the sanctity of the marriage tie, with legalised prostitution and public indecency. Then, as to-day, the stranger visiting a Japanese city, was struck with the strange olio of civilisation and utter barbarism—of extreme delicacy and good taste, combined with grossness, and disregard of those commonest conventionalities which raise us above the beasts of the field. Take, for instance, the preceding illustration, that of a street in the suburb of Yedo. Evening is setting in; travellers are unloading their horses and seeking a hostelry for the night. Mark the advanced condition of civilisation in the appearance of the dwellings, the neatness of the road, the trees allowed to grow as ornament and shade, the monumental arch erected to woman's virtue, or man's valour, the policeman in the distance; and, above all, the mingling of the sexes, so different to what is generally witnessed in the East; and, lastly, mine host, of the Hotel of Ten Thousand Centuries, praising the advantages of his establishment to the passing traveller. Then look at the reverse. The hotels are to be recognised by the courtesans, who both in the balconies and on the door-steps are inviting the passers-by. The three travellers in the fore-ground are criticising the poor girls, and debating at which house to put up. Neither parties seem in the least ashamed of the part they are performing. This is a truthful every-day scene, sadly illustrative of the remarks we have just made; and we fancy the admirers of the ancient civilisation of Greece and Rome, will in Japan find a strong and living example of the stand point to which those various nations reached.

We have hundreds of sketches made by natives, illustrative of the wayside scenes of Japan. They were not made for the purpose of impressing foreigners with the comfort and well-to-do appearance of the people, any more than of the beauty of the scenery in the interior: yet there is in all a total absence of squalor, misery, or want. Could an artist, in most continental coun-

tries of Europe, we ask, sit down and sketch what was passing before him in a street or on a highway, without introducing figures from which one would turn with loathing? Not only does it appear to be otherwise in Japan, but the remarks of European travellers in the interior confirm the fact to a very great degree. We do not in Japan find, as in India, the roadside leading to some great shrine or temple beset with starving disease-stricken pilgrims; neither, as Abbé Huc has recently seen in China, do you meet with the tens of thousands who formerly inhabited some prosperous province, forced by war or famine to leave their home, and marching in quest of sustenance—an army of starving creatures, more dangerous than wild beasts, more destructive, wherever they come, than locusts. Beggars there are in Japan; but it appears to be a lawful institution, not an unpleasant occupation, and kindly supported out of the surplus of their neighbours,—somewhat resembling the religious mendicant societies once so common in Europe. Yet the Japanese mendicants are original: the beggars do not trust to your mere charity to move your heart. If they be old, and fail to move you with the tale of their wants, they immediately, we are told, change from grief to gaiety, and either perform "coach-wheels," as the London gamins does, or tell you some witty tale, or sing a song,—in short, attest the fact that they are jolly beggars after all, and are ready to earn their penny if you will let them.

The mendicant priesthood of Fusi-hama, men who form their homes in lonely spots or dangerous places around the immortal shrine they worship, who give themselves up to the contemplation of what they believe to be the good and pure, praying ever for the sinning sons and daughters of Nipon, only mortify the flesh by abstaining considerably from ablutions and in forswearing razors; but they have cosy houses burrowed out amongst rocks and forest-covered ravines. Of course they are necromancers; so were our early monks; but these worthy Yamanboos—priests of the mountain—marry and bring up their families of mountaineers, of whom the young lady portions are notorious for their beauty, and would we could say for their virtue also. These children—at least the daughters of the mountain-priests—are born to beg, as mendicants, unless their beauty or talents induce the wealthier sons of the plains to raise them from their humble occupation to be the mistresses of their households. Under the term Bikuni, these pretty damsels travel in pairs, clothed in a dress not unlike that of a sister of charity, and frequenting the great routes which, at certain seasons, are thronged with pilgrims and travellers, these fair nuns are said to seldom beg in vain. The artful hood hides a laughing black eye and rosy cheek, the modest robe covers far too faultless and well developed a form to pass unscathed where warm hearts are untrammelled, in a climate of Italian fervour, by those social rules which we have the Poet Laureate's authority for saying, "Sin against the strength of youth."

More than that, love and religion in Japan have a certain mystic connection on which it were not well to dwell. It comes of old, old time, and is

not altogether heathenish. We all know how it crops up here and there, as Michelet tells us, amongst the mysteries of Rome, and even sober Protestantism cannot deny that the abodes of love, the Agapemones, are not confined to the neighbourhood of Taunton.

Fling not stones, therefore, most righteous ones, at the poor priestesses of Japan. We, at any rate, shall not, and insist upon the fair Bikuni being allowed to pass in peace until it shall please God to call them to a better form of faith. For, after all, is it worse to touch your heart and sympathies by a pretty face, and a wild mountain chaunt, than to do so by exposing the sores of a Lazarus or the social horrors of a Magdalen? Bikuni, thou art as welcome to our mite as any beggar that ever idled upon the steps of St. Peter's, or covered under the shade of Westminster.

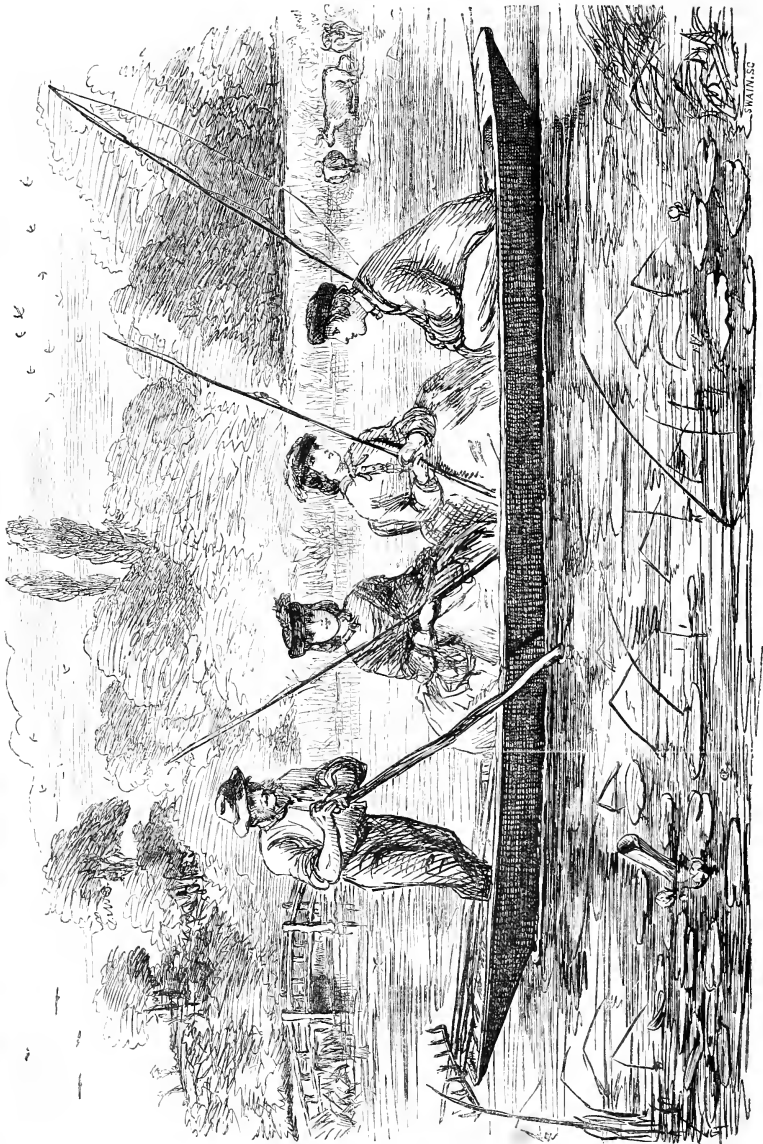
The religious element enters so largely into the social condition of the Japanese people that we must allude to some of the different forms of faith and superstition, the distinction being but small. Recent visitors to Yedo, as well as those of olden time, have been struck with the superior condition of the priesthood there as compared with those of China. The attendance in the temples, the orderly and reverent performance of the religious services all attest the fact that, in Japan, there is none of that sad stoical indifference to any faith, to over-ruling Providence, or a future state, which renders the Chinaman such a hopeless object of conversion to Christianity. The old Jesuits who did not love the Japanese priesthood, acknowledged nevertheless that, amongst the higher orders, there were men eloquently impressive in their preachings, and that their rhetoric, logic, as well as good manners and elegance of style—whether in conversation or their writings—was not a little to be admired; in short, that the church of the devil—as they charitably styled the Japanese religion—was quite as well adapted to enlist the feelings and touch the senses of the lower orders as that of Rome.

There is much confusion as to the particular form of faith which might be considered the state religion of Japan; but, so far as we can glean, it appears to be a form of Buddhism modified by the Spiritualism of the ancient Sintoos faith. We hear of many orders of priesthood, but those of the highest class are indubitably better educated, more intelligent, and far more respected than in China. They are spoken of as the encouragers of intellectual progress and education, and the natives give them credit as the introducers and inventors of many of their arts and sciences. Next to these stood formerly, and in all probability do still, three or more orders of military clergy, somewhat resembling in character the knightly priesthood of ancient Europe. They are, however, said to be unpopular on account of their turbulence, and of the bad odour they fell into in the sixteenth century, when, by way of checking the progress of Christianity and other innovations, they, to the number of thirty thousand, took up arms against their sovereign, and actually captured the spiritual capital. The Emperor Nebonanga punished them with great

severity; but it seems likely that his assassination was brought about by this reactionary party, and that the severities of Taiko-sama and his hostility to Christians arose from a fear of this powerful confederacy of warlike priests. There are other sects of the priesthood, who rigidly abstain from all animal food, and spend a life of penance and mortification. Celibacy, though not general amongst the Japanese priests, is enforced amongst particular sects with severe penalties, incontinence being punished with death. The Ikkois take charge of certain temples, in which hospitality and kindness are carried out to a very profane extent; they never, says a scandalised father, trouble each other or dispute with the citizens upon questions of faith; their temples are the houses of good-fellowship, built in pleasant places; in short, these are the Friars Tuck of Japan. And lastly, we have the mountain priesthood, the Yamaboos before mentioned. All these sects are more or less mendicants; and amongst these thrifty people a system of loans, not gifts to the ministers of their Gods, has been introduced, which is as perfectly unique as the conclusion they arrived at, to prevent a dispute about the colour of the "Evil One" bringing about a schism in the church. Each sect declared the said personage to be of a particular hue; all the churches were by the ears upon the subject, all the authorities at variance; the dispute became serious, and was referred to the emperor; he solved the question with a wisdom worthy of Solomon. The devil, he declared to be of all colours! and we suppose the harlequin attire of the Japanese policeman, as seen to-day, is to remind those who stray from the paths of virtue and the law, that the representative of the many-coloured one will have them unless they mend their ways. But to return to the loans to the Church; it is a standing law amongst the Japanese bonzes that he who lends them cash in this world will receive in the next world the capital and ten per cent. at simple interest. Bills of exchange payable hereafter are duly given to the lender, who carefully preserves them; and it is not unusual for dying persons to leave especial directions as to these bills. They are generally buried with the corpse, in order that principal and interest may be claimed in the other world, as well as to frighten off the Evil One, who is reputed to have a very natural horror of such I.O.U.'s.

Another religious custom of a truly painful nature is often spoken of by all old writers upon Japan, and that is the self-sacrifice of the more enthusiastic priests in their desire to inherit more quickly the blessings of the future state. The neighbourhood of the great religious college of Conay* is especially mentioned as the scene of these suicides. The enthusiasts usually announced their intention of proceeding to the other world on a given day, and expressed a willingness to undertake any commissions for

* This college of Conay appears to be close to the ancient city of Scringa, about half way between Yedo and Osaka. It was visited in 1619 by a Dutch Embassy, who saw it then repair all the learned of Japan to dispute in theology and philosophy, and they appear to have witnessed some of these suicidal attempts to reach Paradise.



departed friends or relatives. They carefully noted down all such messages in books carried for the purpose, they loaded their wallets with alms, and armed themselves with a sharp scythe, to clear the road of the many thorns and briars said to impede the paths to Paradise. Thus equipped, the poor creatures would embark on a deep lake in a small canoe; paddling out a short distance, they attached heavy weights to their bodies, and sprang into the water, whilst their admiring fraternity calmly regarded them as men much to be envied, and took care that the canoe should be burnt with fire, as a vessel too sacred to be ever defiled by being applied to less noble purposes.

JOLLY ANGLERS.

Four of us went out fishing,
Mary, Fairy, I, and the man;
No use in grumble or wishing,
People may catch who can.

Mary was lucky that morning,
Lucky almost, I think, as the man,
And she laughed with her saucy scolding
As the fishes they filled her can.

The man was lucky in hooking:
Off the perch with his trimmers ran,
And he caught us a dish worth cooking,
As your Maidenhead fisherman can.

I caught nothing worth keeping,
Things about the length of a span;
When a gentleman's heart is leaping
He may strike a fish, if he can.

But Fairy, she made a capture,
On her darling own original plan,
And Fairy's eyes looked rapture
As her great soft violets can.

With a single line she made it,
O, such a line you'd have liked to scan!
One line, and the lady laid it
Where loving young ladies can.

In a gentleman's hand she placed it
Before our Maidenhead fishing began,
How his chances of fish were wasted,
Tell, lovers—who only can.

Over-night an enraptured dancer
Had handed a passionate note in a fan,
And the line was this gracious answer—
"You may love me—if you can." S.

THE GOVERNESS.

HER HEALTH.

"The Governess! What sort of governess?" my readers may ask, in the first place.

Of four orders of female teachers, I do not propose to consider the case of those who have a home. Women who have a home usually have their health in their own hands; and all that I can say to such has been said already.

It may be considered that there are four orders of female teachers: schoolmistresses, private governesses, daily-governesses, and teachers of music, drawing, dancing, and other arts.

There is no apparent peculiarity in the condition of the schoolmistress which can have much

bearing on her health. She has few or no special liabilities to ill-health; and, if she is properly qualified, she has the essential advantage of exemption from that dismal class of ailments, the *maladies d'enfant*. She has her trials, like everybody else. There is a suburb of London where the rules of the book-club contain, or did recently contain, a provision that no person engaged in education shall be admitted as a subscriber. There are still wives of merchants and manufacturers, who, pondering the prospects of their daughters, say, "The truth is, no woman who has been engaged in education ever can obtain the position of one who has not." There is still a reluctance in men to refer to the fact that their mothers or sisters have kept a school. Between this mode of feeling among grown people, and the awe and dread with which young people regard all educators, the schoolmistress may encounter some little difficulty in society, till she has won her own way, and made her own friends; but this is no hardship worth mentioning in connection with health. A woman whose nerves cannot stand the prejudices of the ignorant and vulgar is unfit to be a schoolmistress, and is not worth our consideration here.

The schoolmistress has the grand advantage of a line of duty accordant with her faculties. Women are made for domestic administration; and the little realm of a school is precisely the proper kingdom for an able woman who enjoys the exercise of her faculties. She may be an egotist, as anybody may; but her occupation affords no encouragement to that source of disease and misery. Naturally, she should be incessantly occupied, exercised, interested; so as to have her nerves in a good state. There are anxieties belonging to the function. The children are faulty, of course, more or less; and occasionally one is corrupt—a heavy anxiety, and grave embarrassment and grief. Parents are often unreasonable, ungrateful, or ill-mannered; but they can impose only occasional annoyance. In a general way the schoolmistress reigns supreme in her proper domain, seeing, on the whole, a happy progress made by her pupils in growth, and countenance, and in moral intelligence; and finding at last that she has been providing for her latter years a rich store of friends, and the means of independence when her working-days ought to cease. It is true, we see women mismanage their health in that as in other positions. I have known a pair of them who set up a pony carriage, and spent the afternoons in country-drives, who declared that they "had not time" to wash below their shoulders. They had poor health; and this was the excuse for the afternoon absence; but they could not be induced to rise one quarter of an hour earlier, to relieve themselves of the obvious cause of their ailments. Under no circumstances would they have "had time" to do what they did not like. The same may be said of habits of late sitting-up, insufficient exercise, an unfavourable mode of dress, and other follies of the kind; but the vocation itself seems, by the number of aged schoolmistresses, to be, on the whole, favourable to longevity. Many of us may recall some cheerful specimen of the order; some gay old

lady, always sought and courted by old pupils or their children, free from personal cares, and full of scholarly interests, as well as instructive experiences. Not long ago, one was seen closing a very long life, in the course of which she and her younger sisters had educated many hundreds of girls in a way which was then superior to anything commonly seen, though it would hardly do now; but it was so congenial a mode of life to the venerable head of the household that, during a long decline, and to the very last, her never-failing delight was in the Odes of Horace. Charming old pedagogue that she was! nobody would have insulted her by pity for her mode of life.

The daily-governess also has that great security for health—a home. That is, in the provinces, and for the most part in London, the daily-governess lives with parents, brother or sister; and if alone in a lodging, that retreat has the comfort of independence and quietness, at all events. To a woman who has seen many faces in the course of the day, heard many lessons, and walked several miles, there is great comfort in the solitary room in the evening, where she can study, or think, over her sewing, or write letters, or otherwise institute some contrast with the bustle of the day. "Let me only have some room where I can throw myself down on the rug in the evening, and have myself to myself," was once the aspiration of a diligent worker; and the same thing is in the minds of hundreds of women always. In possessing this partial liberty and repose, daily-governesses have one of the advantages of the schoolmistress. But much of the benefit is lost from the absence of another.

When physicians tell us that by far the largest classes of insane women in asylums are the maids-of-all-work and the governesses, we see at once that the two classes may have been affected by the same evil influences,—overwork and underpay. The daily-governess is not usually so overworked as to be deprived of a due supply of sleep, as the maid-of-all-work is; but, if successful, her vocation is one of great fatigue; and if not particularly successful, she is sadly poor. At best, if she is employed in two or three families for six days in the week, and about her work from seven or eight in the morning till seven or eight in the evening, she cannot possibly save money to secure anything like an independence for her latter days. Moreover, few women so employed are at liberty to appropriate the whole of their own earnings. They are seldom alone in the world; and some broken-down parent, some young brothers needing education, or means to start in life; some sick sister, or some graceless member of the family, may carry off every shilling that is left, after the barest food and clothing are paid for. It is probable that very few of the sixty thousand female teachers in England work for themselves alone; and it is certain that an exceedingly small proportion of them have any effectual provision whatever laid by for the years when they can no longer earn. It is no wonder that the gloom and the risks of such a prospect weigh upon the spirits, and fret the nerves. It is rather anxious work, counting the weeks till the pay-day comes round; wonder-

ing whether the employer will remember to be punctual when the landlord is sure to be so; and when a new dress is absolutely wanted, and perhaps school-books and stationery have to be paid for; or family calls are pressing. It is dreary work emptying the purse when all is received that can come in for weeks or months, and there is no way of planning which will make the sum suffice. If any is laid by, it is such a trifle that each act of deposit is a reminder of the long series of years during which the same pinching must go on, without any chance of a sufficiency at last. This sort of anxiety acting upon a frame already worn with fatigue, may account for the overthrow of many minds, and the shortening of many lives.

The daily-governess is subject to the evils of our climate, like any out-door worker, and with less choice than most as to working or staying at home. Weary or rested, with or without a headache or a cold, the giver of daily lessons must fulfil her engagements, in all weathers, and with perfect punctuality. She cannot rest in bed an hour longer. She cannot wait till a shower is over: at each house she must appear as the clock strikes, through all difficulties. The omnibus is an admirable invention for the class—cabs being entirely out of the question, except at the sacrifice of the means of living; but the omnibus is no longer to be depended upon for speed or regularity: and a mere sixpence a day—two threepenny rides—amount to nearly 8*l.* in a year of working-days. A stout heart and generous spirit will reduce these evils to something very endurable. The necessity of disregarding variations of health is an evil, certainly; but it presses upon many of the most prosperous people in society, from cabinet ministers and the Speaker of the Commons down to the popular preacher and the commercial traveller. The weather is really a matter of small consequence to a healthy, active woman, prudently dressed, and sensible in self-management. Rain-proof coverings and stout shoes, put off on entering the house; a bonnet that covers the head; and under-garments that may defy keen winds, may make the worst weather as safe as the best. The regular exercise is anything but a hardship, if it is not immoderate in amount; and it need not often be that. Perhaps the greatest temptation to a solitary, hard-working woman is to live too low. If the physicians are right in saying that few Englishwomen take enough of nourishing food (though enough in bulk of food that is not serviceable), the solitary diner is too likely to take up with what is cheapest and gives least trouble, instead of regarding it as a duty to get good meals of the best articles of diet.

A great blessing to this class has lately risen up in the Ladies' Reading-room, at 19, Langham Place. This institution, which has grown up out of various needs, answers various excellent purposes; and among these there is none more pleasant to think of than the comfort and privilege it yields to working-ladies. Till now there has been no establishment where a lady could go alone for a luncheon, or half an hour's rest, such as daily-governesses need in the intervals of their engagements. Now, by an easy subscription, and

satisfactory references, the daily-teacher obtains a comfortable place to go to in an odd half hour; a place where there is a good fire, soap and water, the newspapers of the day, and the best periodicals, and a comfortable luncheon to be had cheap. There are few chances for daily-governesses seeing newspapers and reviews; and hitherto it has been much too common to go hungry for many hours of the day, or to snatch food in a shop, at a dear rate, and in awkward circumstances. Now that improvement has begun, we may hope it will go on. The new refreshment houses may prove a valuable resource to ladies employed within distances which will enable them to meet for dinner, at a moderate contract price, or who may keep one another in countenance at such *tables d'hôte* as will probably be instituted at the new establishments.

When the ill-health of governesses is spoken of, however, the allusion is to the family-governess class, which undergoes all the evils of the other varieties, with grave and peculiar sufferings of its own. I am not disposed to repeat here the well-known descriptions and appeals, of which the world's heart is weary, derived from the life and lot of the governess, and used as tragic material for fiction, or opportunity for declamation against society. I have too much sympathy with the class which suffer keenly and indignantly under such picture-drawing as the Brontës, and many other novelists have, thrust into every house. Keenly indignant women may reasonably be, who know that the Brontës' prodigious portraits and analyses of love-lorn governesses have been read by their employers, and their pupils, and every visitor who comes to the house. They feel that they have their troubles in life, like everybody else; and that they ought, like other people, to have the privilege of privacy, and of getting over their griefs as they may. They have no gratitude for the Brontës; and will have none for any self-constituted artist, or any champion, who raises a sensation at their expense, or a clamour on their behalf. Moreover, there is too much to be said on the part of the employers to render it at all fair to carry on the advocacy which has thus far been entirely one-sided. The worthiest of the governess order are among the readiest people in society to discern and admit the hardships of the employing class who are at present very unpopular. They see and feel what the sacrifice is when parents receive into their home a stranger who must either be discontented from neglect, or an intruder upon their domestic party, who is scarcely likely to be happy herself, or acceptable to them; and who is, at best, a constant care upon their minds, and a perpetual restraint in their home. If it is so at the best, what description could exaggerate the misery of the household in which there is a series of bad governesses? From the overcrowding of the vocation, bad governesses are very numerous;—adventuresses who hope to catch a husband and an establishment of one or another degree of value; fawning liars, who try to obtain a maintenance and more or less luxury by flattery and subservience; ignorant pretenders, who, wanting bread, promise things which they cannot do:—these, and the merely infirm in health or temper,

might furnish as much true material for domestic tragedy as any number of oppressed governesses. While the fact is so, it must be wrong to make a party in favour of an employed class at the expense of an employing one which might make a strong impression in its own favour by condensed and ing to an appeal to the imagination and passions of society. Some of the best members of both classes tell us that the relation of parents and domestic governess is an essentially false one; and that all declamation and all reproach is consequently thrown away upon it. This is a view of extreme importance, which demands grave consideration. Meantime, as there are actually far more governesses than are qualified for the work to be done, and as the order will certainly continue to exist for some time to come, we ought to consider what to desire, and what to aim at, in the case of the very suffering class of governesses.

The physicians have something else to tell us, besides the disproportion of insanity in that class. The propensity to drink is occasionally seen among them; and hence, no doubt, much of the insanity. What is it that incites to drink?—wretch-hood. What is the cause of that wretchedness?—There are several causes. These must be understood before the health and morals of the class can be rectified.

Among the commonest items of popular ignorance, are the two ideas that to know a thing is to be able to teach it; and that intercourse with children is a thing which everybody is capable of. Hence arises much of the suffering and destruction of governesses.

As to intercourse with children's minds,—there are multitudes of parents who are incapable of it. It is even a rare spectacle when the mother who has been the best possible guardian and playmate of her infants is an equally good friend in their childhood and youth. If it is so with parents who have the divine aid of maternal instinct and passion, how can it be with the host of strangers who enter into relations with the children for the sake of bread? What are the chances that, in that multitude, any considerable number can be found who can pass easily into a child's heart and mind, and be happy there? Again, if we see in actual life that the faculty of developing and instructing inferior minds is wholly separate from that of acquiring, holding, and using knowledge,—the former being also more rare than the latter,—what are the chances in favour of children being well taught and made intelligent by any out of a host of candidates who are examined in regard to their acquirements, but not about their faculty and art of enabling others to learn? Our business now is only with the effect of these mistakes on the health of governesses.

In their class, as in society generally, there are very few who have such sympathy with children as is necessary for passing life with them. Those who have that sympathy generally find a natural exercise for it, and are not likely to take up their objects of affection at random. To all others, a life spent with children only is a terrible penalty. The peculiar requisite organisation being absent, not

even mothers can get over the irksomeness. We see it by the number of mothers who are strict and hard with their children; who are making their children feel *de trop* in their presence and in the house; who first consign their little ones to nursemaids and then to governesses, without a sense of sacrifice on their own part, till jealousy awakes, when nurse or governess has won the little hearts.

The same temperament in a governess makes her life almost unbearable. So does a love of study, whether in the way of books or art. So a dozen other characters of mind which are aggrieved by the perpetual restlessness of children,—by the incessant interruption they cause,—by their importunity, their irritability, and the pettiness of their minds and interests. Living all day and every day with these little companions, with a consciousness of not getting on well with them, or doing well by them, is cause enough for a perpetual fever of mind and wear of nerves, leading to illness, to failure of temper, to a resort to stimulants by slow degrees. A lower order of governess will, in the same circumstances, grow despotic and savage,—the demons of the school-room who have destroyed so much young promise, and shed a blight over the whole life of early victims.

The mere absence of the special power of teaching is nearly as bad. The children seem stupid; lessons become to them a mere infliction, and the notion of knowledge a terror. A child who cries every day from the same distress is doomed to ill-health; and so is the teacher who sees no result from her toil but growing stupidity on the part of her pupils. These are the governesses who are to go to Bedlam by-and-by.

A wise and experienced clergyman once said the very kindest thing, and the richest in meaning, which could be said to a young governess about to leave home for the first time: "Don't be too anxious to give satisfaction." There is no need to enlarge on the significance of this advice. It is in itself guidance to power, health, comfort and cheerfulness: but it is for the few only who have the natural gifts requisite for their work. Those who are not in instinctive alliance with the children must be anxious about giving satisfaction to the parents.

These are the wearing cares under which health decays. Then there are the privations. No mother, brother, sister, or friend to speak to every day—or any day; no domestic freedom under which life flows on in a full and easy stream; none of the social consideration which persons of all ranks enjoy in their own homes; no choice of friends and companions with whom to travel and enjoy the daily stage of life; none of the support which family love and pride afford to self-respect. These and many more are the privations endured by the alien of the household.

Of the mortifications I will not speak, because I could not do it without having to explain why I consider that the weakest point of the governess's case. I have no sympathy with the governess who thinks so much more of herself than the children as to stipulate for a place at the table when there are dinner parties, and for a permanent invitation

to the drawing-room in the evening. Her pupils want her most when everybody else is engaged in hospitality; and she certainly cannot keep up her qualifications, or increase her knowledge, if she spends all her evenings in society instead of study.

One of the embarrassments of the conscientious governess is to decide between gaining knowledge and losing ease and good manners by solitary study in leisure hours; and keeping her social ease and losing knowledge and power by going from the school-room to the drawing-room. Each must decide for herself in her own case; but there seems to be no doubt that the ease of mind which arises from a cultivated intelligence is best promoted by a general habit of intellectual pursuit, sufficiently varied by social intercourse. A close and equal friendship in the house or neighbourhood is an impossible blessing to a resident governess. With the mother it is out of the question, from their irreconcilable positions in regard to the children; and with anyone else it is practically (and naturally) never tolerated.

Then come the personal anxieties,—inseparable from the position. Every governess must want to earn money, or she would not be where she is; and she has no means of earning enough for her peace of mind. The salary does not afford any prospect of a sufficient provision when health and energy are worn out.

Sir George Stephen, who, as the legal champion of a host of governesses, knows more of their circumstances than perhaps any other man of his time, declared* that he knew of one governess being paid 400*l.* a-year; of three receiving 300*l.*, and a few more 200*l.*; but that 120*l.* was the received limit of salary for the most accomplished ladies. Not many get more than 80*l.* There is no occasion to set about proving that a woman can lay by very little out of 80*l.* or 100*l.* a-year, after paying for her clothes and washing; her annual journey home or elsewhere; medical advice, and the means of pursuing her arts and studies. The accumulation must be so small at best, that the encouragement to save is very weak. It rarely happens, too, that the governess has only herself to maintain. In most instances, every shilling is wanted as it comes in. And then, how vast is the majority of cases in which there cannot possibly be any surplus at all! Every few months some sort of protest is publicly made against parents who advertise for a governess who is to do the work of three persons for ten or fifteen guineas a year; but the evil of insufficient pay goes on. It must go on till governesses are a less numerous and better qualified body than they have ever been yet. I have seen Quakers surprised at my exclamations on hearing that in wealthy families in their body fifteen pounds was considered a sufficient salary for the family governess. It is true, the Quakers permit no pauperism and no actual want in their sect; so that worn-out servants, gentle or simple, are secure from the workhouse; but it is a fearful thing to give, and yet more to receive, such a pittance as can barely provide clothing in acknowledgment of the entire devotion of the life, of all

* "Guide to Service." THE GOVERNESS. 1844.

the time and all the powers. Persons who are not Quakers, however, nor bound by the Quaker rule of maintaining the helplessness of their own sect, pay less than that pitiful salary; twelve pounds, ten, and even eight. The comparison of such salaries with the wages of servants has become a common theme. My business with the subject now is in view of its effect upon the health of this class of hard workers. What can be the state of nerves of a woman who, by laborious and precarious means, is earning a present subsistence, with no prospect whatever before her at the end of a few years, and no particular relish for the time which lies between. She cannot avoid hearing the dreadful stories that we all hear, every year of our lives, of old governesses, starved, worn out, blind, paralytic, insane, after having maintained relatives, educated nephews and nieces, put themselves out of the way of marriage, resisted temptations of which no one but the desolate can comprehend the force, and fought a noble fight, without receiving crown or tribute. If the testimony of physicians is true as to the existence of intemperance among this class of working nuns, how can we wonder, any more than we should at the same weakness, if it were practicable, within the walls of a convent?

Sir George Stephen pointed out, sixteen years ago, that one of the singular evils of the lot of governesses was the absence of combination, and even of *esprit de corps*. Servants stand by each other, almost as artisans and operatives do; but the governess is, or was then, all alone and desolate. The anecdotes given by him of the helpless misery of girls worth ten times more than their oppressors in all but wealth, would be scarcely credible, if they were not seriously disclosed as evidence on which legal proceedings had been grounded. Matters have mended since then. Governesses are protected, pensioned, counselled, and aided; and they can insure, and save, and buy annuities to advantage. Various new occupations have been opened to women, and more will open continually, lessening the pressure upon the profession of education. Still, there is misery enough to impel us to inquire what more can be done; and ill-health, in particular, which affords the gravest admonition that there is something yet fearfully wrong.

The profession is understood to preclude marriage in all but a few exceptional cases. I will not go over ground fully treated by Sir George Stephen, but assume that the fact is so; as indeed the observation of any person living in society must pronounce that it is. This enforced celibacy can be got rid of only (or must be got rid of first) by shortening the period of professional work, in the case of young governesses. This can be done only by means of a large increase of salary; and that increased salary again can be had only by raising the quality and lowering the number of governesses. We shall arrive at the same issue in considering every one of the special disadvantages of the occupation. The conclusion is always the same—that there must be far fewer governesses, and of a far better quality. Then the experiment may be fairly tried, whether the whole arrangement is too faulty to last, or whether its

advantages are sufficient to afford it a new start, on better terms for all parties.

Meantime, female education is somewhat improving. That is perhaps the chief consideration in the case. A high order of education among women who may have to become governesses will keep out of the profession a multitude who now get a footing in it; and the more highly qualified a woman is for the office of educator, the less she will suffer in it. The main obstacle to the immediate improvement of female education,—the indifference or the grudging reluctance of parents,—is a sore trouble at present; and when fresh instances of close economy in the education of girls, combined with ostentation in other matters, come under our notice, we are apt to doubt whether the day of grace and justice will ever arrive. But it is approaching. With such institutions as the Ladies' Colleges of London and Edinburgh before us, and while observing the troops of certificated students whom they send forth to educate the rising generation, we cannot rationally doubt that the profession of the governess is about to assume a new aspect. The time must be nearly at an end when parents can save the expense of schooling for their whole batch of daughters, including sons under ten years old, by engaging a young lady on the wages of a nurse-maid. When the time comes for the schooling to be paid for in the governess, if not directly for the children, there may and will be fewer governesses employed; but there will be more money spent upon them, and a higher consideration awarded to them. Either that, or the arrangement will expire. Each is only a question of time.

The next point of importance is the opening of a variety of industrial occupations to women, by which the greater number may earn a respectable maintenance more suitably and happily than by attempting to teach what they have never properly learned. The relief to the over-crowded governess class of every draught from their numbers into a fresh employment needs no showing. All encouragement given to the efforts and the industry of any other class of working women benefits the governesses.

There is another resource, of such evident fitness and efficacy, that I wonder more and more that English parents have not long ago adopted it with the vigour they will one day show about it. Wherever we go among parents of the middle class, we find the one gnawing anxiety which abides in their hearts is the dread of their daughters "having to go out as governesses." "Anything but that!" says the father, when talking confidentially after his day's work at the office, or the mill, or the counting-house, or in going the rounds of his patients. "Anything but that!" sighs the mother, as she thinks of her own girls placed and treated as she has seen so many. Yet we see, year by year, the dispersion of families of petted darlings, or proud aspirants, whose fathers have died, leaving them penniless. Now a barrister,—now a physician,—now a clergyman,—with a merchant or banker, or country gentleman here and there,—dies in middle life, or in full age, without having had courage to warn his dear ones, or to admit to himself what was

coming. There is nothing for the girls but to "go out," either as governesses or emigrants; and it is impossible to say which is the hardest. There is a way of saving all this, and, at the same time, of improving the prospects of the governess class. If the method were generally known, it must surely have been extensively adopted by this time: and if it is not so known, it ought to be.

Mr. Brace, the American traveller, has explained to us the structure and operation of the Danish institution of "the Cloisters," which, if we knew anything about it at all, we had supposed to be something in the way of a convent; whereas its main principle is the commercial one of mutual assurance, applied to the case of a provision for daughters. In ancient days, no doubt, it must have had more or less of the conventual character; but the essential parts of the scheme are fit for the handling of middle-class parents in our manufacturing towns, or the professional classes in the London of our own day.

The Maiden Assurance Companies, which are the present form of the old "Cloister" institution of the Danish nobility, consist chiefly of the daughters of gentry of small fortune; for nobility there, as in Russia, extends very far down in society. When a daughter is born, the father deposits a sum—say 2000 dollars—in the funds of one of the societies, registering the infant as a member. By beginning thus early, and whole classes joining in the scheme, all unpleasant speculation as to probable marriage or single life is obviated. The child receives four per cent. interest on the deposit till she is married. When she is married, or if she dies, the sum lapses into the general fund.

While single, she enters, with the names above her, into the enjoyment of the privileges of the institution, according as marriage and death occasion vacancies. There are three stages of privilege. The lowest, whose occupants are called the third class, confers an income of 250 dollars, and rooms and appointments in the institution, where there is no conventual restraint, but simply a comfortable private residence. The members of the second class have an income of 500 dollars, and those of the first class of 1000 dollars, also with residence and appointments.

A member who has received nothing beyond the interest of her deposit is entitled to a grant of 500 dollars, in case of becoming a widow in needy circumstances. A member marrying after receiving nothing more than the interest may, when the fund permits, have a dower of 1000 dollars from it.

The property of these institutions has increased very largely by means of the principle of assurance. There is so much more marriage and death among the members than ultimate celibacy that a sound basis of assurance is afforded; while the parents find their share of advantage in the peace of mind attendant on the certainty of a provision for unmarried daughters in good time, and meanwhile a small income for purposes of education.

Who can doubt that, such associations once formed, they would be eagerly supported by pro-

fessional men, and parents of all classes in which there is not a large accumulated property? We might have associations differing in their scale of deposit and allowance with the station and prospects of the members—from the physician, or barrister, or engineer in large practice, who could deposit 1000% for each daughter, down to the tradesman who could spare only 100%. Even this lowest sum might go far to keep unqualified women out of the education market; while the highest would afford a real independence. The project, illustrated by centuries of success in action in Denmark, commends itself to the attention of parents in all European countries—as Mr. Brace says it does in the American States. If it ever gains a footing in England, it will be the brightest event in the history of the governess class.

It does not follow from any detail of the evils of the governess system that it is always a failure. Most of us have known some one happy governess. It certainly takes a great deal to make one—natural constitution, in harmony with the nature of childhood; intellectual and moral power adequate to a great work; a nice union of self-respect and modesty; a steady good sense, resolution, fortitude, and generous cheerfulness, not to be daunted by personal privations and solicitudes—all these are requisite to make a happy governess. Some will suggest as an addition, favourable circumstances in her position; but such a governess makes her own circumstances—not in the form of money, but of opportunity to do her duty well. Such a governess has also as fair a chance as any woman of a vigorous old age, rich in ideas and affections, if not in fortune.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

A GROUP OF GRAVES.

It is but a short walk from the former dwelling of the living to the last home of the dead poet Wordsworth. In the little garth of S. Oswald's, Grasmere ("the lake of the wild boar"), the Churchyard of the Excursion, and the subject of Wilson's verse, there are three lych-gates, according to the country folk one for each of the parishes of Ambleside, Grasmere, and Langdale. To the east of the church, hung with a screen of larches, the Rotha glides not far off, and under the gloom of yews which he saw planted, are the graves of Wordsworth and his household. The turf is washed green by summer dew and winter rain, and in early spring is beautifully dappled with lichens and golden moss. The graves are in a line, and a pathway has been worn to them from the wicket-gate on the bridge. Dorothy Wordsworth is the name we read on the first grave—that of the poet's favourite sister; then an interval filled by the grave of Mrs. Wordsworth, near William Wordsworth; then the grave of Dora Wordsworth, with the *Agnus Dei*, and the text, "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out;" then the grave of her husband, Mr. Quillinan, the translator of the "*Lusiad*;" and behind them, marked by two little head-stones, the graves of Wordsworth's two infant children. The inscription upon the stone, written by Wordsworth, is:

Six weeks to six years added he remained
 Upon this sinful earth, by sin un-tained.
 O blessed Lord, whose goodness then removed
 A child which every eye that looked on loved,
 Support us, help us calmly to resign
 What Thou once gavest, now is wholly Thine.

Hartley Coleridge's grave is behind, with the inscription, graven round a cross entwined with thorn, "By Thy passion, good Lord, deliver me." At the foot of the cross we read: "The stones which mark the grave of Hartley Coleridge, eldest son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, were erected by his surviving brother and sister towards the close of the year 1850." There Hartley Coleridge was laid on a snowy day in January, the white-haired Wordsworth following the bier, which was light as that of a child, and a crowd of country people filling up the procession. Before spring gave way to summer, Wordsworth himself was borne along the same path by others to his rest. "I have no

particular choice," Hartley Coleridge wrote, "of a churchyard; but I would repose, if possible, where there are no proud monuments, no new-fangled obelisks or mausoleums, heathen in everything but taste, and not Christian in that. Nothing that betokeneth aristocracy, unless it were the venerable memorial of some old family long extinct. If the village school adjoined the churchyard, so much the better. But all this must be as He will. I am greatly pleased with the fancy of Anaxagoras, whose sole request to the people of Lampsacus was, that the children might have a holiday on the anniversary of his death; but I would have the holiday on the day of my funeral. I would connect the happiness of childhood with the peace of the dead, not with the struggles of the dying." The shadow of Grasmere churchyard, where at that time there were no obelisks, was probably in the poet's thoughts. "I should not like," he said to a



Wordsworth's Grav.

friend, "boys to play leap-frog over me, but I would not mind little girls running over my grave." The little building by the gate on the north no long time ago was the school-house. There little Barbara Lewthwaite was taught; and as Wordsworth one day looked in, he saw "that child of beauty rare" reading in Lindley Murray's selection the poem he had written, and, as of course, very vain of the compliment he had paid her. The interior of the church is very different from what it was at the date of the Excursion. Churchwardens' whitewash and paint and hideous pews have defaced all the features of interest; and the old Basilican fashion of men and women sitting on opposite sides of the nave, and the custom of flower-bearing, are the only relics of the olden time.

The monument of Wordsworth, near the spot where for so many years on Sundays his place was never vacant, is decorated with his favourite flowers

—daisies and wild celandine; the inscription is as follows, slightly altered from the words of Mr. Keble:

To the memory of
 WILLIAM WORDSWORTH,
 a true Philosopher and Poet,
 who, by the special calling of
 Almighty God,
 whether he discoursed on man or nature,
 failed not to lift up the heart
 to holy things.
 tired not of maintaining the cause
 of the poor and simple,
 and so, in perilous times, was raised up
 to be a Chief Minister,
 not only of noblest poesy,
 but of high and Sacred Truth,
 this memorial
 is placed here by his friends and neighbours,
 in testimony
 of respect, affection, and gratitude, anno 1851.

Here, rather than in the long-drawn aisles of Westminster, the memorial of the poet appears appropriate; but, indeed, he needs no monument. As long as the mountains stand and the lakes brighten the dales which once he celebrated, and with which now his name is imperishably associated, he needs no other monument than his own immortal verse, which he has bequeathed to all who can appreciate and love what is pure and good, and beautiful and holy—a *κτῆμα ἐς τὸ αἰεί*.

M. E. C. W.

TWO DAYS IN WEIMAR.

"GERMAN Weimar" is Matthew Arnold's picturesque phrase, summing in one word the many characteristics of the modern Athens. The modern spirit, the spirit of scoffing and fast travelling, has been so much diffused, even over Germany, though accepted only in a limited sense as regards speed on railways and still resisted by *eilwagen*, that few towns retain that idyllic aspect we are accustomed to call German. No town, to me, retains it so completely as Weimar; and it is fit that simplicity, which lingers last with great men, should plant its *extrema vestigia* on their long abode and resting-place.

When I woke in the morning, and went out into the streets, I felt as one who wanders through Pompeii, and expects at each turn to meet a resuscitated ancient who has slept through time. The streets looked like rows of toy-houses. The absence of all movement, the listless air of the town, confirmed the impression. And when, turning a corner, I came on a statue looking as much at home on its pedestal as if it had stepped up there, with an air of unconsciousness, not *posé* as all other street statues, it seemed as it would step down and resume life, or that statues walked in the streets of Weimar like men. I stopped unprompted before a white house in one of the first squares I passed, nor knew till later it was Goethe's house. Something there must be in all that belonged to Goethe to make it stand apart from all else of its age. Why should I look at his house first, before churches or palaces, without knowing it was his? Why should I select a small low cottage in the park, and say it was, what it actually proved, his *Garten-haus*, unless there is some *cachet*, some stamp of distinctiveness impressed on his dwellings, just as there is on his works?

Neither of Goethe's houses are to be seen, save a part of his town-house once a week. Schiller's house is always open. It is a low cottage of two storeys, with a shop on the ground floor, and on the upper floor the room he occupied. His bed, the bed he died in, is still there; his desk, which he could raise or lower at pleasure, as he could raise or lower the mind, and some other relics,—little pianoforte, some of his writing, and a few books,—are all that remain in his house. If you want to see more of him, go into the world. Ask the first German you meet, or the tenth of any other nation. Go on the 16th of November, and see all cities on the continent uniting to celebrate his name—enthusiastic crowds in every theatre

assembled to fête him. In front of the theatre is a group recently erected of Goethe and Schiller together, each holding one side of a wreath with one hand, Goethe's other hand placed on his brother's shoulder. Schiller looks up, as befits an idealist; Goethe looks straight before him, as suits the man who united all views, idealist and realist, as he united art and science. There is something friendly, something unstudied in the group, that makes it come home to the heart more than Schwanthaler's majestic Goethe at Frankfort or Thorwaldsen's musing Schiller at Stuttgart.

What else I saw may be summed up in very few words. A beautiful bust of Goethe when young in the Library, realising all the reports of the beauty that made men look at him and stop eating when he entered a room; a large statue of him in a building in the park, called the Temple Salon; and the coffins of Goethe and Schiller in the Fürstengruft, that is, Princes' Vault. The two poets lie side by side, a little removed from the obscurer princes, their coffins covered with bay-leaves. Karl August, the friend of Goethe and Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar, wished his coffin to be placed between the two poets, but courtly etiquette forbade. It is better, much as one respects a prince who could protect such great men, that he should derive no adventitious honour from being buried in a higher place than befitted him. He might befriend them while they lived, while fortune placed them lower than him, but to sleep between them in death is no more allowed him than to patronise them in their new sphere.

The Park of Weimar was my great resort. Laid out by Goethe, changed from unreclaimed wild to a shady pleasure, with winding walks under the boughs, open spaces of meadow grass and flowers, and a concert of singing-birds in this young summer weather, it tempted to stroll slowly through the cool alleys, or sit under the shade and muse. Schiller's Walk was written in this park; and the poet might often be seen wandering in it alone with his muse, turning down unrequented paths to avoid interrupters. Here it was that Goethe, walking in that majestic *pose* with his hands crossed behind his back, his secretary following with the work he had broken off in-doors to continue in the air, had to move out of the path to avoid a labourer who stood gazing at him in mute amazement. The river Ilm that runs through this park, in which Goethe bathed day and night, to the horror of well-regulated German minds, did not tempt me; it seemed dirty and small, more of a ditch than a river.

One by one I called up my scattered recollections, the thoughts which made the name Weimar more familiar to me than any place that had been my home. I wondered which square of the town had seen the strange sight of Goethe and Karl August, the young poet and the young prince, cracking dray-whips by the hour. But the earlier days, the *genialische zeit*, had not so strong a hold over me as the later time when Goethe had developed from the wild youth into the serene man, when he gave laws to the world.

I thought of the decree he gave out to check the vagaries of the Schlegels, and to reinstate classic art in the appreciation of his subjects, of which Heine says: "After that, there was no more question of the romantic school or of the classic school, but of Goethe, and always of Goethe!" And the quotation from Heine recalled his interview with the Jupiter of Weimar, how the majestic presence of the god drove out from his memory all his prepared speech, and he could but stammer a praise of the plums that grew on the way-side from Jena.

Happy thoughts, one would suppose; yet they filled me with an invincible melancholy as I sat in the park at Weimar, and looked across the meadow space to Goethe's garden-house. What right had I to be unhappy, who had not the excuse of greatness?

I returned to the *table d'hôte*, and found an antidote to any thoughts of past Weimar in viewing the reign that has succeeded to Goethe's. Perhaps to a thinking man the folly that surrounds him is more mournful than the wisdom of the past, but there is at times something cheering in folly when you are saddened by memories. A farce follows a tragedy, and you are not so much shocked; you are relieved from lamenting the state of South Italy when you hear Mr. Bowyer's comments on it. Thus, when I found myself at the *table d'hôte*, in the midst of a band of *zukunftsists*, I was cheered, and listened without bitterness. Perhaps you do not know the meaning of this German word; it may be literally translated "futurists," and is the name applied to those gentlemen who cultivate the music of the future. This grandiloquent phrase has been given to a school of music intended to supersede Mozart. Its prophet-in-chief is Richard Wagner; one of its heads is Franz Liszt, the pianist, Kapellmeister at Weimar. I fear it may be said of the name of this school, as it was said of some poet's Epistle to Posterity, that it is never likely to reach its address; and of its pretensions to supersede Mozart, what Porson said of Southey's poems, that they would be read when Homer and Milton were forgotten, but not till then.

Wagner, the chief prophet, is a better poet than musician. He writes his own libretti, and very well; they merely need setting to music to be excellent operas. The reforms he desires to introduce on the lyric stage are more connected with the libretto than with the partition. He has succeeded in reforming the words, but another school will be needed to reform his music. For, however many reforms music can bear, there is one it cannot bear, the omission of tune. Difficulty of comprehension is but a slight impediment to the success of a musician, so long as he conceals it beneath melody. But when he despises melody, and is not to be understood, he appeals to that limited class whose appreciation is like St. Augustine's faith. *Credo, quia impossibile*, is the original of Tadmire, because it is unintelligible.

Of Wagner's operas I have only a limited acquaintance with one, Tannhäuser, at one time considered his ultimatum, but now almost superseded. Twice I have tried to hear this opera;

the first time I sat out two acts, the second time I could only sit out one. Its story is a popular legend of Germany, telling how Tannhäuser, a knight and minstrel, was decoyed by a female devil, once a goddess, and still named Venus, to spend a year with her in her enchanted hill. On returning to life none would speak with him, so great was his crime, and he had to go to Rome to ask absolution from the Pope. But the Pope, on hearing the enormity of his sin, refused him absolution, drove him out of Rome, and he returned to the enchanted hill to pass the rest of his life with Venus. This is the legend which the reader will find in Heine's work, "De L'Allemagne," or in "Lewes's Life of Goethe."

The opera was to be performed that night at Weimar, and my neighbours at the *table d'hôte* held themselves in readiness to applaud it. One was a Russian, on his way to England, who had already preached the gospel of Wagner in his own land. He boasted that he had set the *oeuvre* to Tannhäuser for four pianos and sixteen hands. As the said overture is remarkable for the pain it gives the nerves when performed by a full orchestra, I should be loth to hear eight musicians of the future banging it out on four pianos. The rest of their conversation was in the same vein, speaking with bated breath of Wagner and Liszt, with occasional depreciation of greater names. It was not without reluctance that I paid my two shillings for a stall at the theatre. I had a great desire to see the stage on which so many of Goethe's and Schiller's works had been performed, the theatre of which Goethe was manager; but I had an idea that this theatre was a building subsequent to their time, erected on the ruins of theirs. But putting this out of the question, I wanted to have a glimpse at the music of the future in its chief stronghold.

The difference between North and South Germany, so puzzling to politicians, is nowhere more apparent than in their music. The South German music is considerably qualified by the neighbouring influences of Italy, and expresses sentiment if not passion; the North German is confined by rules, and unless acted upon by some peculiarity in the composer's character, is pedantic. Melody is far more an object with South Germany, though in search of it they almost abandon the higher aims of music. Compare the fresh melody of Mozart and Haydn in their symphonies with the correct but colder symphonies of Mendelssohn; see how Beethoven was influenced by his life in Vienna. Wagner is almost universally scouted in South Germany. It is in the North that his influence prevails. His disciples would say with Voltaire:

C'est du Nord aujourd'hui que nous vient la lumière.

I only sat out one act. The overture was loudly applauded, not altogether undeservedly. It has great faults; it is far too long, and the first part abounds in passages that rend the ears, and send a grating shiver through a sensitive frame; but towards the end there is some melody and some good instrumentation. But at Weimar the singers

seconded so cordially the wishes of the composer by singing out of tune, even beyond the composer's own efforts, that it was impossible to stay longer than the first fall of the curtain. South Germans would say they only sang the parts as they were written, and would refer to a caricature in which a leader of an orchestra at a rehearsal of one of Wagner's operas was represented stopping suddenly and asking for the partition.

"Give me your part," he says to one of the instrumentalists. "There is some mistake. It is in tune!"

Wagner went to Paris last winter to try the taste of the Parisian public, which considers itself the most infallible judge of musical pretensions. To be sure, when the young Mozart went to Paris he did not meet with undivided approval. Wagner may lay this flattering unction to his soul to compensate for his failure. But how will he reconcile himself to the treatment he received from

Berlioz, on whose help he had relied, whom he had considered his *alter ego*, the Wagner of Paris, and from whom he received a most unflattering dressing in the *feuilleton* of the "Débats." That Scudo, the musical critic of the "Révue des Deux Mondes," an unflinching lover of old music, and the champion of Mozart, should attack an innovator, was to be expected; but Berlioz, who had composed unintelligibility to its most unintelligible development,—Berlioz, who had written heroic symphonies and obscured Beethoven,—if he deserted the cause of Wagner, who would support it? This was everybody's expectation, and to everybody's surprise Berlioz took the opportunity to disclaim all connection with Wagner and Wagnerism. And to a lady who said to him, "But you, M. Berlioz, you ought to like Wagner's music," he replied in his *feuilleton*, "Oui, madame, comme j'aime à boire du vitriol, comme j'aime à manger de l'arsenic."

E. WILBERFORCE.

THE MEETING.



The old coach-road thro' a common of furze
With knolls of pines, ran white:
Berries of autumn, with thistles, and burrs,
And spider-threads, droopt in the light.

The light in a thin blue veil peer'd sick;
The sheep grazed close and still;
The smoke of a farm by a yellow rick
Cur'd lazily under a hill.

No fly shook the round of the silver net;
No insect the swift bird chased;

Only two travellers moved and met
Across that hazy waste.

One was a girl with a babe that throve,
Her ruin and her bliss;
One was a youth with a lawless love,
Who claspt it the more for this.

The girl for her babe made prayerful speech;
The youth for his love did pray;
Each cast a wistful look on each,
And either went their way.

G. M.

LAST WEEK.

POISON.

THOMAS WINSLOW has been acquitted by the verdict of a Liverpool Jury. He was charged with the murder of Ann James, by administering to her antimony in small doses, whereby her death was hastened, if not caused in the first instance. This crime of poisoning is on the increase amongst us, and we had best look round and see what steps we can take to ensure ourselves against the murderer who approaches the bed-side of his victim as a husband, as a wife, as a friend. Your burglar or highwayman is, by comparison, an honest villain—a right gentle ruffian. He kills you with a bludgeon—you kill him with a halter. He levies war upon you, and is ready to take the consequences of defeat. When one thinks of Palmer and his doings, Rush is almost worthy of canonisation,—always, be it understood, with the murderer's doom as the first stepping-stone to glory. The modern poisoner has discarded the rough agencies of his earlier brethren. He treats you *secundum artem*, and gives you the benefit of the latest discoveries in toxicology. He considers your circumstances—your little peculiarities of constitution—your habits, and then passes his arm under your own, and, with soft expressions of sympathy and commiseration, blandly edges you into your grave. He knows that the business in hand is a ticklish one. He is playing a game of chess—with poisons and antidotes for his pieces—against Mr. Herapath of Bristol, and Dr. Alfred Taylor of Guy's Hospital for his adversaries, and must give them check-mate—or stale-mate at the least—under very sharp penalties in case of defeat. The two gentlemen named are supposed to possess some skill at the game.

When one comes to think out the details of these crimes, it seems as though the mere bodily tortures which the victim must undergo, form the smallest part of his sufferings. He is struck down apparently by disease, and acquiesces in his infirmity as the mere condition of mortality. We must all part. The last half-choked words must be spoken sooner or later, so that in idle grief there is no use. That which alone can soothe—even whilst it aggravates—the pangs of those last few days or hours is the consciousness that those whom we have loved are around us, and doing what they may to conjure back the grim spectre which is standing at the bed-head, and claiming us as its own. Human affection is immortal, and cannot pass away like a dream or a tale which is told. But what if a moment should come when, upon comparison made between the pangs of yesterday and the pangs of to-day, a horrid suspicion stings the brain sharply and venomously as though a wasp had done it? “Is that a murderer's hand which, a few minutes back, smoothed the pillow and the coverlid, and which is now wiping off the clammy moisture from my aching head. It is the hand which was pressed in mine at the altar—it is the hand which, over and over again, exchanged with mine the cordial grasp of manly friendship—but now! My murderer is waiting on me. In place of medicine they give me Death. In place of food they give me Death. I cannot breathe my sus-

picious, save in the ears of the person who is killing me. I am lying helpless in the midst of millions of my fellow-creatures, who would rush to my rescue, if they knew how hard I am bestead. Under the window there is the measured tread of the policeman, but I cannot call him to my help.” Such things have been, although in most cases there is the doctor, and to him, at least, the doubt may be expressed—though the expression is, for the most part, deferred until it is—too late. Those secret murderers are the most merciful, who do their work quickly. If our relatives and friends must poison us, at least let them economise suffering, and not give us time to be aware of what they are about. One would willingly compromise for a bullet through the head, or the quick, sharp streak of the assassin's knife.

One would suppose that Science was ever more powerful for good than for evil. The same skill which discovered fresh poisons, should discover fresh antidotes—or at least, where the operation of the poison is too quick, fresh tests, so as to render impunity well-nigh hopeless. On the other hand, juries do not like to hang scientifically, so to speak—that is, upon the bare testimony of men of science. They say that the discovery of to-day is the error of to-morrow. No doubt mistakes have been made. Doubts have been expressed, if the ruling of Mr. Justice Buller was correct in the famous laurel-water case. It is now admitted that the tests employed to ascertain the presence of arsenic, when Mary Blandy was arraigned for the murder of her father, only proved the presence of some innocuous substance with which the arsenic was adulterated. The Scientific Chymist may make mistakes—the Hangman makes none. All this is true enough; but juries are apt to lay an over-stress upon it. Witnesses may bear false testimony. Circumstantial evidence may be wrongly interpreted. The Analytical Chymist, at least, intends to be honest; and the processes he employs are less likely to result in error, than ordinary reasoning upon ordinary events. He stops short, to be sure: his testimony only goes to the extent of indicating the presence or absence of the poison; and after that the question falls within the scope of ordinary men. It is not, however, very common in cases of poisoning, that any great doubt prevails as to whether poison was the cause of death: the real difficulty always is, “Who gave it?” This Liverpool inquiry was no exception to the usual rule. The victim's death was caused—or at least her death was much accelerated by small doses of antimony. So far, there is no doubt. Nor in this case, as in that of Smethurst, could there be any hesitation as to the intention with which Thomas Winslow administered the drug—supposing that he administered it at all. There could be no idea of *malum propositum* in this case. If Winslow put antimony at all in the poor woman's broths and potions, his intentions were evil. One of the most alarming features in this case is, that the poisoner had the discretion to avoid all violent, or heroic effects. You could not say that Mrs. James was poisoned on this day or that day in particular. She was afflicted with a somewhat sharp illness, and the poisoner assisted

the ailment by lowering her system, and disabling her powers of resistance. The enemy was active enough without the walls, and the traitor within damped the powder of the defenders. How is this form of injury to be met? It is idle to talk about the improbability that any person could be found capable of carrying out such wickedness. People are found capable of carrying it out. By some singular twist of the human mind or feelings they actually acquire a morbid taste for witnessing the effect of their drugs upon their victims. The Thugs of India took a professional pride in their work, and enjoyed a case of judicious strangulation. So it was with the child-poisoners of Essex a very few years ago. They would take the little creatures home, and pet them, and poison them—giving them now a kiss, and now a little arsenic. It was the same thing in the Borgia days—the same thing in those of Brinvilliers. At a later date Madame Laffarge brought poisoned cakes into such fashion in France that the position of a French husband had its drawbacks. We may be astonished that Miss Madeline Smith did not find more imitators; and there was good reason for fearing that Palmer might become the founder of a school. Although they did not make as many proselytes as might have been anticipated, it is grievous to be compelled to add that the crime of murdering by poison is on the increase, and that it is carried out for the most part in a way which makes detection difficult, if not impossible. We hear of certain cases—too many of them, indeed—but the general opinion is, amongst those who have had the best opportunities of looking into this matter, that a large proportion of murders by poison are never heard of at all. It is better to look the truth boldly in the face.

Now this method of attack upon the citadel of life is so treacherous, and so easily carried out, that all precautions you may take against it are insufficient. You may throw difficulties in the way of procuring poison—you cannot wholly prevent the sale. You may establish a careful system of registration on death, and require certificates as to the cause of it in every case, but these precautions are constantly evaded. Something more might possibly be done in either case; but when all is done we have only checked, not rooted out, the evil. Another point of very considerable importance would be if juries were a little more alive to the extent of the evil, and would resolve to do their duty with unusual severity whenever the crime of poisoning was in question. They seem to do the very reverse, and to reserve all their indecision and all their reluctance to incur responsibility for the cases in which they should be most decided, and least disposed to tamper with the obligations of their office. It is very possible that the fear of consequences, and the apprehension of death are not very powerful agencies for the prevention of crime which arises from the play of violent passion, or the pressure of extreme poverty. A man in a frenzy of excitement, or one who is driven desperate by destitution is very apt to leave results to chance. Not so with the poisoner. He, or she, pre-eminently calculates consequences. When such marvellous precautions are taken to

escape detection, one may be very sure that all considerations which may affect the murderer's safety are fully taken into account. Were the chances of acquittal upon reasonably clear evidence but slight, a poisoner would walk about for some time with the antimony, or whatever it might be, in his pocket, before he would dare to use it. When the chances of acquittal are considerable, of course precisely opposite results are produced. The poisoner, as matters stand, is aware that independently of the natural reluctance felt by jurors to convict upon a capital charge, there is the additional and still greater reluctance to convict upon scientific evidence. He is perfectly aware of this. It is a fact well known to all persons who practise in our Criminal Courts, that the behaviour of the poisoner in the dock is very different from that of any other prisoner who is charged with murder. He is neither depressed nor elated—neither stolid nor rash in admission. He knows that he is playing for his life, and plays the game out with his wits about him. Impress, therefore, upon this class of offenders that the crime with which they stand charged is so heinous in the eyes of their fellow-creatures that every effort will be made to bring them to punishment, if their guilt is established, and you at once deprive them of one strong incentive to crime in this particular form—namely, the strong probability of impunity. No one can read the evidence given last week before the Liverpool jury, and not feel considerable misgivings as to the propriety of the verdict. It was clearly established that the death of the unfortunate woman, Mrs. Ann James, was much accelerated by small doses of antimony. Her strength and system were so reduced by this treatment that she was unable to hold out as long as she would otherwise have done. It was proved that the prisoner was accustomed to the use of antimony, and knew its effects. Antimony was traced into his possession. It was shown that he occasionally prepared food for the deceased, and that she was violently affected after partaking of food prepared by his hand. In particular, there was a cup of sago which Thomas Winslow had prepared and placed at the bedside of Mrs. James in which antimony was found. He had a strong interest in her death, inasmuch as by a will she made during her illness, Townsend was left her sole executor, and he alone knew of certain property which she had in the Savings' Bank, and in gas shares. Antimony was found in what passed from the poor woman's body during life, and antimony was found in the body after death. Nor can it be said that anything like grave suspicion rested upon any other person, who had access to her bed-side during her last illness. Townsend, indeed, endeavours to cast suspicion upon her niece, one Jane Caffarata, and her husband; but the method of his so doing, only served to fix suspicion more heavily on himself. It would be well that jurors should reflect upon the consequences of their acts, before they allow this crime of poisoning to go unpunished, if for no other reason than this, that the poisoner is seldom or never a man of a single crime. It seems to be a law of mental pathology, that when you have poisoned one person, you poison several. Where

there is not much chance of detection, and still less probability of conviction when you are detected, it seems so easy to get rid in this manner of any one who may stand in your way. Thomas Winslow, after he was discharged upon the indictment, was again taken into custody upon another charge of poisoning. It is said that three other members of Mrs. James's family have died within the last year from the effects of antimony. He is described as a small, thin, under sized man, of mean appearance. His head is small, his hair dark. There is intelligence in his face, but yet more cunning than intelligence. His forehead is low, his under lip projects. He is about forty years of age. It is said that he was very "fig-doggy" during his trial.

Of course it may well be, that the effect produced upon the minds of the spectators, who had an opportunity of watching the demeanour of the witnesses, may be different from that derived from a mere perusal of the printed reports of the evidence. Few persons who merely read the evidence, will doubt that the Liverpool jury might have weighed the matter a little more carefully before bringing in a verdict of *Not Guilty*, in the case of THOMAS WINSLOW, indicted for the murder of Ann James, by poison.

JUSTICE'S JUSTICE.

SURELY Dogberry resides in the green county of Hertford. Perhaps he is mayor of St. Albans. The peculiarity about the Dogberry system of administering justice consists in this, that it proceeds upon reasonably correct inferences from imperfect or muddled premises. It is right as half a story is right. It holds water like an Irish bull. Granted that all that was passing in the justice's mind were true, and that nothing else were true, the Dogberry decisions would do well enough. Here is a case in point. Quite recently a little girl about twelve years of age named Ruth Harrison was charged with an assault upon Elizabeth Kirby, a child about five years old. The whole affair was a squabble amongst children. The first witness called was a certain Mrs. Elizabeth Biggs, who deposed that about five o'clock in the evening she was sitting in her house in Sopwell Lane, in the good town of St. Albans, when she heard some children crying. The good woman went out, when a little girl named Jane Lambeth told her that a little girl named Ruth Harrison had been beating a still smaller girl named Elizabeth Kirby. Jane was eight years old. Ruth was about twelve years old. Elizabeth was five years old. Hereupon the truculent, excited, and incautious Ruth made the admission in the presence of the witness that she had slapped Elizabeth, and, so far from feeling any repentance for her offence, she was prepared to do it again. Jane was present. Jane stated to the Worshipful the Mayor of St. Albans, and to his two yoke-fellows of justice, that about six P.M. on the previous afternoon she, Jenny, being engaged in her own lawful affairs, was in Sopwell Lane. She there witnessed the outrage which was the subject of contention before the Court. Ruth had hit Bessy a crack with her fist upon the back. Jane then went in-doors, but on coming out, she was greatly pained at witnessing a repetition of the offence. Ruth being called

upon for her defence, in effect pleaded *non assault deusque*, and *mollior minus*. It appeared that Ruth, just before the commission of the offence, was engaged in the lawful and praiseworthy occupation of collecting dung in a basket. Bessy, being of malicious mind, and intending to obstruct her, Ruth, in the course of her business, came up and kicked her basket about. In point of fact, Bessy was the original assailant. Whereupon, Ruth, being moved to anger, "hit her twice with her hand,"—it is to be presumed, slapped her. There was no evidence forthcoming to show that Ruth's statement was untrue in any respect, or at all over-coloured. Hereupon his Worship the Mayor, admitting that the case was a trivial one—in which respect he was perfectly right—decided that, as an assault had been committed, the prisoner must pay a fine of sixpence, *with ten shillings costs*. In default of payment, she must be imprisoned for ten days. Ruth's mother hoped the Mayor would send the child to prison at once, for work was so bad, that it would be impossible for her to pay the amount. The Mayor, in mercy, informed her that fourteen days were allowed her to pay the fine, but at the expiration of that period the child must go to prison if it was unpaid. The fourteen days have not yet run out, but it is to be hoped, in the name of common humanity and common sense, that some one in St. Albans has paid the fine, and liberated the child from the danger of being sent to prison. Her whole life would, in all probability, be vitiated if she were sent to a gaol. She would be marked for ridicule and contempt amongst children of her own age, and it is not very likely that she would ever lose the style and title of a gaol-bird. It is a very serious thing to send a child to prison, and to give a wrong bias to a whole life. Reformatories and Industrial Schools are admirable institutions, but they are intended for a very different class of children. If a child within the appointed limits of age has been guilty of any offence which brings him or her within the grasp of the law—and it is clear that the parents are unable to give the child such a training as will cause it to abstain from crime—the Reformatory is a place of refuge, rather than of punishment. So of the Industrial School, where the child is proved to be a mere vagrant—a little Bedouin of the streets. The Industrial School may, and probably will, prove its salvation. It is strange that these grown men who, as a mayor and magistrates, must be presumed to be persons of ordinary intelligence, could have arrived at such a decision. Supposing one school-boy to hit another a box on the ear, would they really treat that as an offence against the criminal law? Where offenders are of a certain age, punishment is best left in the hands of the schoolmaster or parent.

THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST.

If the attention of Europe were not so wholly directed to the turn which affairs are taking in Italy, this sad business in Syria would be more thought of and discussed. The assassinations committed by the Sepoys during the Indian mutiny, however horrible and shocking to Englishmen, as our own countrywomen and countrymen were

the victims, were comparatively trifling when contrasted with the wholesale massacres of Syria. Whole towns have been laid waste; in others, the Christian quarters have been turned into a mere shambles. Men have been murdered in cold blood after they had been persuaded to give up their arms, by hundreds,—ay, by thousands. Children have been slain as the ruffians of the Indian Bazaar slew them recently, or as the soldiers of the Duke of Alva slew them in by-gone days. Of the fate of the wretched women, one would rather not think, save in so far as the exertions of the European Powers may avail to liberate the survivors from the hands of their brutal captors. Many, indeed, escaped: but the fashion of their escape seems to have been but a lingering form of death. Here is a picture drawn by the intelligent hand of the gentleman who has been deputed to report from the spot to the "Times" upon the state of affairs in Syria. He was present at Beyrout when the refugees of Damascus arrived there. There was a column, mainly of women and children, composed of from 2000 to 3400 souls. "They were widows and orphans, whose husbands, fathers, and brethren had all been slain before their eyes, with every indignity and cruelty the most barbarous fanaticism could devise, and whose most comely maidens had been sold to gratify the brutal lust of filthy Arabs." The Syrian sky was glowing like brass. The fugitives were parched with thirst, choked with dust, afflicted with ophthalmia, covered with flies. Here a poor creature was overtaken in labour; there, another fell down dead. Little children strove, and strove in vain, to draw nourishment from breasts which could supply none. Old men and women sank down exhausted, and when water was brought to them at last, their strength was so far gone that they could not each out their hands to take the cup. The prevailing character of this mournful company, however, was apathy. Man had done his worst upon them,—the well of tears was dried up. Where they fell—there they lay. The survivors staggered on, glaring before them with glassy eyes, and had no pity for any one, neither had any one pity for them.

How has all this crime come about? What is the meaning of this active antagonism, which excites the followers of Mohammed to try conclusions in so sanguinary a way with the followers of Christ? There is a kind of mental epidemic which seems to have seized upon the Eastern world. It broke out in India. There is now little reason to doubt that the Mahomedans were at the head of the Indian mutiny—the Sepoys, mainly recruited from Oude, were but the raw material in their hands. At Djedda it was the same thing;—now this horrible tragedy has taken place in Syria. We hear that unless vigorous measures of precaution be taken, similar occurrences may be expected in other provinces of the Turkish empire. We are very apt to exaggerate the degree of enlightenment of these Eastern nations, and to attribute to them intelligence, if not like our own, at least differing from ours rather in kind than in degree. It is not that we have deliberately arrived at this conclusion; for, in point of fact, if we reflect for a moment,

upon the course of events, and the gradual decadence of these Eastern nations, it is clear enough that for centuries past human intelligence must have been on the decline among them. The Western European will, however, scarcely be prepared to admit the depth of their delusions. Evidence upon this point can only be furnished by those who have dwelt amongst them, and become familiar with their real feelings and opinions. Now it so happens that a French missionary who was at Damascus previous to the massacre, and probably at the time it occurred, and who has spent many years of his life amongst those Eastern tribes, has thrown a little light upon this obscure matter. M. Jules Ferrette has addressed a long letter to the "Revue des Deux Mondes," which has been published in the number for the 15th of August. He tells us that during the Sepoy mutiny there was imminent danger that the massacres which have just now taken place in Syria might have occurred. The Syrian tribes believed that the Mahomedans of India had invaded the British frontier and had pillaged our capital—London. The British Queen and her Viziers had been driven away, and had taken refuge at Constantinople. Russia was asking for their extradition, in order to inflict upon them condign punishment for recent transactions in the Crimea. The Sultan, however, could not readily be moved to grant the humble petition of the Russian Emperor, because it had been represented to him that not long since, when the Russians were troublesome, the British Queen had displayed great alacrity in sending an army and a fleet to the assistance of the lawful suzerain at Constantinople. For this service, and for similar services, Queen Victoria, the French Emperor, and the King of Sardinia had been relieved for the space of three years from the necessity of paying the tribute which is due from all infidel vassals to the Commander of the Faithful. Opinions were divided in Syria as to the policy of this act of clemency, but the inclination of Syrian judgment was against the course taken by Abdul Medjid. All the zealots, all the men whom we should describe as "earnest politicians," thought that the Sultan had made a mistake, and that the moment had arrived for utterly exterminating the Infidels—even as it had been done in India. The bombardment of Djedda occurred at a very opportune moment, and somewhat modified the tone of public opinion. It must also be remembered that, on their side, since the Crimean War, the Christian population in the Turkish provinces have been looking up. They have cast aside the black turbans, and the sad-coloured raiment which had been worn by their forefathers, even as our own Quakers are discarding their peculiar hats and coats, though for very different reasons. Christian women—and this seems to have filled up the cup of their offence—have actually appeared in trowsers of green silk—green, the very colour of the Prophet's standard! Again, the Christian population generally, taking advantage of the recent concession extorted from the Sultan, have refused to pay money in lieu of military service. These grievances have tried the patience of the Wise Men of the East.

EVAN HARRINGTON; OR, HE WOULD BE A GENTLEMAN.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

CHAPTER XL. IN WHICH THE COUNTESS STILL
SCENTS GAME.

MR. JOHN RAIKES and his friend Frank Remand, surnamed Franco, to suit the requirements of metre, in which they habitually conversed, were walking arm-in-arm along the drive in Society's Park on a fine frosty Sunday afternoon of mid-winter. The quips and jokes of Franco were lively, and he looked into the carriages passing, as if he knew that a cheerful countenance is not without charms for their inmates. Jack's face, on the contrary, was barren and bleak. Being of that nature that when a pun was made he must perforce outstrip it, he fell into Franco's humour from time to time, but albeit aware that what he uttered was good, and by comparison transcendent, he refused to enjoy it. Nor when Franco started from his arm to declaim a passage, did he do other than make limp efforts to unite himself

to Franco again. A further sign of immense depression in him was that instead of the creative, it was the critical faculty he exercised, and rather than reply to Franco in his form of speech, he scanned occasional lines and objected to particular phrases. He had clearly exchanged the sanguine for the bilious temperament, and was fast stranding on the rocky shores of prose. Franco knew this very well, for he, like Jack in happier days, claimed all the glances of lovely woman as his own, and on his right there flowed a stream of beauties. At last he was compelled to observe: "This change is sudden: wherefore so downcast? With tigress claw thou manglest my speech thy cheeks are like December's pippin, and thy tongue most sour!"

"Then of it make a farce!" said Jack, for the making of farces was Franco's profession.

"Wherefore so downcast! What a line!

There! let's walk on. Let us the left foot forward stout advance. I care not for the herd."

"'Tis love!" cried Franco.

"Ay, an' it be!" Jack gloomily returned.

"For ever cruel is the sweet Saldar?"

Jack winced at this name.

"A truce to banter, Franco!" he said sternly: but the subject was opened, and the wound.

"Love!" he pursued, mildly groaning. "Suppose you adored a fascinating woman, and she knew—positively knew—your manly weakness, and you saw her smiling upon everybody, and she told you to be happy, and egad, when you came to reflect, you found that after three months' suit, you were nothing better than her errand-boy? A thing to boast of, is it not, quotha?"

"Love's yellow-fever, jealousy, methinks," Franco commenced in reply; but Jack spat at the emphasised word.

"Jealousy!—who's jealous of clergymen and that crew? Not I, by Pluto! I carried five messages to one fellow with a coat-tail straight to his heels, last week. She thought I should drive my curriole—I couldn't afford an omnibus! I had to run. When I returned to her I was dirty. She made remarks!"

"Thy sufferings are severe—but such is woman!" said Franco. "'Gad, it's a good idea, though." He took out a note-book and pencilled a point or two. Jack watched the process sardonically.

"My tragedy is, then, thy farce!" he exclaimed. "Well, be it so! I believe I shall come to song-writing again myself shortly—beneath the shield of Catnach I'll a nation's ballad's frame! I've spent my income—or, as you grossly call it—my tincome, ha! ha! in four months, and now I'm living on my curriole. I underlet it. It's like trade—it's as bad as poor old Harrington, by Jove! But that isn't the worst, Franco!" Jack dropped his voice: "I believe I'm furiously loved by a poor country wench."

"Morals!" was Franco's most encouraging reproof.

"Oh, I don't think I've even kissed her," rejoined Jack, who doubted because his imagination was vivid. "It's my intellect that dazzles her. I've got letters—she calls me clever. By jingo! since I gave up driving I've had thoughts of rushing down to her and making her mine in spite of home, family, fortune, friends, name, position—everything! I have, indeed."

Franco looked naturally astonished at this amount of self-sacrifice. "The Countess?" he shrewdly suggested.

"I'd rather be my Polly's prince
Than you great lady's errand-boy!"

Jack burst into song.

He stretched out his hand, as if to discard all the great ladies who were passing. By the strangest misfortune ever known, the direction taken by his fingers was towards a carriage wherein, beautifully smiling opposite an elaborately reverend gentleman of middle age, the Countess de Saldar was sitting. This great lady is not to be blamed for deeming that her errand-boy was pointing her out vulgarly on a public promenade.

Ineffable disdain curled off her sweet olive visage. She turned her head.

"I'll go down to that girl to-night," said Jack, with compressed passion. And then he hurried Franco along to the bridge, where, behold, the Countess alighted with the gentleman, and walked beside him into the gardens.

"Follow her," said Jack, in agitation. "Do you see her? by you long-tailed raven's side? Follow her, Franco! See if he kisses her hand—anything! and meet me here in half an hour. I'll have evidence!"

Franco did not altogether like the office, but Jack's dinners, singular luck, and superiority in the encounter of puns, gave him the upper hand with his friend, and so Franco went.

Turning away from the last glimpse of his Countess, Jack crossed the bridge, and had not strolled far beneath the bare branches of one of the long green walks, when he perceived a gentleman with two ladies leaning on him.

"Now, there," moralised Jack; "now, what do you say to that? Do you call that fair? *He* can't be happy, and it's not in nature for *them* to be satisfied. And yet, if I went up and attempted to please them *all* by taking *one* away, the probabilities are that he would knock *me* down. Such is life! *We won't* be made comfortable!"

Nevertheless, he passed them with indifference, for it was merely the principle he objected to; and, indeed, he was so wrapped in his own conceptions, that his name had to be called behind him twice before he recognised Evan Harrington, Mrs. Strike, and Miss Bonner. The arrangement he had previously thought good, was then spontaneously adopted. Mrs. Strike reposed her fair hand upon Jack's arm, and Juliana, with a timid glance of pleasure, walked ahead in Evan's charge. Close neighbourhood between the couples was not kept. The genius of Mr. John Raikes was wasted in manoeuvres to lead his beautiful companion into places where he could be seen with her, and envied. It was, perhaps, more flattering that she should betray a marked disposition to prefer solitude in his society. But this idea illumined him only towards the moment of parting. Then he saw it; then he groaned in soul, and besought Evan to have one more promenade, saying, with characteristic cleverness in the masking of his real thoughts: "It gives us an appetite, you know."

In Evan's face and Juliana's there was not much sign that any protraction of their walk together would aid this beneficent process of nature. He took her hand gently, and when he quitted it, it dropped.

"The Rose, the Rose of Beckley Court!" Jack sang aloud. "Why, this is a day of meetings. Behold John Thomas in the rear—a tower of plush and powder! Shall I rush—shall I pluck her from the aged stem?"

On the gravel-walk above them Rose passed with her aristocratic grandmother, muffled in furs. She marched deliberately, looking coldly before her. Evan's face was white, and Juliana, whose eyes were fixed on him, shuddered.

"I'm chilled," she murmured to Caroline. "Let us go."

Caroline eyed Evan with a meaning sadness.

"We will hurry to our carriage," she said. "I will write."

They were seen to make a little circuit so as not to approach Rose; after whom, thoughtless of his cruelty, Evan bent his steps slowly, halting when she reached her carriage. He believed—rather, he knew that she had seen him. There was a consciousness in the composed outlines of her face as she passed: the indifference was too perfect. Let her hate him, if she pleased. It recompensed him that the air she wore should make her appearance more womanly; and that black dress and crape-bonnet, in some way, touched him to mournful thoughts of her that helped a partial forgetfulness of wounded self.

Rose had driven off. He was looking at the same spot where Caroline's hand waved from her carriage. Juliana was not seen. Caroline requested her to nod to him once, but she would not. She leaned back hiding her eyes, and moving a petulant shoulder at Caroline's hand.

"Has he offended you, my child?"

Juliana answered harshly:

"No—no."

"Are my hopes false?" asked the mellow voice.

No reply was heard. The wheels rolled on, and Caroline tried other subjects, knowing possibly that they would lead Juliana back to this of her own accord.

"You saw how she treated him?" the latter presently said, without moving her hand from before her eyes.

"Yes, dear. He forgives her, and will forget it."

"Oh!" she clenched her long thin hand, "I pray that I may not die before I have made her repent it. She shall!"

Juliana looked glitteringly in Caroline's face, and then fell a-weeping, and suffered herself to be folded and caressed. The storm was long subsiding.

"Dearest! you are better now?" said Caroline.

She whispered: "Yes."

"My brother has only to know you, dear——"

"Hush! That's past." Juliana stopped her; and, on a deep breath that threatened to break to sobs, she added in a sweeter voice than was common to her, "Ah, why—why did you tell him about the Beckley property?"

Caroline vainly strove to deny that she had told him. Juliana's head shook mournfully at her; and now Caroline knew what Juliana meant when she begged so earnestly that Evan should be kept ignorant of her change of fortune.

Some days after this the cold struck Juliana's chest, and she sickened. The three sisters held a sitting to consider what it was best to do with her. Caroline proposed to take her to Beckley without delay. Harriet was of opinion that the least they could do was to write to her relations and make them instantly aware of her condition.

But the Countess said, "No," to both. Her argument was, that Juliana being independent, they were by no means bound to "huddle" her, in her state, back to a place where she had been so

shamefully maltreated: that here she would live, while there she would certainly die. That absence of excitement was her medicine, and that here she had it. Mrs. Andrew, feeling herself responsible as the young lady's hostess, did not acquiesce in the Countess's views till she had consulted Juliana; and then apologies for giving trouble were breathed on the one hand; sympathy, condolences, and professions of esteem, on the other. Juliana said, she was but slightly ill, would soon recover; entreated not to leave them before she was thoroughly re-established, and to consent to be looked on as one of the family, she sighed, and said, it was the utmost she could hope. Of course the ladies took this compliment to themselves, but Evan began to wax in importance. The Countess thought it nearly time to acknowledge him, and supported the idea by a citation of the doctrine, that to forgive is Christian. It happened, however, that Harriet, who had less art and more will than her sisters, was inflexible. She, living in a society but a few steps above Babylon, however magnificent in expenditure and resources, abhorred it solemnly. From motives of prudence, as well as personal disgust, she continued firm in declining to receive her brother. She would not relent when the Countess pointed out a dim, a dazzling, prospect, growing out of Evan's proximity to the heiress of Beckley Court; she was not to be moved when Caroline suggested that the specific for the frail invalid was Evan's presence. As to this, Juliana was sufficiently open, though, as she conceived, her art was extreme.

"Do you know why I stay to vex and trouble you?" she asked Caroline. "Well, then, it is that I may see your brother united to you all; and then I shall go happy."

The pretext served also to make him the subject of many conversations. Twice a week a bunch of the best flowers that could be got were sorted and arranged by her, and sent namelessly to brighten Evan's chamber.

"I may do such a thing as this, you know, without incurring blame," she said.

The sight of a love so humble in its strength and affluence, sent Caroline to Evan on a fruitless errand. What availed it that, accused of giving lead to his pride in refusing the heiress, Evan should declare that he did not love her? He did not, Caroline admitted as possible, but he might. He might learn to love her, and therefore he was wrong in wounding her heart. She related flattering anecdotes. She drew tearful pictures of Juliana's love for him; and noticing how he seemed to prize his bouquet of flowers, said:

"Do you love them for themselves, or the hand that sent them?"

Evan blushed, for it had been a struggle for him to receive them, as he thought, from Rose in secret. The flowers lost their value; the song that had arisen out of them, "Thou livest in my memory," ceased. But they came still. How many degrees from love gratitude may be, I have not reckoned. I rather fear it lies on the opposite shore. From a youth to a girl, it may yet be very tender; the more so, because their ages commonly exclude such a sentiment, and nature seems willing to make a transition stage of it. Evan

wrote to Juliana. Incidentally he expressed a wish to see her. Juliana was under doctor's interdiction: but she was not to be prevented from going when Evan wished her to go. They met in the park, as before, and he talked to her five minutes through the carriage window.

"Was it worth the risk, my poor child?" said Caroline, pityingly.

Juliana cried: "Oh! I would give anything to live!"

A man might have thought that she made no direct answer.

"Don't you think I *am* patient? Don't you think I am *very* patient?" she asked Caroline, winningly, on their way home.

Caroline could scarcely forbear from smiling at the feverish anxiety she showed for a reply that should confirm her words and hopes.

"So we must all be!" she said, and that common-place remark caused Juliana to exclaim: "Prisoners have lived in a dungeon, on bread and water, for years!"

Whereat Caroline kissed her so very tenderly that Juliana tried to look surprised, and failing, her thin lips quivered; she breathed a soft "hush," and fell on Caroline's bosom.

She was transparent enough in one thing; but the flame which burned within her did not light her through. Others, on other matters, were quite as transparent to her. Caroline never knew that she had as much as told her the moral suicide Evan had committed at Beckley; so cunningly had she been probed at intervals with little casual questions; random interjections, that one who loved him could not fail to meet; petty doubts requiring elucidations. And the Countess, kind as her sentiments had grown towards the afflicted creature, was compelled to proclaim her densely stupid in material affairs. For the Countess had an itch of the simplest feminine curiosity to know whether the dear child had any notion of accomplishing a certain holy duty of the perishable on this earth, who might possess worldly goods; and no hints—not even plain speaking, would do. Juliana did not understand her at all.

The Countess exhibited a mourning-ring on her finger, Mrs. Bonner's bequest to her.

"How fervent is my gratitude to my excellent departed friend for this! A legacy, however trifling, embalms our dear lost ones in the memory!"

It was of no avail. Juliana continued densely stupid. Was she not worse? The Countess could not, "in decency," as she observed, reveal to her who had prompted Mrs. Bonner so to bequeath the Beckley estates as to "ensure sweet Juliana's future;" but ought not Juliana to divine it?—Juliana at least had hints sufficient.

Cold spring winds were now blowing. Juliana had resided no less than two months with the Cogglesbys. She was entreated still to remain, and she did. From Lady Jocelyn she heard not a word of remonstrance; but from Miss Carrington and Mrs. Shorne she received admonishing letters. Finally, Mr. Harry Jocelyn presented himself. In London, and without any of that

needful substance which a young gentleman feels the want of in London more than elsewhere, Harry began to have thoughts of his own, without any instigation from his aunts, about devoting himself to business. So he sent his card up to his cousin, and was graciously met in the drawing-room by the Countess, who ruffled him and smoothed him, and would possibly have distracted his soul from business had his circumstances been less straitened. Juliana was declared to be too unwell to see him that day. He called a second time, and enjoyed a similar greeting. His third visit procured him an audience alone with Juliana, when, at once, despite the warnings of his aunts, the frank fellow plunged into *medius res*. Mrs. Bonner had left him totally dependent on his parents and his chances.

"A desperate state of things, isn't it, Juley? I think I shall go for a soldier—common, you know."

Instead of shrieking out against such a debasement of his worth and gentility, as was to be expected, Juliana said:

"That's what Mr. Harrington thought of doing."

"He! If he'd had the pluck he would."

"His duty forbade it, and he did not."

"Duty! a confounded tailor! What fools we were to have him at Beckley!"

"Has the Countess been unkind to you, Harry?"

"I haven't seen her to-day, and don't want to. It's my little dear old Juley I came for."

"Dear Harry!" she thanked him with eyes and hands. "Come often, won't you?"

"Why, ain't you coming back to us, Juley?"

"Not yet. They are very kind to me here. How is Rose?"

"Oh, quite jolly. She and Ferdinand are thick again. Balls every night. She dances like the deuce. They want me to go; but I ain't the sort of figure for those places, and besides, I shan't dance till I can lead you out."

A spur of laughter at Harry's generous nod brought on Juliana's cough. Harry watched her little body shaken and her reddened eyes. Some real emotion—perhaps the fear which healthy young people experience at the sight of deadly disease—made Harry touch her arm with the softness of a child's touch.

"Don't be alarmed, Harry," she said. "It's nothing—only winter. I'm determined to get well."

"That's right," quoth he, recovering. "I know you've got pluck, or you wouldn't have stood that operation."

"Let me see: when was that?" she asked slyly.

Harry coloured, for it related to a time when he had not behaved prettily to her.

"There, Juley, that's all forgotten. I was a fool—a scoundrel, if you like. I'm sorry for it now."

"Do you want money, Harry?"

"Oh, money!"

"Have you repaid Mr. Harrington yet?"

"There—no, I haven't. Bother it! that fellow's name's always on your tongue. I'll tell you what,

July—but it's no use. He's a low, vulgar adventurer."

"Dear Harry," said Juliana, softly; "don't bring your aunts with you when you come to see me."

"Well, then, I'll tell you, July. It's enough that he's a beastly tailor."

"Quite enough," she responded. "And he is neither a fool nor a scoundrel."

Harry's memory for his own speech was not quick. When Juliana's calm glance at him called it up, he jumped from his chair, crying: "Upon my honour, I'll tell you what, July! If I had money to pay him to-morrow, I'd insult him on the spot."

Juliana meditated, and said: "Then all your friends must wish you to continue poor."

This girl had once been on her knees to him. She had looked up to him with admiring love, and he had given her a crumb or so occasionally, thinking her something of a fool, and more of a pest; but now he could not say a word to her without being baffled in an elder-sisterly tone that exasperated him so far that he positively wished to marry her, and coming to the point, offered himself with downright sincerity, and was rejected. Harry left in a passion. Juliana confided the secret to Caroline, who suggested interested motives, which Juliana would not hear of.

"Ah," said the Countess, when Caroline mentioned the case to her, "of course the poor thing cherishes her first offer. She would believe a curate to be 'disinterested!' But mind that Evan has due warning when she is to meet him. Mind that he is dressed becomingly."

Caroline asked why.

"Because, my dear, she is enamoured of his person. These little unhealthy creatures are always attracted by the person. She thinks it to be Evan's qualities. I know better: it is his person. Beckley Court may be lost by a shabby coat!"

The Countess had recovered from certain spiritual languors into which she had fallen after her retreat. Ultimate victory hung still in the balance. Oh! if Evan would only marry this little sufferer, who was so sure to die within a year! or, if she lived (for marriage has often been as a resurrection to some poor female invalids), there was Beckley Court, a splendid basis for future achievements. Reflecting in this fashion, the Countess pardoned her brother. Glowing hopes hung fresh lamps in her charitable breast. She stepped across the threshold of Tailordom, won Mr. Goren's heart by her condescension, and worked Evan into a sorrowful mood concerning the invalid. Was not Juliana his only active friend? In return, he said things which only required a little colouring to be very acceptable to her. The game waxed exciting again. The enemy (the Jocelyn party), was alert, but powerless. The three sisters were almost wrought to perform a sacrifice far exceeding Evan's. They nearly decided to summon him to the house: but the matter being broached at table one evening, Major Strike objected to it so angrily that they abandoned it, with the satisfactory conclusion that if they did wrong it was the Major's fault.

Meantime Juliana had much on her conscience.

She knew Evan to be innocent, and she allowed Rose to think him guilty. Could she bring her heart to join them? That was not in her power: but desiring to be lulled by a compromise, she devoted herself to make his relatives receive him; and on days of bitter winds she would drive out to meet him, answering all expostulations with—"I should not go if he were here."

The game waxed hot. It became a question whether Evan should be admitted to the house in spite of the Major. Juliana now made an extraordinary move. Having the Count with her in the carriage one day, she stopped in front of Mr. Goren's shop, and Evan had to come out. The Count returned home extremely mystified. Once more the unhappy Countess was obliged to draw bills on the fabulous; and as she had recommenced the system, which was not without its fascinating to her, Juliana, who had touched the spring, had the full benefit of it. The Countess had deceived her before—what of that? She spoke things sweet to hear. Who could be false that gave her heart food on which it lived?

One night Juliana returned from her drive alarmingly ill. She was watched through the night by Caroline and the Countess alternately. In the morning the sisters met.

"She has consented to let us send for a doctor," said Caroline.

"Her chief desire seems to be a lawyer," said the Countess.

"Yes, but the doctor must be sent for first."

"Yes, indeed! But it behoves us to provide that the doctor does not kill her before the lawyer comes."

Caroline looked at Louisa, and said: "Are you ignorant?"

"No—what?" cried the Countess eagerly.

"Evan has written to tell Lady Jocelyn the state of her health, and—"

"And that naturally has aggravated her malady!" The Countess cramped her long fingers. "The child heard it from him yesterday! Oh, I could swear at that brother!"

She dropped into a chair and sat rigid and square-jawed, a sculpture of unutterable rage.

In the afternoon Lady Jocelyn arrived. The doctor was there—the lawyer had gone. Without a word of protest Juliana accompanied her ladyship to Beckley Court. Here was a blow!

But Andrew was preparing one more mighty still. What if the Cogglesby Brewery proved a basis most unsound? Where must they fall then? Alas! on that point whence they sprang. If not to Perdition—Tailordom!

(To be continued.)

MORBID MEMORY.

THERE are very few thoughtful persons to whom the question has not presented itself. What is the nature of the operation of that extraordinary psychological phenomenon, memory? With a very slight effort of will we are enabled to recall, at a moment's notice, long past events with startling vividness. We fold up and carry in our cerebrum the scenes and incidents of years of travel; we

summon at will the faces of thousands of persons, who have been seen by us only for a moment; we invert our mental vision, and there upon the tablet of the brain we see as vividly as in a camera, the groupings of scenes that have occurred in eventful periods of our lives. How are all these myriads of images written upon the grey matter of the brain, and so ordered, sorted, and grouped that we can select exactly those we want from the immense store, without disturbing the remainder? Inscrutable as the mystery seems to be, we may yet gather some light from a study of the same phenomena in a state of disease. A very valuable, practical work * has just appeared from the pen of Dr. Winslow (whose researches in the science of mental and cerebral pathology are so well known), some chapters of which on morbid conditions of memory, open to the general reader entirely new ground.

Doctor Winslow is a thorough believer in the indestructibility of mental impressions. Ideas once registered in the brain can never be believed to be effaced; they may be latent for the better part of a life-time masked by succeeding ideas, but under certain conditions are liable at any moment to re-appear in all their magical freshness. But how account for the persistence of memory, if the very tablet of the brain, in common with other portions of the body, is continually undergoing change, and within a certain time is most certainly entirely renewed. How remember, if the very remembrancer is annihilated? In order to explain this apparent difficulty, Doctor Winslow points to the wonderful manner in which family peculiarities are handed down from generation to generation. A certain stamp of feature given by one member of a family will continue through a long descent, as we may see in many a portrait gallery, nay little peculiarities such as moles, twists of the fingers, a drooping of the eyelids, seem quite persistent. Some persons, for instance, will have certain marks on their nails, which however cut off will continue to perpetuate themselves to the latest moment of life. The natural inference is, that in the process of growth the old and decaying particle is succeeded by a new particle exactly corresponding with itself. The newer vesicle of the brain thus stamped with a certain image is succeeded by a new generation of vesicles as certainly a copy of that which went before them as a photograph is a duplicate of that which it images. In this manner, in consequence of the wonderful assimilative power of the blood, the brain is always changing, but in a state of health, is ever changeless, and the ideas impinged upon it remain ineffaceable. But when disease commences, it is easily understood what vagaries may arise with respect to the memory. Dr. Winslow's work presents us with some most extraordinary examples of the aberrations thus taking place, which amount to psychological curiosities of the most interesting kind. We are all familiar with the fact, that in the gradual decay of memory in old age, the images of our youth seem revived within us.

The ideas stamped upon the brain in early youth, although long apparently forgotten, come

back with the tottering step of second childhood; but there is reason to believe that in certain affections of the brain the memory retreats from us in a sequential manner. Thus, an Italian gentleman residing in New York, and who had acquired the French and then the English language, happening to be attacked with yellow fever, it was observed that in the commencement of his illness he spoke the tongue he had learned last, the French in the middle of his disease, but his native tongue at the termination of his life. It is invariably the case, that our last prayers are delivered in our native tongue, notwithstanding that we may have disused it for a long period of time. It is also observable that, in many cases where the memory of recent events had been replaced by those of early life in persons suffering from illness, on the recovery of health the order of things was reversed, recent events recurring to the mind to the utter oblivion of older memories, the one replacing the other with the regularity of a dissolving view. But a still more extraordinary condition of the brain is that which Dr. Winslow points out, in which the loss of memory is total, consequent upon an attack of apoplexy. Many cases of this kind have been recorded, in which the mind of the man has been reduced to that of a young child, and all the elementary knowledge of youth has had to be acquired afresh; or, more singular still, a double state of knowledge has been set up in the same person! For instance, a young lady, whose memory was well stored and capacious, suddenly fell asleep; on awaking, it was discovered that she had lost every iota of acquired knowledge, and that her mind was reduced to a perfect blank. With great effort she was gradually mastering, as a child would do, the first lessons of youth, when she suddenly fell into a sound sleep, on awaking from which it was discovered that she had recovered her old state of knowledge. The old and new states alternated with each other; at one moment she was the accomplished woman, at another she possessed the mental calibre of a child; in the old state she wrote a beautiful hand, in the new a cramped stiff character, such as children do. In this extraordinary condition she remained for four years; a double mind, as it were, took possession of her, she being conscious only of the state she may have happened to have been in at the time.

In others, again, the loss of memory is confined to particular letters. Dr. Greaves relates a case of a farmer who, subsequent to a paralytic fit, lost the names of substantives and proper names. He perfectly recollected, however, the initial letter of any substantive or proper name he wished to talk about, but the word itself would not be recalled. In order to help himself in this difficulty, he was in the habit of taking with him a manuscript list of those things he was in the habit of speaking about; and these he arranged in an alphabetical manner, which he carried about with him, and used as follows: if he wished to ask anything about a cow, before he commenced the sentence, he turned to the letter C, and looked out for the word Cow, and kept his finger and eye on the word until he had finished the sentence. This partial loss of memory is often the conse-

* On Obscure Diseases of the Brain and Disorders of the Mind. By Forbes Winslow, M.D., D.C.L.

quence of paralysis; sometimes a singular transposition of letters is the only abnormal sign noticed. Dr. Winslow, for instance, mentions the case of a gentleman who invariably reversed their order; for instance, he always said puc for cup, and gum for mug.

Sudden concussions of the brain arising from external injury sometimes produce a total loss of consciousness for a greater or lesser space of time. It is observable, however, that upon recovery the mind immediately recurs to the last action or thought it was employed upon before its powers were suspended, and endeavours to continue its action. A little girl, engaged in play with some companion, happened to fall and injure her head whilst catching a toy that was thrown to her. For ten hours she was totally unconscious; upon opening her eyes, however, she immediately jumped to the side of the bed, and assuming the action of catching, exclaimed, "Where is it? where did you throw it?" A more singular instance still of the manner in which the brain will catch up and continue its last train of thought, even after a considerable lapse of time, is the following:—A British captain, whilst giving orders on the quarter-deck of his ship at the Battle of the Nile, was struck on the head by a shot, and immediately became senseless. He was taken home, and removed to Greenwich Hospital, where for fifteen months he evinced no sign of intelligence. He was then trephined; and immediately upon the operation being performed, consciousness returned, and he immediately began busying himself to see the orders carried out that he had given during the battle fifteen months previously. The clockwork of the brain, unaware that it had stopped, upon being set going again, pointed to the exact minute at which it had left off. These sudden revivals of a lost intelligence almost rival in their dramatic effect the effect of the Prince's advent in the palace of the Sleeping Beauty, where at the magic of a kiss, the inmates of the Royal Household, who had gone to sleep for a hundred years transfixed in their old attitudes, leapt suddenly into life and motion, as though they had only for a moment slept:—

The hedge broke in, the banner flew,
The butler drank, the steward sawl'd,
The fire shot up, the marten flew,
The parrot scream'd, the peacock squall'd,
The maid and page renewed their strife,
The palace bang'd and buzz'd and clack't,
And all the long-pent stream of life
Dash'd downward in a cataract.

So, true is it that all fiction must be founded upon fact, and the strongest vagaries of the romancer can always be matched by the calm experience of the philosopher.

But in the remarkable examples of sudden loss of memory we have instanced, recovery has either slowly followed through the operations of nature or through some surgical operation; but there are not wanting cases to prove that the merest mechanical agencies have been sufficient to restore it. To these cases we might almost quote the old medical aphorism, "*Similia similibus curantur*," to wit, a man, in consequence of a severe blow upon the head, suffers from a paralysis of the memory; he

falls from a window, a concussion of the brain follows, and, the result is, a restoration of his memory to its original strength! Nay, in cases where not only the memory has been impaired, but all the other faculties of the brain also, where idiocy, in fact, has existed, a sudden injury to the head has been known to shake the brain into a healthy condition. In such cases it would appear that the injury to the brain must have been brought about by a slight mechanical derangement of some part of its structure; in the same manner, a clock that suddenly stops without apparent cause may be made to go on again by giving it a gentle strike. We have only quoted a few of the many extraordinary examples from the chapter on Disordered Memory in Dr. Winslow's work, which, although a scientific and practical treatise on the incipient symptoms of the diseases of the brain and disorders of the mind (useful as a text-book for the medical profession), is charming as a modern romance. These illustrations, we think, tend to prove that the doctrine he espouses, of the indestructibility of mental impressions, may be sound, and that, starting from this point, the path is laid for important future discoveries in one of the most extraordinary sections of psychological inquiry. A. W.

THE MONTHS.

SEPTEMBER.

IN my part of the world there is no week of the year more marked than that in which guests gather at the seats of the country gentlemen for the September shooting, and the shooting itself begins. Wherever I may happen to be, I always manage to return home to dine at the hall on the last day of August, in order to make or renew acquaintance with the party assembled, and lay plans for the first day's roving. My wife is a little saucy about the eagerness for play shown both by men who work hard and by idlers. She says women are called frivolous when their wills are bent on pleasure; but what feminine eagerness for amusement can exceed the excitement of sporting men on the last day and night of August? The degree of that excitement induces a reverent feeling in women, children, and servants, and invests the whole matter with a sort of solemnity; but, if it were not for this, there would be something ludicrous in the amount of thought and interest spent upon details on the eve of sport. The careful outfit, the repeated examination that every man makes of his gun, the exhibition of shot, the filling of powder flasks, the going out and in to discuss and report discussions with the servants, the hours of talk about the dogs, the tracing the route on the map of the estate or the county, the general restlessness and incessant reports of the weather and the wind—all these things, if incidents of any feminine amusement, would cause endless gibes about the frivolity of the sex; but women must not be so critical—at least in an open way. What they may say among themselves when their husbands and fathers are fairly off and out of sight, one can only guess; but during the stage of preparation they must be solemn and sympathetic, or lose more than a laugh would be worth. So says my

wife, who moreover ventures to joke on the certainty of my punctuality on the 31st of August, however uncertain may be my return from an excursion at any other time of the year.

This year there was not the usual jesting and quizzing when I appeared at my gate on my return from Scotland. The grouse I brought did not excite much attention, except from little Harry, who was at once absorbed in stroking the feathers and hugging the birds. The girls were grave, and Bell would not look at me. My wife hastily whispered: "Take no notice of Bell's crying; I will tell you presently." As we entered the house the servants appeared, all grave and sad. Little Harry was sure to be the first to tell when the first admiration of the grouse was over. He

thrust himself between my knees to inform me, "There was a bad dog, and Mopsy is so ill." Off went poor Bell with a sob. Mopsy was her dog.

"A bad dog!" said I. "Does he mean a mad dog?"

Yes; there had been a strange dog the week before, running along the road in the heat in a very odd way, and it had bitten Mopsy in the leg, to Bell's intense indignation. She drove the stranger away with stones, and carried home and nursed her dog with all devotedness. Mopsy seemed to be quite well till last night, when she was restless and tremulous. The groom, not liking her appearance, had traced out the strange dog, and found that it was so far suspected as to have been destroyed in the next village. Hurrying



back with the news, the groom found that Mopsy was now shut up in the washhouse. She had snapped at her mistress, luckily fastening on Bell's dress only. The man declared the poor thing must have a chance. He could undertake, with a little help, to administer a dose of medicine he had brought with him. He did it safely enough, placed food and water on the ground for the chance of its being desired, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket. From time to time one or another looked through the window, to see how Mopsy went on. In a little while the girls could not bear the sight of the poor creature incessantly leaping up against the wall, while the saliva streamed from her jaws, and she made the most dreadful noises. In a few hours she was

lying on her side, panting and quivering. Before my wife and I went up to the Hall to dinner, we had advised Bell to inquire no more for her dog; and before we returned at night it was, in fact, dead. It was rather a shock to us all. We had never before come so near the horrors of hydrophobia; and we could not but feel how helpless we were in our ignorance of the meaning of that dreadful infliction, and of how to preclude or manage it. Of course, the physician and surgeon of the neighbourhood were of the Hall party, and of course every body present told all he had ever heard about mad dogs; but we learned nothing new. We could only conclude that all owners of dogs should be careful, during the hot weather, to see that their dogs were properly fed and

always within reach of water, and that they were not out in the sun all through the dog-days. The surgeon said that he should, in any suspicious case, administer large doses of chloroform, internally and externally, and, if that did not avail, shoot the poor creature at once.

Harry ought to have been long asleep when we returned home; but we heard the voice of wailing from his bed as soon as we entered the house. He knew that Mopsy was dead, and could not be comforted. He was so fevered and miserable that my wife took him up, and brought him to me, to talk over our misfortune, by way of relieving his mind. We agreed that Mopsy should be buried in the garden, and that something should be put at the head of the grave. What should it be? I drew the inkstand towards me to write the inscription.

"What shall we put, dear?" asked his mother, as the child sat in her lap, with his eyes glittering as he fixed them on the lamp.

"Mopsy!" cried he, with a fresh burst of grief. What could be better? "Mopsy," with the date.

The settling this so far relieved the child that, in spite of the new outburst, his composure was returning. In a few minutes more he was carried to bed asleep. The sympathising mother could not but look in upon the girls, aware how Bell must be feeling the first bereavement by death that she had known. Both were asleep, not without traces of tears on their faces, and Bell's handkerchief was soaked. Her mother put a dry one in the place of it, and would not even kiss her, for fear of waking her. We trusted that another generation would be free from the evil of this dreadful disease, by which several households within my own knowledge have been made desolate. Those may be grateful who have their warning in so mild a form as the loss of a dog. I have seen the supporting sons of a widowed mother, the brothers of dependent sisters, die, the one after the other, from the bite of the pet dog, itself infected by an attack from a strange dog in the street. The little favourite flew at their mother in the passage, and fastened on her clothes. The sons ran, and got it into a bag, but not before it had inflicted a slight wound on a hand of each. They thought nothing of it till the elder sickened, finding himself unable to endure the air on his face on the top of a stage-coach. Then he knew what was coming; and when the younger brother stood at his grave, and went about in his new mourning, doing the work of both for the family support, he knew what more was coming. In a little he was buried beside his brother. While there are such stories of any date told in every county and town in England, it is a lesson to dwellers in all towns and villages to erect drinking-fountains, every one of which should have a trough for dogs.

"We must try what the pretty feathers will do again," my wife and I agreed. We thought she and the children might share the sport the first day, during which I, for one, seldom go very far from home. We would bury Mopsy before I set forth, and then the preparation of lunch, and the prospect of the day's adventures, might dry up the tears and disperse the grief for the time.

I charged my wife with having a good us all round, in her own mind, at the Hall. I had seen the beginning of a satirical smile now and once; and now, sad at heart as she was, she could not help laughing at the importance of the event of the morrow as reflected on to-day. No woman were ever more occupied with a fancy ball, she declared. She had little doubt some of the gentlemen were awake and up before we were asleep, to inspect the sky to windward, and among them there would be a watch kept upon the weather all night.

There was not much ground for discussion about the weather when the morning came; and, as for the wind, there was none. For this time we had a perfect September morning. The obsequies of poor Mopsy and an early breakfast being over, I was in the park by seven o'clock. I am looked upon as a sort of auxiliary gamekeeper on these occasions, not only from my thorough acquaintance with the ground for a dozen miles round, but from my habit of marking the coveys in the walks of preceding weeks. So I had two strangers for my comrades, and familiar dogs to help us.

The mists had not yet risen above the tree-tops in the park, and the atmosphere had the singular clearness observable under a low stratum of mist. It seemed as if we could count the leaves on the wooded hill-side opposite, though several fields lay between. The dew glittered on every weed and twig in the hedges the moment the slant rays of the sun touched our path. The gossamer seemed to extend as far as there was sunlight to show it. It trembled slightly, but there was not wind enough to toss it, "as if the fairies were shaking their blankets," as Jane says. Still as the air was, it was not silent, as it would be towards noon. If we passed a thicket we heard the young goldfinches and thrushes trying their pipes; it is the spring-time of their lives, though the autumn of our year. Near the first farmstead the swallows were all telling what month it was by the peculiar warble in which they all joined from every roof-tile and out-house and stack. The robin perched above the hips in the hedge, and twittered in his homely way. The screech of the peacock was not so pleasant, but we should soon leave him behind, and meantime he treated us with a spread of his tail on the park-wall in the full sunlight. The hasty tumultuous bark of the dogs at the Hall was subsiding as they went out with their masters in various directions; but the shrill bellowing of the bull in the meadow below had been roused by them, and now it woke the echo from the hill-side. We heard the jingle of the plough-team from the fallow, which was making ready for the autumn wheat-sowing. A loud laugh from over the hedge made us look up; and there were man and boy, trimming and thatching a rick. One of my comrades, Nelson, a London lawyer, asked whether it was not full late for that sort of work; but we presently showed him the difference between a stack finished off before the contents had settled, and therefore out of shape in various directions, and a rick properly matured for the thatching. He was of opinion that this sort of work might be done by a mechanical process less costly than human labour. We

have indeed heard of a thatch woven by the yard, needing simply to be put on like a cape, but we were not disposed to be severe on the more primitive method while the labourers were so merry over it. Then there was the hen, with her latest brood, making a proportionate fuss about them. The turkeys, with their family train, were parading and feeding in the stubble, and carrying on their morning conversation. When we crossed the next stile there was a flapping of wings from the cloud of pigeons that rose from the furrows; and further on were the geese, full of noisy demonstrations against us. There was a man there, too, whose occupation I did not like. He was strewing straw and chaff and dry rubbish of weeds over the surface, and trailing tar here and there over the whole. He was not going to burn the stubbles to-day, we hoped. Why yes; he did not believe there were any birds there, and his master would be wanting the field by the time it could be ready for the plough. He was induced, however, to wait a day or two. Nelson could not conceive of such barbarism as burning the surface when there were implements which, as he had seen, could dig up and turn down the stubble with the utmost precision. We advised him to turn and ask the man, curious to see whether any other reason would be given than that his master had always done it, and the old master before him. This reason was given, but another with it, that the land had been very foul with weeds and worm and fly, and the burning would destroy all bad seeds and eggs.

We were old-fashioned folks, I admitted, and asked my companions to stand a moment and listen to one proof of it. From the barn on our left we heard the measured, dull sound of the flail, so familiar to the memory of elderly people, but so seldom heard now, except in primitive districts. I never hear it without feeling like a child again, watching the swing of the weapon and its effect on the sheaf below, as I have often done for hours together. The flail does not hold such a place in literature as the sickle, but it will be laid by in tradition beside it.

Now for sport in earnest! I know where we are, and so do the dogs. I wonder whether it is true that the son of the great Earl of Northumberland, in Queen Elizabeth's time, was the first person who made a dog set for partridges. If so, he was the inventor of a very pretty spectacle. If it is also true that no birds were ever shot flying till the last century, sportsmen must have had a poor chance, unless partridges abounded as we now see them in the Holy Land. There they run out from the artichokes or the corn under your horse's feet, till you grudge their numbers. We may be very well satisfied to-day, however. We become silent, and watch our dogs, and in a minute or two are deep in the business of the day.

It was truly a charming day, from that moment onwards. We were not all equally good shots; but among us we bagged enough game for our credit; and we cared more for the ramble and the sport than the fame of killing so many birds. The pursuit of magnitude, the love of the monstrous, has entered into even the sportsman's

amusement, to vulgarise it. To stand still, or nearly so, and shoot so many hundreds of birds put up before you, is no pleasure to the true sportsman. He turns from the *battue* to enjoy nature and not the mere act of slaughter, which the butcher himself would not undertake, except as the business of his life. To prove and enjoy his skill as a marksman, and relish the dainty incidents of the fowler's pursuit, is the sportsman's treat on the 1st of September; and a thorough treat it was to us this day.

After a couple of hours we came upon the student of the company at the Hall, sitting on a stile, with a book on his hand. His finger was between the closed leaves, however; and I suspect the great poem of nature was more to his taste on this day than the deepest reasoning or even the highest aspiration presented in a form which would do as well at home. He had been quietly sitting between two fires, and it was wonderful that he had been winged by neither. We crossed the path of his party, compared notes, and took our several ways. An hour further, and we saw a group of women seated on a grassy knoll, a very conspicuous seat. By this I knew that it was my own family, my wife being of opinion that the most probable death for herself is being shot under a hedge by her husband, who is fond of having her near at hand, but apt to trust to her good sense where to go. Her good sense has this time perched herself and her children where none but a wilful murderer could shoot them. Master Harry hung out his mother's handkerchief on a stick as a flag, and waved us to our luncheon; and then he came scampering down, to learn whether our party would go up to them or they should come down to us. For the sake of the grass, and the chance of a breeze, we would go to them.

There was no breeze; but there was fresh grass, and a gentle slope, and an exquisite landscape, besides the welcome sandwiches and sherry. We could see the park deer like a moving cloud-shadow on the slopes. The crests of the heights beyond peered out like veritable mountain-tops above the horizontal strata of mists which lay poised in the air even now, ready to descend in the chill evening. Where the plough was making a fallow in the nearer fields, the stares collected in a flock. From the wood behind us a hare started, and went under cover again with a circuit. There were no doubt many near us; for this is the season for them to assemble, so that the early labourer may see a score of them sitting round a single field. There was something in the atmosphere, some lingering of the morning vapour, which caused an impression of distance by marking gradations in the woods and ridges in the hills, thus filling up the general outlines with a long perspective of distances. Residents in a mountainous region are well aware that the ridges seem to be multiplied in misty weather, not so thick as to obscure them. Sketch a view in bright weather, or on a dull day which is yet clear, and you draw perhaps a triple range of heights. Come again on a morning or evening of light mists, and you see so many ridges that they are like the folds of a garment, and which make confusion in a picture, unless painted by a master hand. It

even happens that a dweller in such a region, given to explore its mysteries and "hunt the waterfalls," may, after long residence, find some new dell or ravine disclosed by a casual glance up the mountain when the mists are beginning to stir. Something of this effect we now observed in regard to the park woods, where not only domes and spires of foliage stood out from the mass, but a gradation of masses appeared where in July it seemed that one might walk on the green floor of treetops, as the traditional squirrel under Helvellyn could in old time march from Wythburn to Keswick without once needing to descend to the ground.

The ferns on the common were golden, and about to become russet. Contrasted with vivid green grass, the purple and yellow of the heather and gorse were too gaudy; but respecting on russet ferns they make a charming spectacle. There were patches of corn-flowers near us, and the tints of the fungi were wonderfully bright, from the pearly white which looks almost translucent in the shade, to the graduated scarlets and crimsons which slime out from moist roots and old palings, or rotting logs. The sulphur butterfly flitted past us, and a large family of lady-birds settled upon our clothes. Whole companies of bees were making the most of the declining sunshine of the year; probably on their way to the heather, but not despising any honey-bearing blossom on the way. Their hum seemed to crave as much notice as if it was the only sound, though the air was alive with the bleating of sheep above us, and the sweet chime of church-bells, rising and falling, coming and going, though we were unaware of any wind. With us there was none. My comrades and I put off our caps, in hopes of a breath on our foreheads; but none came; and we soon grew cool over our luncheon.

All this was charming; but it did not detain us long from our sport. The non-combatants accompanied us, or kept us in sight for some way; and when they turned back, Harry was charged with a brace of birds, one of which he was to leave at one sick-room door in the village, and the other at another. This, and the promise of a blackberrying in the course of the month, and of a nutting expedition, as soon as the nuts were ripe, sent him home quite happy. As for us,—we remained at our sport almost as long as we could see. We were treated with the glorious spectacle of an autumn sunset as we returned, with its ruddy and golden, and tender blue, and pale sea green tints, all so melting into each other above, as to bathe all below in one soft and balmy glow. Before I entered my own gate, the evening star was beaming in the pale-green part of the sky; and the owl was hooting from the old hollow oak.

The domestic aspect of this time of the year is very pleasant. I like the day's ramble ending with sunset, and the lighting of the lamp for dinner. It is the season when it is rational to dine late, in order to make the most of the shortening daylight. If the evenings are mild and balmy, we can keep the windows open, and go backwards and forwards between starlight and lamplight. Before lamps came in, this was not so pleasant, on account of the propensity of

moths to fly into the candle; but now when they can seek the light without destroying themselves, they afford an additional autumn spectacle. Many a one do we imprison under a tumbler till we have studied it, and then release. Towards the end of the month, when the nights grow foggy and chilly, we shut up, and see the first fire of the season—the small bright fire which warms all spirits.

So much for the evenings. As to the work of the evenings at home, there is plenty just now.

There are the autumn bouquets to make splendid every day with dahlias of all colours. They should be made up in a conical form, broad at the base; the method fittest for them, as green-glass milk-pans are fittest for water-lilies. Then there are asters of many sorts and sizes, and the golden anaryllis; and the first chrysanthemum; and the passion-flower, dear and holy in our eyes; and mallows still, and China roses, and sometimes the Michaelmas daisy, and central bouquets of the lovely arbutus, for them to cluster round. There are worn out plants to be removed, and decayed ones to be thrown away; and already, though we do not like to admit it, a few dead leaves to be swept from the lawn and the walks. There are the beds to be got ready for the early spring bulbs—the hyacinths, tulips, and anemones. This is, perhaps, the strongest hint of the decline of the year. If we want more fruit trees, now is the time to drain and prepare the orchard ground to give it leisure to settle. For my part, I think we ourselves have enough. It is quite a sight to pass from the entrance of the kitchen-garden to the end of the orchard—a walk which occupies a good deal of time when one undertakes to gather the fruit for lunch and dessert. One has to see to the peaches every day, and gather the ripe, and throw out the supernumeraries which are in the way. Late peaches and nectarines, and early pears, I think proper to gather myself. Anybody is welcome to try a gentle shake at the apple trees in the orchard, and see what comes. The ruddy, and russet, and streaked apples that stud the espaliers must remain to be mellowed by the sun to the latest day. The multitude from the orchard must also hang for some time yet, except such as fall with a touch. The gardener is clearing his strawberry-beds of runners and weeds, and getting up his onion crops, laying them out under cover to dry, and making haste to put in cabbages and cauliflowers in their place. It seems to me that no supply can meet the demand for onions. Watch a vegetable garden, or a green-grocer's shop anywhere, and say if it be not so. One asks where they can all go to? till one considers the soups and stews in rich men's dwellings, and the bread and cheese, as well as the cookery of the lower and middle classes. We hear now of the conversion of acres of onion-ground into cucumber-growing. Sheltered by a growth of rye at the outset, an acre of cucumbers produces 100*l.*, we are told. This causes two questions—“Where will so many cucumbers go to?” and “What will be done for onions?” Every year, I am amazed at the space set out for onions in my garden; and every winter I am told we have run short of onions, and must buy; not that we have

eaten them all at home, but that there can never be too many in all the cottages round.

There are more plums of various sorts to be got, the most bloomy and fragrant for dessert and for presents, and the commoner for pies, puddings, and preserves. The grapes grow transparent now under their bloom, and crave gathering. My wife wants walnuts to pickle; so we go to the great tree on the windy side of the orchard, and get no more than enough, that the rest may ripen fully. We find a few mulberries, and the sight of them sets Harry asking for his promised blackberry holiday. Jane says she thinks it might do already. On every bramble there are still blossoms, and green and red fruit; but there is also some black, and we can but try.

It is very pleasant to get blackberries; but the real treat, in my opinion, is the sight of an autumn hedge. The rough stone fences in the northern counties are charming when well mossed over, and tufted with ferns in the crevices, and tinted with lichens, and with a running fringe of pansies and small wild geranium along the top: but a hedge in autumn is yet lovelier, however true it may be that it is damp—that it harbours vermin—that it wastes broad strips of good soil. Look at the briony with its scarlet transparent berries, and the fruitage of the wild apple and plum, and the privet, and the elder, and the service—the black shining clusters here—the blue sloes there, the dull red haws and the scarlet hips, and the green and red crab apples! Look at the catkins of the birch, and the keys of the ash and sycamore, and the flowering of the ivy, and the pale last blossoms of the wild honeysuckle! If the grass and weeds are somewhat dank, look at the dew-drops on the spider-webs, and the changing colours of the foliage of the hedgerow trees!

The blackberrying must be on a dry day, and if possible, a sunny one. The baskets must be of good capacity, with basins or trays at the bottom to catch the juice; for, however many are eaten, more must be brought home. I say nothing about the jam. It is very good to those who like it; and it is decidedly better than none. So are blackberry pies and puddings. But, if the jam be the lowest of jams, the jelly is the highest of jellies—of fruit jellies. Blackberry jelly is truly a dainty, not only good for sore throats and hoarsenesses, but a dainty sweet with cream, or on puffs. So Harry and his party are to bring home a vast crop; the elder ones being always careful to gather only those which grow out of reach of the poor children who have a sort of natural right to all wild good things that they can lay hands on. I much doubt, too, whether a large portion of the highest growing blackberries are not deposited somewhere on the way home.

Lastly, there will be the nutting—the best of all. The getting together the hooked sticks and the bags, and the gardening aprons with great pockets, is merry work; and once in the wood how busy everybody grows! The clusters have been watched (and the secret kept about the best) ever since the green points first peeped out, through the pithy stage, and the milky stage, and the ripening, till they become grey or brown enough for the gathering. We are always telling

the village boys how foolish it is to pull them before they are half ripe; and every year the boys do it again: and almost every year there is a clothes' basket-full of nuts in every house where anybody lives who likes nutting. The fatigue that girls will go through in stretching, and jumping, and twitching, and carrying an increasing load, is amazing. Scornful people tell them that they might get better nuts in equal quantity for a few pence, and save walking all those miles, and making themselves stiff for days after. The answer is that pleasure is the object and not pence, and that they never count the miles gone over, nor mind the aches incurred in nutting; which is a new wonder to scornful people.

While the children are thus busy abroad, mother and maids are not idle at home. The apple-chamber and other fruit-rooms are now cleared out, scoured and ventilated; the cottage neighbours and the farmers' wives are encouraged to prepare for the collection of goose-feathers, now that Michaelmas is coming on. The last preserves are made. The flower-seeds are dried, sorted, and put away; and so are the sweet herbs. Elder wine is made—the only domestic wine we venture upon; but elder wine is a singular antiquity, out of the way of everything modern; and we have certain visitors who like nothing so well after a cold ride, as a glass of hot elder wine (out of a pitcher), and toast.

But I shall never have done, if I tell all that marks the month of September. I can only remind my readers to watch for the departure of the swallows, (an event of which we always have ample notice by the commotion they make about our roofs before they go); and to order a Michaelmas goose in time, and gather brisk apples for the sauce: and to induce their cottage neighbours to try fish dinners, at the time when herrings are so cheap; and to watch over them, as over their own households, during the weeks of autumn sickness. This is the time for choleraic diseases, and the time of all the year when the inexperienced and ill-informed most need the guidance of their wiser neighbours in the management of health. Ague, rheumatism, and disorders of the alimentary system often take their rise in September. One thing more, we shall be reminded of at the end of the month by the rushing winds which will bring down the leaves in our avenues, and roar in our chimneys. While we are snug by our early autumn fire, we shall not forget the mariners who are having their first warning of winter in the equinoctial gales. In mid-winter, seamen are prepared for any weather: but now, when they are floating at sunset in a purple and golden summer sea, it is scarcely credible, and very awful, to think that they may be pitching in a raging gale before morning. Whether those whom we care for at sea are yachting for pleasure, or doing duty on board the fleet, or out on hire in a merchant-ship, let us send forth our sympathy from under our sheltering roof-tree. If we happen to have no friend or acquaintance at sea, let our fellow-feeling be all the wider. As islanders we should feel every equinoctial gale an event, for its importance to our countrymen who are at sea.

A NOCTUARY OF TERROR.

ONCE more is the drawer opened; once more are the papers in my hand. The ink of my firm youthful writing has grown pale, and the paper discoloured, for I have not cared for many a long year to open a roll so fraught with painful recollections.

My present narrative is founded upon these rough notes now before me: they were hastily and briefly written down at the time, and too truly chronicle events to which I was myself a witness.

To proceed. Date back thirty-five years. I was a medical student; my friends in the country had placed me in a neighbouring city for the purposes of education. No authorised schools of surgery or anatomy at that date existed in provincial towns, and the earlier years of the student's life were passed in the acquisition of general preliminary information, and in attendance upon the local hospital or dispensary, previous to his visiting London to complete his education. Still, however, in the principal provincial cities and towns, anatomical study was privately carried on; the great importance of this particular branch of professional education having led at an early period to the establishment of rooms for dissection, and the delivery of lectures on anatomy. In the town in which I resided, one of the leading surgeons rented rooms over the cathedral cloisters for the purpose. These antique apartments, part of the monkish fabric of the cathedral, had been fitted up for lectures and dissections. The narrow casements overlooked an ancient burying ground full of the decaying memorials of mortality. The time-worn Gothic carvings, the silent quadrangle with its spreading yew-tree, the dark shadows in the cloistered arches beneath the rooms, gloomy even in the summer daylight, gave a funereal character to the whole locality; and the nature of the studies carried on above becoming generally known, in spite of our precautions, the place was regarded with peculiar aversion by the common people.

In the present day, the advance of education, and the wise provisions of an anatomical bill passed some years since to regulate medical schools and to supply them with subjects, have much lessened these extreme prejudices of the public at large, and have entirely remedied very great evils. The practice of disinterring bodies, and the sentence of the law, which formerly doomed the murderer to death and dissection, accounted for the strong feeling of horror and indignation with which human dissection was universally regarded. People became so alarmed, that watchers with loaded firearms were frequently placed over the graves of recently deceased persons by their friends. Still the practice of disinterment went on, and a sufficient number of bodies was obtained, though with great difficulty, to supply the necessities of the schools. It seems now extraordinary that such a system should have ever existed, or that any young men of education could have been found to engage in the revolting work. But the danger and mystery of these night expeditions excited in youthful minds a

daring spirit of adventure, and there were always plenty of volunteers ready to undertake them. It was not this spirit of enterprise, however that alone actuated the student and urged him to a fatiguing and dangerous duty,—heavy toil in the lone churchyard at midnight, with the certainty of the roughest treatment from the populace if discovered. Higher motives impelled him; the attainment of anatomical knowledge, and the consideration and esteem of teachers and comrades always accorded to the hardworking and the resolute.

It was, then, on a wild, stormy night in December, 1825, that a party of students agreed to meet at the dissecting rooms, and to start from thence at midnight on an expedition to a neighbouring churchyard, three miles distant from the town. The party consisted of Balfour, young Fletcher, and myself. Qualified by my greater experience, I was the leader; Balfour was my second, and Fletcher was to procure a gig for our conveyance. I agreed to join Balfour at the rooms an hour before we started, in order to prepare a dissection which we had been unable to get ready before, and which it was necessary to complete for the morning lecture. Balfour was the son of a dissenting minister in the town, and had been carefully brought up. He was a hardworking, attentive student, but of a reserved and gloomy disposition. He seldom joined in the amusements of young men of his age, and consequently, though generally respected, he was not popular with his comrades. He was a heavily built, strong fellow, with a resolved and not unpleasant countenance, though his smile was somewhat sinister. A man of hitherto proved courage, I always felt that I could rely upon him in emergency. It had been raining and blowing hard all the day: the evening closed stormily in clouds, and showed no prospect of improvement. I arrived at the rooms the first, and, groping up the dark circular staircase, was glad to find that the fire I had made up when I left in the afternoon was burning brightly.

It was a wild night. The crazy leaden casements shook noisily in the eddying gusts of the heavy gale that far above our heads swept round the cathedral tower. The skeletons suspended by hooks from the ceiling moved and creaked in the frequent draughts. The dried anatomical preparations contained in cases ranged round the room, stood out in the waving gloom, and as the candle flared in the wind, glanced with grinning teeth from their glazed sepulchres. In the centre of the apartment, stretched upon a board and covered with a sheet, lay a subject for dissection. It was the body of a quarryman recently killed by a fall from the rocks. The dim light of the candle rested upon the solemn folds of the white drapery, and gave a statuesque character to the form.

As I sat in the gloom waiting the arrival of my comrade, a succession of strange thoughts and fancies passed through my mind. I speculated upon the probable aspect of the face concealed beneath the sheet—Was it not horribly distorted by the nature of the death—a fearfully sudden death—rendering a wondrous living tissue of organisation, in an instant, effete and worthless—a

man yesterday, and to-day knowing more of heaven or hell than all the philosophers upon earth. Now only serving as a subject for dissection, while inheriting an immortality! Well, he is at all events dead, yet when did he die?—is the last act of expiration the death? Certainly not. A smouldering vitality exists in the great nervous centres for some time afterwards, and persons apparently dead have been restored to life by galvanism and artificial respiration when the pulse and the breathing had long ceased. This brought suddenly to my mind stories I had heard of people hastily conveyed to anatomical theatres who were

rescued from supposed death by the stimulus of the surgeon's knife.

The idea grew horribly vivid until I fancied that I saw the shrouding-sheet, that enveloped the body, slightly move. Though I felt that this was but the effect of an excited imagination, to reassure my mind I rose, walked to the table, removed the covering, and looked steadily upon the face of the dead. There was nothing to alarm in the wan effigy. The characters of mortality were there engraven in lines not to be mistaken, and I gazed upon the fixed and peaceful outline of what had been a vigorous, half-savage, toiling athlete, with



(See p. 295.)

a strange and deep interest. Young as I was, my eyes had often before rested upon the sublime and touching spectacle of death; but I never remember to have been impressed more deeply. In life, the rough, reckless, uneducated rock-blaster, his facial developments indicative alone of mere animal existence. In death, how great the contrast—how solemn; how elevated the lines; how beautiful the repose:—

More fair than life is thy pale image, Death.
The face-convulsing passions of the mind,
They pass away upon the ebbing breath,
And leave nor earthly Pain nor Tear behind

To break the shadow of thy deep repose.

Angelic lines, unmoving, firm, and pure,
In solemn curves Death's majesty compose,
Sharp cut, as if for ages to endure.

'Tis very strange, that the immortal soul,
So darkly housed behind life's prison-bars,
In haste to 'scape mortality's control,

And join the kindred light beyond the stars,
Thus roughly shakes the tenement of life,
Yet leaves no impress of the passing strife!

It was now eleven, the quarter bells chimed out from the cathedral, followed by the heavy toll of the hour, taken up in succession by more distant

befrys, whose drowsy voices were borne far away upon the sweeping storm.

A step on the stairs: enter Balfour more serious and dour in aspect than usual. Wrapped in a rough-coat and muffler, he did not speak until he had removed and shaken his drenched garments.

"Balfour, this is a capital night for us; we shall have no witness to our proceedings in this howling storm."

"Do you think so?" he replied. "For all that, there are busy fiends who love the darkness and the storm. Come, get to work, we have no time to lose; already eleven o'clock has struck, and I see," turning reproachfully towards me, "the dissection for to-morrow's lecture is not yet even begun. Come, to work!"

So saying he uncovered the body, and proceeded to flex the arm across the chest, the more ready to dissect the upper and back part of the extremity, at the same time that he secured it with a chain hook to the other side of the table. The limb was thus put forcibly upon the chest, and the subject drawn over on its side. Balfour, standing himself opposite the arm, commenced the work. I was on the other side engaged in reading aloud the anatomical description of the parts we were preparing, when, during a pause, the hook which had secured the arm in the direction before mentioned, slipped its hold, and the hand, suddenly freed from its bondage, swung with an increased momentum given by the turning body, and struck Balfour a violent blow upon the face. With a fearful shriek—the more startling from his habit of



(See p. 297.)

composure—Balfour sprang to his feet, like Richard in the tent-scene; with hair erect, blanched face, and large drops of perspiration gathering on his brow, he staggered back, shouting:

"Oh, God! the man's alive!"

I dashed at him, horror-struck myself, not at what had occurred—for I saw how it had happened—but at the abject terror of my companion, appalling to the last degree. Clasped together we hustled each other into a corner of the room, giving, in our passing struggles, a sharp gyration to the suspended skeletons. I shook him violently, exclaiming:

"He is not alive; he is dead—dead!"

But Balfour, half death-struck himself, still gasped: "Alive!—alive!"

"No, no, no," I repeated; "he is dead!"

At length he drew a deep breath, and sunk down in the corner whimp'ring:

"And yet it is impossible, that half-dissected body *cannot* be alive."

"My good fellow," said I, "this is mere childish delusion—what is the matter with you? are you well? Here, take some brandy."

He seized the flask and drank deeply; then, with a strong effort, he rose, walked to the fire, sat down with his back to the dissecting table, and said nothing.

The whole scene was very ghastly. Balfour's firmness in all times of trial, heretofore, made his present abject fear the more unnatural and shocking; no doubt, to a man of his serious mind and ordinary gloomy disposition, with a temperament

prone to superstition, the impression of an incident so sudden and appalling was the more powerful in its effect.

We sat in silence.

"Balfour," I said at last, "we must put off our expedition for this night; it is blowing and raining hard, and you are not in a fit state to encounter fatigue and exposure."

"Why do you talk thus?" he replied, looking up doubtfully; "do you think that I am afraid?"

"Not at all, my friend; but this circumstance that has so startled you may perhaps make you—" Here I hesitated, not caring to say what I thought, so I stopped abruptly. "Wilder," said Balfour angrily, seizing me by the arm, "have I ever quailed in this most horrible, but, to us, righteous task?—have I ever shrunk from my duty, that you thus insinuate?"

"Never, Balfour; you have always stood by me like a man, and I would rather have you for my lieutenant than any other of the students, and that you know right well; but we will not go to-night for all that."

He started up, and with sudden energy, exclaimed, "I will go, even if I go alone, even should the dead arise to oppose me—Wilder, say not one word more;" and he struck his fist violently on the table, setting the skeletons and window-frames trembling and clattering in the pause of the storm, which was now subsiding.

At this moment we heard the sound of wheels, and the old clock tolled twelve.

"Here is the gig and we not ready," I exclaimed.

I was glad to see Balfour eagerly seize and put on his grave clothes. I followed his example. We then collected all the requisite tools, tooth-pick, shovel, elevator, &c., and descended to the street groping along in the dark.

"A wild night, lads," said the cheerful voice of young Fletcher, a youth of seventeen, who, accustomed to drive, was chosen as our charioteer. "I have had the greatest work to get the trap; I should never have come round old Higgins if it had not been for Nancy. He declared that we were going to commit a dead robbery, and that somebody would swing for it one of these days, and Nancy actually kissed me because she had it in her mind that I should be surely nipped up by them awful spectres. At last, however, I got off, and here I am all right and tight."

"Jack," said I, "can you see, and is the horse steady? It is awkward work driving in such a black night as this."

"Be easy, my dear friend, I could drive you to the devil if required."

"Well," added Balfour, "I believe it is not unlikely that you may do so."

It was a good horse, and we rattled along at a great pace between long lines of lamps through lonely streets, deserted, save by drowsy watchmen calling the hour, who raised their dim lanterns to see what we were. Then came the straggling, half-lighted suburbs, and lastly the dark and open country through which we drove more slowly, though still at a steady trot, to the quiet churchyard at Hilton. The wind had much subsided; low, rolling clouds, opening here and there, showed a few faint stars; but the road where

shadowed by trees would have been almost undistinguishable save for the glimmering pools left by the heavy rain. Part of our route lay between thick plantations of firs, whose giant arms waved to and fro, and croaked mournfully. Arrived within a quarter of a mile of our destination we drew up, arranged our tools in the most convenient way for carrying them, and then walked the horse gently till we came near the burying-ground. We now quitted the gig, which Fletcher drove back to the shadow of the fir trees, there to await our return. As I ascended with Balfour the path that led to the churchyard, we paused to look round, and assure ourselves that no one was following upon our steps. The low grounds we had just passed through, though for the most part shrouded in the darkness, were in places indicated by the uncertain course of the river that caught faint gleams of light from the parting clouds above. The distant city, like a shadowy monster with a thousand gleaming eyes, lay stretched upon the plain; while the river, flowing onward to the walls, held to its breast the inverted firmament of lamps quivering like fire-flies upon the surface of the rippling flood. The spires and other lofty buildings stood out here and there from the wide gloom in high relief, red with the reflected gleam of furnace fires. These restless flames, like those of Phlegethon extinguished never, gave off from their tall chimneys long lines of smoke, which carried the dusky radiance to the clouds themselves. There was something mysterious in these silent gleaming fires, apparently unintended, yet holding an independent existence, when the rough master-minds and toiling hands that ruled them through the day had sunk weary to their rest.

The city gleam'd with light, but gave no sound;

She, with her hundred thousand sleepers, kept
Unbroken silence: in the gloom profound

A life in death, the illumined shadow slept.

We turned from this solemn spectacle to the solemn thing we were about to do. I never approached the dark sanctuary of death with more of awe and reverence than at this moment, though about to mock and desecrate that sanctuary by rifling it of its poor contents. The quiet church, the moaning wind, the feeble and struggling stars, all seemed to upbraid us for thus roughly breaking upon the deep slumber of the dead. The tender association we hold with the last resting-place, the flower-planted grave of the beloved, fell heavily upon a heart meditating the immediate commission of what seemed, in spite of philosophy, to be a crime, and which is certainly a deed most painful and revolting in the execution.

The shadow of the darkest night, which you inwardly hope may shroud the ghoul-like proceeding, is never profound enough. The disintegrated body gleams with its own ghastly lustre. A faint phosphorescent nimbus seems to surround it, developing the characteristic outline of humanity, when it is so dark that you cannot see your hand before you. I do not know how it was, but at this moment I did not feel my usual

cool steadfastness. I was fidgetty and anxious. Balfour's alarm in the room had filled me with uneasiness, and, though he seemed recovered, he was still nervous and depressed. However, it was no time for retrospection; and, creeping along the side of the low wall to the deeper shadow of the church, we leaped the enclosure.

The moment I was in the ground all uncertainty passed from my mind, to be immediately succeeded by a deep sense of duty, and a firm purpose to execute it. I at once advanced to the spot marked in a visit of investigation the day before as the site of the recent grave. After having made the needful preliminary examination, and satisfied ourselves that we were correct, I let Balfour take the commencement of the work, while I removed a short distance from the grave to watch, and warn my comrade should anything occur to disturb us. It is far better to work than to watch on these occasions. The attention is absorbed in the exertion, and on that account I determined that Balfour should begin. As I stood in the drear yard, I looked about me more narrowly, to accustom my eye to the dim obscurity and to the various dark mis-shapen objects around. One decaying monument appeared like a crouching monster watching us, and it was not till I had approached to examine the object more closely that I could perfectly satisfy myself of its real nature. The evergreen trees and bushes that clustered in the opposite corner of the yard were darkly outlined against the dusky reddish light arising from the city, three miles off. As I stood listening on the watch, the ticking of the church-clock seemed to grow gradually louder in the intense silence. Presently I heard another sound, not unlike it, a soft tapping noise that I could not understand. It appeared, at times, to be very near me, and then to die away in the distance. The grating of the spade in the stony soil, which had been going on for some time, now ceased. I therefore returned to Balfour, to see what he was about, and to take my spell at the work, surrendering to him the watch. As I approached he spoke softly from the grave, in a nervous and excited way.

"Hush! do you hear nothing? do you see nothing?"

My own attention had been drawn to the peculiar sounds before mentioned—soft intermitting sounds, like little footsteps patting on the ground. Balfour came stumbling up to me.

"It is horribly dark; what are these noises, so like heavy droppings of blood? Are they the echoes of the church-clock, or are there *two* ticking clocks to the tower? I hate this infernal thing! What is it? Why did you bring me here to be thus tormented?" And he wiped the perspiration from his brow with his muddy hand.

"Pooh, pooh! it is nothing at all, Balfour," said I; "get back to the work again. I will go to the other side of the yard and see about it."

I crossed the ground in the direction of the sounds, ankle deep in the rank wet grass that ever fattens on the rich loam of the churchyard, slipping over graves and low head-stones, to the imminent danger of my shins. When I drew

near, I perceived the simple cause of our alarm: though the storm had ceased, large drops continued to fall from a spout at the top of the tower, and pattered on the flags below.

As I turned to go back, I jostled a dark figure standing close to me. In my first impulse I seized it by the throat, but was roughly shaken off by the more powerful Balfour. "Why the devil," I angrily exclaimed, "do you thus dog me so; how infernally you have startled me—do get back to your work!" We returned sulkily and in silence. I took up the shovel and began to dig. Balfour presently touched me on the shoulder.

"Wilder," he said, "you were very angry with me just now; I ought not to have followed you; forgive me,—I am not quit myself to night. "All right, Balfour, go back to your wat'rh; I quite understand." Balfour, however, did not seem disposed to quit my vicinity. I took no notice at first, but kept vigorously at the work; then in a pause I said, "My good fellow, you must return to your post, you cannot hear anything so near me, and it is quite necessary to keep a sharp look out, though all may be perfectly quiet, and every thing promise success." While I yet spoke, we were startled by a remarkable sound above our heads, apparently close to us. A low whistling in the air, very strange and even sweet, seemed to wander and play about us. "What—is—this—now?" gasped my companion; "What is it, I say?" and he seized me convulsively by the arm. I was myself astonished, and could in no way explain this new phenomenon; however, I said hastily, "Birds, night birds, chirping round us—nothing more." "Wilder," said Balfour, slowly, in a hollow and altered voice, "God sees us, and vouchsafes us a warning—this may be a dreadful sin that we are engaged in, come, let us go." I was much more alarmed at Balfour's evidently growing disturbance of mind than at the cause, and did what I could to reassure him. The sounds, as I seized the spade, suddenly ceased, and pushing him from me, in another moment I was hard at work. I had scarcely thrown out a dozen shovelful of earth, before Balfour rushed wildly up, and exclaimed, "By Heaven there is something in the churchyard—there—close to the verge of the enclosure!"

Instantly I jumped out of the grave, and with straining eyes looked in the direction he indicated. I could see nothing.

Balfour was evidently pointing to some moving object, and following it with his finger, while he muttered words which, in the agitation of the moment, I did not understand. We stood close together, our eyes directed towards the opposite boundary wall; there, the solemn bushes were waving slowly in the night air against the illumined sky, but no other moving thing could I perceive.

At the same time, a new and extraordinary sense of undefinable solicitude and anxiety, a sense of something to be feared, crept through me; and as I now felt certain that with a man in Balfour's excited state, verging upon insanity, I could hope for no assistance, but must expect every embarrassment, I determined to give up all farther attempt, and to leave the churchyard at once.

I was on the point of saying so, when my companion spoke again in broken shivering whispers. "Wilder, look yonder, do you not see it now? I see it distinctly in ghastly outline against the sky; mark how it glides along, slowly, very slowly—a terrible shadow streaked with light, where the shroud parts upon the breast. See, it stops, it beckons, it lures us to its haunt; oh, Wilder, stay not a moment, instantly let us go—not that way—not there—that is the grave, its grave—tread softly, softly, and with haste." Then in the delirious ecstasy of his terror he suddenly shouted out in a loud clear voice, most appalling in the absorbing silence of the night, "Save me, oh God, for I come into deep water. Let not the pit shut her mouth upon me: save me! save me! I go to judgment." And he made a step forward, as if to advance upon the mystic horror.

Now was my own concern infinitely increased, when I fancied that I myself could perceive through the gloom what resembled a slowly passing shadow, illumined below, and dark above the wall. The undefined sensation I had before experienced swelled into a deadly sense of sickly fear, as I followed with straining eyeballs a dim something that was stealing along the verge of the enclosure, in the direction of the dark evergreens, erect and human shaped. Had I not been infected by Balfour's abject terror (for terror is an infectious disease), it is possible that my natural audacity would have made me dash at the figure to solve the dreadful mystery; but as it was, I stood, for the moment, benumbed, terror struck, and incapable of motion. As I gazed with dilated pupils, I saw the shadow wave what seemed an arm, but whether to beckon us onward, or to warn us to desist, I could not in the dim obscurity discern.

At this moment the air became filled with the same strange, sweet, whistling sounds we had before heard—above, below, around us, everywhere. My comrade fell heavily to earth in strong convulsions, and struggled violently in the loose mould, dashing it about in a fearful manner. I endeavoured at first to hold him in these spasms to prevent him from hurting himself, but in vain; so I let him wrestle it out, while I thrust my brandy-flask between his tightly-wedged teeth, and succeeded in getting some brandy into his mouth. I thought of running for Fletcher, but I feared to leave Balfour in his present state, lest, suddenly recovering, he should go raving mad to find himself alone, and apparently deserted; besides, what would become of the horse if Fletcher were to leave the gig. I do not know how it was—for I am sure my present situation was bad enough—but I felt in my anxiety for poor Balfour, and the constant attention I was compelled to give him, a relief from a worse and more prostrating feeling, that of a terror such as I had never understood before. I tried to be calm—determined not to turn my eyes in the direction of the late visitation, and to await, as steadily as I could, the restoration of my comrade to consciousness. The convulsions now nearly ceased, returning only at intervals and in a slight degree. Still he remained insensible. I had loosened his neckerchief and

chafed his temples, sprinkling his face with spirit from my flask. After a brief period of intense anxiety, I found the pulse returning, and the breathing in a degree restored. I gently whispered to him that we were going away, and raising him upon his feet I led him with faltering steps towards the point of our entrance. In this way, with difficulty, we gained the boundary wall, and I lifted him over, holding him with one hand, and scrambling up with the other. At this moment the clock struck three, and the sounds rose faintly from the churches of the distant city. As I paused after my exertion, leaning against the wall, and still supporting my companion, the cool night breeze that bore the welcome sound of the bells upon its wings, fanned my heated brow with an ineffable sense of refreshment. My shortened breath grew deeper in the pure current of vital air, and my shaken frame became braced again. My judgment, which had never entirely deserted me, was restored to its full integrity with returning bodily strength. I felt excited, but equal to any emergency. It was clear that Balfour's mind had not yet sufficiently recovered to enable him to comprehend his situation, nor did I, by any remark, attempt to lead him to a consciousness on this point. With the same slow advance we descended from the churchyard to the road. Here I left him and ran on to Fletcher. Jumping into the gig I told him to drive instantly back to where I had left Balfour.

"What is the matter?" whispered Fletcher; "have you seen the devil, or are you pursued?"

I made no answer, but seizing the reins from him, as we approached the spot, I pulled up sharply, leaped from the gig, and found Balfour exactly where I had left him.

"Here, Fletcher, jump out and lend a hand to get him in."

Fletcher now whispered: "Oh, the immaculate Balfour drunk, I perceive."

"Be quiet, you know nothing about it; keep hold of him and remain where you are until my return; I will be with you in ten minutes."

I hastened back to the churchyard, determined to ascertain, if possible, what it really was that had upset us so completely. As I climbed the wall I glanced in the direction of our recent terror, and leaping down, walked to the grave. Here I collected the tools that were scattered about, and seizing the elevator, which made a formidable weapon, I advanced, with a beating heart, to the other side of the graveyard. As I looked doubtfully round, the various dark objects in the enclosure seemed perfectly stationary. At last I arrived at the extreme end of the yard, and leaned against the wall for a few moments, for I felt a sudden faintness, and the darkness which enveloped me seemed so profound that I lost all idea of the direction to return in.

In a few minutes my faintness passed off, but it required the utmost resolution to enable me to enter the funereal shadows of the evergreens. I did enter though, and walked round and between what I found were cypress trees. No light burst from the gloom. All was bare and silent. I returned with much more trepidation than on my

advance. I felt every moment as if about to be clasped from behind by a loathsome spectre. Exhausted, and wet with perspiration, I rejoined my comrades. Balfour remained in the same condition, and Fletcher exclaimed, "Thank God you are come! I have been dreadfully frightened with this living ghost. What is the matter with him, and what is it all about?"

I now hurriedly explained what had occurred, and told him to get home as fast as he could.

We drove rapidly back, entered once more the deserted streets, and reached the lecture-rooms in safety. I ran up the stairs to unlock the door, and, raking the embers of the nearly extinguished fire, lit a candle, and descended for Balfour. He seemed partially to comprehend that he was to leave the gig. Both assisting, we got him upstairs; and then Fletcher drove off to the stable. I now proceeded to examine more closely into Balfour's condition. He was deathly pale; his pupils, widely dilated, were insensible to the action of light; his extremities cold. I laid him on the floor, bathed his face and head with cold water, and poured more brandy down his throat, until by degrees his consciousness partially returned. I was right glad when Fletcher's springy step was heard upon the stairs. After nearly two hours of watchful care and continued endeavours, Balfour was much recovered; still there was an unpleasant, unearthly stare about his face, with a slight squint. At times he talked incoherently, alluding to some deadly sin he fancied he had committed, for which there was no hope of forgiveness. Dawn at last stole through the gloom, and dimmed our wasted, flaring candle. When the daylight was fully established, I sent Fletcher for a carriage, and putting Balfour into it, drove with him to his home. The family were not yet up, and directing the servant to get him to bed as quickly as possible, I hastened to Mr. Bromfield, our anatomical professor, and begged him to return with me as soon as possible. He attended to my request at once, and on the way I detailed to him the adventure. Mr. Bromfield listened attentively to my recital. He considered that Balfour's unusual terrors were due to his having been unwell before we started; that I had myself been infected by my comrade's fear, and that the whole thing was but the result of our disordered imaginations. I made no answer to these observations; and though I inwardly wished that the matter could be thus satisfactorily explained, I knew better. We now arrived at Balfour's house. When Mr. Bromfield had seen and examined the patient, he expressed great alarm. He said: "There is much more in this than I at first thought. I consider him in immediate danger." He remained with poor Balfour to see that the remedial measures which he had ordered were promptly carried out, and to break the matter to his friends. For my part, I returned in a sad and subdued state of mind, and felt more than half inclined never again to attempt these adventures. Fatigue and excitement had quite upset me, and truly glad I was to find myself once more in my own lodgings. I undressed and jumped into bed, but essayed in vain to sleep. Whenever I dozed off, the horrible scene with

Balfour in the dissecting room came before me, or I fancied myself in the churchyard starting at every noise. At last I could bear these half-waking horrors no longer; so I determined to get up and go to lecture, for it was just ten o'clock, the hour for its commencement.

Our professor was there when I arrived. After the demonstration was over, he signed us to remain in our places; and having alluded with great feeling to Balfour's alarming state, he went on to say:

"I know, gentlemen, the sad necessity which impels you in a stern sense of duty, to procure by your own exertions subjects for dissection, without which it is impossible that you should attain those high objects of professional ambition which a worthy student ever sets before him. Oh, who shall approach the holy tabernacle of human life framed after God's own image, and dare to invade that mystical sanctuary with ignorant and unskilful hand? Who, in the red battle field, shall dare to practise this noblest of all the arts, without a thorough understanding of the wonderful fabric he is to save, or to restore? Who, in the civil hospital, or in the sacred chamber of private life, may dare to enter, and not bear with him, in a well balanced mind, that store of practical knowledge which nothing save dissection—constant, laborious dissection—of the human body, and the unwearied study of *post mortem* appearances, can afford him? I say, if he hold not the attainment of this knowledge as the one great object of his life, let the student at once abandon his professional career, and seek elsewhere for a more congenial pursuit. Gentlemen, our studies need no excuse. I feel that all and each of you regard your comfort, your health, even your lives, as secondary to a sacred duty. In your hands, gentlemen, will by and by rest the grave responsibility of life and death,—a responsibility to be seriously yet cheerfully accepted by the well educated and practical surgeon. I, too, have a grave responsibility, not only as a surgeon, but as a teacher, and yet I must ask the students to suspend their important labours for a time. I feel it a duty, under present distressing circumstances, to require your promises not to engage for the present in any further attempt to procure subjects. The difficulties and dangers which beset the inquiring student in the prosecution of his anatomical researches are a great reproach to this enlightened age; but I entertain a confident hope that the representations of practical and scientific men may influence the Legislature, and that a better mode of supplying anatomical schools with subjects will speedily remedy the present evils we so much deplore.

"Gentlemen, the most perfect silence is necessary as to the events of last night. From the necessarily hurried manner with which the party left the churchyard, traces of their attempt may possibly draw the attention of the authorities, and lead to a public inquiry."

Mr. Bromfield having finished his address, we all pledged ourselves in the way he required, and the meeting broke up.

Returning wearily to my lodgings I was startled by a placard, signed by the churchwardens of

Hilton, which a man was in the act of posting up. It was as follows:—

FELONY.

FIFTY GUINEAS REWARD!

WHEREAS, late last night, or early this morning, some villain or villains, unknown, entered the church-yard of Hilton, and feloniously stole the body and the grave-clothes of a person therein buried, and have thus incurred the penalty of transportation: Any person giving information that may lead to the discovery of the offender, or offenders, shall receive Twenty Guineas reward upon his or their apprehension, and a further reward of Thirty Guineas upon conviction.

I do not know that the horrible witness of the night affected me more strangely than this announcement. The body gone and the grave clothes! I read and re-read the words until the very idea sickened me. The unearthly sounds we had heard, all now bore a fearful interpretation.

I turned away from the contemplation of this infernal placard, repeating unconsciously, "the body and the grave-clothes—the body and the grave-clothes!" Suddenly I started at full speed to Balfour's. Judge of my alarm and distress when I found the street-door wide open, and the household in great confusion. Mr. Bromfield and Fletcher, with several neighbouring practitioners in the sick-room, drawn thither by strange reports of Balfour's extraordinary state. As I entered the apartment, Balfour, a dying man, rose upright in his bed, and with the same ghastly expression he wore in the dissecting-room, pointed at me with outstretched arms, and exclaimed, in a voice that haunted my dreams for months afterwards:

"See, it comes again! The grave is opened! I am in the Valley of the Shadow of Death—it grows darker and darker—I—go——"

He gradually stiffened in this fearful attitude, and in a few minutes was a corpse. So ends my noctuary of terror. H.

THE AGREEABLE MONK.

My Agreeable Monk is no mediæval monastic, with serge gown and knotted cord; and the nearest approach that he ever makes to such a costume is when he takes his ease in his rich figured dressing-gown tied about with a bell-pull. And yet, in his aptitude for hilarity and good living, is he like to those monks of old, who sang, and laughed, and the rich wine quaffed, and lived on the daintiest fare. But my Agreeable Monk has not yet reached his mediæval age, not having been born until this present century had quite run out of its teens; and though, like the gentlemen just alluded to, he very frequently laughs ha! ha! with a heartiness that is infectious, yet I may venture to say, that he so far comes short of his models in that he has never quaffed ha! ha! the recipe for that peculiar beverage having been lost in the mediæval mists.

My Agreeable Monk, too, has no circular spot shaven upon the top of his crown, a veritable crown-piece gleaming like silver from its dark boundary of hair; neither has he smoothly-shaven jesuitical cheeks, such as we meet with on the

countenances of theatrical gentlemen, Popish priests, and other actors, where the blueness of the mown surface interposes with marked effect between the red and white of cheek and choker. On the contrary, my Agreeable Monk can boast a capillary development of hyacinthine locks, and whiskers that are only tamed down from a militant air, by being trimmed and curled to the meekness of the lady-killer. No recluse, or ascetic is he, but a "muscular Christian;" still able, if need be, to use his fists in self-defence; still vigorous to pull an oar; still ready to ride across country whenever he can frame an excuse for "a short cut;" and with his lungs still in a highly healthy condition to bear their part in secular glees or to chant the service in Cathedral. For, in a Minor degree, he is one of its dignitaries; and, within its timeworn precincts, possesses a snug monastic retreat, admirably adapted to modern tastes and ideas.

It lies hard by the sacred building. The giant shadow of the great central tower steals over it in the summer's sunset; and the prebendal rooks and jackdaws take it under their protection as an important portion of ecclesiastical property. We go round by the Lady Chapel, by a broad walk between level plots of turf, and passing under a low, dark, groined archway, find ourselves in cool grey cloisters, enclosing a square green lawn bright with flower-knots, on which we gaze through the unglazed windows. Pleasant is it on a July day to struggle out of the glaring sunshine into the refreshing retreat of these cool cloisters,—to pace their paved walks on their northern and western sides, and watch the golden light glowing on the other sides of the square, bringing out into all the sharpness of shine and shade the bright flower-knots, the creeping masses of ivy, the mulioned windows, and buttresses, and battlements, and warming up the queer old Gargoyles into fresh leers and laughter.

Along a shady side, and then we step into patches of sunlight; and, after passing some half-dozen doors (but no windows), we come to a portal whose formidable look of united oak and iron is considerably enlivened by a door-plate and letter-box in the newest style of mediæval enrichment. Fascinated by the gay colours, we peruse the rubric legends, and, trout-like, swallow the bait. A tug, and we are hauled within, and in a trice are landed in the domains of our Agreeable Monk.

An oak-pannelled hall, matted under foot. On one wall the Oxford Almanack, mediævally framed; on the other side, over a Gothic oak hall-table, a framed and emblazoned list of anthems and cathedral-services for the week. Hard by, over-coats, boating-hats, chimney-pot-hats, and college-caps; then surplices and hoods, pendant from the wall, where at night, as I walk by them, they look like the ghosts of murdered minor-canons. And (Nota Bene!) not far from them, a cupboard lurking beneath the stairs; and, within it, a goodly store of pipes and tobacco. Down the hall, and to the further end of a passage, and we pass through a door.

A tolerably large and lofty room, of collegiate character, luxurious, and comfortable. The doors

are of panelled oak, with ecclesiastical handles and hinges; there are two tall mullioned windows, filled with sheets of plate-glass; and there is an enormous fire-place, with steel dogs, and shining encaustic tiles, and a black oak chimney-piece nearly touching the ceiling, rich in carved work, relieved with gilding, and gay with a double row of emblazoned coats-of-arms. The walls are papered with a light sea-green, diapered with dark green fleur-de-lys; the window-curtains are now a thin white muslin, but in colder weather marone, with a broad gold border of a Greek pattern; the carpet a soft Turkey, on which the footfalls die a Desdemona death. Thickly hung upon the walls are proof-prints from world-famed

pictures by Raffaele and Ary Scheffer, interspersed with large photographs of English and Continental Cathedrals, and with a few masterly water-colours. They are hung in frames of oak, and velvet, and carved oak; and, as they all have wide white margins, they show out with telling effect from the sea-green walls. The book cases are of light polished woods, carved in places with open work, behind which dark green cloth has been introduced; green leather, stamped with a gold pattern, is hung from the shelves, which are laden with richly-bound books, resplendent with gold and magnificent with morocco. In one corner a stand for portfolios and prints; opposite to it a Collard's semi-grand, on which the Agreeable



Monk will by-and-by discourse most excellent music. Dotted about everywhere are various species of the *genus* chair—Glastonbury chairs, lounging chairs, easy chairs that do not belie their name, and stiff-backed chairs, for ornament (it is to be presumed) and not for penance. Then, there are two or three tables, where are newspapers, and some of the latest periodicals and reviews, and a miscellaneous oddment of the current sacred and profane literature, stacked for convenience of reference (with a Peccage, and a Clergyman's Almanac, and a Gardening Calendar, and a Book of Anthems, and a Clergy List, and Army List, and Navy List, and other handy books) in oak book-stands with carved ends of shields and fleur-de-lys. And, in a well-lighted

corner, is a writing-table,—so well appointed that it is a pleasure to sit down to it, and scribble off a whole week's arrears of correspondence. From the cushioned recesses of the two windows, we can look out on the flower-pots of a trimly-kept garden, shaded by venerable limes and cedars. Those sweet blossomy limes are a very store-house of enjoyment for the Agreeable Monk's bees, who are grandly lodged in yonder ecclesiastical summer-house, the Gothic carvings of which were constructed "out of his own head," as was once observed by a jecose prebendary, adopting the witty saying of another jecose prebendary, in order to make mild fun out of the Agreeable Monk's amateur carpenterings. And there, against the south wall of the garden, with the Cathedral

towers o'ertopping the elms for a background to the view, there is a conservatory filled with floral beauties, to whom the Agreeable Monk makes himself as benevolently amiable as though he were the Lady of the Sensitive Plant.

What a charming snuggery it is, lacking nothing but a wife to make it perfect; though, if the hundred tongues of Rumour speak the truth (and, for a wonder, they are unanimous on this point), an Eve is soon to appear in this Paradise, and the Monk will have to break his celibate vow. There is room for *her* at any rate; for are there not two sitting-rooms downstairs, and two bedrooms with dressing-rooms upstairs? so let her come, and welcome; and as for the future, (as Horace says) don't ask what fate is going to bestow upon you. At present, the Agreeable Monk's nursery is in his garden.

As for domestic arrangements,—besides a boy in buttons, of preternatural sharpness, who is his own peculiar slavey,—there are male and female servants to obey his wants, in common with those of his five other companions who may happen to be "in residence." Their homes all lie in these cloistered courts, and they form a corporation of their own, as the aforesaid jocose prebendary observed, when he directed attention to the increasing rotundity in the form of one of the reverend gentlemen; and they have their own lands and properties, and are mighty big folk accordingly.

My Agreeable Monk—in anticipation, I suppose, of the coming change in his condition,—has thought fit to convert a room, on the opposite side of the cloistered quad, into a kitchen, that is as unlike to an ordinary kitchen as the Agreeable Monk is to an anchorite of old. For, besides its mullioned windows and carved stone fire-place, its walls are curiously ornamented like a parquettèd floor, while the floor itself is laid with encaustic tiles. Not that there is any urgent need for this glorified kitchen; for is there not the great kitchen common to the six cloistered monks, from whence, at the word of command, as with the waving of a magic wand, all the wonders of cookery will arise. But my Agreeable Monk likes to do things on the grand seigneur scale; and, I daresay, when dinner-time comes, instead of letting us enjoy our *tête-à-tête* in that snug dining-room of his (whose only offensive decoration is that too-popular print of the Three Impossible Choristers—their appearance here to be excused on the ground of association and sublimation of ideas), he will haul me up to the other end of the cloisters, up the grand staircase, and into the great dining-hall (in which, to quote the jocose prebendary, he and his corporation have a vested interest), where I shall not be surprised to find covers laid for a score. Nor shall I wonder if, later in the evening, we adjourn to the music-room, where, arrayed in awful state in the orchestra, he and his *confères* will fiddle me either into Elysium or into the land of Nod.

How, as I lounge in a luxurious chair in that light, and pleasant, and thoroughly liveable room of his—how I marvel at the Agreeable Monk, as he roves from sweet to sweet of his charming home,—now mounting his music-stool to play

ponderous Gregorians, or heathenish waltzes,—now exhibiting, with a collector's *gusto*, a rare black-letter, or choice Caxton,—now darting into his garden to remove a snail from the Duchess of Sutherland, or some withered leaves from the Souvenir de Malmaison,—now taking me up-stairs to his workshop, amid the big beams of the high-pitched roof, where he has a lathe and all other carpenter's tools, and where he saws me out a shield, and turns me a tobacco-stopper, while I note the Rembrandt effect of the sunbeams streaming through the narrow mullions of the dormer windows, and barely lighting the odd lumber of the quaint room.

By-and-by I am carried off to the coach-houses and stables, where an episcopal-looking cob whinnies a How-d'ye-do, and a Dandie Dimmont rushes at us with frantic caresses. Then, Dandie Dimmont leading the way, we pass on to the fruit and kitchen-garden, sloping down to the river's edge, where the centre walk terminates in a flight of steps descending to the water. Moored close beside the steps is what is called by the poets "a light shallop," but by mortals a pleasure boat, into which Dandie jumps and we step; and, presently, cool and comfortable in his shirt-sleeves, the Agreeable Monk is pulling me up the stream, —I steering, and Dandie keeping a sharp look-out a-head. So, up the river for a mile or so, and then turn, dropping quietly down with the stream,—the rich meadows on either hand, with cattle, and clumps of trees,—and before us the quaint old city, with its bridges and cathedral towers. And while we gaze, the bells begin to softly chime for afternoon prayer; and so, we moor the boat, and stable Dandie.

Ere the last vibrations of the chimes have quivered upon the ripples of the air, the surplice of the Agreeable Monk has fluttered through the private cloister that connects his own quad with the southern transept of the cathedral, and he is in his own proper stall, and I not far distant. Then I hear once more that grand Service, that, daily for centuries, has led the worship of God in one long song of most triumphant praise. Then we return through the private cloister, and linger in its cool precincts to note its old oak roof, whose beams are so curiously carved with birds, and beasts, and fishes, and Noah going into the ark, and Joseph's dream of the sheaves, and the spies bearing the fruit of the Promised Land. The next morning I hear the cathedral service again, but from a novel quarter—the room over the north transept.

It is a large and lofty room; so large, that it covers the whole of the spacious transept; so lofty, that its groined roof is high enough for a church. It has but two windows at its north end; it is true that they are very large windows, but their glass quarries are encrusted with a century's accumulation of dirt and cobwebs; and, therefore the light that struggles through them is certainly dim, and may possibly be religious also.

Scattered around the room, are cases and chests, clamped and bound with iron, and profusely padlocked: they are outwardly covered with dust, and inwardly crammed with ancient deeds and

registers, and nobody knows what. Standing about on the dark oak floor—tall, attenuated, and gaunt, the very ghosts of woe-begone bookcases—are numerous old presses, containing more numerous, and still older, books. The presses are very shabby in their outward seeming; the books still more so. Yet, as in life, those squalid, shabby-looking cases have bright and good contents, that can make sunshine in many a dark spot, and cheer many a sad hour. These gaunt and shabby presses are so many armouries for books; for every book within them has its sides protected by plates of metal—breastplates that have guarded them from the onslaught of damp, and have warded off many a piercing thrust from grub and worm. They are also a very Tyburn for books; for every book is hung in chains, like culprit volumes that have been gibbeted for their evil deeds; and it is far from impossible but what they may, in their time, have murdered many a fact and reputation. These chains are long and rusty, and are made to slide upon iron rods that run the whole length of the presses, and are then fastened with a padlock; and at the end of each press is a book-desk.

Even now, as I gaze upon my friend's Library, I can fancy that I see the old monks taking down their Chrysostom, or Cyprian, or the "Canones Apostolici," or the "Liber Sacerdotalis," or the "Corpus Juris Canonici," or the "Codex Canonum Ecclesie Universe," or the "Hesyehii Lexicon Græcè," or the "Summa Summæ" of Thomas Aquinas, or any other book of reference, or history, or devotional exercise, and laying it upon the book-shelf within length of the chain, the while they turned to some passages, and perhaps made a mark for future reference, by picking up one of the reeds from the rush-strewn floor and placing it between the leaves: and lo, to make my fancy more life-like, as I turn over the leaves of the chained books, I come upon many of these monkish markers—dry reeds that, as I touch them, crumble into the dust, to which they who placed them there have long since turned. And I can fancy those old monks, wishful to read further in their own cloistered cell, their "Polycarpi Epistola," or "Bede Opera," or "Bibliotheca Patrum," and applying for a loan of the volume to the Librarian, who would slide the chain to the end of the bar, unlock the padlock, lift up the bar, slip the chain from off it, and deliver over the book to the applicant.

I can fancy all this. In my imagination, I can see those monks of old thus reading, and thus taking down, those gibbeted books. But the Agreeable Monks I see doing it in reality: and, while I look over some rare manuscripts, and marvel at the wonderful labour bestowed upon them, with their brilliant illuminations as clear and vivid as though painted yesterday, and their grotesque biblical illustrations (yet withal so valuable to the archeologist and artist), in which King Pharaoh, in an embroidered surcoat and Milan suit of armour of the time of Richard the Second, is pursuing Israelites, who wear tabards, with hats, and scrips, and staves, like Chaucer's poor ploughman—and who are embossed and touched up with gold, in a manner we wot not of,

—while I look at these glorified manuscripts, and speculate against the probabilities of the amateur artists, their authors, producing more than one such work in an average lifetime, the Agreeable Monk, my friend, takes off his coat, and pursues his beloved (and gratuitous) work of arranging, and preserving, and collating, and mending, and patching, and binding, and, in short, rescuing from general oblivion and destruction these marvellous volumes which were once so deservedly prized, and have for so many years been wantonly neglected. Already has he discovered more than one volume that is supposed to be unique; and has brought to light others that the British Museum would willingly purchase for a very large sum.

As we pursue our respective occupations—he, blowing clouds of dust, and rusting his hands, and rattling his chains, like a very Bibliomane as he is,—I, poring over a very fleshy Moses being taken out of very verdant bulrushes by a doll-faced lady attired in the horned head-dress of Henry the Fifth,—while we are thus buried in meditation and clouds of dust, the cathedral service is going on down below, and the waves of sound float into our dim old chamber, and waft our thoughts to the haven where they would be.

And thus, amid these sights and sounds, I sit, and gaze, and listen, and dream,—dreams that are only interrupted by the rattling of the old rusty chains, when my companion bestows his duteous care on another gibbeted volume. May that, his labour of love, be his least worthy monument!

But whenever I see his name in print, and, affixed thereto, those mystic letters that signify his University rank, I take those two simple letters, A.M., to stand not for plain "Master of Arts," but for "Agreeable Monk."

CUTHBERT BEDE.

ELFIE MEADOWS.

A sunny day in leafy June, white clouds are floating high,
Leisurely through the blue expanse, and bees hum drowsily;
In shady nooks the cattle herd, and ruminating doze,
While onward, with a rippling song, the glancing river flows.
With fairy steps a maiden stroll'd along the rusby bank,
Her light foot hardly seem'd to crush the daisies where it sank.
The dragon-dies unheeding brush her soft curls as they pass;
The wary lizard boldly peeps from 'neath his tuft of grass.
Beneath her hat of plaited straw her eyes shine soft and blue,
Her tender, quivering mouth tells tales of feeling deep and true:
O Elfie Meadows!—scarce eighteen—how many a heart has beat
To kiss the flow'ret in your hand, the daisies 'neath your feet!

Yet scorn can dwell in those sweet eyes, cold words
those lips can speak ;
For many, though you're scarce eighteen, to gain your
love would seek.
You wave them off with calm disdain. Have you no
heart to give ?
Or is it in yourself alone, and for yourself, you live ?

Not so, sweet Elfie : next your heart a tiny pledge you
wear,—
Within a case of purest gold a lock of raven hair ;
And ever and anon you take, and to your lips you
press,
This token of unflinching love to cheer your loneliness.

"And if," I ask, "long years should pass, and he
should not return,
This tribute of a fleeting love you scornfully would spurn ?"
"Never," she says, with flashing eyes ; "time matters
not to love ;
And ours is true,—it springs below, but rears its fruit
above."

"Ah, Elfie, but you little know how absence can
estrangle,—
How fondest hearts at last find out 'tis possible to change."
She stamp'd her little foot at me. "I tell you 'tis not so
With love that bears its flowers aloft, and has its roots
below."



"Others have said the same," quoth I, "who loved as
well as you,
Yet ten or twenty years have served to prove their love
untrue."

Her small white hands she tightly clasp'd, and said,
with face a-glow,

"Their love no fruit could bear on high—it had no
root below."

"And yours, my Elfie," murmured I, "how can you
test its truth,—

It may be that maturer years will scorn the love of
youth ?"

"Nay, try me not too hard," she said, "I only know
I love,
And love that has such root below is perfected above."

We two sat on a mossy bank, her soft eyes look'd
before

Into the river's crystal depths ; fain would I test her
more ;

But one she little wist was near, had secretly o'erheard
Words that his inmost heart had touch'd, his deepest
pulses stir'd.

"And what," he ask'd, in quivering tones, "if some
friend true and tried

Had told you that your faithless Guy had found another
bride ?"

Around his neck she wildly flung her arms with joyous
glee :

"Ah, never, Guy, would I believe you could be false
to me !"

LAST WEEK.

THE BARREN SESSION.

THE Session of 1860 is at an end. Our legislators have not much in the shape of definite results to show for the labour of seven months. In publications more especially devoted to the discussion of political events, the Session which has just been brought to a close has been already stigmatised as the Barren Session. Towards its close prayers might well have been put up in our churches for laws, as they have been offered for rain. For months and months nothing was heard of but fruitless discussions upon a Reform Bill, concerning which not even John Bright was in earnest.

Some thirty years ago, or thereabouts, Lord John Russell carried a Reform Bill when the alternative was a revolution, and therefore he thought it his duty to carry a Reform Bill in 1860, when the alternative was to let it alone. Fifteen years ago the late Sir Robert Peel carried the Repeal of the Corn Laws, and a general change in our commercial system from Protection to Free Trade; therefore, in 1860, Mr. Gladstone endeavoured to burn up the last rags of Protection, and to make a complete end of the task which the great English statesmen had taken in hand in the years 1845-46. Again, more than thirty years ago, Catholic Emancipation became an acknowledged fact; in other words, the nation solemnly decided that religious opinions should not, in any way, affect the political status of British subjects. From that time, down to the present, there have been spasmodic attempts made in Parliament to emancipate the Jews from the miserable restrictions which savoured of the Ghetto, and the yellow gown of the middle ages. Of these, too, there is an end; but it is only in the Session which is now concluded that the oath administered to a Jewish member has been placed upon a footing which relieves him of all humiliation when he takes the seat to which he has been elected by the free choice of a British constituency. Here, then, are three great principles which were not acknowledged in our statute-book without three solemn struggles which shook the structure of English society to its very foundation. They were carried in fitting order: First, there was Religious Freedom; secondly, there was Political Freedom; thirdly, there was Commercial Freedom. In the days when these great matters were at issue—matters which stirred men's hearts and made their blood leap madly in their veins—naturally there was great turmoil and contention within and without the walls of Parliament. In those days a political Dilettante was out of place. You would as soon have expected to find a loungee of the St. James Street clubs in the ranks of Cromwell's Ironsides. Fathers turned aside from their sons if they "went wrong,"—that is, if they fell off from the political traditions of their family, whatever these might be. The Whigs and Tories carried on their party-strife with an inveteracy which was greater than the hatred of private life. They ranted against each other on the hustings—they dined against each other at Pitt and Fox dinners. Country-gentlemen, in order to carry country-

seats, ruined themselves, or at least, saddled their magnificent estates with burdens from which they would never have been relieved but for the improved value communicated to their estates by the introduction of steam. Railroads have been the panacea for the political unthrift of the last century. Old George Stephenson, and that brave band of mute Paladins, who clambered behind him from the darkness of the north country mines, to the light of day, have been the true saviours of the Squirearchy and territorial aristocracy of England. The party contests, which had been for awhile suspended, by the imminent dangers of the war between Europe and the first French Empire, were renewed with increased bitterness in 1816. Between that date and 1846 we saw the fullest development and the extinction of party strife. Whigs and Tories carried on the war as though they were born to be each other's natural antagonists. A Radical was a mad dog to be hunted down by the Attorney-General and his law hounds, amid the general applause. In those days the late Earl Grey was a probability; Lord Eldon a possibility; William Cobbett a necessity. We could not, if we would, handle again either the rapiers or the bludgeons with which our elders ran each other through the body in a gentlemanlike way, or break each other's heads in a rude but thoroughly efficient manner. Now-a-days we should think of Earl Grey as Polonius; of Lord Eldon as an intelligent Druid; of William Cobbett as a "rough." There is a great gulf between the England of 1815 and 1860. There are no longer struggles for the three great principles of Religious Freedom, Political Freedom, Commercial Freedom. Our heads are upon the pillows which our fathers have made smooth, and it is only in dreams we can take part in the gigantic struggles of opinion in which they were engaged. When we meddle with such matters we are but feeding upon the scraps which have fallen from their table. We are crossing their *ts*, and dotting their *ts*. We are wearing their old coats, and writing postscripts to their letters. We are painting their lilies and gilding their gold.

Does this therefore mean that we have no struggle before us?—and that because our fathers toiled we can fold our hands in sleep, and give ourselves up to disgraceful lethargy? Not so. We have our appointed task as they had theirs; but our task is different in kind. Let us, however, see what it is, and not, because we mistake the Past for the Present, say that there is nothing left for us to do. We might as well whine over Stonehenge, as lament over the decay of parliamentary strife and the decline of party spirit. What if the life and brain of England have passed from Parliament into the nation, is that any great loss? Our elders fought for thirty years that this very result might come to pass. Of course we shall not henceforward have as many glabatorial displays within the walls of the two Houses, but we shall have more magnificent achievements performed by the nation collectively—and by the individuals of whom it is composed. Here we have a nation of 30,000,000 of energetic people—leaving India and the colonies out of the question

—who can say what they like, write what they like, and do what they like, so they do not infringe a few very simple laws enacted for the common benefit of all. The old English blood has not stagnated in our veins. The population of the country is rapidly increasing despite of the enormous drain of emigration—nor has the race degenerated in any respect. Most of the suits of armour in the Tower would be found too small for the stout limbs of the young Cumberland recruits who join the ranks of our Household troops. The duration of life has increased. It is a mistake to suppose that the increase of luxury has sapped the vigour of the English people. We have still a practical monopoly of the coal and iron of the world, and increased skill in using them. Better still, we have absolute freedom of action and thought. It is, then, natural enough, and scarcely a conclusion to be regretted, that the thoughts of Englishmen are more intent upon private enterprise than upon the “struggles,” as they are called, of political life—where struggles there are none. Let Parliament go wrong—that is, oppose on any vital point the desires of the nation, and there would be little doubt as to the result which would instantly follow. Let us not, then, blame our legislators too much if from this Session of 1860 we have not reaped an ample crop of laws. The tendency of Parliament is to become every year more and more a mirror in which the forms of public opinion are represented.

To say this is not to say that the British Parliament has degenerated, but that the nation has increased in intelligence and power. The British statesman has still a noble task before him in the conduct of our relations with foreign powers. It is still his province to carry into effect such changes in our laws as may be rendered necessary by the altered circumstances of the times. His place is still in the vanguard of the nation. The position is still one of such honourable distinction that it must be coveted by all men who are endowed with aptitudes for public life. Occasion arising, no doubt men will be found in abundance equal to the necessities of the time. So it is with Parliament generally. Why should we sneer at this poor session of 1860? Have not the two Houses very fairly represented the political ideas of the nation during the current year? Some of us were for trying a Reform Bill. The majority of the nation were indifferent to the subject. These two views, and in due proportion, were adopted by Parliament. We have all run mad—judiciously enough—about volunteering. Parliament has patted the volunteers on the back very handsomely. We all felt that the question of our military arrangements in India, should be placed upon some stable and permanent footing. Parliament has settled the matter in the way which had upon its side the weight of superior authority. We all of us are casting anxious glances at the continent of Europe, and feel, that, come what may, England must be put in a state of security. Parliament has voted the money necessary for the defence of our great arsenals; and in other respects has gone quite as far as the bulk of the nation were disposed to go. Upon the conclusion of the treaty with France, the

opinions of men were divided; but, as far as may be gathered from the tone of our public writers, opinion seems to be gravitating towards the conclusion that, although not strictly correct on economic principles, on the whole it was worth our while to assist the French Emperor in his praiseworthy endeavours to vaccinate the French nation with a little matter drawn from the healthy arm of Richard Cobden. This matter also was discussed at great length, and finally settled in a manner of which the nation approves. To be sure we should have been glad if Sir Richard Bethell had carried his Bankruptcy Bill, and his proposals for the consolidation of the criminal law; but these may be looked for early next session. Even with regard to the first named of these measures, how justly the Commons intervened, and checked the great lawyer in one or two injudicious provisions which he had introduced into his bill! If these bills, and a few like them, which were not calculated to call forth any serious division of opinion, had been carried through, we should not have had any serious reason to quarrel with this barren session of 1860.

There has, no doubt, been a great deal of idle talk, but it will probably remain a difficulty until the world's end to collect together 650 men and give them well-nigh unlimited freedom of speech without danger of this evil. On the whole, honourable gentlemen have talked a certain amount of nonsense, but have acted much good sense in the session of 1860.

HE COMES.

The cry at Naples whilst these lines are being committed to paper is still of the proximate arrival of Garibaldi, at the head of the revolution. Before they are published there will probably be an end of the dynasty of the Neapolitan Bourbons. Every one is falling off from the king. He has no longer even the lazzaroni of the Neapolitan quays, or any considerable body of foreign mercenaries on whom he may rely in the hour of his need. Empire has literally passed from the hands of Francis II. He is now but titular sovereign of the Two Sicilies, as he claims to be titular sovereign of Jerusalem. Domestic conspiracy has been added to the miseries and misfortunes of the last days of the Bourbons in Naples. The Prince Luigi, than whom a man more contemptible could be found with difficulty, even upon the bead-roll of emasculated Italian princes, would have succeeded to his inheritance before he was dead. Francis II. overcame that difficulty, but he cannot overcome the greater difficulty of Italy in arms and Garibaldi at its head. Had the race of these Neapolitan Bourbons been one whit less treacherous and blood-thirsty, one might look with something like compassion upon the last fruitless struggle in which he is engaged, even whilst we write. An army is there which wears his uniform, and will do everything but fight for him. A fleet is still under his flag, but is just waiting for the moment to haul it down. He is inhabiting his palace still, but the Austrian frigate in the offing is his only home. He makes promises which no one believes, and receives in return lip-homage which is only a mockery. But for the tyranny of the first few months or weeks of his rule, and were it not that

the yet unburied corpses, and blackened walls of Palermo testify against him, his fate might awake some little sympathy in the hearts even of those who had suffered from the cruelty and bigotry of his father. What a destiny it was to be born the summer king of that lovely land, where the blue waters of the Mediterranean wash the rocks upon which the orange trees grow; where the air is so delicate and light that one draws in contentment and happiness with every breath. So very easily ruled are the people in this southern paradise, that it was not necessary to be a great, nor a wise, nor a good king; but simply to abstain from the most violent forms of tyranny and wickedness. From the days when old Tiberius fixed his last abiding-place on the summit of Capri, till those when Ferdinand II. filled his dungeons in Ischia and Procida with state prisoners, the Southern Italians have been well broken in to masterful rule. They would not have been shocked at trifles. By religion, by temperament, and by tradition they were accustomed to acquiesce in the guidance of a strong hand, and were not ready to challenge any exercise of power so it did not drive them to desperation. The Neapolitan Bourbons, however, have fired out the patience of this people, and it needs but the presence of the deliverer to drive the young sovereign from that splendid throne, which he might have held throughout a long life, had he simply abstained from walking in the steps of his father.

The march of Garibaldi from Reggio to Naples, will probably be as the march of our own William from Torbay, or the march of Napoleon from Cannes. When the Neapolitan "difficulty" is disposed of, we shall probably hear that the Pope, in his temporal capacity, is melting away like a snow-figure in the sun-shine—afterwards, what? Let us trust that the Italians will retain moderation in the midst of their triumphs, and not be too ready to invoke a contest with a coalition, which now seems to number in its ranks the united Powers of Germany and Russia. Providence is too apt to be on the side of the best drilled grenadiers. The condition of Italy since 1815 is a convincing proof of this lamentable fact.

THE NATIONAL MUSEUMS.

WHAT a pity it is that all our National collections of pictures, of statues, of antiquities, of objects of Natural History, should be shorn of half their value from the meanness of the various buildings in which they are exhibited to public view, and from the confused manner in which they are huddled together. We have, in London, but one room which is really worthy of the purpose to which it is devoted, and that is the new Reading-room of the British Museum. This, indeed, is a magnificent apartment—a credit to the country, and a great boon to all men engaged in literary pursuits. It was well-nigh impossible to work out any literary task in the room formerly set aside at the British Museum for the use of students. The Museum head-ache had become a by-word. How was it possible to extract, from the over-tasked brain, the due execution of the daily task, when the atmosphere in which the labour was performed was little better than a foul and unwhole-

some stench? This blot, however, has been removed, and Englishmen may now peep, with honest pride, to the home which has been prepared for their students. Almost equal praise must be given to the manner in which the book department of the Museum generally is conducted, and to the careful and intelligent management of Mr. Panizzi. There is not a more useful public servant to be found.

Here, however, there must be an end of praise. In the Museum we have the finest collection of Greek sculpture in the world,—but in how paltry a manner it is displayed. The continental traveller—and everybody is a continental traveller in these days—thinks with shame upon the difference between the arrangements which he finds at Rome, Florence, Paris, and elsewhere, and those which are deemed good enough in London for the exhibition of the noblest works of antiquity. No doubt, in magnitude and in numbers, the Roman collections are superior to our own; but even at Rome, there is nothing which we would receive in exchange for our own Elgin marbles. In the Vatican they would be crushed in a magnificent temple, worthy of such precious relics of the genius of by-gone days. The sculpture-room at the Louvre may well put us to shame, although the Parisian collection is not to be mentioned by the side of our own English treasures in marble. Even the little collection at Munich is shown to such advantage that it is doubled in value. Passing from the works of the ancients to those of modern artists, is it not wonderful that English sculptors can be induced, year after year, to exhibit their works in that dismal little hole at the Academy, which is thought good enough for the reception of the fruits of their annual toil? The portrait-busts, in particular, are so arranged that they would be almost ridiculous if light enough were admitted into the apartment to permit of a judgment upon the general effect.

It is the same with regard to our pictures. Let us be frank—the National Gallery is a national disgrace. Of course, as far as the number of pictures is concerned, we cannot yet boast of being upon an equality with some of the continental nations, but we possess many pictures by the hands of the old masters which are of the very highest merit. Our national collection is small, but in the main it is good. There is not in it, even comparatively speaking, anything like the same amount of inferior pictures as may be seen, for example, in the great gallery of the Louvre. The rooms, however, in which the English pictures are hung are, in every way, contemptible, and unworthy of the purpose to which they have been assigned. If a suitable frame serves to bring out the beauties of a picture, so also does a suitable room serve to bring out the full beauties of the pictures when framed. Light is, of course, a vital question. Even the light at the National Gallery is admitted in an insufficient way. It is easy enough for Londoners to appreciate the difference which good hanging and good light may make in the apparent value of pictures. Not so long since, the magnificent collection of his own works, bequeathed by Mr. Turner to the nation, was exhibited in the dull,

dingy rooms of Marlborough House. Every one was surprised at the little effect which they produced. They were then moved up to Brompton, and although the rooms in which they are now hung are but part of a temporary building, we can there see, for the first time, what the works of Turner really are. Our modern oil-painters are equally cramped for space in the rooms devoted to the annual exhibition of the Royal Academy. The old and the modern painters cannot live under the same roof any longer, unless that roof covers a very different building from the National Gallery at Charing Cross. Some time back we heard of a proposition for converting Burlington House, and the surrounding space, into a series of galleries for the use of modern artists, as painters in oil, painters in water-colours, sculptors, &c. In that case the idea was to give up the National Gallery at Charing Cross exclusively to the collection of ancient masters. It was not intended at first to pull down the building, and erect a new one which should be worthy of the purpose and of the nation; although, if the great gallery of the nation is to remain in that spot, nothing will be done until that is done. For the present everything is at a dead-lock, and the explanation is this. The Court are anxious that the collection of ancient masters should be moved up to Brompton. This proposition was distasteful to the public, and when it came to be inquired into by commissioners appointed by the Crown for the purpose, the opinion of the majority of the commissioners so appointed was in favour of leaving the great National Collection at Charing Cross. To have acted upon the Burlington House idea would have clenched this suggestion—and that is not a thing which will be done. The partisans of the Brompton scheme are biding their time patiently, and moving up by dribbles, and without attracting public attention, as many pictures as they may. Meanwhile, and on account of this difference of opinion, nothing decisive will be carried out, or even attempted for some time to come,—and we must content ourselves with our miserable picture galleries with the best grace we may.

Looking back from these to the collections of natural history and of antiquities at the British Museum, we find the same lethargy prevailing. The time has come when we must make up our minds either to sever the collections, or to increase the building in Great Russell Street to an enormous degree; or, finally, to acquiesce in the practical inutility of the various collections. We had rather not adopt the third alternative; the second seems out of the question on the score of expense, as the price of land in the immediate neighbourhood of the Museum is so enormous;—the third remains.

During the session of parliament just concluded, a select committee sat to inquire into the subject, but they have not done much. The pith and marrow of their suggestions just amount to this, that the matter should be left as heretofore in the hands of the trustees. But it is in the hands of the trustees that matters have come to their present pass. Therefore, the decision to leave the affair, as heretofore, in the hands of the

trustees amounts to an adoption of the third alternative. Mr. A. H. Layard addressed a letter last week upon this subject to the "Times," in which he describes the miserable condition in which he found the Assyrian collection, as well as the relics of Greek art lately brought from Halicarnassus. The students of natural history also complain, on their side, that the collections from which they are anxious to derive information are in such a confused state, owing to the defective nature of the accommodation, that their value is much depreciated, as far as the student is concerned. The natural remedy would appear to be a severance of the collections. It was proposed before the committee that the collections of natural history should be separated from those of antiquity and art; but this proposition, which seems reasonable enough, was summarily rejected.

Undoubtedly it would be a grand thing if at South Kensington, or on any other suitable site, there could be erected one or two great buildings which should contain the national collections of painting and sculpture. One would wish for a more central situation, certainly; but London is extending itself so rapidly in all directions that it is not a little difficult to say where the centre of the town will shortly be. Besides, if the scheme of metropolitan railroads be carried out, as intended, South Kensington will shortly be but a quarter of an hour from anywhere.

The question obviously seems at present to lie between that site and Burlington House. If either of the two collections is to be removed from the British Museum, it seems a pity not to select that one for removal which would best serve to complete the national collection of sculpture. An English Glyptothek would never be complete without the Elgin marbles, and the various treasures of Greek art which are now to be seen in the British Museum. On the other hand, the more central situation at Charing Cross would seem to be more required in the case of the Royal Academy and the Exhibition of Modern Masters.

If all the rooms in the unsightly building at Charing Cross were devoted to the annual exhibition of the works of modern artists, and to the purposes generally of the Royal Academy, at least the pictures could be seen to some advantage. The building itself would of course remain a deformity and a blotch upon one of the finest sites in London. It will be pulled down in time by ourselves, or our posterity, and the sooner it is done the better. Meanwhile we commend this subject to the attention of the readers of ONCE A WEEK. What the British nation can do in this particular, when it fairly takes the duty of execution upon itself, and throws overboard trustees, curators, and heaven-born guardians of art, was seen in the Manchester Exhibition of 1857. England ought to stand high in this respect amongst the nations of Europe. We actually possess in the country, and in the hands of private individuals, as well as in our public collections, many of the most valuable art-treasures of the world; but the public collections will never attain their due importance until suitable galleries are prepared for their reception.

EVAN HARRINGTON; OR, HE WOULD BE A GENTLEMAN.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.



CHAPTER XLII. REVEALS AN ABOMINABLE PLOT OF THE BROTHERS COGGLESBY.

A LIVELY April day, with strong gusts from the south-west, and long sweeping clouds, saluted the morning coach from London to Lymport. Thither Tailorom triumphant was bearing its victim at a rattling pace, to settle him, and seal him for ever out of the ranks of gentlemen: Society, meantime, howling exclusion to him in the background: "Out of our halls, degraded youth! The smiles of turbaned matrons; the sighs of delicate maids; genial wit, educated talk, refined scandal, vice in harness, dinners sentinelled by stately plush: these, the flavour of life, are not for you, though you stole a taste of them, wretched impostor! Pay for it with years of remorse!"

The coach went rushing against the glorious high wind. It stirred his blood, freshened his cheeks, gave a bright tone of zest to his eyes, as

he cast them on the young green country. Not banished from the breath of Heaven, or from self-respect, or from the appetite for the rewards that are to follow duties done! Not banished from the help that is always reached to us when we have fairly taken the right road: and that for him is the road to Lymport. Let the kingdom of Gilt Gingerbread howl as it will! We are no longer children, but men: men who have bitten hard at experience, and know the value of a tooth: who have had our hearts bruised, and cover them with armour: who live not to feed, but look to food that we may live! What matters it that yonder high-spiced kingdom should excommunicate such as we are? We have rubbed off the gilt, and have assumed the command of our stomachs. We are men from this day!

Now, you would have thought Evan's companions, right and left of him, were the wretches under sentence, to judge from appearances. In

contrast with his look of insolent pleasure, Andrew, the moment an eye was on him, exhibited the cleverest impersonation of the dumps ever seen: while Mr. John Raikes was from head to foot nothing better than a moan made visible. Nevertheless, they both agreed to rally Evan, and bid him be of good cheer.

"Don't be down, Van; don't be down, my boy," said Andrew, rubbing his hands gloomily.

"I? do I look it?" Evan answered, laughing.

"Capital acting!" exclaimed Jack. "Try and keep it up."

"Well, I hope you're acting, too," said Evan.

Jack let his chest fall like a collapsing bellows.

At the end of five minutes, he remarked: "I've been sitting on it the whole morning! There's violent inflammation, I'm persuaded. Another hour, and I jump slap from the summit of the coach!"

Evan turned to Andrew.

"Do you think he'll be let off?"

"Mr. Raikes? Can't say. You see, Van, it depends upon how Old Tom has taken his bad luck. Ahem! Perhaps he'll be all the stricter; and as a man of honour, Mr. Raikes, you see, can't very well——"

"By Jove! I wish I wasn't a man of honour!" Jack interposed heavily.

"You see, Van, Old Tom's circumstances"—Andrew ducked, to smother a sort of laughter—"are now such that he'd be glad of the money to let him off, no doubt; but Mr. Raikes has spent it, I can't lend it, and you haven't got it, and there we all are. At the end of the year he's free, and he—ha, ha! I'm not a bit the merrier for laughing, I can tell you."

Catching another glimpse of Evan's serious face, Andrew fell into louder laughter; checking it with doleful solemnity, as Evan said: "You know, Andrew, that if your brother will come to me with you for a time—I am in his debt doubly: I owe him both for the money, and a lesson; if he doesn't mind coming, I shall be very happy to receive him."

Andrew drew his hand tightly down his cheeks and chin, and nodded: "Thank you, Van, thank you, I'm sure. Never doubted your good heart, my boy. Very kind of you."

"And you are certain to come?"

"Hem! women in the case, you know, Van!"

"Well, if I may work for you and yours, Andrew, I shall thank my destiny, whatever it is."

Andrew's mouth twitched, and his eyelids began blinking fast. With a desperate effort, he avoided either crying or laughing, but at the expense of Evan's ribs, into which he drove his elbow with a "pooh" and an apology, and then commenced a conversation with the coachman.

Up hill and down hill, and past little home-steads shining with yellow crocuses; across wide brown heaths, whose outlines raised in Evan's mind the night of his funeral walk, and tossed up old feelings dead as the whirling dust. At last Jack called out:

"The towers of Fallowfield,—heigho!"

And Andrew said:

"Now, then, Van: if old Tom's anywhere, he's

here. You get down at the Dragon, and don't you talk to me, but let me go in. It'll be just the hour he dines in the country. Isn't it a shame of him to make me face every man of the creditors—eh?"

Evan gave Andrew's hand an affectionate squeeze, at which Andrew had to gulp down something—reciprocal emotion, doubtless.

"Hark!" said Jack, as the horn of the guard was heard. "Once that sound used to set me caracoling before an abject multitude. I did wonders. All London looked on me! It had more effect on me than champagne. Now I hear it—the whole charm has vanished! I can't see a single old castle. Would you have thought it possible that a small circular bit of tin could produce such total changes in a man?"

"I suppose," said Evan, "it's just as natural to you as the effect produced by a small circular tube of brass."

"Ugh! here we are," Jack returned, as they drew up under the sign of the hospitable Dragon. "This is the first coach I ever travelled with, without making the old whip burst with laughing. I ain't myself. I'm haunted. I'm somebody else!"

The three passengers having descended, a controversy commenced between Evan and Andrew as to which should pay. Evan had his money out; Andrew dashed it behind him; Evan remonstrated.

"Well, you mustn't pay for us two, Andrew. I would have let you do it once, but——"

"Stuff!" cried Andrew. "I ain't paying—it's the creditors of the estate, my boy!"

Evan looked so ingeniously surprised and hurt at his lack of principle, that Andrew chuckled a sixpence to a small boy, saying:

"If you don't let me have my own way, Van, I'll shy my purse after it. What do you mean, sir, by treating me like a beggar?"

"Our friend Harrington *can't* humour us," quoth Jack. "For myself, I candidly confess, I prefer being paid for;" and he leaned contentedly against one of the posts of the inn till the filthy dispute was arranged to the satisfaction of the ignobler mind. There Andrew left them, and went to Mrs. Sockley, who, recovered from her illness, smiled her usual placid welcome to a guest.

"You know me, ma'am?"

"Oh, yes! The London Mr. Cogglesby!"

"Now, ma'am, look here. I've come for my brother. Don't be alarmed. No danger as yet. But, mind! if you attempt to conceal him from his lawful brother, I'll summon here the myrmidons of the law."

Mrs. Sockley showed a serious face.

"You know his habits, Mr. Cogglesby; and one daresn't go against any one of his whimsies, or there's consequences: but the house is open to you, sir. I don't wish to hide him."

Andrew accepted this intelligent evasion of Tom Cogglesby's orders as sufficient, and immediately proceeded up-stairs. A door shut on the first landing. Andrew went to this door, and knocked. No answer. He tried to open it, but found that he had been forestalled. After

threatening to talk business through the key-hole, the door was unlocked, and Old Tom appeared.

"So! now you're dogging me into the country. Be off; make an appointment. Saturday's my holiday. You know that."

Andrew pushed through the doorway, and, by way of an emphatic reply and a silencing one, delivered a punch slap into Old Tom's belt.

"Confound you, Nan!" said Old Tom, grinning, but friendly, as if his sympathies had been irresistibly assailed.

"It's done, Tom! I've done it. Won *my* bet, now," Andrew exclaimed. "The women—poor creatures! What a state they're in. I pity 'em."

Old Tom pursed his lips, and eyed his brother incredulously, but with curious eagerness.

"Oh, Lord! what a face I've had to wear!" Andrew continued, and while he sank into a chair rubbed his handkerchief over his crisp hair, Old Tom let loose a convinced and exulting, "ha! ha!"

"Yes, you may laugh. I've had all the bother," said Andrew.

"Serve ye right—marrying such cattle," Old Tom snapped at him.

"They believe we're bankrupt—owe fifty thousand clear, Tom!"

"Ha! ha!"

"Brewery stock and household furniture to be sold by general auction, Friday week."

"Ha! ha!"

"Not a place for any of us to poke our heads into. I talked about 'pitiless storms' to my poor Harry—no shelter to be had unless we go down to Lympport, and stop with their brother in the shop!"

Old Tom did enjoy this. He took a great gulp of air for a tremendous burst of laughter, and when this was expended and reflection came, his features screwed, as if the acidest of flavours had ravished his palate.

"Bravo, Nan! Didn't think you were man enough. Ha! ha! Nan—I say—eh? how did ye get on behind the curtains?"

The tale, to guess by Andrew's face, appeared to be too strongly infused with pathos for revelation.

"Will they go, Nan, eh? d'ye think they'll go?"

"Where else can they go, Tom? They must go there, and on the parish, you know."

"They'll all troop down to the young tailor—eh?"

"They can't sleep in the parks, Tom."

"No. They can't get into Buckingham Palace, neither—'cept as housemaids. 'Gad, they're howling like cats, I'd swear—nuisance to the neighbourhood—ha! ha!"

Somehow, Old Tom's cruel laughter made Andrew feel for the unhappy ladies. He struck his forehead, and leaned forward, saying: "I don't know—'pon my honour, I don't know—can't think we've quite done right to punish 'em so."

This acted like cold water on Old Tom's delight. He pitched it back in the shape of a doubt of what Andrew had told him. Whereupon Andrew

defied him to face three miserable women on the verge of hysterics; and Old Tom, beginning to chuckle again, rejoined that it would bring them to their senses, and emancipate him.

"You may laugh, Mr. Tom," said Andrew; "but if poor Harry should find me out, I'd use a bit more home for me."

Old Tom looked at him keenly, and napped the table. "Swear you did it, Nan."

"You promise you'll keep the secret," said Andrew.

"Never make promises."

"Then there's a pretty life for me! I did it for that poor dear boy. You were only up to one of your jokes—I see that. Confound you, Old Tom, you've been making a fool of me."

The flattering charge was not rejected by Old Tom, who now had his brother to laugh at as well. Andrew affected to be indignant and desperate.

"If you'd had a heart, Tom, you'd have saved the poor fellow without any bother at all. What do you think? When I told him of our smash—ha! ha! it isn't such a bad joke—well, I went to him, hanging my head, and he offered to arrange our affairs—that is—"

"Dammed meddlesome young dog!" cried Old Tom, quite in a rage.

"There—you're up in a twinkling," said Andrew.

"Don't you see he *believed* it, you stupid Old Tom? Lord! to hear him say how sorry he was, and to see how glad he looked at the chance of serving us!"

"Serving us!" Tom sneered.

"Ha!" went Andrew. "Yes. There. You're a denced deal prouder than fifty peers. You're an upside-down old despot!"

No sharper retort rising to Old Tom's lips, he permitted his brother's abuse of him to pass, declaring that bandying words was not his business, he not being a Parliament man.

"How about the Major, Nan? He coming down, too?"

"Major!" cried Andrew. "Lucky if he keeps his commission. Coming down? No. He's off to the Continent."

"Find plenty of scamps there to keep him company," added Tom. "So he's broke—eh? ha! ha!"

"Tom," said Andrew, seriously. "I'll tell you all about it, if you'll swear not to split on me, because it would really upset poor Harry so. She'd think me such a beastly hypocrite, I couldn't face her afterwards."

"Lose what pluck you have—eh?" Tom jerked out his hand, and bade his brother continue.

Compelled to trust in him without a promise, Andrew said: "Well, then, after we'd arranged it, I went back to Harry, and begged her to have poor Van at the house: told her what I hoped you'd do for him about getting him into the Brewery. She's very kind, Tom, 'pon my honour she is. She was willing, only—"

"Only—eh?"

"Well, she was so afraid it'd hurt her sisters to see him there."

Old Tom saw he was in for excellent fun, and wouldn't spoil it for the world.

"Yes, Nan?"

"So I went to Caroline. She was easy enough; and she went to the Countess."

"Well, and she—?"

"She was willing, too, till Lady Jocelyn came and took Miss Bonner home to Beckley, and because Evan had written to my lady to fetch her the Countess she was angry. That was all. Because of that, you know. But yet she agreed. But when Miss Bonner was gone, it turned out that the Major was the obstacle. They were all willing enough to have Evan there, but the Major refused. I didn't hear him. I wasn't going to ask *him*. I mayn't be a match for three women, but man to man, eh, Tom? You'd back me there? So Harry said the Major'd make Caroline miserable, if his wishes were disrespected. By jingo! I wish I'd known, then. Don't you think it odd, Tom, now! There's a Duke of Belfield the fellow had hooked into his Company; and—through Evan I heard—the Duke had his name struck off. After that, the Major swore at the Duke once or twice, and said Caroline wasn't to go out with him. Suddenly he insists that she *shall* go. Days the poor thing kept crying! One day, he *makes* her go. She hasn't the spirit of my Harry, or the Countess. By good luck, Van, who was hunting ferns for some friends of his, met them on Sunday in Richmond Park, and Van took her away from the Duke. But, Tom, think of Van seeing a fellow watching her wherever she went, and hearing the Duke's coachman tell that fellow he had orders to drive his master and a lady hard on to the sea that night. I don't believe it—it wasn't Caroline! But what do you think of our finding out that beast of a spy to be in the Major's pay? We did. Van put a constable on his track; we found him out, and he confessed it. A fact, Tom! That decided me. If it was only to get rid of a brute, I determined I'd do it; and I did. Strike came to me to get my name for a bill that night. 'Gad, he looked blanker than his bill, when he heard of us two bankrupt. I showed him one or two documents I'd got ready. Says he: 'Never mind; it'll only be a couple of hundred more in the schedule. Stop, Tom! he's got some of our blood. I don't think he meant it. He *is* hard pushed. Well, I gave him a twentier, and he was off the next night. You'll soon see all about the Company in the papers.'"

At the conclusion of Andrew's recital, Old Tom thrummed and looked on the floor under a heavy frown. His mouth worked dubiously, and, from moment to moment, he plucked at his waistcoat and pulled it down, throwing back his head and glaring.

"I've knocked that fellow over once," he said. "Wish he hadn't got up again."

Andrew nodded.

"One good thing, Nan. He never boasted of our connection. Much obliged to him."

"Yes," said Andrew, who was gladly watching Old Tom's change of mood with a quiescent aspect.

"Um!—must keep it quiet from his poor old mother."

Andrew again affirmated his senior's remarks. That his treatment of Old Tom was sound, he pre-

ferently had proof of. The latter stood up, and after sniffing in an injured way for about a minute, launched on his right leg, and vociferated that he would like to have it in his power to kick all the villains out of the world: a modest demand Andrew at once chimed in with; adding that, were such a faculty extended to him, he would not object to lose the leg that could benefit mankind so infinitely, and consented to its following them. Then, Old Tom, who was of a practical turn, meditated, swung his foot, and gave one grim kick at the imaginary bundle of villains, discharged them headlong straight into space. Andrew, naturally imitative, and seeing that he had now to kick them flying, attempted to excel Old Tom in the vigour of his delivery. No wonder that the efforts of both were heating: they were engaged in the task of ridding the globe of the larger half of its inhabitants. Tom perceived Andrew's useless emulation, and, with a sound translated by "yack," sent his leg out a long way. Not to be out-done, Andrew immediately, with a still louder "yack," committed himself to an effort so violent that the alternative between his leg coming off, or his being taken off his leg, was propounded by nature, and decided by the laws of gravity in a trice. Joyful grunts were emitted by Old Tom at the sight of Andrew prostrate, rubbing his pate. But Mrs. Sockley, to whom the noise of Andrew's fall had suggested awful fears of a fratricidal conflict up-stairs, hurried forthwith to announce to them that the sovereign remedy for human ills, the promoter of concord, the healer of feuds, the central point of man's destiny in the flesh,—Dinner was awaiting them.

To the dinner they marched.

Of this great festival be it simply told that the supply was copious and of good quality—much too good and copious for a bankrupt host: that Evan and Mr. John Raikes were formally introduced to old Tom before the repast commenced, and welcomed some three minutes after he had decided the flavour of his first glass: that Mr. John Raikes in due time preferred his petition for release, and furnished vast amusement to the company under old Tom's hand, until by chance he quoted a scrap of Latin, at which the brothers Cogglesby, who would have faced peers and princes without being disconcerted or performing mental genuflections, shut their mouths and looked injured, unhappy, and in the presence of a superior: Mr. John Raikes not being the man to spare them. Moreover, a surprise was afforded to Evan. Andrew stated to Old Tom that the hospitality of Main Street. Lympport, was open to him. Strange to say, Old Tom accepted it on the spot, observing, "You're master of the house—can do what you like, if you're man enough," and adding that he thanked him, and would come in a day or two. The case of Mr. John Raikes was still left uncertain, for as the bottle circulated, he exhibited such a faculty for apt, but to the brothers totally incomprehensible quotation, that they fled from him without leaving him time to remember what special calamity was on his mind, or whether this earth was other than an abode conceived in great jollity for his life long entertainment.

(To be continued.)

JAPANESE FRAGMENTS.

BY CAPTAIN SHEERARD OSBORN, R.N.

CHAPTER VI.

WE have sat long enough indoors, making notes of Japan, historically, geographically, and politically speaking; we will now go into her streets and highways and study these people, as their native artist appears to do, by sketching from nature. I have not, it is true, seen in the flesh all the varied phases of Japanese life that are portrayed in the plates before me; but they agree so admirably with the notices of men like Saris, Cocks, Golovin, and Kœmpfer, that I may be forgiven for trying to reproduce the picture of every-day life by the way-sides of Japan. Those way-sides will, no doubt, be again one day open to the English traveller, they were once traversed by Christian priests, as well as by merchants and sailors, and are still visited, at periodical intervals, by the tribute-bearers from the long-oppressed Dutch factory of Nangasaki. In addition to what these various authorities relate, I shall avail myself of what passed under the observation of more recent visitors to Yedo, Simoda, and Nangasaki, so as to endeavour to reproduce photographs of the Japan to-day.

The spring has dawned on Nipon; the April sun has left the winter snows clinging to the crests of the mountain ranges around the matchless Fushihama, who, queen-like, rises clothed in glittering white and crowned with golden clouds from amidst a throng of jagged peaks and suspiciously picturesque craters. Beautiful valleys lie deeply embossed amongst the many spurs which shoot out from this the mountain-heart of Japan. We descend into these vales through which the road leads between the two capitals of Yedo and Miaco. The fields are already green with the young upland rice and tender wheat plants. The gardens—and they are as numerous and as well kept as in England—are bright with many a flower seen in Europe. The peach and other old familiar fruit trees bend under the weight of blossoms; streams leap downward through pretty copes already covered with tender leaflets. The fir-tree waves from the mountain crest overhead, the cedar overshadows the road, and the bamboo throws out its graceful plumes in the dell below. Asia and Europe have thus in this favoured land each contributed their share to make it rich in products conducive to the happiness of man—and man has done much; his industry gladdens us on every side, and as the soil is fertile, the valley may be said to be one great garden dotted with villages and neat cottages, whilst everywhere we see proofs of the redundancy of human life thronged into the space. Inhabitants and travellers, labourers, mendicants and priests, nobles, followers and ladies, children, jugglers and porters, who shall tell them all,—a human living kaleidoscope-full of beauty and interest are streaming along the road. We will travel a stage down it with the host of pilgrims who are going from Yedo to Yesi, the great shrine of the believers in Sin-too. The work is a good work, for they go there to be shrived of their sins—to obtain absolution, and by the toil and suffering under-

gone in the journey to give a living proof of the warmth of their faith.

Apart from the travellers, the road itself is worthy of notice. It runs in an excellent direction, so far as engineering skill is concerned, winds along many an ugly precipice, and crosses rapid mountain streams at places where they can be most conveniently bridged. The Taikoon's highway would compare with many of our best; it is drained at the sides, it is arched to allow the water to fall off, and strangely enough, in many places, it is macadamised. Trees have been carefully planted in situations where they would afford shade, and a mound of earth, of conical form, marks every mile passed, and tells the pilgrim how far he is distant from Nipon-bas, the great bridge of Yedo, the London Bridge of eastern land.

The traveller notices, by certain characters upon a post erected by the way-side, that he has passed out of one district or country into another, and that he is now under the authority of such a prince or such a governor. We desire local information as to that portion of Nipon through which we pass, and our servant, for a small sum, procures from an itinerant book-hawker, an excellent guide-book, giving all the facts we require. We note that this Japanese institution, for imparting knowledge, is more than three centuries old, although the work is corrected and much improved by the increased modern knowledge of the art of wood-cutting. Perhaps Mr. Murray may smile and look forward to being able, before long, to give them a Japanese guide-book, which shall excel that modest and cheap itinerary; but there are many things in which he will never surpass it, amongst others in cost, and the confidence with which the days are predicted upon which it shall be fortunate to travel.

Our bearers rejoice in the fact of our luck being great upon the latter point, and we push on merrily, yet for a people who travel much they do not, it would appear, at first sight, study comfort. The sedans or palanquins are wretchedly uncomfortable, and attest the fact that they are rather adapted to mountain-paths, than to the broad and level roads of the plains. We may not at present stay to describe those vehicles, for we approach a post-house, and our bearers have to be exchanged and paid. There are, we may find, no less than fifty-six of these establishments between Yedo and Meaco. The lords of the various manors are compelled by the authorities to maintain these places of refreshment for travellers, they are vastly superior to the caravanserais of the east, and relays of horses or porters are always ready at these Japanese post houses, and must do all work at a regular fixed charge, ridiculously small, according to English notions. Another and still more onerous duty falls to these establishments, and that is the responsibility of forwarding all imperial despatches between the two capitals, or from Yedo to any part of the empire. Runners are consequently ever ready to execute this task. Haste!—post haste!—is no idle injunction in Japan, where the Taikoon or Mikado despatches are in question.

We see an instance of it whilst dismounting from our uncomfortable chair. A bell is heard! Out of the way!—out of the way! shouts a Japanese official, and two men hasten out of the house and look expectantly up the road; the crowd divides as if cleft with a sword, and at a swinging pace the couriers are seen approaching,—a pair of stalwart bronze-hued fellows, strong of limb and sound of wind; their garments are few, and those few of the official black-colour, stamped with the imperial crest, a white trefoil. One of the runners has a short bamboo-pole over his shoulder, and suspended from it a black lacquer despatch-box, formidable for its size, and we recognise the strength that has brought it to our feet so rapidly—no, not to our feet, for it never touches the ground. In a second it is slipped from the tired man's shoulder to that of the fresh runner, who starts down the road like a hare, his comrade's bell ringing to warn all travel-

lers to make way. Thus the Taikoon's despatches speed through the land; if one man drops, the other takes up the burden. If a bridge is broken down they must swim the torrent. Haste!—post haste!—must be seen in Japan to be understood.

Whilst our morning meal is preparing, we stand under the over-hanging porch, and look upon the throng in the road. "How clean it is!" is the first involuntary exclamation; even the ordinary dirt created by the passage of so many animals and men disappears as fast as it is created. They are great economists these good Japanese, and they know how precious for the field is the dirt of the highroad; there is quite a competition for it; women and children, with little baskets and brooms, are collecting it for the husbandman, whose intelligent industry is so conspicuous in the well-tilled fields and terrace-sided hills. Agriculture in Japan, as in China, is considered



People enjoying themselves in Harvest-Time. (Fac-simile.)

the most honourable of pursuits; and, by the many pictorial allusions to the peace, contentment, and abundance resulting from agricultural labours, we see that it is still as esteemed as in the days of the great Taiko-sama, who told the soldiers and priests of Europe that he especially viewed with favour the tillers of the ground; "for they," said the Japanese conqueror, "by their labours fill my kingdom with abundance." Naked, swarthy, coarse, but hearty, look those tillers of the fields, as we view them in the midst of their labours transplanting the rice plants from their damp bed, in which they have been closely reared, into more open order, where each stem shall have room to grow and ripen. Mark the neat regularity of the drills, the cleanliness of the soil—not a weed or tare—what an abundance of labour must be at command. That the grateful soil fully repays farmer and labourer for time and

trouble, we have proof in many a Japanese sketch. Behold the harvest time of Nipon—the reapers enjoying their noon-tide meal. Was there ever a more perfect picture of animal enjoyment? Luke Stodges, the farmer's-boy, may pray for a belly-full of fat bacon, and to be allowed to pass life swinging on a gate; but even then, in that state of bliss, he would hardly excel our Japanese friends in sensual delight; filled to distension with rice, a ripe harvest waving around them, smoking, drinking, and basking under a sun of Italian fervour. Nay more, we question whether the contrast between the condition of the tramp, who begs food at the English farm-labourer's door, and the honest fellow himself, is as great as we have authority for saying must be the case in Japan, when we contemplate the lean and hungry creature who is holding out his platter to the well-fed woman on the left of our engraving. What a

world of wit there is in this sketch—this native woodcut! The woman taking off the lid of the well-filled saucepan, but before helping the mendicant she appeals half-jocularly to the only one of the party who has not done eating, whether he can spare any of the rice? That persevering feeder has distended his skin until we begin to feel anxiety as to its farther elasticity. The rest of the reapers have indeed fed, and are either smoking languidly, or drinking a little *sake* to assist digestion. What perfect repose and contentment are visible in every figure! And we ask ourselves, what is there we can give these of God's creatures that will make them happier? More calico, Manchester will suggest. Possibly Manchester may be right. But where there are no mosquitoes, and the sun is bearable, such an al fresco feast must be tolerable after all.

We turn from the field labourers and the sketch which has diverted us from our village, and note how much the residents appear to live in public. The fronts of most of the houses open out into the street, and have no windows; the overhanging porch serving to shield the front apartment from rain or sun. We can therefore see all the various trades pursuing their callings; and between them and the itinerant vendors one need be at no loss for any articles of general use, of ornament, food, or raiment. The "cries" are as numerous as in the London of the olden time. They do not all, however, bawl out their various callings: some beat bits of stick together, others sound articles like Jew's harps, another beats a gong, another a drum. The

fisherman, however, makes noise enough, and plants his load before us. Two huge tubs, suspended at either end of a bamboo, contain live fish and eels; and there is no question about their being "all alive, oh!" Fair mullet, how it wags its tail! gentle carp, how inquisitively it looks up at your gourmandising self! The eels, however, have evidently a presentiment of their fate, or from native bashfulness try to get under one another, and form an apparently inextricable knot. Poor miserables! Fancy if the Buddhist priest should be right after all—and he is very positive about it, and can produce any proof you require upon the subject—fancy, I say, good friend, our returning hereafter in some such piscine form, and think what are our dumb sensations at such a moment as this, when the servant slips his hand into the tubs, selects a fat

mullet, weighs, and decides upon purchasing it. No wonder the poor priest, believing in transmigration of souls, shudders and passes on, singing his hymn invoking humanity to all animate creatures, and wonders in his heart whether you are about to eat his long-departed mother! We however approve of fish being sold alive as a guarantee for freshness, and prefer it either in sight or smell to the "fine fresh mack'rill!" which that loud-lunged costermonger is yelling under our windows on a sweltering July day.

Itinerant British fish-vendors avant! methinks I hear the guitar notes of the Japanese mimersingers. Yes, here they are; we passed them in the early dawn, as they were singing to some native noble who had camped by the roadside; they have followed, and are about to try their way to our purse strings. They approach dancing,



Live Conger-Eels escaping from Boys. (Fac-simile.)

or rather waving their bodies, in cadence to their music, playing upon a guitar which looks uncommonly Portuguese or Spanish in its origin. They are prettily dressed in robes of simple patterns, confined by broad and ample scarfs round the waist. And as these scarfs are tied behind in large bows, and hang down, they serve to give great finish to their toilet—a finish that the want of many under garments or crinolines might otherwise render remarkable. Their faces are pretty and arch; they are quite young, not more than fifteen or sixteen at the utmost; and their glossy black hair is gathered under a broad hat, from under the rim of which they cast most sly bewitching smiles, or give zest to their song, which is said to partake of the *double entendre*; and they exchange witty repartee with some fast young men who happen to be passing, in terms which send a shunt of laughter through the hostelry. Not that laughter is confined to the moments when mirth may be excited by these glee-singers, for everybody seems to laugh here; and if laughter is a sign of happiness, old and young are blessed enough. There, fair minstrels! speed on your way; I, for one, feel no wrath at your following the vocation which it has pleased God to call you to; and would no more wish to cut off all your hair, put you into flannel petticoats, and imprison you in a penitentiary, than I should like to make your sempstress sisters change places with those of our great Babel.

We send for specimens of embroidery. This village, we are told, is famed for its handi-

work in gold and silver thread upon rich silk and satin. A respectable looking woman shortly appears, accompanied by her husband. She was fair to look upon once upon a time; but Japanese husbands sacrifice their personal gratification, provided they can insure that no man when looking upon their partners shall break the Tenth Commandment. The lady has pulled out her eye-brows, and blackened her teeth! The effect is most marvellous, you take one glance at her face, and at the black gulf which is scored across it, and you never again covet that man his wife, though you may the wares she exhibits. Poor soul, how good, and self-sacrificing of her; yet it is a pity, for there is a grace and beauty about her voice, her hand, and manner which you cannot but admire. Another look at that mouth! and your eye involuntarily turns to the many pretty faces and white teeth in the street for refreshment and repose. But what taste, what skill, and handiwork we have in the tapestry and embroidery displayed. Where could these Japanese have learnt this art? It is not monstrous, heavy, overladen with ornament, or grotesque as in China; but delicate, refined, artistic, and such as we believe women's, or men's work seldom, if ever, equalled. Gobelin never excelled it, Bayeux is hideous beside it, and the drawing and shading of many of the pieces are so perfect, that they may be safely framed as pictures. The vendors of embroidery are dismissed just as the porch is suddenly intruded upon by a gang of native jugglers and showmen surrounded by a troop of children, all whooping with delight, and as free, and evidently as well loved, as they would be in England. A man in the garb of a Japanese sailor, leads a large monkey which climbs up a pole, and seats itself on the summit, and to the delight of the villagers fans itself à la Japonaise. The mountebank climbs on top of a pile of tea-cups, and stands on one foot on the summit of fragile crockery; the clown chaffs, and excites ridicule, and the peep-showman vaunts his marvels, and beseeches the patronage of your distinguished self.

Curious to know what a Japanese show may be like, you peep into one lens—brilliant—a vivid life-like scene, a Japanese earthquake, everything topsy-turvey, wreck, fire, death, and horror, quite worth the fraction of a penny charged. The next one is hardly inferior in interest; a great battle against rebels. They are valiant, and stand in firm array, discharging clouds of arrows, which perpetually darken the sky; but nothing avails against duty and loyalty. Men clad in armour, lance in hand, are charging down, and it is evidently certain that the rebels will be exterminated, and the Divine Warrior's kingdom be still intact. We pass on to the next picture. Oh, fie! it cannot be, surely we were mistaken. No, by Jove! there is no doubt of it. A picture to be viewed by all at which Holywell Street would stand aghast! We express indignation, the showman laughs immoderately at our squeamishness, and everybody joins in the joke against us. Even the two nuns, who have just joined, and are humming a plaintive native air, raise their hoods, and smile, coupling their mirth with sly remarks

as to our mock modesty. How is this we ask? Elsewhere in the East we are told, that it is the exclusion of the female element from society which renders it when unrestrained by ceremony or etiquette, so hideous, so unrefined. Here we have women everywhere; here is a nation which has attained a wonderful degree of civilisation and good government, a people possessing much delicacy, sensitiveness, and good feeling; yet in some points so coarse, so wanting in decency as to shock the lowest Europeans.

Breakfast is announced and we have another stage to travel to-day, so we hasten to it. Piles of white rice, surrounded with a multitude of small made dishes, in which fish generally prevails. A roasted rock-cod rises before us, a real *pièce-de-resistance*, flanked by many curious sauces, that would puzzle Soyer, or Fracatelli; all to the purpose, however, and grand incentives to feeding, if more than the braising air of those mountains were necessary. Seizing our lacquer-bowl and two chop-sticks, as well as a wooden-spoon, we progress apace; pulling our fragments of fish, and dipping them into the sauces before eating. There is abundance of rice-beer, or sakee, the constant beverage of the jovial souls of Japan, as well as other stronger beverages, made by vintners, cunning in such matters. In deference to our wish, tea is constantly supplied; a strong, coarse-flavoured description, which is much more like what we drink in England as good tea, than like anything met with in China. We are told that it is grown in most places, where the hills are too steep for terrace cultivation; that it was imported from China, and has been acclimatised in Japan; that formerly a cup of tea in Meaco cost an English shilling, but that the herb now abounds on the Eastern coast near the sea-side so much that they can sell it as an article of export. There is great consolation in these facts; who knows but that one day we too in Europe may learn, like these good people, to acclimatise the herb called tea. All the conditions of soil, climate, temperature, and locality found on the east coast of Japan, are to be found repeated in parts of Europe, if not in the United Kingdom. Elated at the prospect of being rid of Chinese questions and Chinese difficulties, we hob and nob, in sakee, to our shadow, a Japanese functionary, who follows us and reports all we say and do to his masters. We pay our far from exorbitant bill, gravely confer little courtesies upon the fair handmaidens, amidst the cheers of the small boys, and shout to horse in good Saxon, which is readily understood by our eager-eyed attendants.

THE TRAMWAYS OF LONDON AND ENVIRONS.

It is now thirty years since I beheld the first attempt at steam-locomotives on common roads on the trial of Mr. Goldsworthy Gurney's steam-coach round the Regent's Park. It was a strange-looking machine, on four wheels, with a pair of supplementary wheels in front, to serve as a steering-apparatus. I watched all the subsequent doings of Maceroni, Oyle, and Sumner, Scott Russell, Hancock, and others, and came to the conclusion that the whole scheme was a practical fallacy—an

opinion I have never seen reason to change. The fallacy consisted, and consists still, in attempting to propel a heavy machine by means of revolving wheels on an irregular surface of broken stone, or an irregular surface of paving. Regarding the machines themselves, very considerable results were achieved, more probably than has been achieved on regular railways, taking into account the respective qualities of the roads they run on. And the modern attempts in the form of what are called traction-engines, embody the same fallacy—all, save that of *Boydell*, which carries and lays down its own rails to provide a hard and even surface for the wheels to run on. The whole difficulty consists, not in the steam-machine, but in the road it runs on—and this conviction, I have, for more than twenty years, in public and private, in season and out of season, endeavoured to impress upon the general mind of the community. It has been my aim to convert the common roads and highways to the purposes of steam-locomotion without interfering with any existing traffic. It was the existence of these roads that set the highway locomotives at work, and finally has led to tramways, the fact of which as applied to passenger-traffic in England, has been established at *Birkenhead* by an American speculator, stimulating Lancashire capitalists.

By a modern tramway is understood a railway, with the rails so laid on the surface of an ordinary road that they will not interfere with the traffic of ordinary vehicles, and on which omnibuses may travel at ordinary speed with the advantage that, by the improved surface, one horse is enabled to do more than the work of four on levels, and of two on ordinary inclines. The rail is, in short, a continuous "level crossing," which no more impedes ordinary traffic than do the sunken iron gutters in Fleet Street impede pedestrians.

This kind of way began, practically, in the United States, when it was found convenient to pass railway-trains through, instead of round the towns. As a concession to popular fear, the locomotive was at first taken off, and its place supplied by a team of horses. Custom making it familiar, and economy rendering it desirable to get rid of the horses, the locomotives did their work at a slow pace. Then a gibbet was placed across the line on which a bell hung, which the locomotive rung in passing, and a notice being posted up—"Look out for the engine when the bell rings"—all further precaution was abandoned.

Starting thus, it was not a very difficult process to apply to streets for internal transit, and so rails were laid up one narrow street and down another to preserve a continuous circulation of omnibus-traffic. Street omnibuses were a mere imitation of railway-cars—very far from what they might be in the way of easy draught—but answering the purpose, after the usual habit of a Yankee's thought, who goes to plough in a dress-suit, and guesses "what's good enough for my legs is good enough for my trousers." After some years practice in the States, a Frenchman carried the scheme to Paris with all its imperfections, and, I believe, it still goes on there. But to inoculate England with it required a genuine American, and he appeared in the person of *Mr. Train*, who showed energetically

the good folks of *Birkenhead* the paying chance of the scheme. It is impossible that this result should fail to be followed in London.

It must be understood that a properly laid rail will not, in any way, interfere with the ordinary uses of the street or road—that it will only be a stripe of iron paving substituted for stone—it will subserve all the purposes of wheels running on it, but will not prevent wheels from being turned off it at any point required, without needing the expensive and troublesome appliances called switches and turn-tables used on railways proper. The movement on it may be almost noiseless if rightly managed; the speed may be increased while a larger proportioned load is drawn, and the facility of stoppage, and the resulting safety doubled. The result of this would be an economy equivalent to one half the value of the horses in capital and maintenance, and a greatly increased economy in the maintenance of the road.

This enormous saving will go into the pockets either of the public or the capitalist, or go to increase the wages of drivers and conductors, and other people employed, or be divided amongst all three. Anyhow, it will be a mode of accumulating capital by savings, and no railway yet constructed offers anything approaching the dividend which may be obtained from these new lines if rightly constructed. The obvious reason is, that the roads are ready made to hand without the difficulties and expenses besetting new lines. Gradually the old vehicles will be superseded by the new, and there is yet a farther consideration—the horse will be superseded by the machine driven by steam or some other power. But there is yet more. In the United States horse-railways are simply, as their name implies, street-railways—the ordinary railways supply the other wants of transit. But in England street-railways will be merely the commencement of highway and turn-pike roads supplying a want which most ordinary steam-railways do not subserve. For road purposes it is needful to stop and take up at frequent intervals, and trains are not required, but merely single carriages answering the purpose that stage coaches formerly subserved, but with doubled or trebled power of accommodation. All Kent and Surrey and Essex need these lines, and their making would largely increase the value of the property along their borders; but unfortunately this cannot be till an Act of Parliament shall have amalgamated the trusts, or till the parish authorities shall be of one mind. The mechanical question there is no need to argue. If the proper form of rail be adopted, it will simply have the effect of an iron banding inlaid in stone, as plain as the brass banding round a portable writing-desk, and the paving board of a parish has as much right to lay a piece of iron as of wood or stone paving, subject only to actions for damages if their mode of paving inflicts personal injury on passengers,—and laying a tramway in Parliament Street could not be more mischievous than the tramway on Westminster Bridge. But something far better than the existing railway carriages is required to produce the best result in traction and convenience to the passengers.

The cost of these railways made in the most

perfect manner need not exceed \$00l. per mile, and the low cost is the true reason why engineers generally have not thought it worth while to turn their attention to them. The carriages should be nearly noiseless and free from vibration, in which case the dead weight may be materially lessened. The carriages, besides, must be capable of running on the ordinary road, and leaving the rails or running on them at the pleasure of the driver.

One argument against the system has been founded on the supposition of danger to the public by reason of a street-railway. This arises simply from the term "railway," and the supposed speed involved. But the risk of a railway-omnibus is really far less than that of an ordinary omnibus, from the fact that it runs on a fixed track, and that passengers know what part of the road to avoid, and the breaks applied to the rail-omnibus afford the means of stopping much more rapidly.

With regard to the lines fit for these rails, they exist wherever omnibuses run. Two great radial centres are the Bank and the Obelisk. Others are the railway terminus, Paddington, to the Bank by the two routes—the City Road and Oxford Street and Holborn—Richmond and the line of road to Charing Cross—the line from the Bank to Epping Forest, which should be for ever kept as a wild park to Londoners, or as a ground for shooters to practice in. Across all the bridges to the Surrey hills, destined hereafter to become a southern London, and so in time to give the chance for the low swamps covered by unwholesome dwellings to be again converted to garden-ground.

Say that a thousand miles may be laid down with rails in London and its environs, what would be the best way of accomplishing it? The Parish trusts would not embark capital in it. But it would be a good speculation for a company of capitalists to furnish the rails, and lay them, and keep them in repair per mile, and thus enable the parishes to take a toll on the omnibuses, which would enable them to dispense with a paving rate. Or if they could not legally take a toll, they could make an equivalent bargain by transferring the cost of paving to the rail owners. Only let there be a will and the "way" will follow. W. BRIDGES ADAMS.

REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN.

SCIENTIFIC STUDENTS.

CAROLINE L. HERSCHEL; SOPHIE GERMAIN; AND MRS. SOMERVILLE.

I AM not aware whether others have made the observation, but it appears to me that the repugnance of our sex to "learned ladies" does not affect female mathematicians. Our jests are levelled at the literary women; and yet more, at the "philosophers," or those who study psychology, in a German, French, or English form. I should say "jest *were* levelled," but that there are still publications and men antiquated enough to attempt to keep up the old insolence and the old joke, after society in general has arrived at better taste; for the reason, possibly, that there are still women (a few in England, and not a few in America,) who are antiquated enough to make themselves foolish and disagreeable, instead of wise and companionable, through their pursuit of knowledge.

I need not enlarge on this; for there is no pleasure, and at this time of day no profit in contemplating pedantry on the one hand, or scoffing on the other. I have referred to the old and worn-out topic only because it appears to me that if female mathematicians and physical discoverers have escaped the insults, and almost the criticism, bestowed on literary women half a century ago, it must be because their pursuits carry their own test with them. The attainments of such women are not a matter of opinion, but of fact. Man or woman may be mistaken about his or her comprehension of Kant's apparatus of Conditions, or accuracy in the reading of dead languages; but there can be no deception of self or others as to the reality of knowledge in the science of Space and Numbers; or the detection of new agencies in Nature which can be brought to the test. Even where this is questioned, on account of the many false starts in discovery that have been made, up to this time, the doubt is, not about the reality of the knowledge, but the correctness of the inferences of the discoverer. On the whole, we may, I think, fairly say, that in the scientific departments of human knowledge women rank equally with men in respect of society. Whether they have equal access to that field of knowledge is another affair.

Let us look at two or three recently dead or still living, and see what aspects they present.

The senior of the three (German, French, and English), whom our own generation may have seen, was both a mathematician and a physical discoverer. Caroline Lucretia Herschel, the sister of Sir William Herschel, was the German. She was born at Hanover (March 16th, 1750), and lived there till she was one-and-twenty. She was sixteen, and her brother eight-and-twenty when he, in England, began to attend to astronomy; the whole family being supposed to be engrossed by music, as they were certainly devoted to it professionally. It is not, therefore, likely that Caroline was prepared by education for scientific pursuit in any other direction; and her taking it up at last, in order to assist her brother, seems to show that she had no original overmastering genius for science, such as must have taken her out of the ordinary conditions of female life, but that the labours of her life from that time forward were a merely natural exercise of perfectly natural powers. She came over to England as soon as she was old enough (one-and-twenty) to keep her brother's house at Bath, where he was organist at a chapel. She was his helper and sympathiser in the astronomical pursuits which were his delight, as his best recreation from his professional business. She worked out his calculations when he had provided the elements; she watched with an anxiety like his own the production of the telescope he made because he could not afford to buy one; and when he discovered a planet, ten years after she had joined him, she enjoyed the triumph and its results very keenly. The King gave Brother William 300l. a year, and called him Astronomer to the Court; and the (then) bachelor brother and his staid sister removed to Slough, to do as they liked for the rest of their lives.

Thus far, it may be said that Caroline Herschel

appears as the devoted sister, doing her best to help her brother, whose pursuits happened to be scientific; but that there is nothing remarkable, happily, in that spectacle. This is very true; but now occurs the spectacle which does appear remarkable to all who have heard of it.

Throughout the longest nights of the year,—the astronomer's summer, or season of fruits,—a light was seen burning in the observatory at Slough as often as the sky was clear, and disappearing only when the dawn was putting out the stars. Under that light sat Caroline Herschel, noting in silence the observations of her brother, who was at his telescope in the next chamber. If he was silent, she had occupation in working up his calculations; and then nothing was heard but the ticking of the clock, and the moving of his telescope. To be his secretary required no little learning; but to achieve the vast calculations by which his observations were rendered available, required algebraical accomplishments of an order very unusual among women. As "astronomer's assistant," she was salaried by the King; and in the discharge of her office, she read her brother's clocks, and did all the routine part of his work. This might have been thought enough for a good German housekeeper, who sat up till daylight for the greater part of the winter; but she had scientific interests of her own. Her brother had constructed a smaller telescope for her; and when he was away from home she spent many a night alone in the observatory, looking out for unrecorded stars, and for unsuspected comets. She had new nebule and clusters of stars to furnish to her brother's catalogues when he returned; and she discovered seven comets in eleven years,—five of which had certainly never been noted before. Her first work, which supplied omissions in the British catalogue to the extent of 561 stars, observed by Flamsteed, was published by the Royal Society. Eight years after her brother's death, and her own return to Hanover, and when she was eighty years old, she was presented with the gold medal of the Astronomical Society of England, and elected an honorary member of that body, in consequence of her completion of a catalogue of the clusters of stars and nebule observed by her brother, and, though she did not say so, by herself. She lived on till ninety-seven, a perfect exemplification of the best effects of intellectual pursuit of a high order on the whole nature. Her frame was healthy; her mind was serene; her intellect was clear till just the last; her affections were through life genial and faithful; her manners modest and simple; and her old age tranquil and dignified. There is no trace, in her whole career, of any sort of contemptuous usage on account of her scientific tendencies; and the respect with which she was treated at Windsor first, and afterwards by the King and Court at Hanover, till her death in 1848, seems to have been the natural expression of what was felt by everybody who witnessed or heard of the facts and manner of her life.

Next comes the French lady, who was born later and died earlier than Caroline Herschel.

Sophie Germain began her career in a very different way. Hers was a case of such a prepon-

derance of the mathematical faculties that they regulated her whole mind and life. She loved poetry, as many mathematicians have done, and she insisted that the division set up between reason and imagination was arbitrary and false. We now and then hear from superior persons an expression of wonder that the finest taste is found in those who are conspicuous for judgment; but Mademoiselle Germain would have wondered more if the case had been otherwise; for she saw how the decisions of reason must harmonize with the principles of taste. Goodness was, in her eyes, order; and wisdom was the discernment of fundamental order. As fixed relations exist among all truths and all objects, and the discovery of any one may lead to the discernment of any number, no heights of speculation astonished, and no flights of fancy disconcerted her. She was mathematical if ever human being was so; but this did not mean that she was prosaic, rigid, and narrow. She was qualified for large and philosophical criticism in literature, no less than for inquiry into the theory of numbers; and she applied herself, amidst the tortures of death by cancer, to exhibit the state of, not only the sciences, but of literature at different periods of their culture. This was the subject of her posthumous work.

Her faculty for abstract conception and the pursuit of abstract knowledge did not wait for occasion to show itself. Yet, at the outset, as at the close, it manifested itself in close alliance with the imagination and the moral powers. As a child she read of the serene life of Archimedes amidst the three years' siege of Syracuse; and the story impressed her so deeply that she longed to make for herself a refuge in mathematical studies from the excitements and terrors of the great revolution then raging, and likely to rage for long. It was in "Montucla's History of Mathematics" that she had found the account of the life and heroic death of Archimedes which so moved her; and she studied the book, being then thirteen, with a patience and courage altogether consistent with her view of moral order—unable to understand whole portions of it, but first ascertaining how much she could understand, and resolving to master the rest, sooner or later. The more terrible the prophecies she heard in her father's drawing-room (he being a member of the Constituent Assembly, and therefore living in political society) the more strenuously did little Sophie apply her faculties to this History of Mathematics and the studies it indicated, to the amazement of her family, who could not conceive why she was suddenly engrossed in the study of Euler. They were not only amazed but displeased; and among other modes of opposition they took away all her clothes at night, when the weather was so cold as to freeze the ink in the glass. Sophie quietly rose, when they were all asleep, wrapped herself in the bedclothes, and pursued her studies. The elementary books she could lay hold of were not such as we have to learn from now. They were full of faults and omissions, according to our present view; and they gave her more trouble than her family did. She advanced beyond those books, however; and in time her family let her alone. During the Reign of Terror she made herself

mistress of the Differential Calculus of Cousin. Times improved for her when society was so far settled as that the Normal and Polytechnic schools of Paris were opened. By one device or another she obtained the notes of many of the professors' lessons; and she was presently bewitched by Lagrange's new and luminous analysis. It was the custom for such students as desired it to offer their observations in writing to the professor, at the close of his course. Sophie took advantage of this custom to get her notes handed in to Lagrange, as coming from a student; and great was the praise awarded to the mysterious student, whose real name was soon betrayed to the great man. He called on her, to praise and encourage her; and from that time she was known as a mathematician, and corresponded with by the most eminent scientific men, so that she had abundant facilities for progress. In correspondence with Gauss of Göttingen, she again wrote under an assumed name; but she was presently recognised, and thenceforward she attempted no concealment.

Her first specific enterprise illustrates her courage and perseverance as thoroughly as her whole life. Napoleon was dissatisfied that there was no scientific expression of the results of the curious experiments of Chladni on the vibrations of elastic metal plates; and he offered an extraordinary prize if the Institute could discover the mathematical laws of those vibrations. Lagrange at once declared the thing impossible; that is, it would require a new species of analysis. Few would have thought of proceeding in the face of such an opinion: but Sophie said, "My dear master, why not try?" After a world of study, she sent in, as the result, an equation of the movement of elastic surfaces. It was faulty; and she saw why. But for the irregularity of her mathematical education the failure could not have happened; and she set to work to remedy the evil. She actually produced the new kind of analysis which Lagrange had declared to be necessary; and he was the first to applaud the feat. Moreover, he obtained the exact equation from her scheme. She herself pursued the application, and obtained honourable mention for this second attempt. She was invited to enter again into the competition; and on this third occasion she succeeded completely. She declared that both Lagrange and Fourier had aided her by their suggestions: but they, and all others, said that a hint or two in the application of her method had nothing to do with the discovery of it, and insisted that the glory was her own without drawback. It does not appear that glory was any object to her in comparison with progress in knowledge. She wrought out the applications of her own methods, and supplied several theorems to Legendre on the theory of numbers, which he published in the supplement to his second edition; and the further she went in mathematics the more widely she extended her studies in other departments, especially chemistry, physics, geography, and the history of philosophy, science, and literature. She employed her analytic faculty in all directions, and manifested her synthetic power on every subject which she touched.

We are told that in her manners and conversation, the utmost grace of accuracy was manifested.

Her expression of her ideas and feelings, and her narrative of incidents were so precise, so brief, so perfect, that no improvement was possible, and every alteration must be for the worse. The same fitness, clearness, sincerity, appeared in all she did. Her life was not the less genial for this, nor her conversation the less lively and natural. It had a somewhat poetical cast, or seemed to have to those who were expecting to find "a mathematical prude," or a dry pedant.

She died in 1831, after long and cruel suffering, heroically borne. She was fifty-five years old— younger by a generation than Caroline Herschel, but dying seventeen years before her.

Meantime, the English, or rather Scotch woman had been reaching middle life, in the pursuit of the studies of both the others, and from the same natural aptitude.

This natural aptitude betrayed itself unexpectedly in Mrs. Somerville's case, in the midst of an ordinary girl's education, at the opening of this century. She lived at Musselburgh, near Edinburgh, and was sent to school there, being remarked for nothing except docility, gentleness, and quietness. She learned to sew, as little girls should; and it was natural that, when she was at home, she should sit sewing in the window-seat of the room where her brother took his lessons from his tutor. His sister liked his mathematical lessons best; and she regularly laid hands on his Euclid, and carried it up to her own room, to go over the lesson by herself. One day, her brother was stopped by a difficulty, and, forgetting her secret, little Mary popped out the answer. The tutor started; the family inquired, and very sensibly let her alone. Professor Playfair was an intimate friend of the household; and not very long after the above incident, Mary found an opportunity to put a private question to the professor—Did he think it wrong for a girl to learn Latin? Not necessarily; but much depended on what it was for. Well, she wanted to study Newton's Principia, and that was the truth. The professor did not see any harm in this, if she liked to try. In a few months she was mastering the Principia.

Her first marriage was favourable to her line of study; or, I should rather say, to this particular one of her various studies. She is a very accomplished woman—understands and speaks several languages; has in her day been an amateur artist of considerable merit, and was considered to play well on the harp. But when she married a naval officer who delighted in her sympathy in his professional studies, she made great progress, and, was becoming qualified for future achievements. Still, we do not hear of the gentle and quiet Mrs. Gregg being pointed out to general notice as a learned lady. The first that was generally heard of her, was when the children of her second marriage, two daughters, were almost grown up, and her son, Mr. Woronzow Gregg, was making his way in the world. She was then the wife of Dr. Somerville, physician of Chelsea Hospital. It was a pleasant house to go to—that airy house at Chelsea, where the host was always delighted to tell the stories of his wife's early studies, and to show, in the deep drawer full of diplomas, the tokens of her recent fame; and where the hostess

was the model of a hostess, well dressed, genial and hospitable, apparently with the constant blessings of a good cook, a neat house, and a perfect knowledge on her own part how to keep it. Her harp was in the corner, and her pictures on the walls; and there was the best society in London in her drawing-room.

This was when the impression of her first great work was fresh. Some experiments that she had made, showing the magnetic influence of the violet rays of the solar spectrum, had before directed the attention of some philosophical inquirers to her capabilities; and when the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge was set up, she was invited to prepare for it a popular version of Laplace's "Mécanique Céleste." She accomplished the task, but not in a form suitable for the Society; and her work was published independently under the title of "The Mechanism of the Heavens." It was a radical mistake to set Mrs. Somerville to work on popular versions of scientific works. A different quality and character of mind is required for discovering abstract truths, and for putting them into a form which unscientific minds may comprehend. From her gentleness and simplicity, Mrs. Somerville was tractable, and undertook what she was told would be most useful; but the work was perplexing to her. When her first and second editions were sold in a wonderfully short time, her publisher asked her, with all due deference, whether she could not simplify some parts of the book, so as to bring them down to the comprehension of ordinary readers. She tried, and declared it the most difficult thing she had ever attempted. What the publisher and others called simplifying, seemed to her to be obscuring and perplexing her sense. When she quitted the precision and brevity of scientific terms, she could never tell what the matter would spread out to. This should have put an end to all interference with her course, as it proved the error of expecting the same mind to supply the two methods of exposition—the scientific and the popular.

If her first great work indicated her mathematical powers, her next exhibited the course of her philosophical tastes. She had given a brief account of her view of the Connexion of the Physical Sciences in the introduction to the "Mechanism of the Heavens;" and this view formed the groundwork of her second book. It is very interesting in its disclosures to unlearned persons, and as indicating the direction and variety of her studies; but it is defective in the masterly closeness, directness, and precision which her mind was capable of when dealing with mathematical truths. Its popularity amazed her, and delighted her friends; who, for the most part were unaware of the extent to which the country could furnish a reading public for scientific works, and who had mistaken the reasons for the failure of the publications of the Diffusion Society. One edition after another had to be prepared; and most conscientiously did Mrs. Somerville apply herself to improve each one as it was demanded. She was not the sort of author to write more books than she otherwise would, because she was sure of a favourable reception for anything she would publish. As far as I know, there is only one more

book of hers; and that was *lost* many years later, when she had long resided abroad. This work, "Physical Geography," appeared in 1848.

A characteristic feature of Mrs. Somerville's taste appears in the dedications of her books, and indeed in their being dedicated at all. Not only residing from innovation in almost all ways, but somewhat old-fashioned in her habits of mind, she has through life taken pains to do what was proper, and in that anxiety has made such few and superficial mistakes as she has made. They are not worth a reference except for the light they cast on the force of her abstract faculties. She who dedicated her works (one to the Queen, and another to Sir J. Herschel), in the fashion of a former age, when author and readers had not been brought face to face; she who, because she was advised, not only went to Court, but took her daughters there; she who allowed her portrait to be prefixed to one of her own works; she who has always carefully kept abreast of a cautious conventionalism, and dreaded manifesting any originality except in one direction, has been so inspired in that direction as to be unconscious of the peculiarity which all the world was admiring. Hence her security from being spoiled. In 1835, she was chosen an honorary member of the Royal Astronomical Society; and the learned Societies of every civilised country followed this lead, till, as I said, she had a deep drawer full of diplomas; but neither this nor any other form of homage ever made the slightest difference in her manners, or seemed to occupy any part of her thoughts. Sitting beside old Dr. Dalton, on the sofa, talking of the atomic theory, or what not, she never perceived that the eyes of many strangers were upon her, and that the great men of the scientific world were trying to catch the tones of her voice. Her partial absence of mind is another evidence of the character and action of her intellect. No one can be further from what is called "absent" in society. No one can be more awake and alive to the conversation and the interests of others; yet her husband used to amuse himself, and astonish an occasional guest by proving how long it took to stir her up from her studies. She did not need an elaborate privacy for her pursuits. She used the family sitting room, when studying or writing; and, as soon as she was fairly engaged, her husband would begin libelling her in extravagant terms, and in a loud voice, without making her look up, till, at last, when he shouted her name, she would ask if he was speaking to her, and be surprised to see everybody laughing. Hers is the strongest and clearest case possible of a special intellectual organisation, compelling its own exercise in simplicity and honour.

Mrs. Somerville has been lost sight of, though never forgotten, for many years. About twenty years since, the health of Dr. Somerville caused the removal of the family to Italy, whence they have never returned, Dr. Somerville having died at the age of 93, a few weeks ago.

Their friends felt a sort of indignation at an incident which occurred soon after their departure. Of all people in Europe, Mrs. Somerville was the one who could by no means obtain a proper view of the comet of 1843. The only accessible tele-

scope of value was in the observatory of a Jesuit convent, in Tuscany, where no woman was allowed to cross the threshold. This indignation in England looks like evidence that the world has advanced in its intellectual and moral liberties.

Whatever the Tuscan Jesuits might think of her case, I believe that Mrs. Somerville and all her many friends would say, if asked, that they never heard of a disrespectful word being spoken of her,

in connection with her powers and her pursuits. Her work is over, for she is almost seventy years of age; and it is not a case in which death is required to silence levity or sarcasm; for there is none of either to put to shame. Under such circumstances, we may reasonably hope that these female mathematicians may be, indeed, Representative Women,—leaders of an honoured and increasing class.

INGLEBY SCOTT.

FIRST LOVE.



SHE was the first, the only star
That shone upon my life,
The summer of my days had set
Before I called her wife;
The leaves have fallen twenty times
Beneath our trysting tree,
Since the ringers shook the rafters
In the belfry by the sea.

The pulses of my heart beat slow,
With calm, unfluter'd stroke,
Till with a party from the Grange
I pic-nic'd at the Oak;
A stranger to our Forest ways,
She came with Alan's bride,
One glance—I knew my love was com—
The old indifference died.

The park, a summer's walk across,
Was famous in the shire;
The porter at the crested gates
Grew rich and blessed the Squire;
I show'd the glade where ballads say
The King met Robin Hood,
I took her where, as boys, we cropp'd
Wild strawberries in the wood.

The gardens and the orange-trees,
The swans upon the lake,
The gazing stags among the fern,
The pheasants in the brake:
These sumptuous signs of wealthy statz
She saw with sweet surprise,
And I—new light was on them all,
Seen with a lover's eyes.

When Alan blew his warning horn,
My chestnut join'd her bay;
Down the long grassy "rides" we rode,
And watch'd the rabbits play.
The dead sun in his crimson shroud
Lay buried in the west,
And Love was nestling in my heart,
An inmate, not a guest.

A gipsy party gaily plann'd,
A smile, a soft "good night,"
And then I left the low white house,
Just as the stars were bright :—
Lost in some far, forgotten sea,
The sailor on the shore
Sights, to his joy, the ship that comes
To bear him home once more.

The bride moon with her dower of stars
Twice grew to matron age,
Before my birdie flew away
Back to her northern cage;
She knew the abbey pictures well,
She dared the haunted room,
We laughed around the Oak again,
And saw the aloe bloom.

A promise in the oriel won
To crown my growing bliss,
A drooping head, a circled waist,
And such a binding kiss!
O, happy time! O, happy time!
It never has its fellow,—
The one green leaf that hangs among
So many sere and yellow.

Before the Autumn spent his wrath
Upon the Rectory vine,
I claim'd the promise that she made,
I went and whisper'd, "mine!"
May's father trembled as he said,
"Take her, a trusting wife,
And cherish one whose love has thrown
A glory round my life."

Some days beside a lonely mere,
(Lured by the waterfall),
And then we settled at the Grange,
For Alan took the Hall:
How swift the lustres pass'd along,
Sweet heart, with love and you,
For if the sky was sometimes dark,
There came a break of blue.

And ever, as the year winds round,
And brings the longest day,
We gather at the Forest Oak,
Where first I met my May;
Look, Alan's boy and our maybud
Are coming down the "ride,"
Perhaps before another June
There'll be another bride.

R. F. SKETCHLEY.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

Nor many evenings ago, some half-dozen pairs of bright eyes were peeping by turns through our microscope. Dainty fingers were pressed into obstinate left eyes which would *not* keep shut, and pretty mouths were twisted into agonising contortions in the effort to see all that could be seen. "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" together with all the usual feminine expressions of admiration, had

been frequent and emphatic, when, having setting the last three slides of our *slide-box* (specially reserved as a final *bona fide* supply) upon the stage of the instrument, the common deluge came to us in a general exclamation of, "Oh, how sweetly pretty! The loveliest little fishes!" Each refractory left optic was punished again and again in repeated examinations of the objects, and on all hands we were assailed by the question: "What are they? and where do they come from?"

Now, although we all know it is often easier to ask than to answer a simple question, it does seem somewhat strange that we should make a long pause before replying, or that we should feel much difficulty in telling all about so very small a matter. Three slips of glass, three inches long and an inch broad, with a much fine white dust in the centre of each, would cover a threepenny-piece, do not look like a very trying subject to be examined upon: each slip, too, is labelled with the name of the object it carries, as well as a note of the locality from which it was procured; but these do not help us much; the names are long and unintelligible to uninitiated ears. Perhaps if we give them here, the reader will understand our embarrassment; he will at least see what hopeless things they would be to offer as an explanation to a lady's untechnical but inquiring innocence; nay, possibly, if we have been fortunate enough to raise his curiosity, he may not himself be disinclined to listen, perhaps, in company with our fair friends, while we attempt an answer to the questions, "What they are? and whence do they come?" The labels read respectively as follows: 1. "Fossinifera—Atlantic soundings." 2. "Polycystina—Atlantic soundings." 3. "Diatomace.—Atlantic soundings."

These are long words, as we said, and convey to most minds nothing very clearly, except a notion that the fine white dust has come in some way from the Atlantic. And so in truth it has. The three hard names represent the chief products of the sea-floor of that great ocean; and the tiny slides before us contain the remains of plants and animals brought up by the sounding-line from their dark home, some two miles beneath the surface of blue water. Let us see if these strangers from a far-off unknown region can be made to tell us something, as they lie beneath our microscope, of themselves and the mysterious hidden realm from which they come. We may suppose such atomies can scarcely tell us *much*, yet the vaguest story of their lives and destinies cannot but interest us. From the earliest times there has always existed some strong charm in the unknown recesses of the watery world. Ever since the old Hellenic poets saw

"Far in the wine-dark depths of the crystal,
The gardens of Nereus,"

the imagination of man has delighted to people the clear river or the restless sea with fair semi-human forms. The old-world dreams of Siren, Triton, and Naiad are perpetuated in the later legends of Undine and the Lurleyberg; and our own great master-poet has perhaps drawn no more lovely figure than his "virgin daughter of

Locline"—the river-born Sabrina. The most matter-of-fact man has, when lounging by the shore, been sometimes attacked with the strong desire, if not to peopple the subaqueous realms of lake or sea with imaginary beings, at least to penetrate the shrouding veil of water, and to discover what are the beauties and what the forms he feels lie hidden beneath the wave. Some men there are, indeed, in whom this wish has grown to be a passion. It is not long since two widely-known and enthusiastic naturalists, possessed with this strong desire to know, prepared the necessary apparatus, and at some risk of life invaded the sea-god's dominions. Thence they have sent up to us an eye-witness' report of submarine manners and customs, and told us how the world goes on at the fifty-fathom line. Many a busy dredge, too, has been scraping for years past at the sea-floor, wherever it can be reached, bringing ever new facts before quick eyes and thoughtful brains; till in these times we begin to get a tolerably intimate knowledge of the complicated economies of the water-world; at least in such depths as our researches can be made with ordinary appliances.

Lately, one of the most eminent of English scientific men (now, alas! no more), has attempted to map out the minuter features of these regions, so far as animal life is concerned, with considerable accuracy. The physical geography (if we may so call it) of European sea-bottoms is now a science in which so many facts have been registered, and so many observations made, that practically the waters of our bays and firths have been rolled back for us, and the treasures they cover laid bare to our view. But of those profounder depths, far out in what sailors call "blue water," neither poet or naturalist have as yet much news to tell us. Here the diving-dress and dredge are alike useless, and even the sounding-line long failed to fathom these tremendous abysses, much less to bring up thence any reliable evidence of their formation or inhabitants. The art of deep sea-sounding—which many, we believe, consider to be merely a thing of every-day life at sea, a simple matter of a string and a lead—is of decidedly recent origin. Human science and ingenuity, which had gauged the heavens and measured our earth's distance from remotest visible planets; which had sounded abyss after abyss of firmamental space, and brought one faint nebula after another within resolvable distance; stood baffled in the effort to tell the depth of mid-ocean. Many were the trials made to sound in deep water, which all proved failures. The old-fashioned "lead" sunk and sunk endlessly, and sent up no shock to tell when the bottom had been reached: currents which seized the sinking line, dragged it out by thousands of fathoms, and would do so till every reel was emptied. Ingenuity was almost exhausted in new methods. Charges of gun-powder were exploded beneath the waves in the hope that the echo from the sea-floor would reach the surface. Experiment would furnish data for determining the rate at which sound travels in water, and the depth was to be ascertained by computation from the time occupied by the passage of such sound, caused by the explosion, to the

bottom and back again to upper air. The theory was pretty; but, alas for fact! in the stillness of the calmest night no reverberation ever reached the listeners. Instruments were made in which a column of atmospheric air should register the aqueous pressure it sustained below, and thus (again by calculation) give the required information; but, pressed upon by such a volume of liquid, nothing could be made sufficiently strong to bear the strain, and so this, too, failed. Sinkers, with screw-propellers attached, were tried, in which the screw made a certain number of revolutions for every fathom of its descent, but it would not do. Electro-magnetism was pressed into the service (what errand under the sun has not electrical agency been set to do?), but without avail: the "blue water" mocked at every effort to gauge it.

At length, after innumerable discomfitures, a simple suggestion led the way to a solution of the difficulty. In all attempts hitherto made to sound with an ordinary "lead" the shock produced by contact with the ground was relied upon for an indication of the depth; in practice it was found that no such shock was ever communicated, but that the line would continue running out endlessly without giving the slightest hint of bottom. Casts made upon this theory gave the astounding depths of thirty, forty, and fifty thousand fathoms, mile after mile of line being swallowed up by the currents. The proposal which paved the way to success was this. To *time* the hundred fathom marks upon the sounding line as they left the reel, and by using always a line of the same make, and sinker of the same size and weight, to endeavour to establish some law of descent. It was tried, and within a very short time succeeded. The mean of many experiments gave a certain period for the sinking of the first hundred fathoms, another greater period for the second hundred, and so on up to thousands. Now, until the lead has reached the bottom, it will drag out the line at a constantly decreasing but ascertained speed; once there, however, the currents begin to act upon the twine now no longer kept tense by weight; this is the moment at which the true sounding has been accomplished, and its arrival will be very evidently marked by a change in the rate at which the twisted hemp descends; for the force of the currents being of constant intensity will produce an uniform instead of a variable motion, and the fathom-marks will pass more slowly and at equal intervals over the reels. After a few trials this plan was found to give results which might be considered reliable; soundings on being many times repeated over the same spot checking each other with surprising accuracy. The main part of the problem was solved, but there was yet much to be done: though the heavy shot would drag the line to the bottom, it could not afterwards prevent its being drifted perhaps hundreds of fathoms from the perpendicular, and to lift the sinker again to the surface was a complete impossibility; thus though ground was reached and its distance from the surface measured, its nature and peculiarities remained unknown as before. This difficulty also was conquered in the end as our three little slides will testify. A midshipman of the

U. S. Navy, and coadjutor of Lieutenant Maury's, named Brooke, devised a simple method by which the need of raising the sunken shot was done away with. Through a hole drilled right through the ball he passed a small wire, allowing it to project some few inches at both ends; one extremity of the wire he fashioned into a little cup, and to the other he attached the sounding line; the sinker thus prepared was hove, and upon the projecting cup coming in contact with the ground an ingenious disengaging apparatus detached the 32-pounder altogether from the wire, and the lightened line came merrily up again from the deep, leaving its bulky companion buried in the Atlantic ooze, but itself returning freighted with the long desired riches from below. It was not much evidence to all appearance which the witness brought; a thimble full of white clay, more or less "stiff," was the only product of every cast. Notwithstanding that countless soundings in "blue water" have now been taken, the result has been the same in every case, and the whole sea-floor of the North Atlantic, with the exception of the shallower waters nearer shore, is proved to consist exclusively of this whitish-coloured clay or "ooze." In some places it is of considerable stiffness, while in others it "has covered the depths of the ocean with a mantle delicate as the matted frost and light as the undrifted snow flake on the mountain." Is there, then, no life, no trace of living thing nourished in the great sea's bosom? Does vitality cease altogether at certain depths, and is this mighty water world but a barren desert after all? Such, doubtless, were among the questions first asked by expectant and, to say truth, somewhat disappointed men, as they examined and re-examined that little cup of clay, and such are the questions which may still be asked without a really reliable answer. The microscope has indeed taught us, as we have seen to-night, that the "ooze" has once held life; but evidence is wanting still to determine whether the great basin of the Atlantic should be considered as a teeming hive of active vitality, or but as a gigantic graveyard. For ourselves we believe the first. True, life lessens and organisations grow few and low in very deep water; but so abundant is it everywhere, that we find it less difficult to believe these delicate creatures have died and made no sign in the long passage from their dark home to the stage of the microscope, than that there should be one absolutely life-forsaken spot within the limits of our world; the singular uniformity of the deposits also forbids the idea that they were laid down by drifts and currents from distant sources; had currents only been at work, the results of their labours would exhibit a much more miscellaneous character; but instead of this, every new cast brings up the same organisms, and that, too, without the slightest admixture of any foreign matter whatsoever; not a visible fragment of shell, no sand, not a pebble even has the sounding line brought up, plainly proving to our thinking that our minute friends have been truly found "at home." These morsels of clay, then, which seem at first but poor waking realities after the dreams men have dreamed of the wonders that were perhaps to be revealed, are no common mould,

not a particle of them but was once a living organism.

And now think of this: if it were at first disappointing to find no visible evidence of busy life, strange forms of unknown plants and animals, surely there is something grandly startling in the consideration of what the Atlantic floor really is. Picture if you can the thousands of square miles over which this living snow-white carpet of unknown thickness is spread, and standing in imagination upon the precipitous edges of the hills which rise to form our island, look down thence into the boundless abyss some 1700 feet below, in which, hidden from all human eyes, in darkness and perfect stillness, slowly—oh! how slowly—these little Foraminifera and Polycystinae are building up a new chalk world, perhaps the white cliffs of another possible Albion. For we cannot but think that in Midshipman Brooke's "cup" lies the true solution of the great geological chalk difficulty; long have we suspected that the little chambered shells (of similar family to these), so abundant in this formation, were themselves (they and their fragments) the producers of the material in which they appear as fossils. Year after year have geologists advanced in the belief that the cretaceous period, about whose origin there have been so many uncertainties, must have owed its existence to long-continued accumulations of the remains of primæval Foraminifera; and here surely is a proof there is no gainsaying, that the guess was right.

Turning from this wide and general view of our subject, we set ourselves to look a little more closely at these new comers from a mysterious home, not without an idea that some among them may at least turn out to be hitherto unknown forms of life. One glance of the practised microscopist, however, detects a well-known character in each; these dwellers in the deep sea are no new creations, we recognise them all as old familiar friends.

We have already said that the chalk furnishes us with countless examples of the Foraminifera in a fossil condition, but their living congeners are also to be found flourishing on every shore. Let us say a word or two on their nature and peculiarities.

Far down among the lowest forms of animal life with which we are acquainted, is the strange organism known as the Proteus (*Amoeba diffluens*); it is nothing more than a small lump of jelly without integument, but endowed with the capability of moving and eating, if eating it may be called. Special organs for this or any other function it has none, but the whole of the gelatinous body covers and encloses within itself any atom capable of affording nutrition, and becomes mouth and stomach both, when occasion requires. Closely allied to the Proteus is another genus, which we cannot describe better than as an *Amoeba* invested with a calcareous covering. If we imagine a delicate discoid spiral shell of elegant form, marked with curved and diverging grooves, and inhabited by a tiny piece of clear jelly without organs, but capable of projecting the substance of its body (called "sarcode") in the finest possible filaments through perforations in the surface of its shell, this

first principal representative of the deep sea soundings is before us. In our prepared and mounted specimen it is the shell alone which we see; the delicate tenant has of course long since perished, and its beautiful envelope alone is left; turning to our tank of sea-water, however, we can soon, by dint of prying pretty closely among the weeds, secure a living individual for inspection, and placing it beneath the lens, we shall see, to quote a good naturalist and accurate observer: "From the sides of the opaque shell protruding tiny points of the clear sarcode; these gradually and slowly—so gradually and slowly that the eye cannot recognise the process of extension—stretch and extend their lines and films of delicate jelly, till at length they have stretched right across the field of view. These films are as irregular in their forms as the expansions of the sarcode of the *Amœba*, with which they have the closest affinity. Their only peculiarity is their tendency to run out into long ribbons or attenuated threads, which, however, coalesce and unite whenever they come into mutual contact, and thus we see the threads branching and anastomosing with the utmost irregularity, usually with broad triangular films at the point of divergence and union. There can be no doubt that the object of these lengthened films, which are termed 'pseudopodia,' is the capture of prey or food of some kind; perhaps the more sluggish forms of minute animalcules or the simpler plants. These, the films of sarcode probably entangle, surround, and drag into the chambers of the shell, digesting their softer parts in temporary vaeoles, and then casting out the more solid remains just as the *Amœba* does." By means of these "pseudopodia" the animal also drags itself along over a fixed surface. Such is the Foraminifer of our own seas, and such too the atomies of the Atlantic basin. Of the Polycystinae we shall find no living representatives in these latitudes, though even if we did, the above description would scarcely need to be altered to serve for them as well, save in so far as their shells or envelopes are concerned; these, as we have an opportunity of seeing, are of more various forms and more elegant design than those of their near relations, and it was in admiration of them the loudest exclamations and prettiest diminutives were applied by our bright-eyed investigators. And our third slip of glass, what shall we say of that? Its history is a somewhat more involved and complicated matter. Viewed with a high magnifying power several strange and beautiful forms are visible as composing the dust; there are little discs of purest glass reticulated like the engine-turned back of a watch, other discs similarly reticulated and fringed with projecting processes like the rowel of a spur; triangular forms of the most delicate net-work, and oval or square pieces of exquisite chasing or tracery—surely these must be shells. And shells they are truly, though these minute objects have never served as coverings for anything but vegetable matter; each lovely reticulated "valve," siliceous in its nature and of indestructible hardness, has been the envelope of as true a plant as the tree or flower. Living representatives of each Atlantic species are known to us, nor if we take a casual glance at one of these

under the microscope will it be a matter of surprise to anyone who sees it for the first time, to learn that ever since the first discovery of the great family of Diatomaceae (a discovery almost contemporaneous with the introduction of the microscope), their true character and place in the kingdoms has been a subject of constant dispute. These little discs, while living, have not only the general appearance of some fantastic kind of shell, but are endowed with a very marked power of locomotion, which has, moreover, every semblance of being as much under the influence of volition as the movements of any of the infusorial animalcula; it is not then much to be wondered at that they should have been bandied about for years between the animal and vegetable dominions, as their respective affinities to either appeared to their observers to predominate; they are now (we think finally) referred to the latter kingdom, and take place with, or rather below, the lowest form of fungi, as the humblest types of that boundless and magnificent section of creation. Thus, then, we complete the examination of our treasures, and find that the depths of ocean are, like this green earth, peopled with living tenants and enriched with vegetable existences; widely different, perhaps, from the kinds we dreamed might lie in them; forms, without the newness, size, or gorgeoussness that our fancy had prefigured, yet rightly fitted all to the work set them to do, and that work (doubt it not), little as we yet know of its extent or direction, one day to be disclosed as no mean or unworthy example of Nature's slow, sure, yet stupendous doings. We replace our little slides in the cabinet, yet we cannot wholly leave them without lingering for a moment over this one imagination, fantastic though it may appear, to which they have given birth. These Diatoms and Polycystinae, humblest forms of vitality, do yet seem, in those wonderful peculiarities of their coverings (which, until we had become acquainted with these lower organisms, were ever considered as exclusively typical of infinitely higher races of animals), to stretch out an almost prophetic finger, pointing from the sunless sea-floor, where the first faint glimmerings of the flame of life flickers through the darkness, to the coming time (distant, it may be, unnumbered ages) when a more perfected creation shall enter on the scene slowly preparing for its advent. And now does any reader ask, Have we not been pursuing an useless theme? Is there any practical result to be accomplished by these researches? At present, we confess, not much. The Atlantic cable, whose very existence is referable to the facts made known by deep-sea sounding is, as yet, a failure; still, let all observers work and wait; hasty men, with a contempt for scraps of information and thimblefuls of knowledge, will meanwhile do well to remember Franklin's question, "What is the use of a new-born babe?" None can solve that unanswerable riddle, yet there is no one of us who doubts the possibilities that may be hidden in that germ of life.

This we believe to be true. No honest work was ever done, no careful effort ever made to get at one of Nature's smallest secrets without some useful results following in due time. And so we

prize our Atlantic soundings, not doubting in the least that patience, continued observation, and experiment will yet bring to our knowledge hidden facts, new laws, and undreamed-of wisdom out of the depths.

D. P.

PHYSIC: A FORTUNE.



I OCCUPY a large house at the corner of Clifton Street and Derby Place, one of the new and fashionable thoroughfares recently sprung up in this populous manufacturing town of Rexford. Before my front windows—handsome bow windows on either side of an elegant stone porch—three roads come to a point, and a triangular grass-plot, surrounded by iron railings, does its best to maintain the peace by its un-biased equanimity. Each of these roads leads

to long interminable rows of respectable houses. The inhabitants of these domiciles every morning and afternoon must pass and repass my door on their way to the great heart of the city. Thus, hundreds go by daily. Why, then, after five years' residence at Wimpledown House, why, then, I say—in the name of all that is good—do I sit waiting from day to day, and from year to year, for the patients that never come?

You may say, Perhaps I am not steady, attentive, agreeable, well up in my profession, and a host of other things. Let me hasten to inform you that none of these objections are good against me.

I hold a London diploma of M.R.C.S., and am a graduate of a university. I could at this moment, with the cobwebs of years upon my memory, give you the nine pairs of cranial nerves in their order from before, backward, with their four groups and their divisions, sub-divisions, and ramifications.

Last summer I took off Mrs. Crofts' left breast for cancer, and she still lives, one of my staunch supporters. Mr. Battersby had sustained a bad compound comminuted fracture of the leg. He protests that he was saved from death by my instrumentality. Miss Murchison, in a case of tubercular bone, was reinstated (she would tell you) by the blessing of God through my skill and ability.

But Mrs. Crofts won't always be having operations for my benefit; Mr. Battersby can't be

expected to be run over continually; Miss Murchison has had enough of it; and I am, with these successful cases all staring people in the face, why do I sit waiting with aching heart for the patients that never come?

Right opposite to me, at the end of the Stearnson Road, lives my friend Barlington. He is one of the chief surgeons to the Rexford Infirmary. He has a stirring and an active practice, and drives pleasantly in his close carriage and pair of prancing bays. He sits forward as he drives, and reads diligently, holding his book so that passers-by may see it. People say: "Barlington must make the most of his time. Every spare minute he devotes to study. He's a remarkable man, that Barlington!" Sometimes, when his eye is wandering through the window, he bows very low to me as I drive past in my cab. For I am supposed to hold in my power occasional consultations, and Barlington has always his eye to the main chance. He is a little, shrewd man, with an excitable manner, and a disposition to gossip. I have heard that he sometimes becomes so interested in discussing the prevalent topics of the day, that he has left his patients without entering upon the subject of their ailments. I dare say he would do a good action as willingly as any other man; but he has a patronising air. When I "meet him," he "hums" and "hahs," puts his hands in his pockets, and looks at his gold repeater. He has no children—no relations to stretch out craving hands towards him; but he loves his money, and likes to hear the clink of it as he paces up and down the sick room. His friends say: "An extraordinary man, Barlington! Let's no grass grow under his feet! He drove down to Fetterkin yesterday morning, to be present at an operation; came back at eleven, A.M., sees his patients; off again by the train to Limpfold, catches the return at five, and pockets his fifty guineas for the day;—a fact—I had it from himself."

And Mr. Barlington is just the man to tell it with infinite gusto. It is not long since Mr. Barlington was talking to my pretty little cousin, Mrs. Moreton. She was wondering how I, Dr. Plympton, was getting on.

"Oh!" says Barlington, "I should say Plympton has a fairish practice—a fairish practice, Jeremiah Peters, Esq., is a patient of his. He's of the right sort. Plympton's doing pretty well."

And he strokes his chin, and blows the dust off his velvet cuffs. And then he said that he did not see why I should not have a first-rate practice in Rexford. And my pretty little cousin (to whom Barlington is apt to be very communicative) told it me with great glee, for she is a kind little soul; but it did not do me much good. For a few minutes I cheered up, and felt better; but variations of mind don't provide payment of bills, or clothe my seven children.

One morning, standing at my drawing-room window, which looks up Clifton Street, I watched Barlington making his calls. He comes out of one house, pocketing his fee—drives on to the next, enters, and returns, repeating the same agreeable operation—next door but one just varies the formula by holding a circular parcel of white paper in his finger and thumb,—all the while as

good-humoured and unconscious of offence as need be, while I looked on and felt disposed to be bilious.

There is Scorlings. He is a rough, rude, half-educated man, with plenty of vulgar impudence and random braggadocio. Scorlings is not well up in his profession. He has lately set up a close carriage; so it must pay with him. How does he do it? He lives round the corner. The situation of his house is not to compare with mine; but he can drive his carriage, and I go plodding along in my shabby second-hand cabriolet, that does not pay its expenses.

Two years ago, I was attending a woman suffering from ovarian dropsy. She was fifty years of age, and much enfeebled with her complaint. My remedies were successful, as far as remedies can be in such cases. She greatly improved, and I had hopes that she might live a considerable time, with rigid adherence to the rules I had laid down for her. Her friend, Mrs. Cole, lived next door. Scorlings is a great gun with Mrs. Cole. My patient was worried continually about Scorlings; and one day he pays Mrs. Morris a friendly call. During this *accidental* visit he pities and sympathizes, and assures her he can effect a cure. It ends with his telling Mrs. Morris, that in three months she will be herself again, that her complaint is nothing more than that incidental to married ladies. I receive a note, very civil and polite, informing me that it is not necessary that I should call again. But of course I did call, and found Scorlings and Mrs. Morris in the very heart of a consultation.

Poor woman! she died in three weeks. On her death-bed she sent for me, feeling the great mistake she had made; but it was too late. I arrived only to see her lying still and calm enough, the victim of gross ignorance. Scorlings is a loud-talking, blustering man. When he goes into a house, he makes coarse jokes with the women, and is hale fellow, well met, with the men. I am a man of few words, and it doesn't pay, in my opinion.

Scorlings slaps the master on the back, pats the wife's cheek, chucks the daughter under the chin, tosses up the baby. I do none of these things, and Rexford does not understand me.

Scorlings sends out dozens of mixtures, draughts, and pills,—blisters, ointments, and lotions. I approve of these things, but only as aids; Scorlings deals in nothing else. He has no faith in diet, or in anything. He believes in physic; nothing but physic will do with him. Scorlings and I don't speak; since Mrs. Morris died, I have ignored him. He sent me an insolent letter, ill composed and ill-spelt; to which I replied, by informing him that I declined any discussion whatever with men of his grade; and he has been my relentless enemy ever since.

But if I must fail, let it be the failure of honesty; and let me do it honourably, if that is all I can do.

When I was a student in London, old Wrigley used to tell me,

"Plympton, you must humbug! There's nothing to be done without it. By George, Plympton! but if you mean to take, you must use plenty of humbug!"

I used to wonder at an old man, such as he, talking in that way, and answer,

"Indeed, sir, but I never will. If they won't take me for the real metal, they never shall for the dross."

And he would shake his head, and laugh over his short pipe at nights, when he had come in, and had done for the day, as though it was fine talking, and he knew better.

And so twelve years have I plodded along in this large manufacturing town of Rexford, living from hand to mouth, how I scarcely know; and find myself just the same as when I first started, only so much older, so much more careworn, so much less able to battle with the difficulties that close in around me.

I used to live in Greg Street. For seven years we endured that wretched habitation. Whenever the wind was in the east the smoke persisted in stopping in-doors. Whenever it rained, the stench that came up from the cellars was something fearful. But the light seemed afraid of us. When a ray of sunshine did find its way in, it looked as though it had been mistaken, and did not feel itself at home. My wife and I used feebly to assert to one another, that "it wasn't really so bad." Then my wife's uncle left Sophia a legacy; and we removed by the advice of my well-to-do friend, Jeremiah Peters, Esq., to Wimpledown House, a most eligible situation for a medical man.

"Who would think," said Jeremiah Peters, "of opening a first-rate jeweller's shop in a back street?" meaning, of course, that a good situation was of much importance.

I had my surgery-door made to open upon Clifton Street, the house fronting, as I said before, in Derby Place. I have a convenient waiting-room, down the surgery-passage, where patients were to sit until the ordinary consulting-room should be at liberty; for, as I said to Sophia, "People did not like to wait in draughty passages." This waiting-room will hold nine persons; and there are nine chairs placed. But the only dust that is ever removed from them comes off with the daily duster.

I have never known more than one person sit in that room at one time. And the schoolboyish hope that five years ago dictated such preparation, every time I enter that apartment laughs me to scorn.

For a time after we came to Wimpledown House, I thought we should have done better. But the few patients that came seemed to think, that if they paid me for my medicine and advice they must enter into all their family affairs. Of course, I was willing enough to purchase their goodwill by a little sympathy; but after a time they fell short, and so I sat waiting for the patients that never came!

Three months ago, Samuel Barnet, Esq., sent for me. I found him sitting upon his bed, with two chairs, the two front legs being placed parallel with the ground, and the backs uppermost. Tapes were fastened from the shoulders of the chairs, and drawn inside the bed-posts, and Barnet was driving for his life. I had heard of his abandonment to drink, and I said within myself, When he

is sufficiently recovered from this *delirium cum tremore*, I will reason with him, ere he is irretrievably lost. At the end of a fortnight Barnet was himself again.

One morning he began to question me as to the nature of his recent malady. I did not feel that the time was fully arrived, and I would have postponed it. But an answer he would have. If I had lashed myself into a fury of enthusiasm, it would have passed for good fellowship, and I should have lost nothing by my candour. Many men would have exaggerated his case, and have made excuses which they knew were not tenable. I considered, if I spoke the truth candidly and mildly, reproaches were for his own conscience; excuses came not near the subject. For Barnet was rich and healthy, with a well-conducted family, whose only grief consisted in *his* deplorable self-indulgence.

So I gave him the simple truth, without any circumlocution whatever. And what did he say?

"If I *am* to hear," said Barnet, "why not let me have it, in a good bluff Jerry-go-round sort of manner, and have done with it? but in that sleek milk-and-water way, like a cat treading on paper,—why, hang it!"

And so, when Barnet and I met in Eye Lane a week after, he would not look at me.

There is a sort of fashion in bluntness. If you come out with a slang word or two to such men as Barnet, rant and tear, and call heaven and earth to witness a plain fact, it goes for something. To be quiet, composed, and gentlemanlike, is to be nothing; it is to be namby-panby.

"Why, man, you swill like a porpoise, and are as bloated as one!" is the blunt style of expression. "Why, good sir, you drink much more than is good for you!" is the other. Each school has its disciples; and, although the two come to much the same conclusion, the ethics that lead to the one are of a coarser study than those that lead to the other.

Being much at home, and Mrs. Plympton having the house cleaned down at the time, I was left more to myself than is usually the case. To employ myself, I made some improvements upon an inclined plane for fractures, and Jeremiah Peters, Esq., just happening to pay his account, I devoted 10*l.* to registering my idea. I was full of hope of it; it had many points to recommend it to the use of the profession. I began to find myself whistling when I sat alone in my study, comparatively light-hearted. I found myself speculating as to how Tomlinson would regard me when I paid him the whole of his bill. I wondered how it would feel if I were to pay off everybody, and owe nothing. I used to look knowingly up at Sophia when she came to see what I was about, and say mysteriously, "There was no knowing what Plympton's improvement might not do for us, after all."

But the six months went by. The "taxes" had not been paid; the "gas" must be attended to; Mrs. Dubbins had sent three times for the amount of her bill; and my improved plane, as Barnet would say, "walked into the middle of next week." Barlington, whom I had consulted,

didn't think much of it. "It might do, or it might not. He wouldn't like to lend money upon it." That was just a figure of speech, nothing more.

But the week after my probationary time was out, and my chance of protecting my invention had gone by, what does Barlington do? He goes to Gibbs, of the Patent Office, registers a slight alteration upon my design, and calls it "Barlington's Improved!" Then he orders a quantity to be made forthwith, and supplies them at a large profit to the Rexford Infirmary.

Yet Barlington drives his carriage, and is making his thousands a-year; and I am waiting for the patients that never come!

I tried my hand at authorship. I gave to the world, "Plympton on the Action of the Coraco-brachialis," "Speculations on the Spleno-maxillary Ganglion," and "Plympton on the Pinal Gland." My publishers, Tiffin and Suddbury, foretold me golden opinions, and the gratitude of a discerning public. The "Coraco-brachialis" cost me thirty pounds, and brought me in seven at the end of nine months. The "Speculations" I sold to Tiffin and Suddbury for 15*l.*; and to this day it holds a certain position in medical literature.

Jeremiah Peters met me in the City last Wednesday. Barlington once said:

"It was a good thing to be seen talking to Peters; it was as though you had a heavy balance as your banker's."

Well, Jeremiah drew out his pocket-book, and said to me,

"Dr. Plympton, can't you give me a sovereign for the widow Jones?"

I shook my head. "Gold doesn't come so easily into my pockets," I said, smiling; and I could not help but think, "Does he recollect that I have seven children? if *he* does not, I do."

When I went home, I observed to Mrs. Plympton, "How would Mr. Peters have opened his eyes if I had said quietly to him, as he looked at me, 'Mr. Peters, I am not making a living!'"

Sophia laughed, and said, "It would have been a good joke,—it would indeed." And as she fidgeted about, and smoothed her apron with an assumed air of indifference, I saw the quiver that went across her face, in spite of the smile upon her lips.

And how is it, I would ask, that while so many inferior to myself, both in education and abilities, get on, I am left behind? I am not disagreeable; if I were, would Mrs. Jameson show me her new bonnets? would Miss Thompson try on her new cloak for me to see? would Smith ask my advice before entering into the shipping business? or George Purples, Esq., request me to give my opinion upon his son George's aptitude for the army? No, I am not disagreeable; that is not to be maintained.

No one would doubt that I was attentive, did they see me, day after day, when I return from the few calls I have to make, sitting down, book in hand, or teaching my children—always employed in some way on the spot, lest I should lose a chance patient.

Sophia sometimes laughingly tells me that I am

before my time. It is agreeable to solace one's self in that way; but I am inclined to ask, am I not behind my time?

Everybody is jostling everybody; there's no time to see who's down. The hour is striking by Rexford Cathedral; don't you hear its clang through the rattle of carts and waggons, and the puffing of steam over the bridge yonder? There's no time to be lost—the train will start! Time waits for no man—there are three minutes to get up the steps, take your ticket, into the carriage, and be off! There's the bell! Good heavens, and there's the whistle! It's off! it's off! There's nothing left but a long line of floating white steam, that curls over and under, over and under, and vanishes before the wind. Your coach may

have knocked down the greengrocer's boy, but why doesn't he get out of the way? These are not days to be putting your hands in your pockets and staring about. You must be up and away—here, there, everywhere—or you'd better give up the race at once. But if we are all to be so bustling, all so fleet of foot, all so strong of wind, who's to win? I want to run without knocking my neighbours before me, sending them flying into space. I want to live, but I don't want to prevent others living too.

But it isn't the spirit of the time. If I do not boast and bluster, I'm nothing. And therefore it is that I sit at home looking at the hundreds that pass and re-pass, but nobody turns in. They cross the road to Barlington, or they go round the



corner to Scurlings, and I sit waiting for the patients that never come.

I go up-stairs to my drawing-room, and look up Clifton Street. People are coming down quite fast. There's Sims. I know his wife's expectant. Is he—is he coming—I think—no, he's turned the corner. Well, well.

Yesterday I went into the nursery, and found my eldest daughter, Lydia, sitting alone, with her gazelle-like eyes suffused with tears. In reply to my question as to what was wrong with her, she only smiled like her mother, and said, "She had been moping." I knew what it meant. I stirred the fire, by way of showing that I was cheerful, and not afraid of my coal bills. I hummed the latest box-organ tune, and Lydia brightened up

amazingly. No one would have guessed how choked my voice was, and how I had to push it forcibly out against its will. When Lydia went away I gave over humming, and I said in the bitterness of my heart, "For God's sake, will the patients never come!"

Then I took a doleful journey through the rooms. I felt that I was becoming stupid. A sort of counter irritation might have its effect; so I go into the waiting-room that I may survey the nine chairs that are never sat upon. There I find my oldest boy of twelve comfortably settled by the window, reading by stealth my medical books, although I have decidedly set my face against his following in my footsteps. I could have taken the books from his hand and burnt them, but

Philip is no ordinary lad. There is the light of genius in his thoughtful face, and I could only say, "Philip, God bless you!"

I am now forty-five. There are grey hairs plentifully bestrewn among my locks. There are wrinkles at the corners of my eyes, wrinkles on my forehead, wrinkles on my heart. I have been engaged in the practice of physic now in this large and populous manufacturing town of Rextford for twelve years, and it has never paid yet. Were it not for my wife's legacy, we must have given up long since.

"Andrew Plympton!" said Sophia to me impressively last evening, "let us leave Wimpledown House. The tax-bills are coming again, and there is nothing to pay them with. Barlington gets all the practice, and Scoring's—they live and we grovel. Let us go away,—let's go away, anywhere,—dear!"

But I clasped my hands over my face. I said, "For heaven's sake, Sophia, don't you give way, don't you despair! If you do, then we are lost indeed!"

And we sat and looked at one another. The fire flickered, the shadows deepened, the gas-lamps from the street cast their reflections upon the walls of the room, and we sat brooding, with the fiend of despair upon our hearts.

This morning, Jeremiah Peters, Esq., drew up his carriage at our gates.

"A little tickling cough, doctor; just a little cough."

So I examined his throat, and sounded his chest. There was nothing wrong with it. I could see no sign of the slightest ailment. He looked particularly rosy and well for a man of seventy-two. I said to myself, "Can he be making a fool of me?" Then the temptation came strong upon me, "Sophia has not a sixpence in her pocket—Lydia wants shoes. If I do not write him a prescription, Peters will think it was no use his coming. He'll never pay me if I don't. He wants no physic, but it will do him no harm—and me a great deal of good. Shall I give him a linctus, oxymel of squills, syrup of poppies and a little nitre? It's innocent enough—shall I?"

"Hum! ahem! that is to say, Mr. Peters. In the Devil's name, my good sir, you want no physic! If you stay a minute longer I shall be driven to it, in spite of myself!"

"Dr. Plympton, are you mad?"

"Ah, if I only were," I said. "But I can't do it if I starve. I can't belie my conscience. You are in good health, sir, and want none of my stock-in-trade, and that's the whole of the matter!"

"Plympton," says Mr. Peters, "you're a gentleman, sir, and I honour you." And he went away.

And so, just as I had written thus far, determined to make a confidante of the public, as a desperate act of throwing the neglect I suffer in its face, Lydia brings in a note, and lays it with paled cheek before me. "It is about the taxes, child. There's no use in looking so dull, Lydia." And as I raised my eyes from my work, I perceived that it was the handwriting of Jeremiah Peters, Esq.

With trembling hands I opened it. It lay beside me now. It is a Bank of England note for 100*l.* "A token of respect from Jeremiah Peters, for the character of a man who, in the middle of the nineteenth century, has a conscience!"

And who knows but that the patients may come after all. A. Z.

A FEW WORDS ON STEAM NAVIGATION.

To those who take an interest in observing the gigantic improvements which have taken place during the last eighty years in the history of steam navigation, no more favourable opportunity could be afforded than a visit to the department of the South Kensington Museum known as the "Museum of Patents," in the centre of which are placed two steam engines, one being called "the parent engine of steam navigation," the other being a model of the paddle engines of the Great Eastern. There they stand, side by side, the first and the last, the alpha and omega of this great branch of science, the *model* in the latter case being as large as the *original engine* in the former. There are other models around them showing the gradual march that has taken place in steam engine building; but these in no degree diminish the extraordinary contrast apparent between the two before-named machines, one of which was constructed in 1788, the other in 1857; the former rough, dirty, and with every mark of age and wear about it, but as a relic invaluable; the latter bright and new, and probably the finest specimen of modelling ever exhibited. Well, indeed, may each be placed (as they are) under a handsome damp-proof glass case, for well is each worthy of it.

The history of "the parent engine of steam navigation" is as follows.

About the year 1750 Patrick Miller, Esq., of Dalswinton, made a large number of experiments, the object of which was to demonstrate the value of his theory that double vessels or boats, having a paddle or paddles in the centre between the boats (which were connected) which should be worked by hand labour, could be propelled at a higher rate of speed than ordinary vessels with sails. At the time he was making these experiments, a gentleman named Mr. James Taylor was paying him a visit, and took great interest in them, and it is unquestionably to him that we are indebted for the application of the steam engine to navigation. The following account from the pen of Mr. Taylor himself will show how the idea first had its origin.

In the summer of 1756 I attended Mr. Miller repeatedly in his experiments with the double boat at Leith, which I then viewed as parties of pleasure and amusement. But, in the spring of 1757, a circumstance occurred which gave me a different opinion. Mr. Miller had engaged in a sailing-match with some gentlemen at Leith against a custom-house boat (a wherry), which was reckoned a first-rate sailer. A day was appointed, and I attended Mr. Miller. His was a double vessel, sixty feet deck, propelled by two wheels, turned by two men each. We left the harbour

in the forenoon, and sailed about for some hours in the Frith; but the day falling calm, the custom-house boat could make but little way. We landed on Incheolm, where we remained for some hours waiting for a breeze to spring up. This accordingly happened in the afternoon, and a very fine breeze from the west, and fair for the harbour of Leith, and we started at the same time for a fair run to the harbour. The double vessel beat by a few minutes. Being then young and stout, I took my share of the labour of the wheels, which I found very severe exercise; but it satisfied me that a proper power only was wanting to produce much utility from the invention. I was now led to converse with Mr. Miller on the subject, and I observed to him that unless he could apply a more commanding power than that of men I was afraid the invention would be of little use. He answered, "I am of the same opinion, and that power is just what I am in search of. My object is to add mechanical aid to the natural force of the wind, to enable vessels to avoid or extricate themselves from dangerous positions when they cannot do it on their present construction, and I wish also to give them powers of motion in a calm." It became the daily subject of our conversation during leisure hours. We talked of many plans, but none of them satisfactory. At last, after beating over the whole system of mechanics, I said, "Mr. Miller, I can suggest no power equal to the steam engine, or so applicable to your purpose." He expressed some surprise, and said, "That is a powerful agent, I allow, but will not answer my purpose, for when I wish chiefly to give aid—namely, in a heavy sea—the fires would be extinguished." We continued our conversations, and frequently reverted to the steam engine. The more I thought of the business the more I became satisfied of the propriety of applying the steam engine, and in various conversations urged it, as at least worthy of attention for inland navigation, rivers, canals, &c., if not for the purposes of general navigation.*

Mr. Miller was at last induced to consider seriously Mr. Taylor's plan, and they went together to Edinburgh, and applied to an operative engineer, and took an estimate for a small engine, Mr. Taylor taking on himself to see that it was constructed with the greatest care.

The maker of the engine was William Symington, a name well known, and much respected to this day. He had just invented a new kind of steam engine, for which he had taken letters patent, as "his new invented steam engine, on principles entirely new." Of this Mr. Taylor saw a model, with which he was much pleased, and he accordingly introduced both Symington and his model to Mr. Miller, who at once engaged him to plan an engine for his double boat. This he shortly accomplished, and an engine was constructed (the castings being made by George Watt, founder, Edinburgh), and was mounted in a frame and placed on the deck of the boat. And now, after months of anxiety, the moment of triumph had arrived. The vessel moved delightfully, and although the cylinders were but four inches in diameter (those of the paddle-engines of the Great Eastern are 74), it was propelled at the rate of five miles an hour. That engine is the one now in the Museum of Patents. Its identity has been proved beyond the shadow of a doubt. It has been traced from the possession of Mr. Miller to that of his eldest son, who received it at his

father's death. In 1828 it was packed by him in a deal case, and sent to Messrs. Coutts and Co., bankers. Here it was kept till 1837, when it was removed to the warehouse of Messrs. Tilbury, High Street, Marylebone. Thence it was sent to Mr. Kenneth Mackenzie, of Queen Street, Edinburgh, who kept it for some time, and finally instructed his agent, Mr. Fraser, to sell it. It was accordingly sold by Mr. Fraser to the late Mr. William Kirkwood, of Edinburgh, who removed it from its framing, and threw it on one side, intending to melt it up for the sake of the metal. The death of Mr. Kirkwood, however, rescued this most interesting relic from its untimely fate, and it came into possession of the succeeding firm, Messrs. Kirkwood and Sons, from whom it was purchased for a small sum, and transferred to the Great Seal Patent Office in 1853. Being, however, in a somewhat dilapidated state, it was reinstated in a frame by Messrs. John Penn and Sons, and in January, 1857, was finally removed to its present home. There it stands in its integrity, a monument of anxiety rewarded and difficulties overcome. It has found a resting-place worthy of its great origin, and will doubtless prove an object of even greater interest to the generations which succeed us than it does to ourselves. All honour to those who have preserved it to the nation.

Turn we now our back upon it, and look on its neighbourhood. Can this magnificent and perfect piece of machinery be a descendant of the crude engine we but now beheld? Do they belong to the same family? Even so it is, though the mere model of the child is larger than the "parent engine" itself, and cost in making eleven hundred and seventy pounds! Nearly twelve hundred pounds for a mere model! Examine it closely, however, and the conviction will come that it might well have cost more. Not a nut, not a screw, is wanting. It is indeed the perfection of model making, and is the work of Mr. Jabez James, the engineer, the engines being designed, as is well known, by Mr. Scott Russell. About the merits of the engines themselves there is still some discussion as to whether they have done all that was expected of them—but this is an open question which we leave to be discussed by others.

SEPTEMBER.

The harvest moon stands on the sea,
Her golden rim's adrip;
She lights the sheaves on many a lea,
The sails on many a ship;
Glitter, sweet Queen, upon the spray,
And glimmer on the heather;
Right fair thy ray to gild the way
Where lovers walk together.

The red wheat rustles, and the vines
Are purple to the foot,
And true-love, waiting patient, wins
Its blessed time of fruit:
Lamp of all lovers, Lady-moon,
Light these ripe lips together
Which reap alone a harvest sown
Long ere September weather.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

* From Woodcroft's History of Steam Navigation.

LAST WEEK.

THE HEGIRA OF THE BOURBONS.

YOUNG Francis II. is gone at last. When kings fly their first step is decisive. You cannot dally with a crown—clutch the golden prize one minute, and let it fall from your trembling fingers the next. This last of the Neapolitan Bourbons, whilst we are writing, is at Gaeta: but it is most probable when this number of ONCE A WEEK is published, that he will even have abandoned that stronghold, and be on his way to a Spanish port, or to the Court of Francis Joseph, the *ex officio* Protector of small Italian royalties. As soon as Garibaldi is fixed at Naples, whether he administers the country for a time as Dictator, or whether he hands it over to the Sardinian King, really matters not—the Neapolitan army and navy will adhere to the *bon stato*, or new order of things. It is not likely that the Royal Runaway will suffer himself to be caught like a rat in a trap, or as Gil Blas was caught in the den of the famous Captain Rolando. Gaeta once invested by sea and by land, the situation of any one member of the garrison, from the King to a gunner-boy, would be exceedingly precarious. Not that these are times when fugitive Sovereigns have occasion to fear for their lives, but no doubt Francis II., late of the Two Sicilies, now of Gaeta, would rather be spared the humiliation of a contemptuous dismissal by his enemies. He has given up his kingdom without striking one good stroke in its defence. Courage failed him not at the moment when he directed that the fair city of Palermo should be laid in ashes, even although the operation was not called for on military grounds. He had courage enough when the Queen Mother and the camarilla urged him to continue the cruel system of government which his father had carried out for some thirty years. He had courage enough to stop his ears to the groans and cries of the wretched political prisoners who were incarcerated in his dungeons. But he had no courage when summoned to take the field, and meet the enemy of his name, and the people whom he and his father and grandfather had oppressed. As Macaulay has written—

He—he turns—he flies—
Shame on those cruel eyes
That bore to look on torture,
But dare not look on war.

The best thing now for Italy, and for Europe, is that this last of the Neapolitan Bourbons should be allowed to take his way quietly to the court of his Spanish cousin, who no doubt will give him a hiding-place. He is still one of the richest men in Europe.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S ALPENSTOCK.

WHAT a lamentable story was that one of those poor English travellers who fell over a precipice the other day as they were crossing from the Montanvert to Cormayeur! Europe annually sends forth her thousands of travellers to the Swiss mountains, and all things considered it is a wonder that so few accidents occur. Every idle voluptuary of the European capitals—every middle-aged gentleman whose figure owns the affronts of time, and betrays the effects of good living, from

the moment he reaches Lucerne or Geneva conceives himself to be instantly converted into a Swiss mountaineer. Now the purchase of Keller's map, of 'a little bag like a lady's reticule, to be slung round the shoulder, and of a long pole tipped with an elegant little chamois horn, can be easily effected; but these possessions, however valuable, will scarcely convert their fortunate owner into a mountaineer. They will not give him the hardness of limb, the enduring breath, the endurance of fatigue so necessary for the man who would grapple with the difficulties of Swiss mountains and passes as one to the manner born. Faint and weary, at the end of a very moderate day's excursion, you see the way-worn traveller who had left his inn with the rising sun, so light of heart and of foot, that by his side the guides seemed but clumsy and incapable travellers, plodding back, and cursing the hour when he exchanged the amenities of Pall Mall, or the Boulevards, for the stern realities of a stroll amongst the mountains. A man does not become an efficient member of the Alpine Club by a mere act of volition. There are Swiss dreams and Swiss realities—under which head are we to range the aspirations and performances of the latest Swiss travellers, Louis Napoleon and the fair Empress, whose graceful presence half excuses the triumphs of her lord?

Louis Napoleon has regularly commenced operations as a Swiss excursionist. He has bought an alpenstock, for which he has paid as a price the blood of thousands of Frenchmen, and millions of French treasure. It is the custom of Swiss travellers to cause the titles of their achievements to be burnt in upon these mountain-poles as records of their prowess. Upon the alpenstock of Louis Napoleon are now engraved these significant words:

MONT CENIS.
CHAMOUNIX.
CHABLAI.
FAUCIGNY.
LAC DE GENÈVE.

What next? It was not for nothing that, with the Empress Eugenie by his side, he went aloft the other day on the Lake of Geneva in that silken-galley which reminds the reader of Cleopatra's barge. For the name of the Egyptian Queen, read that of the French Empress, and the description may stand:

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burnt on the water; the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfum'd that
The winds were love-sick; with them the ears
were silver;

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, whilst they beat, to follow faster
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person
It begar'd all description; she did lie
In her pavilion (cloth of gold, of tissue)
O'erpeopling that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork Nature.

* * * * From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hit the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs.

All that the skill of French machinists and upholsterers could perform had been accomplished, and, on the whole, it is probable that the ma-

chianists and upholsterers of Paris in our day are superior to their predecessors of Alexandria, when Mark Antony bartered empire for a kiss. The spectacle on the lake must have been superb;—but if we are to attach credit to the account given by an actual spectator of the scene, who was present at Thonon when Louis Napoleon arrived there full of affability, the description in the play holds good again—

Antony,
Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air.

When the Emperor had alighted at the *Hôtel de Ville* of that remarkable town, Thonon, it seems that he stepped out, full of condescension, upon a balcony with a roll of paper in his hand, which in all probability contained the speech which he had intended to deliver, but, alas! a crowd of listeners was wanting. The *Préfét*, or *Sous-Préfét* of Thonon—or whoever the stage-manager might be—had not paraded the mob of attached subjects; and yet one should have thought that loyalty might have been purchased in Switzerland for a consideration. The Conqueror of Magenta and Solferino found himself in the presence of a few spectators, and some little boys and girls,—the sole representatives upon this occasion of the frantic desire for annexation to France. One might have smiled to see the man who has accomplished such great things, softly slip the roll of paper full of Napoleonic ideas into his pocket, and quietly slink back into the *Hôtel de Ville*. M. le *Sous-Préfét* must have passed but an indifferent quarter of an hour, when under question as to the absence of the loyal mob. All this was pitiful in the extreme; but it must be admitted, even by his most determined antagonists, that Louis Napoleon has over-topped ridicule. The morning of the 2nd of December was the answer to the joking upon the Boulogne eagle; and if his life is prolonged, there is much reason to suppose that the French Emperor may find occasion to address a more important crowd in a more notable Swiss town than was the case the other day, when he appeared on the balcony of the *Hôtel de Ville* at Thonon.

In truth, the apparition of that silken galley upon the blue waters of the Lake of Geneva, was an alarming spectacle enough, not only to the confederated Swiss Cantons, but to Europe. Louis has commenced a fresh game of *Rouge et Noir*, and has risked no inconsiderable stake upon the event. From the declaration made by the English Premier, in answer to Mr. Kinglake, just before the close of the session, as well as from the paragraph inserted in the speech of the English Queen when Parliament was prorogued, it would seem that this Swiss acquisition has cost him the confidence of English statesmen.

We had already been told by Lord Palmerston, that in consequence of the masterful seizure of these Swiss Cantons, in defiance of the obligations of the public law of Europe, England had been compelled to seek for more trustworthy alliances elsewhere. The conference at *Töplitz*, and an increased cordiality between the German Sovereigns, has followed. It is now suggested that in presence of a danger, supposed to be imminent, there

will shortly be a meeting between the Russian Emperor, the Prince Regent of Prussia, and the Emperor of Austria at Warsaw. We have seen the recent manifestations of loyalty in Belgium to the throne of King Leopold. Before the British Parliament separated, a heavy vote was taken for the defence of our arsenals, and the country is bristling with Volunteers from Land's End to John-o'-Groat's House. It is really in consequence of the annexation of Nice, Savoy, and above all of these Swiss Cantons, which give to Louis Napoleon the command over the Lake of Geneva, and practically in the future of the right bank of the Rhine, that 8900 lbs. of flour, 6000 lbs. of veal and ham, 500 lbs. of butter, and 2000 eggs, were used up in making pies for the Volunteers who were reviewed the other day in Knowsley Park. By this single act of autocracy planned and carried out in defiance of the public law, and public opinion of Europe, the French Emperor has destroyed all confidence in his own professions, and in those which are made by his ministers under his sanction. "I make war for an idea," said he, when he set out upon his Italian campaign of last year, but the idea intended was not the one held forward to the world, but a little boating excursion upon the Lake of Geneva, after certain water-rights had been secured. In some fashion or other, the Napoleonic ideas do not seem to work to the advantage of those who are the subjects of them. Louis Napoleon had taken the Pope under his protection. We know how sorely beset *Pio Nono* is at the present moment; but it seems that the French Emperor is resolved to despise his calumniators, and continues to protect the Roman pontiff till the end. Here is what Count Persigny said the other day when laying the foundation stone of a church at Roanne. "Ah! gentlemen, whilst I am about to lay the first stone of this church of our *Lady of Victories*, whose name is such a good augury, pray the Almighty to protect the Holy Father—to preserve him from the dangers which beset him—the most to be dreaded of which are not the attacks of his armed enemies, for the sword of the Eldest Son of the Church, despising his calumniators, continues to protect the august person of the Pontiff—and the venerated throne of the Holy See." This is a comment upon Louis Napoleon's own declaration the other day, in which he recommended the Pope to resign his temporal dominions, and give himself up to prayer and meditation within the walls of the Eternal City—as it is called—although the monumental ruins which it contains are sadly suggestive of the instability of human grandeur. Why should the Papacy endure in Rome, when Rome itself is blotted out from the map of the working-day world?

It is impossible to deny that at the present moment there is a general feeling of insecurity throughout Europe, and this insecurity is in itself no small evil, even if it should never ripen into actual warfare. We are all counting the forces of our neighbours, and manufacturing implements of destruction upon the most scientific principles, not exactly for purposes of harmless pyrotechnic display. How is this? It was not so twelve years ago. Again, it has always been said since the great

military Powers of the Continent receded from the principles which nominally inspired the Treaties of 1815, that sooner or later we must have a war of ideas, or of nationalities, to use the phrase of the professors in the science of Revolutions made Easy. But at the present moment it is not a war of ideas which we are all looking forward to, as a not very improbable contingency; but a simple, straightforward war of ambition upon the good old principles which moved Louis XIV. to despatch Turenne into the Palatinate, or decided the First Napoleon to send Soult and Marmont into Spain. For the moment, indeed, these projects are wrapped up in the mystic verbiage of the Second Empire. The Sous-Prefet of Thonon calls Louis Napoleon nothing less than the Apostle of European Emancipation.

Another of his acolytes styles him Aladdin, and tells us that his wonderful lamp is his perfect simplicity of character. Why not dub him Ali Baba at once, and explain to us that the phrase of "*L'Empire c'est la paix*" has been the "open sesame" by help of which he has marched from conquest to conquest? There is reason enough for anxiety in all this. There is a cloud bigger than a man's hand upon the horizon. A sound understanding between England and France—one is sick of the term "*entente cordiale*"—was the surest guarantee for the peace of the world—and this no longer exists. This is a lamentable but a true conclusion, and therefore we cannot rejoice at the accounts we receive of the Imperial progress in Switzerland. Upon this point the Swiss themselves feel alarm, which is natural enough, and are under considerable apprehension that fresh names will soon be added to the list of achievements engraved upon the Alpen staff of this formidable excursionist. Louis Napoleon spent his youth in Switzerland, and in early manhood was an Italian carbonaro. It was in these two countries he must first have felt the impulses of ambition. What tenacity of purpose there is about the man!

THE HELMSHORE TRAGEDY.

It has been said that more persons are killed and injured in London, every year, by accidents resulting from the negligence or misfortune of drivers, than upon the various lines of railway in the kingdom, in consequence of collision, explosion, and the various chances of the iron way. The terrible business which occurred at Helmsore, near Manchester, on Monday, the 3rd of the present month, must have gone far to fetch up the averages against the railroads. Some 2500 pleasure-seekers had come to Manchester for the day, in order to assist at some festivity which was then in hand. They were hard-working artisans, such as we find in the manufacturing districts, and their families. All went well on the journey to Manchester. They had their day's pleasure; it was to be the last, too, to many of their number. Well on in the night—it was about 11 P.M.—the excursionists flocked back to the station to be reconveyed to their respective homes. There were to be three trains choked full of passengers. One got away, and as it glided to its journey's end in safety, we may dismiss it from our thoughts. The second train started—there were eighteen carriages full of people, a large pro-

portion of them children. The night was very dark. Twenty minutes afterwards a third and similar train followed. Until the second train reached the Helmsore-station all went smoothly enough. They had glided up the incline which here is very steep. The train had been brought to a stand-still. The guard had just removed the breaks, and this was the death signal to ten human beings—to make no mention of thirty-eight persons who in a few moments were to be severely wounded and mutilated. The coupling between the third and fourth carriages broke. The engine remained with three carriages attached. For the remaining fifteen carriages in the train there was a jerk and a backward rebound, and then the fifteen carriages began to move slowly in the direction of Manchester. At this moment, the third train which had been despatched from Manchester was slowly passing up the incline freighted with hundreds of human beings—mainly children—as in the second train. The night, as we have said, was dark; the incline was steep; the scene of the tragedy, now imminent, was a cutting, and the cutting formed a curve. One train was gliding up, the other was gliding down. There were some twelve hundred persons on whom might the Lord have mercy—for when one minute only removed from death they could scarcely be nearer it than they were in the Helmsore cutting on that night of the 3rd of September—now just passed.

The carriages which had been released as described, moved back slowly enough for about four hundred yards—that is, something under a quarter of a mile—down the incline. The third train was ascending it, and upon the same set of rails, at the rate of something between ten and fifteen miles an hour. Some one at the station had detached the engine of the second train from the carriages, had moved it on another set of rails, and was proceeding back as quickly as he could in the direction of Manchester, so as to give warning to the driver of the third train. But it was too late! The third train was too near, and before the engine of the second train had reached the spot where the two trains were fated to come into collision, the collision had occurred. Then the screams and groans of the sufferers might have been heard. Ten persons were killed upon the spot, and others were lying about in almost every form and variety of suffering to which the human frame can be exposed. The limbs of some were broken; others had been wounded by the fragments and splinters of the shattered carriages; others were lying oppressed with great weights. It is needless to dwell upon this agonising scene—the mischief had been done. Nor is this the first time that such a calamity has occurred.

On the 23rd of August, 1858, a tragedy precisely similar happened between Worcester and Wolverhampton. Two trains full of excursionists were started with an interval of seventeen minutes between them. Then, as at Helmsore, the other day, the first train stopped at a station upon an incline. Then, as at Helmsore, the coupling between two of the carriages in the first train broke. Then eighteen carriages—as at Helmsore, fifteen—began to descend the incline, slowly at first, but

gathered velocity as they went. Then, as at Helmsore, in a few minutes there was a collision between the advancing, and the receding trains, and many people lost their lives—many were bruised and mutilated for life, and there was great suffering. All this arose from a defective coupling. If reliance cannot be placed upon iron, and upon the tests which are employed to ascertain if it be still trustworthy, some precaution should be taken at every station, situated upon an incline, to prevent the possibility of the recurrence of any similar accidents. True, they may only occur once in two years; but when the tragedy happens it is so terrible, and sweeping in its operation, that it should be prevented at any cost. Surely the ingenuity which invented railroads can be tasked so as to secure the safety of the passengers who travel upon them.

THE SEA AND THE MARINE ARTS.

The Great Eastern is proved to be a mechanical success, but possibly a commercial failure. With the destruction of the Red Sea Telegraph it may be said that up till the present time the oceanic cables have not proved trustworthy. Finally, we are informed upon very sufficient authority that the French iron-plated ship *La Gloire*, which has been announced to the world as a practical error, has, in point of fact, upon all material points, surpassed the expectation of her builders. The result of these three great experiments we have yet to learn.

With regard to the Great Eastern, it is now proved beyond all doubt that the ocean can be navigated in these huge ships not only with perfect safety, but in far greater comfort than in vessels of smaller size. In port, or out of port, the Great Eastern has done and withstood all that could be expected from any fabric built by human hands. Her performances in the gale at Holyhead Harbour showed that, no matter how terrible might be the fury of the elements, she could be held to her anchors and moorings. In her various trips round the coasts of England she has been exposed to very severe weather, and no vessel could have behaved better. Now that the experiment has been extended, and this huge ship has twice effected the passage of the Atlantic in safety, sufficient has been done to show that Mr. Brunel was right in his mechanical calculations, and that, as far as speed and safety are concerned, bulk and volume are not disadvantages to a sea-going ship. The question of whether or no it is more profitable to employ one larger vessel instead of four or six smaller ones for the transport of goods remains purely one for commercial men. It must be decided with reference to the economy of fuel, to the time occupied in loading and unloading, to the power of concentrating merchandise at a given moment at a given spot in sufficient abundance to freight so huge a ship. These, however, are calculations which fall within the usual domain of mercantile forethought, and it will soon be ascertained whether it is more profitable to build ships like the Great Eastern, or to adhere to the more ordinary dimensions and lines which our ship-builders have been in the habit of employing hitherto.

Of the Ocean Telegraphs, on the other hand,

we are compelled to speak as failures. Europe and America were indeed linked together by the electric chain for a moment, and in their confusion and surprise stammered out a few assurances of amity and good will. This was no mean triumph for our race. We compelled the lightning to speak English. Franklin had drawn it down from heaven, but we sent it to school. The triumph, however, was as short-lived as it was glorious. The Atlantic refused to contain the chain with which the Old and the New World were bound together. After many an anxious trial we were forced to acknowledge ourselves beaten for the moment, although the perfect success of the experiment can only be a question of time. The most important point of the great attempt has received a successful solution. The electric power generated by human hands can be propelled, or can propel itself, across the Atlantic. If so, there seems no limit to what can be accomplished when more perfect machines are contrived, and brought into play. All that is now wanted seems to be a better protection for the wire, to enable it to resist the rubs and rough usage to which it is exposed at the bottom of the sea. The Atlantic cable is gone—and now we hear that of the wire which had been laid down in the Red Sea there is also an end. The wash of the water upon the coral-reefs, which in this section of the great sea are sharp as razors, is the probable cause of the calamity. Whatever the explanation may be, it is positive that not much communication by ocean telegraph remains. Certainly the difficulties will be overcome in the long run; but as yet, the history of marine telegraphs has been, comparatively speaking, a history of failure.

The third great ocean experiment remains. If what we hear of this new French war-ship be true, all the modern vessels in the English navy are of little further use than as transports. As far as speed goes, it has been found that *La Gloire*, can accomplish her thirteen or thirteen and a half knots,—no bad rate of progress for a ship of war. We are told that all the stories which we have heard, to the effect that when there is any sea, her lower-port guns cannot be used, are mere fabrications, intended to mislead the public opinion of Europe. The iron sides of the vessel have been subjected to the most crucial experiments, in order to test their power of resistance to projectiles; and, it is said, the desired end has been accomplished. The screw and rudder are so placed as to be safe from almost any possible contingency of warfare. There is neither mast nor rigging, nor spar shown. *La Gloire* is merely an iron hull upon the water—impervious to shot—of the same build fore and aft, so that she can be moved either way without turning;—protected by an iron-roofing from the efforts of boarders, and with certain contrivances for the expulsion of the smoke, so that the men, when in action, should not be blinded and choked like the gunners in a casemate battery. The vessel is said to carry, or to be capable of carrying, thirty-six or thirty-seven guns of the most formidable kind which modern science has produced.

If these results are true, we have no less a task before us than the entire re-building of the English navy!

EVAN HARRINGTON; OR, HE WOULD BE A GENTLEMAN.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.



CHAPTER XLII. JULIANA.

THE sick night-light burned steadily in Juliana's chamber. On a couch, beside her bed, Caroline lay sleeping, tired with a long watch. Two sentences had been passed on Juliana: one on her heart: one on her body: 'Thou art not loved' and, 'Thou must die.' The frail passion of her struggle against destiny was over with her. Quiet as that quiet Nature was taking her to, her body reposed. Calm as the solitary night-light before her open eyes, her spirit was wasting away. 'If I am not loved, then let me die!' In such a sense she bowed to her fate.

At an hour like this, watching the round of light on the ceiling, with its narrowing inner rings, a sufferer from whom pain has fled, looks back to the shores she is leaving, and would be well with them who walk there. It is false to imagine that schemers and workers in the dark are destitute of the saving gift of conscience. They have

it, and it is perhaps made livelier in them than with easy people; and therefore, they are imperatively spurred to hoodwink it. Hence, their self-seclusion is deep, and endures. They march to their object, and gaining or losing it, the voice that calls to them is the voice of a blind creature, whom any answer, provided that the answer is ready, will silence. And at an hour like this, when finally they snatch their minute of sight on the threshold of black night, their souls may compare with yonder shining circle on the ceiling, which, as the light below gasps for air, contracts, and extends but to mingle with the darkness. They would be nobler, better, boundlessly good to all:—to those who have injured them:—to those whom they have injured. Alas! for any definite deed the limit of their circle is immovable, and they must act within it. The trick they have played themselves imprisons them. Beyond it, they cease to be.

Lying in this utter stillness, Juliana thought of Rose; of her beloved by Evan. The fever that had left her blood, had left it stagnant, and her thoughts were quite emotionless. She looked faintly on a far picture. She saw Rose blooming with pleasures in Elburne House, sliding as a boat borne by the river's tide to sea, away from her living joy. The breast of Rose was lucid to her, and in that hour of insight she had clear knowledge of her cousin's heart; how it scoffed at its base love, and unwittingly betrayed the power on her still, by clinging to the world and what it would give her to fill the void; how externally the lake was untroubled, and a mirror to the passing day; and how within there pressed a flood against an iron dam. Evan, too, she saw. The Countess was right in her judgment of Juliana's love. Juliana looked very little to his qualities. She loved him when she thought him guilty, which made her conceive that her love was of a diviner cast than Rose was capable of. Guilt did not spoil his beauty to her; his gentleness and glowing manhood were unchanged; and when she knew him as he was, the revelation of his high nature simply confirmed her impression of his physical perfections. She had done him a wrong; at her death news would come to him, and it might be that he would bless her name. Because she sighed no longer for those dear lips and strong arms to close about her tremulous frame, it seemed to her that she had quite surrendered him. Generous to Evan, she would be just to Rose. Beneath her pillow she found pencil and paper, and with difficulty, scarce seeing her letters in the brown light, she began to trace lines of farewell to Rose. Her conscience dictated to her thus, "Tell Rose that she was too ready to accept his guilt; and that in this as in all things, she acted with the precipitation of her character. Tell her that you always trusted, and that now you know him innocent. Give her the proofs you have. Show that he did it to shield his intriguing sister. Tell her that you write this only to make her just to him. End with a prayer that Rose may be happy."

Ere Juliana had finished one sentence, she resigned the pencil. Was it not much, even at the gates of death to be the instrument to send Rose into his arms? The picture swayed before her, helping her weakness. She found herself dreaming that he had kissed her once. Dorothy, she remembered, had danced up to her one day, to relate what the maids of the house said of the gentlemen—(at whom, it is known, they look with the licence of cats towards kings); and Dorothy's fresh, careless mouth had told how one observant maid, amorously minded, proclaimed of Evan, to a companion of her sex, that "he was the only gentleman who gave you an idea of how he would look when he was kissing you." Juliana cherished that vision likewise. Young ladies are not supposed to do so, if menial maids are; but Juliana did cherish it, and it possessed her fancy. Bear in your recollection that she was not a healthy person. Diseased little heroines may be made attractive, and are now popular; but strip off the cleverly woven robe which is fashioned to cover them, and you will find them, in certain matters, bearing a resemblance to menial maids.

While the thoughts of his kiss lasted, she could do nothing; but lay with her two hands out on the bed, and her eyelids closed. Then waking, she took the pencil again. It would not move: her bloodless fingers fell from it.

"If they do not meet, and he never marries, I may claim him in the next world," she mused.

But conscience continued uneasy. She turned her wrist and trailed a letter from beneath the pillow. It was from Mrs. Shorne. Juliana knew the contents. She raised it unopened as high as her faltering hands permitted, and read like one whose shut eyes read syllables of fire on the darkness.

"Rose has at last definitively engaged herself to Ferdinand, you will be glad to hear, and we may now treat her as a woman."

Having absorbed these words, Juliana's hand found strength to write with little difficulty, what she had to say to Rose. She conceived it to be neither sublime nor generous: not even good; merely her peculiar duty. When it was done, she gave a long, low sigh of relief.

Caroline whispered, "Dearest child, are you awake?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Sorrowful, dear?"

"Very quiet."

Caroline reached her hand over to her, and felt the paper.

"What is this?"

"My good-bye to Rose. I want it folded now."

Caroline slipped from the couch to fulfil her wish. She enclosed the pencilled scrap of paper, sealed it, and asked, "Is that right?"

"Now unlock my desk," Juliana uttered feebly. "Put it beside a letter addressed to a law-gentleman. Post both the morning I am gone."

Caroline promised to obey, and coming to Juliana to mark her looks, observed a faint pleased smile dying away, and had her hand gently squeezed. Juliana's conscience had preceded her contentedly to its last sleep; and she, beneath that round of light on the ceiling, drew on her counted breaths in peace till dawn.

CHAPTER XLIII. ROSE.

HAVE you seen a young audacious spirit smitten to the earth? It is a singular study; and, in the case of young women, a trap for inexperienced men. Rose, who had commanded and managed every one surrounding her since infancy, how humble had she now become!—how much more womanly in appearance, and more child-like at heart! She was as wax in Lady Elburne's hands. A hint of that veiled episode, the Beckley campaign, made Rose pliant, as if she had woven for herself a rod of scorpions. The high ground she had taken; the perfect trust in one; the scorn of any judgment, save her own;—these had vanished from her. Rose, the tameless heroine who had once put her mother's philosophy in action, was the easiest filly that turbaned matron ever yet drove into the straight road of the world. It even surprised Lady Jocelyn to see how wonderfully she had been broken in by her grandmother. Her ladyship wrote to Drummond to tell him of it, and Drum-

mond congratulated her, saying, however:—“Changes of this sort don't come of conviction. Wait till you see her at home. I think they have been sticking pins into the sore part.”

Drummond knew Rose well. In reality there was no change in her. She was only a suppliant to be spared from ridicule: spared from the application of the scourge she had woven for herself.

And, ah! to one who deigned to think warmly still of such a disgraced silly creature, with what gratitude she turned! He might well suppose love alone could pour that profusion of jewels at his feet.

Ferdinand, now Lord Laxley, understood the merits of his finger-nails better than the nature of young women; but he is not to be blamed for presuming that Rose had learnt to adore him. Else why did she like his company so much? He was not mistaken in thinking she looked up to him. She seemed to beg to be taken into his noble serenity. In truth, she sighed to feel as he did, above everybody—she that hath fallen so low! Above everybody!—born above them, and therefore superior by grace divine! To this Rose Jocelyn had come—she envied the mind of Ferdinand!

He, you may be sure, was quite prepared to accept her homage. Rose he had always known to be just the girl for him; spiritel, fresh, and with fine teeth; and once tied to you safe to be staunch. They walked together, rode together, danced together. Her soft humility touched him to eloquence. Say she was a little hypocrite, if you like, when the blood came to her cheeks under his eyes. Say she was a heartless mix for allowing it to be bruited that she and Ferdinand were betrothed. I can but tell you that her blushes were blushes of gratitude to one who could devote his time to such a disgraced silly creature, and that she, in her abject state, felt a secret pleasure in the protection Ferdinand's name appeared to extend over her: and was hardly willing to lose it.

So far Lady Elburne's tact and discipline had been highly successful. One morning, in May, Ferdinand, strolling with Rose down the garden, made a positive appeal to her common sense and friendly feeling; by which she understood that he wanted her consent to his marriage with her.

Rose answered:

“Who would have me?”

Ferdinand spoke pretty well, and ultimately got possession of her hand. She let him keep it, thinking him noble for forgetting that another had pressed it before him.

Some minutes later the letters were delivered. One of them contained Juliana's dark-winged missive.

“Poor, poor July!” said Rose, dropping her head, after reading all that was on the crumpled leaf with an inflexible face. And then, talking on, long low sighs lifted her bosom at intervals. She gazed from time to time with a wistful conciliatory air on Ferdinand. Rushing to her chamber, the first cry her soul framed was: “He did not kiss me!”

The young have a superstitious sense of some-

thing incontestably true in the mad impositions of the dead. Evan guiltless! He could not quite take the meaning this revelation involved. That which had been dealt was beginning to move within her; but blindly: and now it stirred and troubled; now sank. Guiltless!—all she had thought him! Oh! she knew she could not have been deceived. But why, why had he hidden his sacrifice from her?

“It is better for us both, of course,” said Rose, speaking the world's wisdom, parrot-like, and bursting into tears the next minute. Guiltless, and gloriously guiltless! but nothing—nothing to her!

She tried to blame him. It would not do. She tried to think of that grovelling loathsome passion she had had painted to her by Lady Elburne's graphic hand. Evan dispersed the gloomy shadow like sunshine. Then in a sort of terror she rejoiced to think she was partially engaged to Ferdinand, and found herself crying again with exultation, that he had not kissed her: for a kiss on her mouth was to Rose a pledge and a bond.

The struggle searched her through: bared her weakness, probed her strength; and she, seeing herself, suffered grievously in her self-love. Am I such a coward, inconstant, cold? she asked. Confirmatory answers coming flung her back under the shield of Ferdinand: if, for a moment, her soul stood up armed and defiant, it was Evan's hand she took.

To whom do I belong? was another terrible question. To her ideas, if Evan was not chargeable with that baseness which had sundered them, he might claim her yet, if he would. If he did, what then? Must she go to him?

Impossible! she was in chains. Besides, what a din of laughter there would be to see her led away by him! Twisting her joined hands; weeping for her cousin, as she thought, Rose passed hours of torment over Juliana's legacy to her.

“Why did I doubt him?” she cried, jealous that any soul should have known and trusted him better. Jealous; and I am afraid that the kindling of that one feature of love relighted the fire of her passion thus fervidly. To be outstripped in generosity was hateful to her. Rose, naturally, could not reflect that a young creature like herself, fighting against the world, as we call it, has all her faculties at the utmost stretch, and is often betrayed by failing nature when the will is still valiant.

And here she sat—in chains! “Yes! I am fit only to be the wife of an idle brainless man, with money and a title,” she said, in extreme self-contempt. She caught a glimpse of her whole life in the horrid tomb of his embrace, and questions whether she could yield her hand to him—whether it was right in the eyes of Heaven, rushed impetuously to console her, and defied anything in the shape of satisfactory affirmations. Nevertheless, the end of the struggle was, that she felt that she was bound to Ferdinand.

“But this I will do,” said Rose, standing with heat-bright eyes and deep-coloured cheeks before the glass. “I will clear his character at Beckley. I will help him. I will be his friend. I will

wipe out the injustice I did him." And this bride-elect of a lord absolutely added that—she was unworthy to be the wife of a tailor!

"He! how unequalled he is! There is nothing he fears except shame. Oh, how sad it will be for him to find no woman in his class to understand him and be his helpmate!"

Over this sad subject, of which we must presume her to be accurately cognisant, Rose brooded heavily. By mid-day she gave her grandmother notice that she was going home to Juliana's funeral.

"Well, Rose, if you think it necessary to join the ceremony," said Lady Elburne. "Beckley is bad quarters for you, as you have learnt. There was never much love between you cousins."

"No, and I don't pretend to it," Rose answered. "I am sorry poor Juley's gone."

"She's better gone for many reasons—she appears to have been a little venomous toad," said Lady Elburne; and Rose, thinking of a snake-like death-bite working through her blood, rejoined: "Yes—she isn't to be pitied: she's better off than most people."

So it was arranged that Rose should go. Ferdinand and her aunt, Mrs. Shorne, accompanied her. Mrs. Shorne gave them their opportunities, albeit they were all stowed together in a carriage, and Ferdinand seemed willing to profit by them; but Rose's hand was dead, and she sat by her future lord forming the vow on her lips that they should never be touched by him.

Arrived at Beckley, she, to her great delight, found Caroline there, waiting for the funeral. In a few minutes she got her alone, and after kisses, looked penetratingly into her lovely eyes, shook her head, and said: "Why were you false to me?"

"False?" echoed Caroline.

"You knew him. You knew why he did that. Why did you not save me?"

Caroline fell upon her neck, asking pardon. Rose spared her the recital of facts further than the broad avowal. Evan's present condition she plainly stated: and Rose, when the bitter pangs had ceased, made oath to her soul she would rescue him from it.

In addition to the task of clearing Evan's character, and rescuing him, Rose now conceived that her engagement to Ferdinand must stand ice-bound till Evan had given her back her troth. How could she obtain it from him? How could she take anything from one so noble and so poor! Happily there was no hurry; though, before any bond was ratified, she decided conscientiously that it must be done.

You see that like a little snake she turns on herself, and must be tracked in and out. Not being a girl to solve the problem with tears, or outright perfidy, she had to ease her heart to the great shock little by little: sincere as far as she knew: as far as one who loves may be.

The day of the funeral came and went. The Jocelyns were of their mother's opinion; that for many reasons Juliana was better out of the way. Mrs. Bonner's bequest had been a severe blow to Sir Franks. However, all was now well. The estate naturally lapsed to Lady Jocelyn. No one in the house dreamed of a Will, signed with

Juliana's name, attested, under due legal forms, being in existence. None of the members of the family imagined that at Beckley Court they were then residing on somebody else's ground.

Want of hospitable sentiments was not the cause that led to an intimation from Sir Franks to his wife, that Mrs. Strike must not be pressed to remain, and that Rose must not be permitted to have her own way in this. Knowing very well that Mrs. Shorne spoke through her husband's mouth, Lady Jocelyn still acquiesced, and Rose, who had pressed Caroline publicly, had to be silent when the latter renewed her faint objections: so Caroline said she would leave on the morrow morning.

Juliana, with her fretfulness, her hand-bounties, her petty egotisms, and sudden far-leaping generousities, and all the contradictory impulses of her malady, had now departed utterly. The joys of a landed proprietor mounted into the head of Sir Franks. He was up early the next morning, and he and Harry walked over a good bit of the ground before breakfast. Sir Franks meditated making it entail, and favoured Harry with a lecture on the duty of his shaping the course of his conduct at once after the model of the landed gentry generally.

"And you may think yourself lucky to come into that catalogue—the son of a younger son!" said Sir Franks, tapping Mr. Harry's shoulder. Harry also began to enjoy the look and smell of land. At the breakfast which, though early, was well attended, Harry spoke of the advisability of felling timber here, planting there, and so forth, after the model his father had held up. Sir Franks nodded approval of his interest in the estate, but reserved his opinion on matters of detail.

"All I beg of you is," said Lady Jocelyn, "that you won't sow turnips within the circuit of a mile;" which was obligingly promised.

The morning letters were delivered and opened with the customary calmness.

"Letter from old George," Harry sings out, and buzzes over a few lines. "Halloo!—hum!" He was going to make a communication, but catching sight of Caroline, tossed the letter over to Ferdinand, who read it and tossed it back with the comment of a careless face.

"Read it, Rosey?" says Harry, smiling bluntly.

Rather to his surprise, Rose took the letter. Study her eyes if you wish to gauge the potency of one strong dose of ridicule on an ingenuous young heart. She read that Mr. George Uploft had met "our friend, Mr. Snip" riding, by moonlight, on the road to Beckley. That great orb'd night of their deep tender love flashed luminously through her frame, storming at the base epithet by which her lover was mentioned, flooding grandly over the ignominies cast on him by the world. She met the world, as it were, in a death-grapple; she matched the living heroic youth she felt him to be with that dead wooden image of him which it thrust before her. Her heart stood up singing like a craven who sees the tide of victory setting towards him. But this passed beneath her eyelids. When her eyes were lifted, Ferdinand could have discovered nothing in them to complain of,

had his suspicions been light to raise: nor could Mrs. Shorne perceive that there was the opening for a shrewd bodkin-thrust. Rose had got a mask at last: her colour, voice, expression, were perfectly at command. She knew it to be a cowardice to wear any mask: but she had been burnt, horribly burnt: how much so you may guess from the supple dissimulation of such a bold clear-visaged girl. She conquered the sneers of the world in her soul: but her sensitive skin was yet alive to the pangs of the scorching it had been subjected to when weak, helpless, and betrayed by Evan, she stood with no philosophic parent to cry fair play for her, among the skilful torturers of Elburne House.

Sir Franks had risen and walked to the window.

"News?" said Lady Jocelyn, wheeling round in her chair.

The one eyebrow up of the easy-going baronet signified trouble of mind. He finished his third perusal of a letter that appeared to be written in a remarkably plain legal hand, and looking as men do when their intelligences are just equal to the comprehension or expression of an oath, handed the letter to his wife, and observed that he should be found in the library. Nevertheless, he waited first to mark its effect on Lady Jocelyn. At one part of the document her forehead wrinkled slightly.

"Doesn't sound like a joke!" he said.

She answered:

"No."

Sir Franks, apparently quite satisfied by her ready response, turned on his heel and left the room quickly.

An hour afterwards it was rumoured and confirmed that Juliana Bommer had willed all the worldly property she held in her own right, comprising Beckley Court, to Mr. Evan Harrington, of Lymport, tailor. An abstract of the will was forwarded. The lawyer went on to say, that he had conformed to the desire of the testatrix in communicating the existence of the aforesaid will six days subsequent to her death, being the day after her funeral.

There had been railing and jeering at the Countess de Saldar, the clever courtwitted exposed adventures in Elburne House and Beckley Court. What did the crowing cleverer aristocrats think of her now?

On Rose the blow fell bitterly. Was Evan also a foul schemer? Was he of a piece with his intriguing sister? His close kinship with the Countess had led her to think baseness possible to him when it was confessed by his own mouth once. She heard black names cast at him and the whole of the great Mel's brood, and incapable of quite disbelieving them merited, unable to challenge and rebut them, she dropped into her recent state of self-contempt: into her lately-instilled doubt whether it really was in Nature's power, unaided by family-portraits, coats-of-arms, hall-room practice, and at least one small phial of Essence of Society, to make a Gentleman.

That evening Ferdinand had another chance. He begged her not to be upset by the family misfortune, assuring her that his own position would

shield her from considerations of that kind. She listened to him, understanding him well. Perhaps—for he was coaxing soft under evening influences—the fatal kiss might then have been given, but he, bending his head to her just as the moon slipped over an edge of cloud, the tides of an old emotion began to roll in her bosom, and, by a sudden turn of the head, she received his lips on the shield of her cheek. Love saw the danger. To Ferdinand's amazement and disgust, Rose grasped his hand, and in her frankest voice wished him good-night.

(To be continued.)

WESTWARD HO!

A BUSTLE at the basin communicating with the river, the cheery cries of toiling seamen, the metallic clank of the revolving capstan, and occasional brief stern words of command, announcing some event of interest, I hastened to join the crowd of curious spectators.

The Albatross was about to take wing for a Transatlantic port, freighted, not with the textile-skill of Manchester, or subtle strength of Sheffield, but with hundreds of precious human souls whom fair, but unhappy Ireland, could no longer feed or shelter—outcasts from the Ark urging their reluctant flight across the heaving waters in quest of some emergent Ararat:—poor unfledged nestlings, remorselessly turned out into the pitiless weather by the parent bird to shift for themselves—scant of feather, inexperienced, apprehensive and forlorn!

Yet strangers to each other, but united by the tie of a common misfortune and equally dim future, they clustered together on the littered deck, regarding with vacant wonder the busy seamen, whom they ignorantly persisted in obstructing; listening apathetically to their remonstrances, looking vaguely on the scenes about to pass away for ever; their thoughts meanwhile being far distant in the hovel of their birth, and with the desolate loved ones.

Partings there were few; most of the adventurers had already past through that ordeal: what grief there might be was subdued—manifested chiefly by a dejected silence, by the occasional utterance of an involuntary "Worra!" or by a heavy sigh from some sad-eyed woman. There were none of the tearful farewells—the convulsive embraces of suppressed emotion, or unrestrained wailings of feeble self-abandonment, so painful to the accidental spectator. Some few of more buoyant temperament had merged regrets in cheerful anticipations, or had become oblivious of the sad past and uncertain future in contemplating the novelty of the immediate present, and had a light jest and easy smile at any one's service. Occasionally one might be descried who had sought a temporary Lethe in the bottle, but these were exceptional cases; poverty enforcing temperance where perchance principle or prudence might not have restrained.

At length, freed from restraint, the Albatross slowly glided into the turbid river, the fluttering topsails were sheeted home, while the musical ripple round the prow directed seaward told that

the voyage had commenced, and the former world had past away. A pause of silent suspense ensued, into which was compressed an infinity of tremulous thought, while the emigrants wistfully regarded the receding shore; then, a kindly cheer of farewell arose from the sympathising spectators, whereto, catching at the pretext to relieve their overburthened bosoms, they responded by a shout, meant to express defiant resolution, but subsiding into a dolorous wail. Thus they departed to the promised land.

When the last rope linking the vessel to the English shore had been cast off, she virtually ceased to belong to our world otherwise than in vision, and was as disconnected from us in reality as though oceans rolled between. When she vanished in the haze with her precious freight, she passed from the material present into a region of shadow whereon the mind speculates painfully. What fortunes may betide those ocean wanderers, and will they ever emerge again from that lower world?

Let Fancy accompany the exiles on their voyage to that western land whither they hasten, discontented with the present, and perchance too confident in the future.

While those of the ruder sex are disconsolately eyeing the receding shore, the associates of their fortunes are below arranging for their comfort. The darkness of that nether Hades—whence exhale so many sighs—is dimly lighted by occasional lanterns, sullenly swinging from the beams, as if to measure the hours of imprisonment, like the pendulum oscillating by a couch of anguish. The atmosphere is murky, thick, and redolent of bilge water and other marine odours, that seem the proper emanation of those sickly flames, without the aid of which, however, extrication would have been hopeless from the perplexity of trunks, barrels, and chests of unmanageable dimensions, that block up the narrow passages running fore and aft. The berths on either hand, tier above tier, are confusedly littered with the scanty bedding and sordid attire of their proprietors; fresh leaves have been hastily thrust into Sunday hats—pats of butter are imperfectly hidden in old shoes—kettles protrude from the thin covert of the blankets—and black bottles shyly retire from the treacherous light into remote corners. The poor household stuff suggests mournful reflections on that poverty whereof these mean trifles are the all, and on the insatiability of the desires whereto so little is absolutely needed. Yet, out of these scanty elements will the wives and daughters of the exiles form the semblance of a home, and find a temporary happiness. Woman, whatever sky be above us, only thy love can give us that!

Amid this chaos, here and there wander men in hopeless quest of missing baggage, children are niched in berths silently munching furtive apples, women are weeping uncomplainingly while making the most of their poor furniture for the comfort of their families, pausing at times to invoke some child that, indifferent to maternal anxiety, has escaped to the upper air. On a barrel in some retired nook is seated its owner, keeping discreet watch over the safety of all his earthly possessions, contemplating the anxious scene with

calmness, and solacing himself with an aromatic pipe.

As day slowly wanes, one by one, "the boys" reluctantly descend with ashy faces, and cast themselves despairingly down anywhere, mutely appealing for relief to the suffering women. Night descending veils their anguish, but with night arrive new distresses.

As the Albatross proceeds down the Channel, the breeze freshens, and veering to the westward, renders it necessary to shorten sail and make all snug for the night—a nautical procedure contemplated with ignorant alarm by those passengers able to raise their aching heads. When the reduced topsails rise again, and the ship is brought suddenly to the wind, a collision ensues and shakes the gigantic frame, followed by a deafening crash and a universal wail below, as though the end of all things had arrived.

Amid a breathless chorus of Paters and Aves, tremulous hands grope eagerly for matches, which flash in all directions to the great amusement of Jack who is squinting down the hatchway. On the reappearance of lights all things seem to have drifted to leeward into ruin and annihilation. Crockery has been reduced to primeval dust—boxes have betrayed their sorry secrets, and barrels have resigned their stores. Loud is the lamentation over a destruction caused by lack of care, or over the personal injuries received. Cornelius has had his foot jammed. Molly has lost a favourite tooth. Larry has innocently acquired a black eye, and Bridget has sprained her thumb. These calamities, however much to be regretted, have the good effect of diverting the sufferers from needless alarm, and prompting healthy exertion. Some feeble efforts at arrangement are made, and exhausted by varied emotions, they relapse into torpor which is not repose.

The morrow's sun flashes on a landless sea flecked with foam by the keen breeze, which, though it may give zest to the rude fare of Jack recovering from the effects of late enjoyment, has a diametrically opposite action on the exiles. A few convulsive attempts are made to cook coffee, generally issuing in melancholy failure, much to the amusement of the Sea-Tritons, who, possessing "*dura ilia*" themselves, have no bowels of compassion for distresses whereto they are not subject.

Some days elapse ere the emigrants are familiarised with the novelty and discomfort of their position. As each berth is designed to accommodate five guests, their joint contributions forming a common bed, many are brought into disagreeably close relations with utter strangers that delicacy revolts against. When different sexes are thus mixed, as frequently occurs, the outrage on the modesty of the reluctant women needs no comment. Constant exposure to the observation of strange men generates immodesty—even the reluctant knowledge of impurities pollutes the soul—the unwholesome atmosphere irretrievably taints those who have once breathed it.

From this enforced association, however, clearer knowledge is acquired in a few days of the true natures of new acquaintance than is ordinarily possible in genteel society, where decorum prevents

other than accidental glimpses of the serene heights or dark abysses familiar to the souls of others. Circumstances demand much gentleness and mutual forbearance from the voyagers, and those who are wise display them, if not from natural kindness, yet from discreet regard for their own comfort; but there are natures so innately evil, or so unhappily uncultured, as to prefer rendering those around them miserable, and such find ample material for hourly contention within the narrow limits of their berths.

As they recover from sea-sickness, the thoughts of the voyagers, after so long abstinence, revert fondly to culinary matters. There is no lack of provision: beside their private store of potatoes, oatmeal, &c., the ship is legally bound to furnish a periodical allowance, and many artifices are used to obtain an undue share of these provisions, which are seldom used unless the private stock has been improvidently exhausted. The wanton waste by those—most of whom have known in their own land the direst extremity of hunger—is astonishing. From some occult reason the Celtic peasant does not relish the white pilot-bread. "I doesn't like the feel of it under me tooth," says Dennis, while steadily demanding, in the idea of "getting the worth of his money," that which he then tramples under foot.

When the instinct of hunger revives, the emotion is general and profound. A continuous procession ensues between the steerage and the galley of persons bearing vessels indicating the nature of their employment. Extreme caution is needed in venturing to approach the intermediate steps thronged by the anxious votaries, each imploring the bystander to abstain from touching the sacred pot or kettle then being tremulously borne to the expectant family. Below, whatever be the hour, in some dark corner the steam is rising from a pot of "praties," around which cluster a select few, whose tastes are simple as their appetites are keen.

The cooking-ranges on deck are now the general resort for business or amusement. There, white-armed Norah bewitches all beholders by the shy grace wherewith she fries a rasher; there, Larry Regan, that spruce young bachelor, under pretext of lighting his duden, whispers sweet flattery to the dark-eyed colleen, whose blushes belie her feigned and decorous displeasure; there, while the pot is boiling, Mrs. Malony claims sympathy for matrimonial distresses; Mrs. O'Halloran ostentatiously sighs over vanished wealth; and precocious children await opportunities for petty theft or mischief.

Many are the quarrels about priority of claims to the use of the fires. At times the anger of the disputants vents itself otherwise than in vituperation, and the single combat frequently changes in a twinkling into a general *mêlée*, wherein each idler hastens to take part. The officers are at times obliged to separate the combatants at personal hazard, though occasionally the "heavy current of the fight" is so strong and impetuous that only a copious deluge from the fire-engine can quell it. It is needless to say that Jack and his comrades witness these little passages of arms with huge delight.

There is abundant opportunity for indulgence in those mutual confidences that the impulsive voyagers incline to. The glories of former nights are homericly told, mysterious games are played with greasy cards, Jacobite songs are sung, little amatory scenes occur, and the smoke of numberless pipes ascends from the hatches, or broods in an odoriferous cloud below. The Celt never loses that factious spirit to which most of his mistresses are in some degree attributable; and here, where common misery should induce amity and kindly feeling, all those party distinctions reappear that had embittered his former life. Whatever else may have perished, hate survives, and constitutes the background of the picture. Parist and Protestant, Whig and Tory, North and South, play their little antics on this narrow proscenium as earnestly and vindictively as before in Ireland, and generate continuous ill-will and frequent fights.

From the previous habits of its tenants, ere the passage is over the steerage becomes as filthy as might be expected from their personal uncleanness. Ablutions are rare; what linen there is assumes that hue euphemistically termed *l'abeau*, and vermin familiar to man so disgustingly abound, that no care can exempt the fastidious from their attack.

The monotony of sea life is disagreeably varied by an occasional gale, to the great alarm of the passengers, and delight of Jack and his comrades, who assume a contemptuous superiority to them, very amusing and not altogether unmerited, for the relations of the sexes seem here to be strangely reversed—the women exhibiting far more courage, energy, and endurance than the men. The pretty alarm that the dangers of the seas may elicit from the girls seems coquettishly assumed for the occasion; and while the husband yields to manly despondency, his delicate wife is frequently seen toiling for her family, and cheering them up, in a way demanding admiration.

But these endurances have at length an end. Hurried preparations for departure are made, and all array themselves in holiday attire, for the earnest seamen are arranging the anchors and chains to guard against those casualties peculiar to the coast. The ocean has lost the serene azure tint, suggestive of mysterious depths; the purple cloud on the western horizon deepens before the advancing prow, and is rapidly resolved into the Jersey Highlands; from the multitude of sails that fleck the smooth surface, like a flight of snowy sea-fowl rocked to slumber by its rhythmical undulations, one approaching yields a sallow pilot, regarded with as much interest and awe as though he had descended from some higher sphere. Expectation, standing on tiptoe, surveys with *admiration* the villas half hidden by foliage amid the green hollows of Staten Island, the defiant cannon of Fort Hamilton, or, glancing across the gleaming bay, admires the brilliant city and the surrounding forest of shipping. Among these the Albatross alighting, folds her wearied wings, is moored to a wharf in the Hudson River, the voyage is ended, and they too are in Arcadia.

We follow the fortunes of that larger class of immigrants who will have to depend on sweaty,

grimy, servile labour for subsistence, even in Arcadia.

Attired in jauntily worn but battered hats, brass buttoned blue dress-coats, of the era of the gracious George IV., corduroy continuations, worsted hose, and huge brogues, worthy of the admiration of the sedate American; under the officious guidance of the predatory tribe usually besetting strangers, they reach those dens of the poor Irish that the authorities have vainly sought to cleanse. In all the large American cities the incautious stranger is apt to stumble unawares on some foul neighbourhood, which—after escaping from the impure intricacies wherein he was entangled, as in the cunning meshes of a net—he ascertains to be the abode of negroes, Irish, and the other Pariahs of society. As in some parts of Europe and the East a particular quarter of a city is allotted to the Jewish tribe, which the Gentiles scrupulously avoid, so, in Arcadia, the Irish have their appropriate Ghetto; and thither those unwary passengers by the Albatross, who are without friends to welcome them to the New World and receive them to their homes, are led to be pillaged.

Received by the host with a facile smile as treacherous as the many tinted radiance of the decanters ostentatiously adorning the bar, which is essential in these establishments, the strangers abandon themselves to enjoyment. But all pleasures fade, and a few days exhaust at once their means and the graciousness of their entertainer. Spurred by his taunts they look around for employment, and learn with surprise that, to those constituting the mass of the immigrants, it is as difficult of attainment in New York as in Dublin. As the larder of a Spanish inn, while promising so much, yields on investigation only *pan y ueros*, bread and eggs; so, beyond their readiness and need to work, their qualifications are generally expressible in one word—muscle.

As the Celt is gregarious and prone to herding with his folk in the squalid recesses of towns in place of inhaling pure country air, the pauper population of the great American cities receives constant accessions of those who prefer dwelling in a state of indolent and vicious destitution—alarming to the statesman and philanthropist—to earnest and systematic exertion. These depend on fortuitous labour round the docks and markets, and may be found drinking poisonous liquors, when they have money, at vile grogeries—feeding *al fresco* on broken victuals, and burrowing at night like rats in some dilapidated building, or reposing in the markets or on the wharves.

Some, more thrifty and decorous, gradually insinuate themselves into permanent employment. Larry is invested with the charge of a dray or hand-cart; Con ascends a hackney-coach box; Dennis is initiated into the Plutonian mysteries of a foundry; Micky devotes himself to stone cutting; and Phelim sweats under the burden of the hod. These attain in time a more or less reputable status as citizens; they marry and beget children; they carouse after their labours; they take a riotous share in municipal affairs, and show their fitness for political liberty by selling their votes to the best bidder. On gala days, attended by a brass band, and armed as the law directs, they

parade under the Irish flag in the showy uniform of that gallant volunteer corps, the "Irish Green;" they vituperate the Protestantism of their tolerant fellow-citizens; they howl patriotically for war with tyrannical England; they contribute lavishly to support their clergy; and dying in the odour of sanctity, they are succeeded by sons ignorant and narrow-minded as themselves.

Others turn with distaste from the restraints of urban life. Murrough, tying up his few chattels in a kerchief, turns his back contemptuously on the busy city; and, cutting a "bit ov a shtick" from the first hedge, with a short black pipe in his mouth, trusting like the young ravens to Providence for his food, he seeks fresh fields and pastures new. Little knots of these "boys" are frequently to be seen in the interior, in the enjoyment of a desolate freedom, leading a careless gipsy life, part predatory, part eleemosynary: reposing at noon under shady trees with their pipes in their mouths, and at night slumbering sweetly in accidental barns. Murrough travels thus from village to factory, from canal to railroad, ready to turn his hands to any drudgery. He seldom remains long in one place, he knows not the endearments of a home, but leads a vagrant, animal existence, without books or enlightenment; living from hand to mouth by hardest labour, varied by an occasional ferocious fight or wild carouse; generous but reckless, until, his fine physical frame exhausted by toil and irregular habits, he expires in some public hospital or on the road-side, and is interred like a beggar. Sad end to so much that was noble!

Repelled by the hardships of such a career, with the Celtic aptitude to arms, others sigh for military comfort. Tall, athletic, and good-looking, Brian finds no difficulty in enlisting; is arrayed in the blue uniform of the Republic, shown how to discriminate between his hands, taught to face to the right or left, and is marched to glory. Here his wants are abundantly provided for without trouble to himself: the pay is liberal, the duties not too onerous; if the discipline be severe, the morality is agreeably lax; little peccadillos that affect only himself are viewed more leniently than in civil life: provided he punctiliously respects the articles of war, and infringe not the military code, keeping wisely on the windy side of the law, Brian may drink, wench, gamble, and fight without reproof. So fascinating is this easy life, that the Irish constitute half of the American army, and thus contribute directly to the aggrandisement of the State.

The simple agricultural life is unattractive to the Celt. He is repelled by toils requiring patience and forethought so foreign to his nature. Rural scenes charm him not; he shuns solitude, and is superstitiously averse to that austere shadow and silence of the vast American forests grateful to earnest and reflective minds.

Perhaps compelled to fly from cities by some misunderstanding with his old enemy the law, Patrick may occasionally retreat to the frontier, and, boldly squatting anywhere, apply himself, under the spur of necessity, to clearing a small patch of ground, and erecting thereon a sheltering hovel. This effected, he sits down to enjoy him-

self under his vine and fig-tree for the rest of his life. His negligent husbandry easily obtains from the virgin soil wherewithal to support his family in rude abundance, and even to barter for the whisky and tobacco requisite to his enjoyment. But beyond this he has no care, and appreciates none of the refinements or necessities of civilisation. He has too much leisure to be thrifty, the industry of man being in an inverse ratio to the bounty wherewith nature satisfies his wants. Thus the cabin becomes dilapidated, the fences are neglected, the pigs browse luxuriously on the cabbages; while Pat smokes his pipe before the door, and gazes curiously on the wayfarers, indifferent to the shrill objurgations of his slatternly spouse, or the future of his bare-footed imps, who are already the pests of the neighbourhood.

The travellers on the Mississippi may frequently observe upon its margin, under the immediate shadow of the cottonwood and cypresses, mournfully awaiting the havoc of the axe and ravage of the annual flood, a fragile tenement formed of a few loose pine boards inclined against a withered tree. The tenant of that modest home has cut the piles of firewood that the steamer stays her earnest speed and for awhile intermits her thick breath to receive. Like the drift wood left by the receding stream, to wither in the sun or rot in the sickly shade, and change into new forms of vegetable life, so has some luckless Celt been cast upon that shore to supply the necessities of commerce at the cost of life. His attenuated form and uncertain gait indicate both the pestilential influences whereto he is exposed, and the fatal solace whereto he has recourse in his wretched solitude. The day is not distant when he will fail in appearing to welcome the advancing vessel, or claim the wonted fiery draught; but the carrion birds, sullenly rising from their repast in the swampy thicket, on the approach of the curious, will reveal the cause of his absence.

The reader will be interested as to the fortunes of the female passengers by the Albatross.

Should no friends welcome them on arrival, they seek domestic service, through the agency of the numerous intelligence offices. American women generally despise, and reluctantly undertake, servile duties, leaving them to be monopolised in the north by Irish, more to their own satisfaction than to that of their mistresses, who are eloquent in abuse; but, remembering that elsewhere also servants are proverbially "the greatest plague of life," we hesitate in confirming their complaints.

Factory employment the immigrants rarely resort to, from dislike to the attendant restraints. Many acquire houses of their own ere their youth has faded, and give sons to the Republic. The Americans attribute to them a somewhat lax morality, and it cannot be concealed that the demoralising influences of the passage render many notoriously unchaste.

The inquiring reader demands whether the Celtic peasantry have benefited by change of climate?

In some respects, yes. They have added to their material comforts, and are never exposed to actual want. But, they have not availed them-

selves of the social advantages open to them. They remain intolerant, illiterate, and factious. They never associate or assimilate with the children of the soil. They bring into Arcadia all the antipathies of their former life and acquire others. As formerly they hated the Saxons, they now hate the "nationals," and the aversion is mutual.

The Americans assert, that "any indirect benefit derived from the access of these hewers of wood and drawers of water," is counterbalanced by admission of the elements of discord into the Republic—of intolerance into religion—of rancour into foreign relations—of venality and riot into elections—of vice and pauperism into the large cities of the Union."

The late political associations, the Native American and Know-nothing parties, were designed to counteract these evils, attributed to the Irish element of the population, by rigidly excluding either Irish or Catholics from participation in political power, but the only result has been to exasperate previous animosities.

Whatever be the truth or the falsity of the American charges, it should be remembered that prosperity has always its compensating evils, and that while enjoying the one, the Americans cannot entirely free themselves of the other. If the development of the resources of the Republic is in a great measure due to immigration, they must manfully accept its inseparable accompaniments.

The interfusion of this Irish element imbued with a frantic hatred of England, requires, however, serious considerations here, for it exercises a most malevolent influence on our relations with America. The Celto-American press panders to this prevalent feeling in its constituents by preaching a crusade against England, in and out of season. Now this is of very serious import to us even now, and there is no saying to what giant stature and capabilities of evil this national hate may grow, thus industriously fomented by demagogues for their private benefit. However averse to this policy the American may be, disposed to regard with a kindly eye the land of his fathers, dear to him from community of interests and feeling, yet, this constant vituperation insensibly influences him, profits by any accidental occurrence to irritate him, and cunningly appeals at all moments to the elements of his worse nature. Should these agencies not suffice, yet, the Irish element, receiving constant accessions to its numerical strength, may eventually attain the desired end by *outdoing* him!

Quod Dii Avertite!

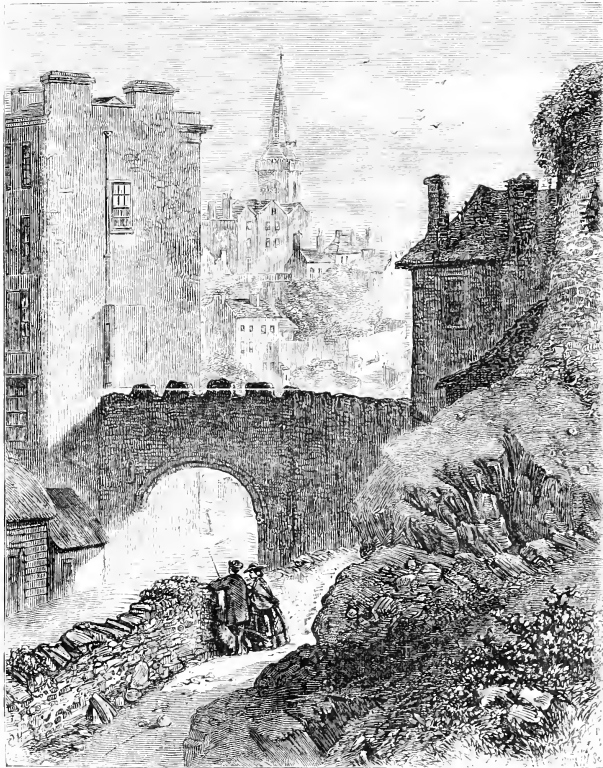
FRANCIS MORTON.

TENBY.

"WHERE shall we go this summer?" is the question most commonly put by her Majesty's lieges at this time of the year—by the gay, but pale-faced London family, satiated with the round of perpetual parties—the hard working clergyman who feels unusually "Monday-ish," and considers that his throat requires a course of sea air—the merchant and clerk, pining for a cessation from the monotonous circle of account-books and ledger—

the Paterfamilias, with whom it is a point of honour to shut up his house once a year, and take his Penates for a dip in the sea—the University man, possessed with the mysterious notion that he ought to join a reading party—the old fogey, who only goes to watering-places because other people go—the geologist, who takes down his beloved hammer, rusty with a winter's idleness—the botanist, whom the discovery of a new fern will make happy for a twelvemonth, or the zoologist, dreaming of rare and miraculous actiniae. All

join in the same cry, and hold consultations, at which the merits of the various watering places are discussed. Brighton, too fast—Worthing, too dear—Ventnor, too hot—Torquay, too many invalids, and so on. I would recommend all uncertain parties to drive to Paddington, take a ticket to Narberth Road, and visit Tenby, as sweet a spot as any in England or Wales. My earliest associations of watering-places date from Tenby, and although since then I have seen almost every one in England and Wales, I return to my first



The Castle, Tenby.

love, in the strong conviction, that it excels all others. First appearances go a long way, and from whichever side Tenby is approached, whether by water from Bristol or Ilfracombe, or by land from Narberth and Pembroke, it looks well, owing to the peculiarity and beauty of its situation. A peninsula of lofty limestone rocks runs seaward with a graceful curve, backed up on the land-side by wooded rising ground, and terminating in a rugged and abrupt promontory. The town and suburbs present a singularly beautiful appearance

from the bay, as they follow the line of cliffs, the most prominent object being the slender spire of the church, which is for many miles a conspicuous landmark for Channel ships. The terraces and houses nestling down to the water's edge, look so gay and bright, that were it not for the ruins of the old castle, one would be tempted to set it down as a place of yesterday. That would be a mistake, however, for few, if any, watering places in England can boast of such antiquity.

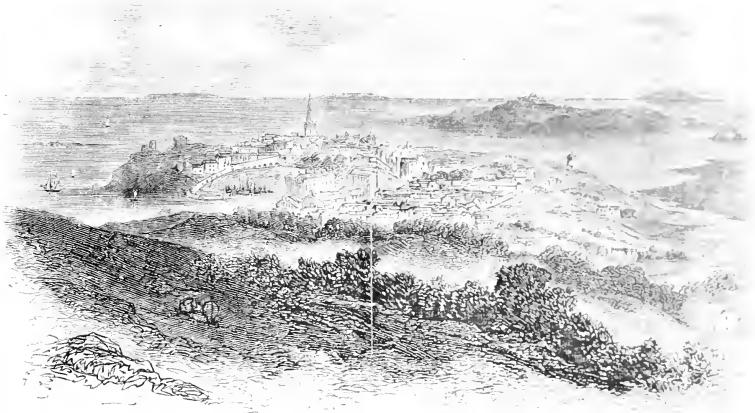
Its origin is popularly ascribed to a colony of

Flemish clothiers, driven from their own homes by an inundation, in the reign of Henry I., who was glad enough to have such a solid and industrious race settled down here; but even before the arrival of these strangers, it was a flourishing fishing village, known as "Dyneych y Pyscoed," or the Precipice of Fishes.

Tenby was at its greatest, however, in the time of Henry VII. and VIII., the former of whom deigned to make use of the castle as an asylum, while he was waiting to escape to Brittany, which he eventually did by the help of White, a wealthy merchant. The town was well garrisoned and fortified during the alarm of the Spanish Armada, and a considerable portion of the walls and ruined towers are still in good preservation, particularly on the south-west and north-west sides, which afford an agreeable walk. The lounge of Tenby,

par excellence, is the Castle Hill, a promontory almost surrounded by the sea and crowned by the ruins of the keep.

A person must be hard to please, if he cannot enjoy a summer's afternoon here, when he can lie on the grass and look out at the waves as they come rolling in, to break with impetuous disappointment on the water worn rocks below; when he can cast his eyes, almost without moving, over the wide sweep of Carmarthen Bay, with its graceful outlines of hills dotted here and there with white villages, and terminated by the fantastic point of Worm's Head (up which I have many a time seen the breakers dashing, though at a distance of twenty miles, when the strains of the music (though not always of inapproachable time), float pleasantly on the ear, mingled with the hum of voices and the deep



Tenby from the high ground.

boom of the breakers—Verily, I say, if a man cannot be happy under such circumstances, he does not deserve to live.

The ruins of the Castle are not extensive, and consist principally of the keep, a small round tower, with a square one attached to it, and commanding from the summit a view of the other watch-tower, which gave to the town the alarm of an approach by land. One of these is still remaining on a hill near Ivy Tower, above the road to Pater, and there is a second on the Burrows: a third and fourth on Windmill Hill and the Ridgeway have been destroyed. Besides the walls and the keep, the antiquarian may examine the church, which contains a singular west doorway, a beautiful flight of steps leading to the altar, and a curiously carved wooden roof, known by architects as a cradle roof. There are also some good monuments, amongst which is one in memory of the Whites, the wealthy merchants aforesaid, who helped Henry of Richmond out of the kingdom.

But, perhaps, gentle reader, you turn up your nose at antiquities, and all such old-fashioned lore, and go in for the "ologies." If you are a geologist, then, explore the rugged cliffs and recesses of St. Catherine's Island at low water, and don't get too much engrossed with your occupation; for I have known some people look up from their actinic, and make the pleasing discovery that the tide had risen, and cut them off from the shore, thus reducing them to spend several hours more than they liked on the island. The geologist will be struck with the foliated appearance of the limestone strata, which has been worn by the action of countless breakers into fantastic forms and caverns. In the rock basins left by the retreating tide, the admirers of zoophytes will find here employment for many a long day, as also at the Monkstone Rock (which stands out isolated on the North Sands), and on the cliffs round by Galtar and Ly-lstep.

To the south of Tenby, the coast dwindles down into sand burrows, but again rises to a considerable

height at the headland of Giltar Point, beyond which the pedestrian will find a slight difficulty in the shape of lofty precipices and deep water, so that he must clamber up the rocks as best he can, and keep along the edge of the down to Proud Giltar.

About a mile from land is one of the great Bristol Channel islands, that of Caldy, which is a favourite water excursion from Tenby for those who are fond of boating. Caldy Island is of considerable extent, and at low water is connected by a ridge of rocks with St. Margaret's. Moreover it is inhabited by the lord of the manor, Mr. Kynaston, whose modern house is incorporated with a more ancient building, probably the ruins of a monastic establishment, which formerly existed here. The light-house here is a great lion for visitors, and a great boon to mariners, for it lights up a particularly dangerous part of the Channel highway. The brethren of the hammer will find here a fair show of limestone fossils, and an interesting junction of the carboniferous and old red sandstone formations, while at a place called Eel Point bones of animals have been discovered. For those parties with whom water excursions disagree, there are plenty of places to be visited in the neighbourhood of Tenby, and plenty of means for visiting them. All day long, carriages are rattling about the streets and terraces, from the stylish-looking break down to the funny little one-horse "chays," which are indigenous to the town, and very abundant. On the road to Penally and Lydstep Caverns, you may meet scores of these small vehicles going down-hill (particularly Windpipe Lane), at a pace wonderful to behold, and turning the corners (of which there are many) in a glorious uncertainty as to what may be meeting them. Penally is a charming little village, about a couple of miles off, placed on a well-wooded rising ground, and containing a picturesque church and some crosses in the churchyard, which is said to have been the resting place of Saint Teilo, the patron saint of Llandaff. A very pious saint was he, and a politic, for it is recorded of him, that after his death, three churches, viz., Llandaff, Penally, and Llandeilo disputed with each other as to the ownership of his bones, and not being able to settle the point satisfactorily, agreed to petition the saint to reveal himself to the church which really possessed them. He listened graciously to their prayer, and unwilling to disappoint such zealous disciples, showed himself in three separate but similar bodies, one for each church, to their great joy and exultation.

A little before you come to Penally, there is, close to the road-side, a curious cavern, known as Hoyle's Mouth. It is in the limestone rock, and has been actually explored for a distance of 159 feet. For those who are fond of wriggling themselves in uncomfortable attitudes through narrow passages, this is just the place to suit them: only, visitors must be careful not to penetrate too far, or they may find that they emerge into daylight again at Pembroke Castle—so runs the legend, which doubtless was current before the days of geological research, which unfortunately for the subterranean passages,

shows us that the Ridgeway, a long elevated upthrow of old red sandstones, intervenes between the two places, and thus renders the communication impossible.

A very favourite excursion is that through Penally and Lydstep to Manorbier Castle, one of the finest examples in the whole country of a fortified castellated residence. Indeed, strong as it is, it was built more for defence than offence, and contains more traces of a domestic character than any of the castles round. Here old Geraldus Cambrensis was born, the famous historian of Wales and the travelling companion of Archbishop Baldwin in his preaching tour. He has left a glowing description of the splendours of Manorbier, its gardens, terraces, and fish-ponds, the remains of which are still visible, but Ichabod! their glory has departed. The church, too, is the most extraordinary edifice that can be imagined. All the Pembrokeshire churches, particularly in the southern portion of the county, are marked, architecturally speaking, by a peculiarly rude and massive style, which sought to combine the church with a defensive post, if needs were; for in those times the necessity for defence occurred again and again. But Manorbier church, besides presenting this feature, is remarkable for the odd irregularity of its outline, as though the different parts had been plunged down in a heap, and tacked on to each other, any how.

It would take too long to enumerate all the different objects worth visiting near Tenby—Stackpole Court, with its splendid gardens—Saint Gowan's well, with its ruined chapel—the Stack Rock—Pembroke, with its glorious round tower—Lamphey Palace, where the Bishop of Saint David's lived like a country gentleman; and Lawlawden Castle, where he lived like a fighting baron, and from the roof of which the wicked Bishop Barlow stole the lead to enable him to marry off his five plain daughters. Verily, is not the history of all these written in the chronicles of the Tenby Guide? G. P. BEVAN.

THE PARENTAGE OF A SUNBEAM.

Of all the heads the sun shines down upon, the most are far too busy or too idle to think much about him, except vaguely as the great source of light and heat, whose morning appearance sets the world astir, and evening disappearance stills the din, and leaves the world to rest. What is it that so beneficently rules over us, subduing and enriching our earth with the shining host of sunbeams? Is it a great globe of fire, or disc of light, put there solely for the benefit of the earth and her companion planets? or has it a life of its own, so to speak, movement, change, ceaselessly active forces?

If we want to know the size of a distant object, we must first find how far off it is. We know familiarly that its *apparent position* depends upon the situation of the observer; that if we walk half a mile, the church steeple which was in one direction at starting, seems in quite another now. If it be a very near object, a small change of position will displace it; but if of such magnitude—a distant mountain, say—as to be seen a long way

off, we may shift our own place considerably without its apparent position being altered. This simple fact lies at the root of all the knowledge attained respecting the distance, size, and motion of the heavenly bodies; and goes scientifically by the name of *parallax*. By means of it the sun's distance has been ascertained with as much certainty as if a rule could be laid along to measure it. To arrive, indeed, at *perfect* accuracy, more recondite means have been and still are adopted. Witness the recent astronomical expedition to Chili, sent by the Americans to verify and rectify the calculation by a series of observations of Venus. But these are niceties important only to astronomers. It has been said that the Condor eagle could fly round the earth in a week if helped by favouring winds. That kingly bird would have to spread his wings for nearly seventy-three years to reach the sun, for the journey is ninety-five millions of miles long. A sunbeam does it in about eight minutes.

The distance known, we can understand that it was a comparatively easy task to find out the actual size of the great parent who sends his bright offspring to vivify we know not yet how many worlds. It is as large as fourteen hundred thousand globes like ours rolled into one. This includes the *atmospheres* which surround the sun; and it is not at present known whether these form so fractional a part of the entire bulk as does the atmosphere of the earth. The size of the solid globe within that wonderful light or *photosphere*, which latter alone is what our eyes behold, we do not know. There is one fact which may perhaps indicate that the sun's atmospheres do occupy a vast depth; namely, that in proportion to its bulk the sun is four times *lighter* than the earth.

Each science has its own special class of difficulties to contend with: formidable dragons guarding the magician's castle. The chemist, the meteorologist, still more the physiologist, are baffled by the silence and secrecy with which nature prepares her effects, and by the multitude of causes conspiring to or modifying one result. The astronomer has, above all other students of nature, to contend with the confused evidence the senses give in regard to motion and position, furnishing us not with facts at all, but only with the materials out of which facts have slowly to be elaborated. It took five or six thousand years to ascertain whether our earth move or the sun move; astronomy being throughout the whole period more or less cultivated by one nation or another.

We have not now to account for the sun's varying apparent position. The great circle he with irregular speed seems to describe, is the result of the earth's shiftings, and belongs therefore to a study of the earth as a planet. But has he any movements of his own? A Dutchman, Fabricius, was the first to find the answer; by help of those remarkable appearances, the *spots on the sun*, the discovery of which may be reckoned one of the first fruits of the telescope. For though they had occasionally been seen by persons gifted with rare powers of sight as early as the time of Charlemagne, and before that by the Chinese, and

perhaps the Peruvians, the suspicion of their real nature had been aroused; nor could they be observed long enough to deduce any kind of conclusion from them.

Armed with their new invention, the telescope, Fabricius, Galileo, and others, saw some of the spots appear on the eastern limb of the sun, reach the centre in six or seven days, disappear at the western edge in seven more, and, after an interval of nearly fourteen days, reappear at the east, to repeat their course. Now these appearances could be accounted for in two ways: either that the spots are a part of the sun, and revolve with him on his axis, or that they are dark bodies at a very short distance from the surface, travelling round a motionless sun. Happily, besides these dark spots, there are spots of *light*, of especial brightness. These, if they were independent bodies revolving round the sun, would not disappear immediately after passing the edge, lost in the light of the photosphere, as the dark spots would: they would be seen a little longer. And that this does not happen, is conclusive that they are something belonging to the sun. Whilst the earth takes only twenty-four hours, the sun takes twenty-five days to revolve upon his axis, or thereabouts,—for, owing to changes which take place in the actual size and movements of the spots themselves, the learned are not quite agreed as to the exact period of rotation.

What *are* the spots? Astronomers have watched them as anxiously as a mother watches her child's face, in the hope they would reveal something of what goes on beneath that mantle of flame which envelopes the dark and solid globe. Every spot is carefully mapped down, its course followed, its minutest change noted. They do not appear on all parts of the disc, but in two parallel zones on both sides of the sun's equator, in a position, in fact, which nearly corresponds with those regions of the earth in which the trade-winds prevail. In duration they vary greatly. Some disappear in the course of a single revolution. Others—but this is rare—have been known to last six or seven months. Some years, the sun is scarcely a single day free from them: in others, there will be none on perhaps a hundred out of the three hundred and sixty-five. These variations are periodical. For five or six years the spots progressively increase in number and size, and then for five or six more diminish; after which they again begin increasing. They have been on the increase for the last five years, and will reach the maximum this year. Not the least remarkable feature is their enormous size. The earth might be flung through some of them without touching. Nay, last summer, there were spots sixty thousand miles across. Yet they disappear with rapidity, closing up at the rate of a thousand miles a day.

"Closing up:" the expression implies that they are an opening in something. That curtain of flame, the photosphere, which surrounds the sun as flame does the wick of a candle, is, by an unknown cause, powerful currents or atmospheric disturbances of some kind, rent asunder; and it is the body of the sun we have a glimpse of in that dark spot. There it is, dark and mysterious, yet solid, actual. Little enough can be made out

from this glimpse; but it is something to set eyes upon the very core of the solar system.

The black spot is generally surrounded by a fringe brighter than the nucleus, though dull compared with the adjoining surface. This fringe (or penumbra) is also something seen through an opening in the sun's outer luminous covering. It is part of a dense, cloudy atmosphere, situated at a vast depth below the surface of the photosphere: a great cavity, in fact, with a floor of cloud.

But there is still another, a third covering of the sun's; the existence of which is revealed during a total eclipse of the sun. A circlet of pale light is then seen surrounding the two orbs, and in the midst of this sometimes rosy peaks of enormous height,—more than 40,000 miles high. This circlet, or corona, must be something aerial, belonging either to the sun or the moon. But the moon has no appreciable atmosphere. It is then the sun's outermost covering,—a transparent atmosphere with no light of its own, but freely transmitting that of the photosphere: and the crimson mountains are clouds in it. This summer there has been an opportunity of observing these and other interesting phenomena in the eclipse that took place on the 18th of July.

Dependent as our world is upon the sun, it is not unreasonable to suppose we might feel some effect from those solar disturbances of which the spots are an evidence. Are our summers hotter, or our winters colder, crops more abundant, or falls of rain heavier, when spots prevail? These are points busily investigated, not yet cleared up. But that there is a connection between the spots and the magnetic state of the earth, General Sabine, the able and energetic leader in this field of inquiry (Terrestrial Magnetism), has established beyond doubt. Last September, a very remarkable fact was observed by Mr. Carrington, of Reigate. He saw a spot of intense brightness on the sun, which endured ten minutes; and, a week later, going to the Kew Observatory, found that during those same ten minutes the magnets had experienced most extraordinary deviations.

But not only does the sun, like his dependent worlds, revolve upon an axis. Like them, too, he moves obedient to a mighty influence from without, which draws him along at the rate, it is believed, of about 400,000 miles a day,—little more than a quarter of the speed with which the earth travels round him. Is he travelling in company with other suns round some great central sun? M. Maedler, the Prussian astronomer, has devoted many years of his life to this abstruse inquiry. He holds that the sun, with its attendant planets, is advancing towards a point in the constellation Hercules. The solar system, then, is not flung aside into some corner of the universe, "a law unto itself." It is bound up with other systems, obeys the influence of other vaster centres of force, and—how can we believe otherwise?—of life; and is to visit inconceivably remote regions of space.

"If you ask me whether the sun is inhabited," said Arago, "I am bound to reply, I know nothing about the matter. But if you say, *can* the sun be inhabited? Yes, certainly: and that

too by beings of an organisation not wholly unlike our own, is my answer." That dense and cloudy inner atmosphere we have spoken of may effectually protect it from the dazzling light of the photosphere, and conduct but little of its heat. Besides, though we have called it an ocean of flame, it is possible that the *intensity* of the light and heat given out may be due to the enormous *depth* of luminous matter; so that the vividness of any one particular film might not surpass that of an Aurora Borealis. So said Sir William Herschel.

Such, then, is the parentage of the sunbeam. But what *are* the sunbeams? What do they bring us on their radiant wings? Not light alone. Heat, chemical force (actinism), perhaps electric force, are in them, linked together in close, but not indissoluble union. And when they reach man's domain, he has to some extent power over them. By cunningly-devised experiments, he dissolves the union, that he may search more thoroughly into the nature of each, and through this better knowledge find out perhaps something more about their birthplace. Thus even light, besides what we may call its direct revelations, has yielded to subtle modes of questioning a fragment of knowledge as to the nature of the photosphere.

Light, we may remind the reader, is of two kinds—natural and polarised. Polarisation is a hard word. It means the modification a ray of light undergoes in certain circumstances, through which it acquires different properties on one side to what it has on the other. And as it is ascertained under what circumstances light becomes polarised; so, *vice versa*, if light be polarised, the circumstances under which it became so, the nature of its source, may be arrived at with tolerable certainty. There is a wonderful little instrument,—a blackened tube, with a plate of rock-crystal at one end, and of Iceland spar at the other,—called a Polariscop, which tests the two kinds of light. Look at something through this, and you will see two images of it in part overlapping one another. If the light reflected by this something be polarised, the two images will be of different colours,—complementary colours, one red, the other green, and so on. If it be natural light, both images will be white. Light that is emitted at a very small angle from a burning solid or liquid body is *polarised*. But from a burning gaseous substance, however small the angle at which it issues, it is *natural* light. Examined by this test, the sun's luminous covering is concluded to be gaseous, (and flame is neither more nor less than burning air or gas): for it forms only white images in the Polariscop, though of course the rays from the edges *do* come at a very small angle. In what manner made luminous is unknown, though there are weighty reasons for suspecting electricity to be the agent.

Merely to sketch in outline what is already known of the work accomplished by the sun's rays, would lead us within the precincts of almost every science. Herschel has told us that they are the primary source of all motion on the earth. Like the Prince whose kiss awoke the Sleeping

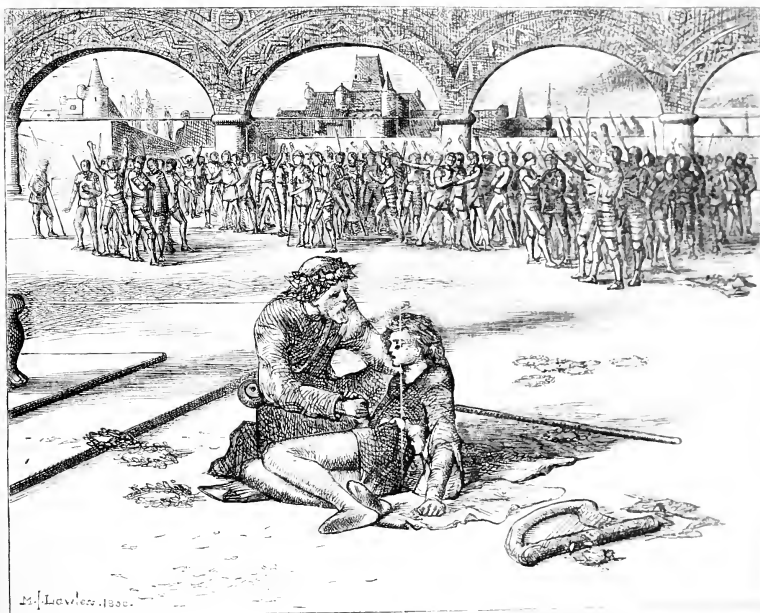
Beauty, their touch rouses the germ of every green thing to put forth the life that is in it. They are the presiding genii in nature's grand chemical laboratory. They set the winds in

motion; draw up out of the earth mere watery vapour, which, shaped by these winds into a canopy of cloud, they paint with varying hues.

ANN. GARDNER.

THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.)



M. J. LeVie, 1850.

In days of old a castle stood high and proud to view,
Over the landscape shining, far as the ocean blue,
Wreath'd all around with gardens, where 'mid the
fragrant flowers,
The air was cool'd by fountains, sparkling in rainbow
showers.

There sat a haughty monarch, in lands and conquests
great,
Upon his throne, wan-visaged, he sat in sullen state;
His thoughts are all of horrors, his eyes are bright with
rage;
His words they fall like scourges; he writes, blood
stains the page.

Once came there to his castle a noble minstrel pair,
The locks of one were golden—silver the other's hair;
With harp the old man journey'd, a stately horse
astride,
His blooming comrade gaily walk'd by the horse's side.

The old bespoke the younger: "Prepare, my son,
make choice
Of all our songs the deepest—attune thy fullest voice—
Exert thy utmost power—of joy and sorrow sing:
Our aim must be to waken the hard heart of the king."

Within the Hall of Colmans now the two minstrels
stand,
Upon his throne the monarch, his queen at his right
hand;
The king all dread and stately—a blood red Northern
Light,
The queen all sweet and gentle—a full moon shining
bright.

The greybeard struck the harp-strings, he struck them
wondrous well,
Upon the ear they sounded with rich and rasher
swell:
Then came the youth's voices gushing—so heavenly clear
it rang,
And, like a spirit elorus, between the old man sang.

They sang of love and spring-time, of happy golden
days,
Of truth and manly honour—they sang in freedom's
praise—
They sang of all things lofty, they sang of all things
sweet,
That make men's bosoms quiver, that make men's
hearts to beat.

Around, their sports forgetting, gather'd the courtier crowd:
The haughty warriors, humbled, before their Maker bow'd;
The queen herself was melted by tales of joys and woes,
And threw down to the singers, pluck'd from her breast, a rose.

"My folk you have enchanted: charm you my wife to boot?"

The monarch cried, with fury he shook from head to foot,

Then hurl'd his sword, that, flashing, the young man's bosom tore,

Whence, 'stead of golden music, issued a stream of gore.

The list'ners all were scatter'd (as when a storm alarms),
The youth breath'd out his spirit, clasp'd in his master's arms;

The corpse within his mantle he wrapp'd, and bound it fast

Upright upon his palfrey, and from the castle pass'd.

Before the lofty portals the grey-hair'd minstrel stands,
His harp, of harps the treasure, he seizes in his hands,

And 'gainst a marble column he casts it with a cry
Through castle and through gardens that echoes awfully:

"Woe to you, halls so haughty! Never let music-strain

Re-echo through thy vaultings, nor harp nor song, again!

Let sighs and groanings only for ever bear the sway,
Until th' avenging angel has crush'd you in decay!

"Woe to you, fragrant gardens, in golden light of May,
This dead man's face disfigured I show to you this day:
That you at it may wither, that every well may dry,
That you from hence for ever a stony waste may lie!

"Woe to you, curs'd assassin! of minstrelsy the bane!
Be all thy blood-stain'd struggles for glory's wreath in vain!

Thy name be it forgotten in night without an end,
And like a last death-rattle with empty vapour blend!"

The minstrel old had spoken, and heaven had heard his cry;

The halls are all in ruins, the walls all prostrate lie;
Witness of pride long vanish'd still stands one column tall,

And this, already shatter'd, to-night to earth may fall.

Instead of fragrant gardens, a desert heather-land!

No tree gives shade, no fountain comes welling through the sand:

No songs, no hero-stories, the monarch's name rehearse,

For ever lost, forgotten!—Such is the Minstrel's Curse!

CHRISTIAN NAMES.

"Well, then, let it be John."

"John is an odious name."

"Won't William do?"

"You know I detest it."

"What do you say to Dick?"

"Dis—gus—ting!"

When a woman pronounces thus, very slowly, syllable by syllable, there is nothing for it but to give in, unless you want to have a scene.

"Well, then, my dear, let it be George Frederick Augustus."

"You are so stupid," my little wife broke in. "Why can't you think of some proper name for the child?"

"That's exactly what I have been trying to do, my dear," I mildly retorted, "but there is no pleasing you."

"How can you say so? You know very well I've submitted to have all the children called after that odious old uncle of yours—Gubbins, Gubbins,—until I am quite sick of Gubbins, and I am determined now that baby shall have a pretty name.

The quarrel, good reader, is as old as the time of Aristophanes, and it will go on, we suppose, as long as babies condescend to come into the world. There was a time when people were content to take the first name that presented itself, and it was Tom, Dick, and Harry,—Harry, Dick, and Tom, to the end of the chapter; but either the character of our reading, or the spread of the fine arts, and therefore a better appreciation of the beautiful have made us more fastidious. What a daring thing it would be to call a girl Betty or Sally, and yet, a century ago, these were fashionable names among the upper ten thousand.

It cannot be denied, however, that fashion and mere imitation have a great deal to do with the matter. The name of the reigning sovereign always influences the christenings of a certain percentage of the population. For three or four generations Georges and Charlottes, and Carolines, were all in vogue; and now we are taking a turn at Victorias and Alberts. But it is only the gregariously disposed that follow the leader in this way, and the fixing a name is really becoming a matter of anxiety to the fastidious. The difficulty I always feel about the matter is lest the name should not fit. Why is it that an ideal will mix itself with every name?

That Mary should suggest everything that is womanly and amiable is simple enough. For these last eighteen hundred years the Roman Catholic Church has identified her sacred name with all the feminine virtues; that Isabella should suggest a proud passionate nature we undoubtedly owe to its southern origin. But why should Ann be a cold, formal, highly-starved old maid? and why, again, should Fanny be, with so few exceptions, the designation of a false-hearted flirt?

Blanche, again, in our mind's eye, is a proud blonde, with haughty manner and a fair white neck. We may have known many a Blanche with black hair and with narrow forehead, but the fact does not in the slightest destroy the ideal Blanche—the Blanche that should be. Catherine, again, is a proud stately dame that a lover would not like to trifle with. Indeed, when the name is shortened into Kate it gets a little vixenish. Again, Emily is very womanly, with a profusion of light hair, a little lethargic, perhaps, but still desirable. Jane would snap your nose off on the slightest occasion. Julia, in the age that is just past, always performed on the harp, to display their commanding figures, and never condescended to do such a thing as plain work. Martha still follows out her destiny, and attends to the shirt buttons; and a better adjunct

to Mary could not be found in any household. But there is a series of composite names that completely perplex one to interpret the characters of their owners at all. These are the Sarah-Anns, Sarah-Janes, Hannah-Marias. My belief is, however, that none of these young ladies ever attain to more than twelve years of age, and are always destined to hover about the intricacies of dirty courts, nursing babies, from which they are always being called by infuriated and slatternly mothers at the top of their voices.

There are some female names, again, which suggest physical deformities, but these we decline to indicate. With the rising generation, however, a charming class of old names have been revived. Mabel and Millicent, Maud, Beatrice, and Violet, come to us with the great warranty of our old playwrights, or with the poetic tinge upon them of long past times. Our old English names are all characteristic. Cicely and Dorothea are quaint, and perhaps a little old-maidish, but they sound fresh and unhackneyed, whilst Geraldine and Gertrude are charming.

But, after all, fortunately for the sex, ladies' names are not of very much importance, for the greater part of their lives at least; they hide the prettiest or ugliest patronymic in their husbands', and Clara Devereux possibly may sink into Mrs. Samuel Biggs. But with a man the case is different; his Christian name is not only his own, but his wife's; therefore the responsibility upon his sponsors is double. There are so many considerations to be taken into account in launching a name into the world, to play a part perhaps for fourscore and ten years, that it should by no means be undertaken without due thought; and first, there is the euphony of the thing. A man may have such a mis-assemblage of unrythmical cognomens, that he and his friends have to go jolting over them all their lives, as though they were journeying over a corduroy road. Let us suppose a man christened "Richard Edward Robert," for instance. The ear in a moment detects a jumble of sounds, out of which it can make nothing. If a man must have many Christian names, they should be strung together at least upon some harmonious principle. They should either begin and end with short syllables (including the surname), such as Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, a name which once heard is never forgotten,—or the names should be a mixture of many syllables; how many it matters not, so long as they run well together. To my mind it is of no small importance that a name should both be characteristic and have some peculiar quality about it easily remembered. Imagine two persons starting as rivals in life in any particular profession; without doubt, the one who had the most forcible name would be the one most familiar with the public, and would, therefore, in a worldly sense, be the most successful. There are some names that circulate among us instantly, and make us fast friends with their owners ever afterwards, although we may never have seen them. He is a lucky man whose sponsors have thus cast his cognomen in these pleasant lines.

Some persons with undistinguished surnames have a deep instinct in this matter, and strive by

all means to correct their misfortune with their children. Smith, Brown, and Robinson, &c., are very ingenious as regards the pains they take to make their Christian names kill their patronymics. Godolphin Smith really rears aristocratically, and Ignatius Brown completely lifts his name out of the crowd. If a man, in consequence of possessing a careless or ignorant father, is compelled to go through life as John Jones, he can make his son and heir respectable by calling him Jasper—Jasper Jones! The Jones, it will be perceived, is not noticed behind the high-sounding Christian name—it shrivels up out of sight. But there is another way of getting out of the difficulty; instead of sneaking out of your proper name in this manner, it is just possible for a bold man to "defy augury"—so to insist upon his name, to thrust it down his neighbours' throats by damnable iteration, that they shall be obliged to look upon it with respect. Suppose, for instance, that our friend were called Jones Jones, Esq., of Jones House; there would be a moral swagger in the sound, that would be sure to carry it through. But there is one perplexity in naming children which cannot be easily got over. We may give that remarkably fine baby at home a remarkably fine name. Marmaduke Rashleigh may fall pompously from the parson's lips; but what if he should turn out a mean-looking little shrimp? On the other hand, it is just possible that the twin brother, named Peter, after his paternal uncle, may turn out a magnificent specimen of the *genus homo*. It is of great advantage to some men to have even a very odd name, a name perhaps a little difficult to remember at first, but one which ever after bites in the memory with the tenacity of a Trotman's anchor. There are some public men whose cognomens are so odd, that all the world is repeating them over to themselves. There was Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, for instance; you have to make a hurdle race over it; but once thoroughly indented into your mind, you don't forget it again in a hurry. There is a very bad fashion springing up, a fashion taken from the usage of foreign potentates, to string Christian names together with a perfectly reckless profusion. Monarchs who are known to the world by but one name seem determined to have a private stock by them. Looking over the Gotha Royal Almanac the other day, we came upon a name almost long enough to fly a kite with. The Emperor of Brazil rejoices, for instance, in the following assortment: Don Pedro II. de Alcantara Jean Charles Léopold Salvador Bibiano Francesco Xavier de Paula Leocadro Michel Gabriel Raphael Gonzaga. Our own court have been perhaps a little influenced by this foreign fashion; otherwise, the Royal children have been charmingly named, especially the princesses. Are we to have an Edward the Seventh? We trust so, at some distant day. The nation would never take kindly to the name of Albert, as compared with the old familiar names of English Princes. For, as I have said before, names are things. Half the brutality of our wife-killing king is lost in the familiar title, Harry the Eighth! and who knows how much of the affection once shown for "Bonnie Prince Charlie" was due to his name alone?

THE UNCONSCIOUS BODY-GUARD.

A TRAVELLER'S TALE.—BUT A TRUE ONE.

It was late in the autumn of 183—, that having finished my course at the University, I first crossed the Atlantic, with the intention of spending some years in the western part of Upper Canada. A succession of fierce gales, all in our teeth, kept us at sea for the unusual period of fifty-seven days, so that I reached New York too late to proceed to my destination by the Hudson and the Érie Canal, an early frost having put a stop to the navigation for the season. I felt very reluctant to undertake so long a journey in an American stage-coach, over roads suddenly converted from the deeply-rutted mud of the Fall, into "hubs" as hard as stone; and would fain have delayed setting out until the commencement of sleighing; but my engagements prevented my doing so. I paid my fare by a line of conveyances which undertook the transport of passengers from New York to Buffalo in a week; and reaching, at the end of the first day's travel, the town of Newburg, on the right bank of the Hudson, gladly entered the principal hotel, to enjoy a night's repose.

Owing to the badness of the roads, we did not arrive until after the usual hour for the *table-d'hôte* tea, or supper, as it was called, but a second table was spread for the few passengers by the stage, and one or two others as well. We were not more than six or seven in all. The conversation turned to the condition of the roads and the discomforts of travel at such a time; and I very naturally gave utterance to such sentiments as the prospect of a six days' and six nights' journey in such a vehicle and over such highways as I had that day experienced, could not fail to excite in an Englishman, accustomed to macadamized roads and four-inside coaches. I expressed great regret that, in my eagerness to reach my destination, I had paid my whole fare through, instead of breaking so murderous a journey into instalments, which would have allowed me two or three nights of sleep by the way. My complaint seemed to arrest the attention of the guest who sat opposite to me, a tall, well-built man, not quite forty years of age, with dark hair, eyes, and complexion, and regular features; but whose expression, when once it had engaged the eye, did not release it easily, while it set the mind upon a fruitless endeavour to determine what character it betokened. This person pointed out to me that, in selecting the route by which I was about to travel, I had involved myself in a journey of unnecessary length, and that I might greatly shorten it, if instead of travelling along the two sides of a right-angled triangle, as I must do, by proceeding first due north to Albany, and thence nearly due west to Buffalo, I should direct my course along the hypothenuse from Newburg, where we then were, to Rochester. The roads in this direction were, he admitted, inferior in summer to those of the great angular line which I had chosen, and which traversed the most populous parts of the country; but, at that season, he said, all the roads in the Northern States were alike bad, and the gain of time by the more direct line was such as to allow the passengers to spend every night of the journey, except the last, comfortably in bed. This only called forth, on my

part, a fresh expression of regret that I had paid in advance for my whole passage by the ordinary line; but my informant, turning to the landlord, who sat at the head of the table, said he believed he was an agent for both lines, and suggested that he might, perhaps, exchange the ticket I had purchased, for one by the preferable route. The proposal appeared to me somewhat unreasonable; and, as I thought, also to the landlord; but about an hour after we had risen from table, he brought me, unexpectedly, a ticket for the shorter line, which he gave me in exchange for mine. He had found, he said, a person about to proceed from Newburg to Buffalo by the longer route, to whom he had disposed of my ticket. I went to bed delighted with my good luck, my last remembered thought being one of regret that I had not had an opportunity of thanking my unknown companion at supper for the suggestion to which I owed it. I had seen him for the last time in private conversation with the landlord, a few minutes after supper.

My sleep was of that kind which, at the age I had then reached, four or five and twenty, generally follows a day of fatigue. Scarcely a moment appeared to elapse between its beginning and its end, which was caused by a volley of taps at my bed-room door, and by the appearance of an object so much akin to my latest thoughts at night, that I thought I had not slept at all; yet so strange, that the next moment I thought I had not only slept but must be still dreaming. This was my adviser of the previous evening, who entered my room, clothed in an Indian coat, as it was then called, of the very thickest blanket-cloth, with a hood or *capot* of the same material between the shoulders, but which differed from any garment of the kind I had yet seen, in being of a bright grass-green colour, faced round the skirts with a list of brilliant white and scarlet. He had in his hand a lighted candle, which he set down on my dressing-table, with the words, "I was afraid you might oversleep yourself, and be too late for the stage," and immediately left the room. My gratitude for his advice on the previous evening was at first a little impaired by this officious intrusiveness, for such, with my English ideas, I considered it, and by the sudden breaking of my comfortable slumber. But finding that I had little time to spare, I dressed hastily, and on going down stairs, found the stage prepared to start with a single inside passenger, who had already taken his place. I threw myself into the opposite seat, and we drove off.

Wrapping myself as warmly as I could in the buffalo robes, as they are,—or bison-skins, as they ought to be—called, with which all American carriages were at that time liberally furnished, I resumed my broken slumbers, until I was re-awakened in about an hour by the increasing roughness of the road. Endeavouring, by the aid of the increasing light, to catch the appearance of my fellow-traveller, with whom I had not yet exchanged a word, I was considerably surprised to see his features gather themselves into a resemblance to those of my new acquaintance; and soon the rays of the sun, falling on the green blanket-coat, showed me that person sitting before me. I expressed, I believe, some-

thing of the surprise I felt, at his not having hinted that he was to be my fellow-traveller. To this he made no very distinct reply, but entered into a conversation on other subjects, which lasted until we reached the halting-place for breakfast. Here we were joined by one or two travellers proceeding a few stages along our route, and as far as I remember, we were not again entirely alone until we reached, late in the evening, the village of Monticello, where we were to pass the night. After supper, I was shown into a room containing two beds, and had hardly lain down to rest in one of them, when my companion entered, undressed in silence, and threw himself into the other. I wondered a little at this, for the inn in which we then were was a spacious one, of a superior class, containing, I knew, abundant accommodation, and for that night had few travellers to lodge.

Next morning we resumed our journey early, having the stage-coach entirely to ourselves. I observed that my companion was more communicative than he had been the day before in the presence of others, and seemed desirous to give me information of every kind which might be interesting to a foreigner newly arrived in the country. One thing I particularly remember. The products of the region through which we were passing formed one of our topics of conversation; and having mentioned buckwheat as one of them, he inquired if I had ever tasted *slapjacks*, a familiar designation, as he told me, on inquiry, for buckwheat-pancakes. I replied in the negative, when he said I should not long be unacquainted with what he termed the greatest of Yankee delicacies. Accordingly, on entering the inn at which we stopped to breakfast, he ordered some to be prepared for us, and we feasted on slapjacks and maple-molasses. This was only one of a series of similar marks of attention which he showed me during this day. I endeavoured, as politely as I could, to draw him into lines of conversation by which I hoped to elicit some particulars respecting himself, but in vain. He evaded, without any apparent effort, all my contrivances. Looking at him from time to time, when unobserved, I strove hard to form in my mind some idea of his history and occupation, but without success.

In one's own country it is not difficult to draw from a fellow-traveller's dress and bearing correct inferences as to his character and profession; but in a foreign land, and especially in America, it requires a residence of more than a few days to enable one to do so. He was evidently a man of limited education, although of great intelligence. This—and that he was a native of Connecticut—was all that I could ascertain. The expression of his face, and the features themselves, bore a sort of resemblance to those of Lord Byron: but whether they betokened deep anxiety or deep design, great mental suffering or great villainy, I could not make out. A mystery began to gather about the man. I felt what in Scotland is termed "eerie" in being alone with him, and was sensibly relieved, I remember, when an occasional traveller joined us in the stage for a few miles. On this, the second night of our journey, we stopped at a decent

country inn at Coshecton, on the river Delaware, which separates the States of New York and Pennsylvania, and as on the previous night we were shown into a double-bedded room, so on this night we were room to have lodged us separately.

The next day passed much as the previous one had done, but as we were entirely alone on the evening, brought on a state of mind, arising from the mysterious expression of my fellow-traveller, which became extremely painful. Intense curiosity gave rise to a distressing nervousness, which was at length changed, by certain questions and observations of my companion, into a gloomy apprehension of impending evil. He inquired if I was accustomed to travel armed. On my giving an evasive answer, he observed that most Englishmen, he understood, were more or less skilled in boxing. He had once, he said, seen at New York an exhibition of boxing by English pugilists, and had been much struck by the amazing rapidity, dexterity, and power with which they waded the weapons with which nature had furnished them.

"Had I learned to box?"

I replied that, at college, I had been a member of a gymnastic club, in which the practice of that art had formed one of our occasional exercises.

"Then, I expect," he proceeded, "judging by the quickness of the boxers I saw at New York, that if a man were to fire a pistol at you and miss his mark, you could *use him up* before he had time to draw a second pistol."

I could only answer that I should try to do so.

If anything had been wanting to confirm my growing fears, it was supplied by another conversation in which my companion soon afterwards engaged me; the object of which, it soon became evident, was to ascertain if I had any considerable sum of money on my person or in my baggage. Old-countrymen, he said, in coming to America, generally brought with them in sovereigns, the money which they intended to invest in the purchase of land; and this practice he thought judicious, as sovereigns stood at a premium both in the United States and in Canada. But he said that new comers seldom received the full amount of the advantage to which they were entitled. He added, that if I had any considerable number to dispose of, he could introduce me to a broker at Binghampton, through which we were to pass, who would deal fairly with me. I replied that I carried with me only a sufficient sum for the expenses of the journey. I had, in fact, only about ninety dollars, the remains of a hundred which I had drawn before leaving New York. I was about to tell him the amount, but in the state of mind to which I had been brought, it occurred to me that even that sum might be sufficient to tempt the cupidity of a dishonest man. During the silence which ensued, my fears soon assumed a definite shape. Could it be possible, I asked myself, that I was the fellow-traveller, in a lonely region of a strange country—of a robber, who wished, before executing his purpose, to ascertain the probable fruits of his crime and my capabilities of self-defence? This painful course of thought was interrupted by the entrance of a new passenger, who accompanied us to our halting-place for the night. A general conversation com-

menced, in the course of which my companion appeared less mysterious than before, and better disposed than I had thought him, and my fears were in some degree allayed.

I determined, however, this night, to secure for myself a separate bed-room; and accordingly, as soon as I had entered the inn, asked to be shown to one with a single bed, to which, although it was an ill-furnished and comfortless one, I ordered my luggage to be carried. When, after supper, I proceeded to occupy it, I found, to my surprise, that the bed was already tenanted by a person who was sound asleep. On inquiry, I was told that my travelling-companion had some time before asked to be shown the room assigned to me; that, as my friend, he had expressed displeasure at its imperfect accommodation, and observing that I was a foreign gentleman, accustomed to better lodging, had ordered my luggage to be transferred to another apartment, to which I was accordingly conducted. This, to my dismay, I found to be a double-bedded room, but I was told that the house contained no other, except the one I had originally been shown into, and which, when rejected on my behalf by my companion, had been assigned to another traveller. Here, then, I was again obliged to spend the night with the object of my dislike and dread, who evidently determined to keep me in his power, by compelling me to occupy the same apartment with himself. But I had no resource. Nothing had occurred which, without betraying unmanly and perhaps unjustifiable suspicion and dread, could warrant me in making a disturbance. I lay down only half-undressed, and had no sooner done so, than my persecutor entered the room, and claiming credit for the change of apartments he had made for me, a claim to which I had not the hypocrisy to respond, betook himself to bed. The night was to me one of terror and misery. The morning brought with it a slight return of cheerfulness and courage. It was only, however, after reflecting that I had lost much time at sea, and that my business in Canada did not admit of delay by the way, that I recovered self-control enough to proceed on my journey. We should that evening certainly reach Binghampton, a town of considerable size, where I could make arrangements for a private conveyance. To provide for the perils of the day, I felt a strong disposition to appropriate and conceal upon my person the carving-knife on the breakfast-table (for this morning we breakfasted before starting), and I should certainly have furnished myself with some weapon of defence, had it been in my power honestly to do so. As the best thing in the circumstances, as soon as we were seated in the stage, I secretly opened the large blade of my pen-knife, and held it in my hand, concealed in my great-coat pocket, during the day. Often, as I looked at the contracted brows and restless eyes of my companion, did I calculate whether, in the event of an attack, it could penetrate his blanket-coat so as to reach his heart. I surveyed him all over, and weighed the merits of twenty different thrusts at as many parts of his body.

The day was not of a complexion to raise my spirits. In fact, during a residence of some years on the other side of the Atlantic, I never saw a

day of such perfect gloom. The weather for some time past had been clear, sharp, and frosty, with bright sunshine. The morning of this day was overcast and murky. An unearthly stillness reigned all round, and the atmosphere appeared thickening into darkness that might be felt. The region through which our journey lay—the north-eastern part of Pennsylvania—was dismal and uninhabited. We passed over miles of low barren rocky hillocks, thinly covered with scrubby oak and beech, diversified by an occasional descent into a morass or alluvial bottom, where the road, which was a mere track over the higher grounds, appeared for a few hundred yards like a deep narrow trench, cut through phalanxes of dark and gigantic swamp-elms. Nowhere, for miles, could be seen a clearance, or sign of habitation.

Soon after we had changed horses at a wretched tavern about noon, snow began to fall, as my companion had predicted in the morning, and although in small flakes, yet so thick and fast, that our pace became seriously affected. The quality of the vehicles and the horses had fallen off gradually as we had approached this desert part of the country, and both were now very bad. On and on we plodded, through weary miles of scrub-wood and desolation. As the snow began to fall, the death-like stillness of the air was broken, and a breeze arose, which speedily increased to a gale, and by about three o'clock had become a violent tempest, drifting the thickly-falling snow from the north-west horizontally, so as almost to blind the driver and the horses, and wreathing it here and there so as completely to obliterate the track. It was quite clear, the driver said, that we could not hope to reach Binghampton that night. We might be thankful if we could get as far as the inn at Great-Bend—a hamlet so called from its position on a loop of the Susquehanna. It now began to grow dark, and he soon announced to us that he could not venture to proceed even to Great-Bend. He proposed to turn aside to a small country tavern, which he said lay upon the river about a mile from the point at which we then were. At this proposal my fears became terribly aroused. I remembered that this driver alone, of all the people at the various inns along our route, had seemed to be acquainted with my fellow-traveller, and yet they evidently wished to conceal their acquaintance, for I had seen them conversing earnestly together for a considerable time, in a remote corner of the stable-yard at the inn from which the driver had come. I felt that I was now approaching the awful crisis, the anticipation of which had so long afflicted me. Bad as the weather and roads had evidently become, they did not appear to me to afford sufficient reason for diverging from our route when so near a proper resting-place. My suspicions of a sinister design were further strengthened by the reflection, that in so desolate a region there could be no place of entertainment frequented by travellers, or deserving of the name—in fact, no tavern even of the lowest class. I stated this objection, being determined that, at all hazards, we should push on to Great-Bend. But it was answered, that the inn at which it was proposed we should stop, although little frequented during the greater part of the year,

was the resort of lumberers at the proper season, and that we should there procure at least some food and shelter; whereas, by pushing on towards Great-Bend we might perish in the snow. It was impossible to resist or to escape; but the whole scheme was now clear. The driver was the accomplice of the villain who had marked me out four days before, at Newburg, as his victim. To have sprung out of the carriage, as I was more than once on the point of doing, would have been only to hasten the stroke of death, or at best to perish under the fury of the elements. I could do nothing but offer up a silent prayer, and resolve to sell my life as dearly as I could.

Much sooner than I had expected, we reached the proposed resting-place. It was more of a farmhouse than an inn, but its appearance and environs were dismal and squalid in the extreme. It stood on the brink of the Susquehanna, a stream here of no great width, partially frozen, but with here and there, where the water flowed more rapidly, an unfrozen pool, the shimmering darkness of which contrasted awfully with the universal white, and which I could not look at but as the probable hiding-place, after a few hours, of my murdered body. The house was so far a place of entertainment, that it contained a bar for the sale of liquor, at which, on entering, my fellow-traveller, for the first time during our journey, advised, or rather strongly pressed me, to drink, offering me some rum which he had caused to be poured into a small tumbler. I declined the offer, which only increased my suspicions. There were no inmates but the family, whose appearance did not reassure me. Vice and villainy were stamped on all their countenances. There were no young children among them. After some time, a more comfortable supper than might have been expected was provided, and I asked to be shown the place in which I was to pass the night. There was but one room for the use of all comers, containing four beds. I surveyed it as one might a grave into which he was about to be thrust alive; and yet I could devise no excuse for refusing to occupy it. I thought of pretending a fear of vermin, and proposing to sit by the fire in the bar-room all night; but I had by this time learnt that the bug, although believed to be a native of North America, and to have been imported from the New World into Europe, is rendered utterly powerless—in fact becomes torpid—during the terrible cold of an American winter, and I saw that the excuse would not avail me. I could assign no reason for declining to occupy, as before, the same apartment with my fellow-traveller, for, although circumstances left me no room to think of him otherwise than as a robber, he had shown me considerable kindness, and a readiness to do me, as a stranger, in his own way, the honours of his country. It is true that these marks of attention, and his occasional laboured pleasantries and evidently affected smiles, were only so many corroborations of my suspicions. But whatever I might believe, I could prove nothing. My perplexity was unspeakable. I could not think of sleeping. I sat down for a little beside a box-stove in the bed-room, in which, owing to the coldness of the weather, a fire

had been lighted, and prepared my mind for the worst. I put into the stove two or three additional billets of wood, covered the top of the grate, so that it might last till the morning, and resolved to sit beside it all night. My companion and the driver shortly afterwards entered the room, and threw themselves into two of the beds, where they soon appeared or feigned to fall into a sound sleep. The dreadful day I had spent was followed by a night of horror. The slightest sound made me clutch my knife and grasp firmly the poker (there was no poker), which I constantly held in my hand. Exhausted as I was with fatigue and the watching of the previous night, even my awful fears could not keep me entirely awake. The struggle between terror and the craving for sleep was agonising, and almost maddened me. At last I fell asleep several times, but I verily believe I had not, on many of these occasions, spent fifteen seconds in the land of forgetfulness when I was driven back by visions of murderous assault to the horrors of my real situation. Under the promptings of the direst revenge, I could find it impossible to wish my worst enemy any greater suffering than I endured that night. At length, the room, which had been lighted only by a small chink of the stove-damper, which I had left open, began to be gradually illumined by the rays of the moon. It appeared that soon after our arrival the snow had ceased to fall; and now the moon and stars shone forth, a clear frost having succeeded. The room having become perfectly light, I at last ventured to lie down, but with no intention, no ability, as I imagined, to sleep. Some time, however, after the first unearthly crowing of the cock, tired nature exacted its rights. The bewildered mind could no longer agitate a healthy and vigorous frame; and I sank into slumber—the deepest, dearest sleep I ever knew.

When I awoke it was broad daylight. The sun, not the moon, was now pouring his rays into the apartment more brightly than in an English June. My fellow-traveller stood by my side fully dressed; in fact, it was he who had awakened me. He informed me that the morning was far advanced, but that, knowing how much I needed rest, he had been unwilling to arouse me in order to proceed by the stage, which had started empty some hours before, to make its way to Great-Bend. Besides his wish that I should enjoy proper rest, he had, he said, another object. I had never yet made a trial of sleigh travelling, and, by way of affording me a treat, as well as of making the remainder of our journey more expeditiously and comfortably, he had engaged the sleigh and horses of our host to convey us, by a shorter road than could be travelled on wheels, across the country to Binghampton. The sleigh, which had been out of repair, had, he said, required a few hours' labour before being fitted for the road, but it would be ready to start as soon as I had breakfasted. Although a sound sleep had restored the tone of my nerves, and, aided by the buoyancy and animal spirits of youth, had inspired me with coolness and resolution, I could not possibly see in his unexpected proposal anything but a new scheme, more cunning than any my enemy had yet contrived, for executing his nefarious

purpose. I was to be carried, under pretence of kindness, to a distance from the usual route of travellers, into remote by-ways, where I might be more secretly robbed or murdered. So fully was I impressed with this idea, that I was on the point of availing myself of a circumstance which arrested my fellow traveller's attention, and seemed to call for some explanation on my part, to tell him to his face of my suspicions and fears, and to offer him all I had—amounting, as I have said, to less than a hundred dollars—on condition of his riding me of his hated company.

The circumstance was this. On my throwing off the coverlet, in getting out of bed, he gave a look of great surprise, of which a moment's consideration showed me the cause. He saw that I had gone to bed dressed, and, what was more, his eye lighted on the tongs which lay beside me under the coverlet, with the two ends tied tightly together with a piece of tape, as I had arranged them during the night, in order to wield them more easily as a weapon of defence. He started, and expressed the surprise he felt, and I was on the point of coming at once to a full explanation with him. But the bare possibility (although I could scarcely admit it) of my being mistaken as to his intentions, and a feeling of shame, restrained me from this open declaration of fear. I stammered out something about somnambulism and strange things done by persons in sleep after fatigue or excitement. In utter perplexity as to what to do, I went to breakfast, and seeing no other resource, resolved to proceed, placing my trust in Providence. Thus I started on my first sleigh-ride,—which, before coming to America, I had looked forward to as a great and novel pleasure,—with an awful presentiment that it would probably be my last ride on earth. Travellers in North America descant gloriously on the joys of their first sleigh-ride—the bright day, the brilliant sky, the sparkling snow, the excitement of the delighted rider, shared by the equally delighted horse, who finds he has exchanged the heavy draught of the wheel carriage for the scarce perceptible weight of the skate-borne *berline* or *cutter*. All this is delightful in sensation and description; but he who, like me, has made his first sleigh-ride in the weird power of a murderer, who has sat during it with an open knife in his hand as his only hope of life, knows the power of a first impression to kill for years all enjoyment from such a source. I never entered a sleigh for many winters which did not conduct me in thought to the banks of the Susquehanna.

Our advance at first was extremely slow, for although the snow, when undrifted, or “on a level,” as it is called, as we found it in the shelter of the woods, was not much above a foot in depth, it was quite unbroken, and we ploughed our way at the rate of less than three miles an hour. During this time we passed through several dark tracts of woodland, and near many open pools of the river, along which our route lay, which seemed to invite my enemy to the execution, without further hesitation, of his horrid design. The driver—our host of the previous night—was, doubtless, an accomplice. What could be the cause of his delay? It could scarcely be fear, for although

guilt is cowardly, two such men could have overmastered me with ease. Could it be that the untrodden snow, which covered every spot of ground, rendered it impossible that a murder or even a struggle could take place without traces which would infallibly betray the deed? Sitting on this occasion not opposite to my companion, as when we travelled in the stage, but side by side, I could not watch his eye and expression as I had done on former days, but I did not fail to observe that his mind was more upon the stretch and that he was more silent than before. More than once he expressed an impatience at the slowness of our pace, and urged the driver to greater speed.

After about two hours' travel, we struck for the first time upon the track of another farm-sleigh, which had entered our line of road by a side-way, but had already passed on out of sight. This awakened within me a feeling of hope. In a few minutes we reached a road which had been broken that morning by several sleighs and teams, and along which we were able to advance more rapidly. As we proceeded, the road was found to be still better beaten, and our horses trotted out as if they really enjoyed their work. It was evident, the driver said, that the farmers of the more fertile region we had entered, who had long been expecting snow—or sleighing, as he termed it,—had lost no time in availing themselves of its arrival to carry their produce that morning to Binghamton, to which all the tracks tended. I began to breathe more freely as I felt myself approaching the abodes of men. We were now drawing near a considerable market-town, to which at least a hundred teams had preceded us that morning, and I could throw myself into the arms of a crowd of fellow creatures, as a refuge from the dark fiend whose presence had maddened me so long. My joy, alas! was of short duration. My companion was becoming restless; his brow began to knit; he looked at his watch; at length, springing forward to the driver's seat, after a few observations regarding the road which I could not understand, he whispered something, through clenched teeth, convulsively into his ear. He had scarcely done this when the driver, all at once forsaking the beaten highway, drove into a narrow opening in a dense grove of swamps through which we were passing, and urged his horses with savage strokes of the whip along a track by which it was evident no sleigh had yet passed since the fall of snow. Horror! On looking at my fellow traveller, I observed in his hand a large bowie-knife, which he had drawn from some place of concealment about his person. He tried quickly to hide it, but must have known that it had caught my eye. He looked round at me, as I thought, once or twice in a stealthy manner, and then, suddenly springing back, resumed his former place beside me. I involuntarily made an effort to throw myself out of the sleigh on my own side, and at the same time to draw from my great-coat pocket my right hand with the open knife which I had held in it since we started; but before I could do either, I was drawn back by the powerful arm of my assailant, who, to my surprise, apologised for his clumsiness, just as if he had not seen that my movement had been a

voluntary effort to leap out, but regarded it as the result of his having stumbled against me in changing his seat. This was too much. Unable longer to endure the tension of mind which had kept me on the rack so long, I began to wish that the dreaded struggle should come and end my torture, when, all at once, making a sharp turn, we shot into a large expanse of cleared land, studded over with houses, traversed by a great road alive with flying teams and the merry jingle of a thousand sleigh-bells, and soon joining this road dashed at full gallop into the square of Birmingham, and pulled up at the door of the hotel.

"Strayinger!" exclaimed my companion, addressing me, as he sprang out of the carriage, "come along here;" and grasping me by the arm, he vaulted, as soon as I had alighted, he dragged me up to the hotel, up to the first-floor, and into a room which fronted on the square. Astonished as I was, the presence of others, who had seen us enter, drove me of fear, although I saw that he still held the bowie-knife in his hand. Shutting the door with his elbow, as he flew through it, pushing me before him, he cast off, more rapidly by far than I can relate it, his green blanket garment, then his coat, then an outer waistcoat, which last he flung



(See p. 358.)

on the table before me along with the bowie-knife saying, "Strayinger!—no words—oblige me by unripping that parcel as fast as you can;" pointing to a flat package of something, like a diminutive pillow, about eight inches by five, enclosed in a bandana silk handkerchief, which was neatly sown by a hundred small stitches to the inside of the waistcoat behind. As he said this, he stripped off another waistcoat, and proceeded with another smaller knife to separate from the two sides of it two similar but smaller parcels. The whole was the work of a few seconds. Then, throwing on his green blanket coat, without any of the under-

garments, he snatched up the parcels, and flew out of the room. Lost in wonder, with the bowie-knife still in my hand, I turned to the window just in time to see my companion in the act of entering a door on the opposite side of the square, over which were inscribed the words, "Chenango County Bank," just as the clock above the entrance was pointing to four o'clock. What could this mean? Had he gone to deposit the proceeds of former villainies? It seemed probable; but I, at all events, could now rejoice that none of my money should be added to his store. In a few minutes he returned, with a smoothened

brow and cheerful eye, and burst out into expressions of gratitude to Providence and to me, although for what I could not easily make out.

"Strayinger!" at length he exclaimed, "guess you was puzzled—guess you didn't think there was 16,000 dollars (3200*l.* sterling) in them parcels, in 100 dollar notes."

I certainly should not have supposed it; and beginning to get a glimmering of the state of the case, observed with a smile, grim enough, I dare say, that I was surprised he should have placed a bowie-knife in the hand of a stranger like myself, when exposing so much money to view.

"What," said I, "if I had clutched the parcel you desired me to detach from your waistcoat, and returned your bowie-knife into your heart instead of your hand!"

"I had no fear of that," he replied. "From the moment I saw you at Newburg, I saw by your face you was an honest man."

"Most devoutly do I wish I could have seen the same by yours," I cried out; "it would have saved me many an hour of wretchedness!"

We now entered upon an explanation. He called for some refreshment, and told me his story. It was briefly this:

His name, as I now learnt for the first time, was Peter Richards. Commencing life by opening a country store in a neighbouring county, he had been a prosperous man. Combining, like many Americans in country places, half-a-dozen different occupations—storekeeper, tanner, farmer, grist and saw miller—he at length, a year or two before I met him, purchased in partnership with a friend, from the Government of Pennsylvania, the right of cutting timber, or lumbering, over a vast tract of wild land in the northern part of that State. His partner had the immediate supervision of the lumberers, and resided on the spot. My companion's own home was in the State of New York, which we had re-entered that morning, and not above twenty miles from where we then were; and it was his practice four times a year to visit the lumber district, carrying with him the pay earned by the numerous hands employed by the firm during the preceding quarter. He then proceeded to the maritime towns to which the timber was floated down, and having obtained payment for it from the purchasers, returned to his home in western New York, bringing with him a sufficient sum of money for the next quarter's payment of the lumber-gangs, which he lodged in the bank I had seen him enter that day; until, after a few weeks' rest at home, he should again set out on his quarterly round. He added, that on the afternoon on which we had met at Newburg, he had received a mysterious hint that he was known to travel with large sums of money, and that he might be waylaid, and perhaps murdered. Being naturally a fearless man, he resolved to proceed; and on seeing me had conceived the idea of making me his companion by the way, as a guard against nightly surprise—for he was a very sound sleeper—and as a help in case of attack. This explained his determination to have me always beside him at night. He accounted for his private conversation in the stable-yard with the driver who was to have taken us to Great-Bend,

by saying that he had recognised in him the son of a neighbour of his, a wild youth, who had run away from his home, and to whom he embraced the opportunity of giving some information about his relatives, and some good advice. He had been glad of the excuse afforded by the snow storm for avoiding Great-Bend, near which he said he was most apprehensive of an attack; and the fall of snow had enabled him to travel by cross-paths, impassible except by sleighing, faster than if he had proceeded by the stage to Great-Bend. This was a matter of great importance to him, for he had that morning suddenly recollected, that a large bill, to the taking-up of which a portion of the money he carried was destined, would fall due at the bank that day; and he had never, he said, in all his life failed to meet at the proper time a commercial obligation. His questions as to arms, and his observations on boxing, were prompted by a desire to know the value of my aid if he should be attacked; and his allusion to travelling with money had naturally grown out of his own apprehensions. His taking out of the bowie-knife, which had caused me such alarm, he accounted for by saying that in his fear of not reaching the bank in time, he had thought for a moment of proceeding while in the sleigh, as we were flying along the short cut which at his request the driver had taken, to rip up his secret repositories, so as to be ready to drive at once to the bank on reaching Binghampton, with the money in his hand. He laughed heartily when told of the terror he had occasioned me in springing back to his seat.

All was now explained. The man I had dreaded was as fearful as myself; and had been relying on me for the protection of his life, while I thought he was thirsting for mine! I breathed more freely than I had done for the last three days.

By this time the stage, which we had outstripped by crossing the country, had arrived from Great-Bend, and I was to proceed by it on my journey; my companion's route homeward lying in a different direction. He expressed very great regret for the misery he had caused me, and pressed me to accompany him to his home, and to accept of his hospitality for some days. But my engagements would not allow me to do so. And to tell the truth, although I had, of course, entirely changed my opinion of the man, and saw before we parted that he was well-known and esteemed at Binghampton, I could not all at once change the feelings with which for some days and nights I had regarded him. I was glad to separate from him. I gave a shudder of dread, or quiver of delight, I know not which to call it, as I shook hands with him; and often, for months thereafter, my sleep was haunted by visions of his tall form and mysterious countenance, his green blanket coat, and bowie-knife. If Peter Richards is still alive (and if so he cannot be very much above sixty), his eye may light on this narrative; and if he should think some portions of it too highly coloured, he will own that the revenge is slight for the misery I endured while serving as his unconscious body-guard through the wilds of the Susquehanna.

LAMBERT COPPEL CLINE.

LAST WEEK.

DE MORTUIS.

A FEW months back if you had numbered up the rulers of Italy, you would have found the list to stand thus—

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.
THE POPE.
THE KING OF SARDINIA.
THE KING OF THE TWO SICILIES.
THE GRAND DUKE OF TUSCANY.
THE DUKE OF MODENA.
THE DUCHESS OF PARMA—FOR HER SON.

Four of them, in racing phrase, have been scratched—the four last. The Emperor of Austria has been beaten in one great battle after another, and has lost that fair province of Lombardy which was one of the brightest jewels of the Imperial crown. He still holds Venetia by force of arms; but not the Venetians. Venice is an Austrian barrack, but every one of its inhabitants who could pull a trigger, and make his escape, has fled from the city, as from an accursed place. The Pope is still at the Vatican, thanks to the presence of the French regiments, but without the walls his authority is only supported by a rabble of foreign mercenaries under the command of an Algerine General. In all probability, by the time these lines are published, his authority there will be at an end, save in that unfortunate province which with cruel rallery is known as the Patrimony of St. Peter. This province contains not quite half a million of inhabitants, divided thus:—Rome and Comarca, 326,509; Civita Vecchia, 20,701; Viterbo, 125,324. Elsewhere within the Pontifical States, *ferret opus*, the work of the deliverer is proceeding fast. A week ago the Sardinians entered the Pontifical States in force, and took Pesaro. Although it seems likely that General Lamoricière may make a brief stand, he is opposed to a power which, with reference to any force of which he can dispose, is irresistible. Victor Emmanuel already speaks in the tone of what our French neighbours would call the “master of the situation.” He tells the deputation from Umbria and the Marches that he is prepared to rid Central Italy of one continual cause of trouble and discord—to wit, the Pope. “I intend,” he adds, “to respect the seat of the Chief of the Church, to whom I am ever ready to give, in accordance with the allied and friendly Powers, all the guarantees of independence and security which his misguided advisers have in vain hoped to obtain for him from the fanaticism of the wicked sect which conspires against my authority, and against the liberties of the nation.” Pretty strong language this, considering that His Holiness is the object of the rebuke! In a very few days, from the Alps to Reggio there will be a single King of Italy, who, in addition to his dominions on the mainland, will rule over the two noble islands of Sicily and Sardinia. Venetia, and the Patrimony of St. Peter, are the only two blots upon this fair picture. What next? The men of impulse and enthusiasm are of opinion that the time has come for completing the work. Politicians of a more thoughtful and forecasting turn of mind would have Victor Emmanuel throw down his bâton in the

lists, and declare that for the time enough is done. Let him consolidate his work. Before the Lombard campaign of last year a calculation was made by the French military authorities as to the amount of force which would be necessary in order that Italy, when single-handed, might maintain a combat with Austria upon an even balance of chances. The result of their calculations was, 200,000 *hommes armés*, 20,000 of them cavalry; 500 pieces of field artillery; 200 siege guns; and these field guns would require at the least 50,000 draught horses. The Frenchmen said that the indispensable and preliminary condition of raising and maintaining such a force was ten years of independence. In a struggle between an established Government and a nation, as M. de Sismondi fairly enough says, the former has many advantages, such as rapidity of information, soldiers, arsenals, fortresses, finances, credit, and rapidity of communication. The Lombard campaign was essentially a duel between Austria and France. The result proves nothing as far as the chances of a contest between Austria and united Italy are concerned. The friends of Italian independence look with apprehension to the next move in this great game.

Since Garibaldi landed in Sicily well nigh every telegram from southern Italy, has been the record of a miracle. At the trumpet's blast, the walls of fenced cities have fallen down. Armies have melted away—fleets have been as though they were not. Dominion has passed away like a dream from the last of the Neapolitan Bourbons. Francis II. ran away from his capital, with a bad joke upon his lips. “Your and our Don Peppino is at the gates,” was his Sicilian Majesty's sublime remark to the national guards just before his departure. The royal jest was not very dignified, but it contained a good deal of truth. Had Garibaldi entered Naples at one end with a carpet-bag in his hand, the king must have quitted it at the other. Precisely the same thing might have been said of every Italian ruler, save in so far as Austrian and French bayonets kept him in his place. There has been a general idea in England that the Italian governments were bad, but no one who has not lived in Italy some time between 1819 and 1859, knows how bad they were—how cruel and oppressive to the people. But of all these governments the Pope's was the worst—it was the very worst in Europe. Now that Garibaldi has purged the Two Sicilies of the Bourbons, we may cease to speak, or to write of the atrocities they committed during the last forty years of their rule. *De mortuis*—speak good, or say nothing of the dead. But the Pope is still alive as a ruler, and as some weak-minded individuals may still have qualms of conscience as to the propriety of expunging his name from the list of European princes, we would say a few words about his doings, and the doings of his predecessors. In the Papal States, until 1859, with the exception of the rich country immediately about Bologna, the soil was out of cultivation; the roads were infested with brigands. There was no commerce. As Massimo D'Azeglio wrote,—“That part of Italy, placed on two seas, on the high road to the East, rich in minerals, with a most fertile soil, inhabited by a population on whom Providence

has bountifully bestowed quickness, foresight, energy, strength and boldness; has two such harbours as Ancona and Civita Vecchia empty." There was universal misery—the want of food, of clothing, of shelter. The prisons were full of state prisoners who had in any way given umbrage to the priests. There were spies at every corner; and every confessional contained a spy, who could extract from a man's nearest relation, revelations, or suggestions which were worked to his destruction. With regard to the prisoners, sometimes their very existence was forgotten. If ever the person accused was brought to trial—we speak of political offenders—he was never confronted with the witnesses who appeared against him—the names were never revealed to him. The court which had pre-determined his ruin, assigned to him a nominal defender—his most dangerous adversary. Torture was used to extract confession, as may be seen in an edict published by Cardinal Antonelli, on the 30th of July, 1855. Besides what was done by the immediate agents of the Pope, Austria took a great share of bloody work off his hands. Papal subjects were taken in batches before the Austrian courts-martial, and dealt with according to the amenities of Austrian military law. It has been clearly established, and the English Consul at Ferrara at the time knew the facts, that in the beginning of the year 1853, political prisoners of the Pope were tortured by the Austrian jailors. They were beaten, they were starved; they were bent in the form of hoops; they were informed that a firing party was waiting for them; they were kept without sleep, and in the middle of the night their keepers would come in and shake a hook and a halter before their eyes. The country was governed by foreigners,—Spaniards, Frenchmen, Germans. The collection of the common taxes cost 31 per cent; of the revenue derived from salt and tobacco, 46 per cent.; from the lotto, 62 per cent. In nine years' time, between 1848—57, 1,000,000*l.* was paid to foreign troops for keeping down, and—occasion arising—butchering the Pope's subjects. From 1814 to 1857, the sum of the papal revenues had amounted to 75,500,000*l.*: all of which has been wrung from the wretched inhabitants of the country, being other than priests, and the owners and holders of ecclesiastical property. There is no commerce—no trade, no manufactures in this unfortunate country; and as taxation scarcely touches the principal landed proprietors, the condition of less considerable persons may be imagined. The river Po threatens continually to overflow.

The acknowledged project of the French Ruler is to reduce the Pope to the condition of the Ecclesiastical Emperor of Japan—leaving Victor Emmanuel to be the actual Sovereign of Italy. What his real projects may be he scarcely knows himself. At the present moment it is clear that the presence of the French troops in Rome, and in the Patrimony of St. Peter's, constitutes the chief—nay, the only obstacle to the liberation of Italy from Reggio to the Mincio. It is a fearful stab in the back from a sovereign who claims to be the Liberator of Italy. So long as the Pope is at Rome, Rome will be the centre of ecclesiastical

intrigues extending throughout the Peninsula. So long as the Pope is at Rome, there will always be a pretext for foreign interference. So long as the Pope is at Rome, the spell of Italy's long slavery is not wholly dissolved. The possession of Rome, in a moral sense, would be worth three successful battles to the Italian cause. As a temporal prince, the Pope has been found wanting, and should be numbered with things which have been, and which must be no more. When this end is achieved, we may have done with the subject; as we have done with the atrocities of the Bourbon at Naples and in Sicily. Happy will that moment be when the Pope and his successors can say with truth to their assailants—"*De mortuis.*"

ERIN GO BRACH.

THERE is nothing so long-lived as an idea. Stone and marble decay—other monuments of human greatness are the inheritance of the moth and the worm, but convictions survive the assaults of Time, and of Time's unwearied agents. A state of things was, therefore it is; it is not, therefore it should be. Circumstances may change—the billows of one moment may be the scattered spray of the next, but certain minds are so constituted that they cannot bend to the evidence of facts. We need not seek far for instances; but the singular pertinacity with which some of our Irish fellow subjects still assert that Ireland is the most oppressed and injured country under heaven, is a curious proof of indifference to the realities of life. At the present moment there is not one spot upon the earth's surface where there is more real liberty than in Ireland—where men can more freely go where they like, write what they like, do what they like, and say what they like; but, for all that, the Irish are still a persecuted, the English a persecuting people. Until he played fast and loose with the Pope's interests, Louis Napoleon was a demigod in the eyes of these poor Celtic sufferers. Now, Louis Napoleon would have sent the editor and the whole staff of *The Nation* to Cayenne, with very little ceremony or trial, within twenty-four hours after publication of one of the usual numbers of that interesting newspaper. If any Frenchman ventured to whisper to his neighbours in a corner one quarter of what any Irishman shouts out from the house-tops in the way of sedition and treason, the tranquillity of many French families would be seriously compromised. If a party of Frenchmen had come over here to present Lord Clyde with a sword on his return from India, and had done so not without some insinuations as to the superiority of England over France in all the martial virtues, and had interlarded their complimentary address with denunciations of the French Government, what kind of welcome would they have received on their return to their native country? Daniel O'Connell had much truth on his side when he was struggling for Catholic emancipation, and many true pictures he drew of Irish misery when speaking of the Irish peasant of his day. All this is changed, but the Irish cuckoo still gives forth her monotonous note when all occasion for it is gone. Tom Moore has a great deal to answer for. He it was who first invested mourning Ireland with the garb of poetry. The notion was that of a beautiful young

woman, with pale skin and dark hair, rather tall, imperfectly clad, sitting by a waterfall, and playing on a harp in most mournful fashion. Sometimes the young lady was a widow, sometimes a lovely but sorrowful virgin. In either case ruthless oppressors had burned her modest house to the ground, and butchered all her nearest relatives without any show of justice. Who that had a man's heart within him would not be willing to take a young lady's part under these distressing circumstances? Imagine your own wife, your sister, or your daughter, sitting in tears by the waterfall in question, and playing on a little harp a series of airs in minor keys, and surely you would be sorry for her. It is a great pity when a nation selects such a type as this as emblematic of their aspirations and condition. Irishmen have walked about the world with their hands in their pockets in a state of sorrow for this pale young woman; and then voted her to be nothing more nor less than their native land. On the whole it seems probable that if you could induce a people to adopt some bird, beast, or fish, as their national symbol, they would gradually conform their methods of thought and aspirations to what might be supposed to be the thoughts and aspirations of the animal selected as their model or example. An Englishman likes to act in a taurine manner because he is John Bull. A stunted French corporal quivers with emotion under trying circumstances when he reflects that he is bound to emulate the actions of an eagle.

Passing from mere animal to human types, a citizen of the United States will think himself justified in adopting very astute measures for the furtherance of his private fortunes by reference to an imaginary Uncle Jonathan—a sallow, hard-featured man—with an eternal wink. Thus it is with our Irish fellow-subjects. Nothing can knock this pestilent harp and pale young woman out of their heads. Ireland is still a weeping female, and England a cruel husband who, under the improved state of the law, should be committed for six months to prison with hard labour, and be bound over to keep the peace.

How Marshal MacMahon, who, despite of his Irish descent is a Frenchman to the backbone, must have been puzzled with this sword, and still more with the address with which it was accompanied! Never since the days of Brian Boroinhe was there ever such an Irish sword as this. It was made of Irish steel, and ornamented with Irish tracery copied expressly from specimens in the Irish Academy at Dublin. The hilt was of bog-oak, ornamented with Irish amethysts, beryls, and precious stones. On one side is the figure of a harper striking his harp; then there is a round tower, a sunburst, and of course shamrocks in great profusion. On the other side of the scabbard there is the figure of an Irish gallowglass drawing his sword, and a carved cross after the model of the ancient stone crosses of Ireland. Indeed, beyond a shillelagh and a pig—or, as it is called in Ireland, a “slip”—we know not what other emblem could be selected as illustrative of Irish life. To be sure, there might have been a sample of a waxy potato on one side of the scabbard, and a mealy specimen of the same admirable

esulent upon the other, and the sword would have been perfectly well decorated. It would not be fair, however, to omit all mention of the inscription, which is in Irish and French languages. For the convenience of the general reader we confine ourselves to the French version:

L'Irlande opprimée au brave et Le Patrie Mémorable de MacMahon, Maréchal de France, Duc de Magenta, descendant de ses anciens Rois.

The slight shown to the English language is so painful to one's feelings that it is really not to be spoken or thought about. Imagine a French deputation to come over to England for the purpose of presenting a beautiful bound copy of the Chancery Reports to the present Master of the Rolls on the ground that he is a descendant of a refugee family who escaped from the tyranny of Louis XIV. after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes—and on the fly-leaf let the inscription be seen—

Oppressed France to the keen-witted Sir John, The Right Honourable Sir John Romilly, Knt., Master of the Rolls, the descendant of former French fugitives from former French tyrants.

Only let the experiment be tried, and let the deputation set their feet again for five minutes on French soil, and we should speedily see on which side of the narrow seas Liberty has fixed her abiding place.

MURDER WILL OUT.

It would have been of most dangerous consequence to the community if two such murders as those which have recently been perpetrated at Road, and at Stepney, had passed undetected. To say that the murderer does not take the chance of impunity into account, is to say that which is directly contrary to the experience of all persons who have been engaged in the detection and punishment of crime. Save in those cases where murder is the result of a certain outburst of passion or jealousy, the murderer calculates his chances of escape as coolly as a chess-player would take into account the probabilities of a game. The wretched young shoemaker who slew his sweetheart the other day on account of a lover's quarrel, of course cared but little whether he was taken or not. Life to his distempered fancy was a burden of which he was anxious to rid himself, and he walked red-handed through the public streets after the commission of the crime, without making any effort to save himself. The Irish Ribbon murderer, however, took chances into account. As soon as the probabilities of his escape from the hands of the police fell to zero, he gave up the contest in despair. The ordinary burglar has ceased to murder, as well as to rob the premises into which he has made his way, for he well knows that he will soon feel the tap of the policeman on his shoulder, with a hint that he is “wanted” for that last business in which he was engaged, and he has no desire to run the risk of forfeiting his life for the higher offence. Well-nigh all the great murders—the *causes célèbres* of blood in our day—have been most deliberately planned, and carried out with every circumstance of cool premeditation. Think of Rush and his attack upon Mr. Jermy's house; the murderer had made his preparations

just as a soldier would who was about to attack a hostile fort. Think of Palmer, and his purchases of strychnine. This fellow walked about London all day—and whilst dabbling in horse business, contrived to slip into the chemist's shop where he bought the deadly poison, and went down by train with his victim's life in his pocket. When the Mannings invited their friend downstairs to wash his hands in the back kitchen, his grave was already dug in the scullery. They had worked at it for days and nights beforehand. It is not reasonable to suppose that where murderers use so much forethought upon all the details of their crime, they do not take the chances of impunity into account. All their precautions are indeed directed to securing for themselves as many chances of impunity as possible.

The Road murder is still vested in impenetrable mystery. Sir George Lewis, no doubt, exercised a most wise discretion in declining to make the mystery a pretext for the issue of a special commission, which was to take evidence in the matter according to some fashion not in use amongst our criminal lawyers. If the administration of the criminal law can be improved, let these improvements be at once introduced for the benefit of all. Let us not hear of exceptional proceedings in any case simply because it is surrounded with mystery, and because public feeling is much excited upon it. This is just one of the instances in which persons accused, or suspected, require all the protection which the forms of law can throw around them, unless we wish to revive the days of the Star Chamber, and of High Commissions. There is happily one person whose assistance can almost always be depended upon in the detection of murder, and that is—the murderer himself. That wretched sot Manning, when at the little inn at Jersey, would turn the conversation every evening in the tap-room upon the subject of the murder in which he had been engaged, until at last suspicion fell upon him, and he was taken. It is hard for a murderer not to do too much or too little. It is difficult to walk about with such a burden at your heart, and to look your fellows in the face as if it was not there!

What an instance of this we have in this man Mullins, if it should, after all, turn out that he is the murderer of Mrs. Elmsley. There was no reason why he should speak. He had only to hold his tongue, and apparently he was safe, if he had also taken common precautions to place any articles which he had abstracted from the house in proper places for concealment. All circumstances as they stand at present tell fearfully against him. He leads the police to an outhouse in which, according to his own statement, he had seen the man Emms deposit a packet at a certain hour. He points out the very spot in which the packet was deposited, when the police had begun to flag in their researches. He states an hour at which he saw Emms place the packet there; at that hour it is proved that Emms was in his bed. The packet, when opened, did actually contain various articles which must have been taken from Mrs. Elmsley's house after the murder. It was tied with an end of waxed string, and with the very same kind of waxed string were tied the very shoes which he

had on his feet at the time the search was made. No doubt, now that suspicion—or something more—is fixed upon a particular man, many suggestions will be made, and many points will be inquired into, which will effectually allay all doubts as to his guilt or innocence. On the whole, it seems more probable that it was less the desire to obtain the reward, than a nervous anxiety to see the responsibility of the crime fixed upon another man, which induced Mullins to give to the police that information which has told with such fearful effect against himself.

LA GLOIRE.

THE transcendent importance of the subject must be an excuse for adding a few words to the statements which we made last week about the new iron French ship of war. When we say of iron, it is meant that she is protected all over with an iron cuirass, which renders her impenetrable to shot or shell. For a long time the French naval authorities had maintained a strict silence upon the subject. Indeed, they had done something more, for they had actually taken pains to cast discredit upon the efforts of their own engineers. They have now thrown off the mask with a witness, and brag of their triumph in terms which can leave no doubt that, to their own apprehension, the vessel is a most complete and assured triumph of the naval engineer's art. Let us take this matter seriously into account; for, if true, it means nothing less than the necessity for an entire re-construction of the British navy. Here are a few notes of her dimensions and performances. La Gloire is 250 feet long, by 51 wide. At the height of six feet above the water, she has a battery of thirty-four guns of the most powerful kind. On the fore-castle she has two long-range pieces; on the quarter-deck an iron redoubt, to protect the commander during action. Her speed has reached 13 1-10 knots over measured ground. On a ten hours' trip, her average rate was 12 31-100 knots, with all fires lighted; with half-fires, 11 knots. She pitches gently in a sea, and rolls with regularity. A proof that our neighbours are in dire earnest in this matter is, that they are actually constructing six or seven ships upon the same model. The hesitation of the English Admiralty to engage in experiments of so costly a kind is intelligible enough; but a time arrives at last when an improvement of this sort in marine architecture ceases to be an experiment. Our people say that they have instituted experiments at the various ports as to the degree of resistance which iron plates can offer to a well-directed fire, and that the results have not been such as to encourage them to follow in the steps of France. But is it so clear that one of these iron-cuirassed vessels would ever be exposed to such a fire as that which is experimentally directed against these masses of iron plates? May not their resistance be enough for all practical purposes, although they cannot withstand these crucial tests? If La Gloire is a mistake, of course there is no harm done; but if she be really a success, the dominion of the seas is no longer ours until we are prepared to avail ourselves of these new improvements in naval architecture.

EVAN HARRINGTON; OR, HE WOULD BE A GENTLEMAN.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.



CHAPTER XLIV.—CONTAINS A WARNING TO ALL CONSPIRATORS.

THIS, if you have done me the favour to read it aright, has been a chronicle of desperate heroism on the part of almost all the principal personages represented. But not the Countess de Saldar, scaling the embattled fortress of Society; or Rose, tossing its keys to her lover from the shining turret-tops; or Evan, keeping bright the lamp of self-respect in his bosom against south wind and east; or Mr. John Raikes, consenting to a plate of tin that his merits and honours may be the better propagated, the more surely acknowledged; none excel friend Andrew Cogglesby, who, having fallen into Old Tom's plot to humiliate his wife and her sisters, simply for Evan's sake, and without any distinct notion of the terror, confusion, and universal upset he was bringing on his home, could yet, after a scared contemplation of the scene when he returned from his expedition to Fallowfield, continue to wear his rueful mask; could yet persevere in treacherously outraging his lofty wife, though the dread of possible consequences went far to knock him down sixty times an hour, could yet (we must have a climax)

maintain his naughty false bankrupt cheerfulness to that injured lady behind the garrulous curtains!

He did it to vindicate the ties of blood against accidents of position. Was he justified? I am sufficiently wise to ask my own sex alone.

On the other side, be it said (since in our modern days every hero must have his weak heel, that now he had gone this distance it was difficult to recede. It would be no laughing matter to tell his solemn Harriet that he had been playing her a little practical joke. His temptations to give it up were incessant and most agitating; but if to advance seemed terrific, there was, in stopping short, an awfulness so overwhelming that Andrew abandoned himself to the current, his real dismay adding to his acting powers.

The worst was, that the joke was no longer his: it was Old Tom's. He discovered that he was in Old Tom's hands completely. Andrew had thought that he would just frighten the women a bit, get them down to Lymport for a week or so, and then announce that matters were not so bad with the Brewery as he had feared; concluding the farce with a few domestic fireworks. Conceive his dis-

may, when he entered his house, to find there a man in possession!

Andrew flew into such a rage that he committed an assault on the man. So ungovernable was his passion that for some minutes Harriet's measured voice summoned him from over the bannisters above, quite in vain. The miserable Englishman refused to be taught that his house had ceased to be his castle. It was something beyond a joke, this! The intruder, perfectly docile, seeing that by accurate calculation every shake he got involved a bottle of wine for him, and ultimate compensation probably to the amount of a couple of sovereigns, allowed himself to be lugged upstairs, in default of summary ejection on the point of Andrew's toe into the street. There he was faced to the lady of the house, who apologised to him, and requested her husband to state what had made him guilty of this indecent behaviour. The man showed his papers. They were quite in order. "At the suit of Messrs. Grist."

"My own lawyers!" cried Andrew, smacking his forehead, and Old Tom's devilry flashed on him at once. He sank into a chair.

"Why did you bring this person up here?" said Harriet, like a speaking statue.

"My dear!" Andrew answered, and spread out his hand, and wagged his head; "My—please!—I—I don't know. We all want exercise."

The man laughed, which was kindly of him, but offensive to Mrs. Cogglesby, who gave Andrew a glance which was full payment for his imbecile pleasantries, and promised more.

With a hospitable inquiry as to the condition of his appetite, and a request that he would be pleased to satisfy it to the full, the man was dismissed: whereat, as one delivered of noxious presences, the Countess rustled into sight. Not noticing Andrew, she lisped to Harriet: "Misfortunes are sometimes no curses! I bless the catarrh that has confined Silva to his chamber, and saved him from a bestial exhibition."

The two ladies then swept from the room, and left Andrew to perspire at leisure.

Fresh tribulations awaited him when he sat down to dinner. Andrew liked his dinner to be comfortable, good, and in plenty. This may not seem strange. The fact is stated that I may win for him the warm sympathies of the body of his countrymen. He was greeted by a piece of cold boiled neck of mutton and a solitary dish of steaming potatoes. The blank expanse of tablecloth returned his desolate stare.

"Why, what's the meaning of this?" Andrew brutally exclaimed, as he thumped the table.

The Countess gave a start, and rolled a look as of piteous supplication to spare a lady's nerves, addressed to a ferocious brigand. Harriet answered: "It means that I will have no butcher's bills."

"Butcher's bills! butcher's bills!" echoed Andrew; "why, you must have butcher's bills; why, confound! why, you'll have a bill for this, won't you, Harry? eh? of course!"

"There will be no more bills, dating from yesterday," said his wife.

"What! this is paid for, then?"

"Yes, Mr. Cogglesby; and so will all household expenses be, while my pocket-money lasts."

Resting his eyes full on Harriet a minute, Andrew dropped them on the savourless white-rimmed chop, which looked as lonely in his plate as its parent dish on the table. The poor dear creature's pocket-money had paid for it! The thought, mingling with a rush of emotion, made his ideas spin. His imagination surged deliriously. He fancied himself at the Zoological Gardens, exchanging pathetic glances with a melancholy marmoset. Wonderfully like one the chop looked! There was no use in his trying to eat it. He seemed to be fixing his teeth in solid tears. He choked. Twice he took up knife and fork, put them down again, and plucking forth his handkerchief, blew a tremendous trumpet, that sent the Countess's eyes rolling to the ceiling, as if heaven were her sole refuge from such vulgarity.

"Damn that Old Tom!" he shouted at last, and pitched back in his chair.

"Mr. Cogglesby!" and "in the presence of ladies!" were the admonishing interjections of the sisters, at whom the little man frowned in turns.

"Do you wish us to quit the room, sir?" inquired his wife.

"God bless your soul, you little darling!" he apostrophised that stately person. "Here, come along with me, Harry. A wife's a wife, I say—hang it! Just outside the room—just a second! or up in a corner will do."

Mrs. Cogglesby was amazed to see him jump up and run round to her. She was prepared to defend her neck from his caresses, and refused to go; but the words, "Something particular to tell you," awakened her curiosity, which urged her to compliance. She rose and went with him to the door.

"Well, sir; what is it?"

No doubt he was acting under a momentary weakness: he was about to betray the plot and take his chance of forgiveness: but her towering port, her commanding aspect, restored his courage. (There may be a contrary view of the case.) He enclosed her briskly in a connubial hug, and remarked with mad ecstasy: "What a duck you are, Harry! What a likeness between you and your mother."

Mrs. Cogglesby disengaged herself imperiously. Had he called her aside for this gratuitous insult? Contrite, he saw his dreadful error.

"Harry! I declare!—" was all he was allowed to say. Mrs. Cogglesby marched back to her chair, and recommenced the repast in majestic silence.

Andrew sighed; he attempted to do the same. He stuck his fork in the blanched whiskerage of his marmoset, and exclaimed: "I can't!"

He was unnoticed.

"You do not object to plain diet?" said Harriet to Louisa.

"Oh, no! in verity!" murmured the Countess. "However plain it be! Absence of appetite, dearest. You are aware I partook of luncheon at mid-day with the Honourable and Reverend Mr. Duffian. You must not look condemnation at your Louy for that. Luncheon is not conversation!"

Harriet observed that this might be true; but still, to her mind, it was a mistake to be too intimate with dangerous people. "And besides," she added, "Mr. Duffian is no longer 'the

Reverend.' We deprive all renegades of their spiritual titles. His worldly ones let him keep!"

Her superb disdain nettled the Countess.

"Dear Harriet!" she said, with less languor, "You are utterly and totally and entirely mistaken. I tell you so positively. Renegade! The application of such a word to such a man! Oh! and it is false, Harriet; quite! Renegade means one who has gone over to the Turks, my dear. I am most certain I saw it in Johnson's Dictionary, or an improvement upon Johnson, by a more learned author. But there is the fact, if Harriet can only bring her—shall I say still-necked prejudices to envisage it?"

Harriet granted her sister permission to apply the phrases she stood in need of without impeaching her intimacy with the most learned among lexicographers.

"And there is such a thing as being too severe," the Countess resumed. "What our enemies call unchristian!"

"Mr. Duffian has no cause to complain of us," said Harriet.

"Nor does he do so, dearest. Calumny may assail him; you may utterly denude him—"

"Adam!" interposed Andrew, distractedly listening. He did not disturb the Countess's flow.

"You may vilify and victimise Mr. Duffian, and strip him of the honours of his birth, but, like the Martyrs, he will still continue the perfect nobleman. Stoned, I assure you that Mr. Duffian would preserve his breeding."

"Eh? like tomatas?" quoth Andrew, in the same fit of distraction, and to the same deaf audience.

"I suppose his table is good?" said Harriet, almost ruffled by the Countess's lecture.

"Plate," was remarked, in the cold tone of supreme indifference.

"Hem! good wines?" Andrew asked, waking up a little, and not wishing to be excluded altogether.

"All is of the very best," the Countess pursued her eulogy, not looking at him.

"Don't you think you could—ch, Harry?—manage a pint for me, my dear?" Andrew humbly petitioned. "This cold water—ha! ha! my stomach don't like cold bathing."

His wretched joke rebounded from the impenetrable armour of the ladies.

"The wine-cellar is locked," said his wife. "I have sealed up the key till an inventory can be taken by some agent of the creditors."

"What creditors?" roared Andrew.

"You can have some of the servants' beer," Mrs. Cogglesby appended.

Andrew studied her face to see whether she really was not hoisting him with his own petard. Perceiving that she was sincerely acting according to her sense of principle, he fumed, and departed to his privacy, unable to stand it any longer.

Then like a kite the Countess pounced upon his character. Would the Honourable and Reverend Mr. Duffian decline to participate in the sparest provender? Would he be guilty of the discourtesy of leaving table without a bow or an apology, even if reduced to extremest poverty? No, indeed! which showed that, under all circumstances,

a gentleman was a gentleman. And, oh! how she pitied her poor Harriet—eternally tied to a most vulgar little man, without the glint of wealth.

"And a fool in his business to boot, dear!"

"These comparisons do no good," said Harriet. "Andrew at least is not a renegade, and never shall be while I live. I will do my duty by him, however poor we are. And now, Louisa, putting my husband out of the question, what are your intentions? I don't understand bankruptcy, but I imagine they can do nothing to wife and children. My little ones must have a roof over their heads; and, besides, there is little Maxwell. You decline to go down to Lymport, of course."

"Decline!" cried the Countess, melodiously; "and do not you?"

"As far as I am concerned—yes. But I am not to think of myself."

The Countess meditated, and said: "Dear Mr. Duffian has offered me his hospitality. *Renegades* are not absolutely *inhuman*. They may be *gross* *vous*. I have no moral doubt that Mr. Duffian would, upon my representation—dare I venture?"

"Sleep in his house! break bread with him!" exclaimed Harriet. "What do you think I am made of? I would perish—go to the workhouse, rather!"

"I see you trooping there," said the Countess, intent on the vision.

"And have you accepted his invitation for yourself, Louisa?"

The Countess was never to be daunted by threatening aspects. She gave her affirmative with calmness and a deliberate smile.

"You are going to live with him?"

"Live with him! What expressions! My husband accompanies me."

Harriet drew up.

"I know nothing, Louisa, that could give me more pain."

The Countess patted Harriet's knee. "It succeeds to bankruptcy, assuredly. But would you have me drag Silva to the—the shop, Harriet, love? Alternatives!"

Mrs. Andrew got up and rang the bell to have the remains of their dinner removed. When this was done, she said,—

"Louisa, I don't know whether I am justified: you told me to-day I might keep my jewels, trinkets, and lace, and such like. To *me*, I know they do not belong now; but I will dispose of them to procure you an asylum somewhere—they will fetch I should think, 100*l.*, to prevent your going to Mr. Duffian."

No exhibition of great mindedness which the Countess could perceive, ever found her below it.

"Never, love, never!" she said.

"Then, will you go to Evan?"

"Evan? I hate him!" The olive-hued visage was dark. It brightened as she added, "At least as much as my religious sentiments permit me to. A boy who has thwarted me at every turn!—disgraced us! Indeed, I find it difficult to pardon you the supposition of such a possibility as your own consent to look on him ever again, Harriet."

"You have no children," said Mrs. Andrew.

The Countess mournfully admitted it.

"There lies your danger with Mr. Duffian, Louisa."

"What! do you doubt my virtue?" asked the Countess.

"Pish! I fear something different. You understand me. Mr. Duffian's moral reputation is none of the best, perhaps."

"That was before he *renegaded*," said the Countess.

Harriet bluntly rejoined: "You will leave that house a Roman Catholic."

"Now you have spoken," said the Countess, pluming. "Now let me explain myself. My dear, I have fought worldly battles too long and too earnestly. I am rightly punished. I do but quote Herbert Duffian's own words: he is no flatterer—though you say he has such soft fingers. I am now engaged in a spiritual contest. He is very wealthy! I have resolved to rescue back to our Church what can benefit the flock of which we form a portion, so exceedingly!"

At this revelation of the Countess's spiritual contest, Mrs. Andrew shook a worldly head.

"You have no chance with men there, Louisa."

"My Harriet complains of female weakness!"

"Yes. We are strong in our own element, Louisa. Don't be tempted out of it."

Sublime, the Countess rose:

"Element! am I to be confined to one? What but spiritual solaces could assist me to live, after the degradations I have had heaped on me? I renounce the world. I turn my sight to realms where caste is unknown. I feel no shame there of being a tailor's daughter. You see, I can bring my tongue to name the thing in its actuality. Once, that member would have blistered. Confess to me that, in spite of your children, you are tempted to howl at the idea of Lympport—"

The Countess paused, and like a lady about to fire off a gun, appeared to tighten her nerves, crying out rapidly—

"Shop! Shears! Geese! Cabbage! Snip! Nine to a man!"

Even as the silence after explosions of cannon, that which reigned in the room was deep and dreadful.

"See," the Countess continued, "you are horrified: you shudder. I name all our titles, and if I wish to be red in my cheeks, I must rouge. It is in verity, as if my senseless clay were pelted, as we heard of Evan at his first Lympport boys' school. You remember when he told us the story? He lisped a trifle then. 'I'm the thorn of a thimp.' Oh! it was hell-fire to us, then; but now, what do I feel? Why, I avowed it to Herbert Duffian openly, and he said, that the misfortune of dear papa's birth did not the less enable him to proclaim himself *in conduct* a nobleman's offspring—"

"Which he never was." Harriet broke the rhapsody in a monotonous low tone: the Countess was not compelled to hear.

"—and that a large outfitter—one of the very largest, was in reality a merchant, whose daughters have often wedded nobles of the land, and become ancestresses! Now, Harriet, do you see what a truly religious mind can do for us in the way of

comfort? Oh! I bow in gratitude to Herbert Duffian. I will not rest till I have led him back to our fold, recovered from his error. He was our own preacher and pastor. He quitted us from conviction. He shall return to us from conviction."

The Countess quoted texts, which I respect, and will not repeat. She descanted further on spiritualism, and on the balm that it was to tailors and their offspring; to all outcasts from society.

Overpowered by her, Harriet thus summed up her opinions: "You were always self-willed, Louisa."

"Say, full of sacrifice, if you would be just," added the Countess; "and the victim of basest ingratitude."

"Well, you are in a dangerous path, Louisa."

Harriet had the last word, which usually the Countess was not disposed to accord; but now she knew herself strengthened to do so, and was content to smile pityingly on her sister.

Full upon them in this frame of mind, arrived Caroline's great news from Beckley.

It was then that the Countess's conduct proved a memorable refutation of cynical philosophy: she rejoiced in the good fortune of him who had offended her! though he was not crushed and annihilated (as he deserved to be) by the wrong he had done, the great-hearted woman pardoned him!

Her first remark was: "Let him thank me for it or not, I will lose no moment in hastening to load him with my congratulations."

Pleasantly she joked Andrew, and defended him from Harriet now.

"So we are not all bankrupts, you see, dear brother-in-law."

Andrew had become so demoralised by his own plot, that in every turn of events he scented a similar piece of human ingenuity. Harriet was angry with his disbelief, or, say, the grudging credit he gave to the glorious news. Notwithstanding her calmness, the thoughts of Lympport had sickened her soul, and it was only for the sake of her children, and from a sense of the dishonesty of spending a farthing of the money belonging, as she conceived, to the creditors, that she had consented to go.

"I see your motive, Mr. Cogglesby," she observed. "Your measures are disconcerted. I will remain here till my brother gives me shelter."

"Oh, that'll do, my love; that's all I want," said Andrew, sincerely.

"Both of you, fools!" the Countess interjected.

"Know you Evan so little? He will receive us anywhere: his arms are open to his kindred: but to his heart the road is through humiliation, and it is to his heart we seek admittance."

"What do you mean?" Harriet inquired.

"Just this," the Countess answered in bold English; and her eyes were lively, her figure elastic: "We must all of us go down to the old shop and shake his hand there—every man Jack of us!—I'm only quoting the sailors, Harriet—and that's the way to win him."

She snapped her fingers, laughing. Harriet stared at her, and so did Andrew, though for a

different reason. She seemed to be transformed. Seeing him inclined to gape, she ran up to him, caught up his chin between her ten fingers, and kissed him on both cheeks, saying :

"You needn't come, if you're too proud, you know, little man!"

And to Harriet's look of disgust, the cause for which she divined with her native rapidity, she said: "What does it matter? They *will* talk, but they can't look down on us now. Why, this is my doing!"

She came tripping to her tall sister, to ask plaintively: "*Mayn't* I be glad?" and bobbed a curtsey.

Harriet desired Andrew to leave them. Flushed and indignant she then faced the Countess.

"So unnecessary!" she began. "What can excuse your indiscretion, Louisa?"

The Countess smiled to hear her talking to her younger sister once more. She shrugged.

"Oh, if you will keep up the fiction, do. Andrew knows—he isn't an idiot—and to him we can make light of it now. What does anybody's birth matter, who's well off?"

It was impossible for Harriet to take that view. The shop, if not the thing, might still have been concealed from her husband, she thought.

"It mattered to me when *I* was well off," she said, sternly.

"Yes; and to *me* when *I* was: but we've had a fall and a lesson since that, my dear. Half the aristocracy of England spring from shops!—Shall I measure you?"

Harriet never felt such a desire to inflict a slap upon mortal cheek. She marched away from her in a tiff. On the other hand, Andrew was half-fascinated by the Countess's sudden re-assumption of girlhood, and returned—silly fellow! to have another look at her. She had ceased, on reflection, to be altogether so vivacious: her stronger second nature had somewhat resumed its empire; still she was fresh, and could at times be roguishly affectionate: and she patted him, and petted him, and made much of him; slightly railed at him for his uxoriousness and domestic subjection, and proffered him her fingers to try the taste of. The truth must be told: Mr. Duffian not being handy, she in her renewed earthly happiness wanted to see her charms in a woman's natural mirror: namely, the face of man: if of man on his knees, all the better: and though a little man is not much of a man, and a sister's husband is, or should be, hardly one at all, still some sort of a reflector he must be. Two or three jests adapted to Andrew's palate achieved his momentary captivity.

He said: "'Gad, I never kissed you in my life, Louy."

And she, with a flavour of delicate Irish brogue, "Why don't ye catch opportunity by the tail, then?"

Perfect innocence, I assure you, on both sides.

But mark how stupidity betrays. Andrew failed to understand her, and act on the hint immediately. Had he done so, the affair would have been over without a witness. As it happened, delay permitted Harriet to assist at the ceremony.

"It wasn't your mouth, Louy," said Andrew.

"Oh, my mouth!—that I keep for my chosen," was answered.

"Gad, you make a fellow almost wish—" Andrew's fingers worked over his poll, and then the spectre of righteous wrath flashed on him—naughty little man that he was! He knew himself naughty, for it was the only time since his marriage that he had ever been sorry to see his wife. This is a comedy, and I must not preach lessons of life here: but I am obliged to remark that the husband must be proof, the sister-in-law perfect, where arrangements exist that keep them under one roof. She may be so like his wife! Or, from the knowledge she has of his circumstances, she may talk to him almost as his wife! He may forget that she is not his wife! And then again, the small beginnings, which are in reality the mighty barriers, are so easily slid over. But what is the use of telling this to a pure generation? My constant error is in supposing that I write for the wicked people who begat us.

Note, however, the difference between the woman and the man! Shame confessed Andrew's naughtiness: he sniggered pitifully: whereas the Countess jumped up, and pointing at him, asked her sister what she thought of that. Her next sentence, coolly delivered, related to some millinery matter. If this was not innocence, what is?

Nevertheless, I must here state that the scene related, innocent as it was, and, as one would naturally imagine, of puny consequence, if any, did no less a thing than, subsequently, to precipitate the Protestant Countess de Saklar into the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church. A little bit of play!

It seems barely just. But if, as I have heard, a lady had trod on a pebble and broken her nose, tremendous results like these warn us to be careful how we walk. As for play, it was never intended that we should play with flesh and blood.

And, oh, be charitable, matrons of Britain! See here, Andrew Cogglesby, who loved his wife as his very soul, and who almost disliked her sister;—in ten minutes the latter had set his head spinning! The whole of the day he went about the house meditating frantically on the possibility of his Harriet demanding a divorce.

She was not the sort of woman to do that. But one thing she resolved to do; and it was, to go to Lympot with Louisa, and having once got her out of her dwelling-place, never to allow her to enter it, wherever it might be, in the light of a resident again. Whether anything but the menace of a participation in her conjugal possessions could have despatched her to that hateful place, I doubt. She went: she would not let Andrew be out of her sight. Growing haughtier towards him at every step, she advanced to the old strange shop. EVAN HARRINGTON over the door! There the Countess, having meantime returned to her state of womanhood, shared her shudders. They entered, and passed in to Mrs. Mel, leaving their footman, apparently, in the rear. Evan was not visible. A man in the shop, with a yard-measure negligently adorning his shoulders, said that Mr. Harrington was in the habit of quitting the shop at five.

"Deneed good habit, too," said Andrew.

"Why, sir," observed another, stepping forward, "as you truly say—yes. But—ah! Mr. Andrew Cogglesby? Pleasure of meeting you once in Fallowfield! Remember Mr. Perkins?—the lawyer, not the maltster. Will you do me the favour to step out with me?"

Andrew followed him into the street.

"Are you aware of our young friend's good fortune?" said Lawyer Perkins. "Yes. Ah! Well!—Would you believe that any sane person in his condition, now—nonsense apart—could bring his mind wilfully to continue a beggar? No. Um! Well, Mr. Cogglesby, I may tell *you* that I hold here in my hands a document by which Mr. Evan Harrington transfers the whole of the property bequeathed to him to Mr. Harry Jocelyn, in reversion from my lady, his mother, and that I have his orders to execute it instantly, and deliver it over to her ladyship, after the will is settled, probate, and so forth: I presume there will be an arrangement about his father's debts. Now, what do you think of that?"

"Think, sir,—think!" cried Andrew, cocking his head at him like an indignant bird, "I think he's a damned young idiot to do so, and you're a confounded old rascal to help him."

Leaving Mr. Perkins to digest the judgment which he had solicited, Andrew bounced back into the shop.

(To be continued.)

THE ARTIST.

HIS HEALTH.

"THE ARTIST!" What kind of artist? There are so many sorts of art! What can there be in common among them affecting health!

Let us see how the matter stands,—how artists are employed in their various departments,—and whether there is anything remarkable about the health of any or all of them. And first of all, what do we mean by Art, in the present instance?

ART is, by the progress of civilisation, more and more brought into the field of the arts. In other words, the commodities used in our daily life are rendered more and more expressive of something beyond their primary use. Hence, our Schools of Design are full of Students who pass into some region or other of our manufactures. They will paint porcelain or papier-mâché, or design ribbons or muslin dresses, or carpets or shawls, or paper-hangings, or lace curtains, or the colouring of damasks, or the forms of pitchers, or lamps, or flower-vases, or the devices of picture-frames, or of the binding of books. We are scarcely more busy in applying science to the arts, than Art to the arts. Looking at the matter in this way, we should reckon our artists by tens of thousands, without including the poet said to be retained in the service of Moses and Son. In their case, however, the aim of their occupation is ornamentation. The various classes of artists proper have to study the rendering of beauty too; but their first object is expression;—expression of whatever is, within the limits of the secondary consideration,—that of beauty.

When the artist is spoken of, the supposition is that he is a Painter. The reason of this pre-emi-

nence probably is, not so much that painting once occupied the greater part of the field of art, as that it comprehended a set of symbols, universal and permanent, and thus was as expressive as language, in a way unapproached by any other method of art. Sculpture shared more or less in this characteristic; and so did architecture; but their range of types was much narrower, and agreed upon, and understood by much fewer minds. It is impossible to gain anything by glancing at or studying the life of the painter, without keeping in mind the difference between the two methods of reading pictures, which the progress of the human mind has set up in opposition to each other; and the painter's own condition of mind and life is largely determined by his addressing himself to the one set of requirements or the other.

In the old days of polytheism, first, and on through the Romish centuries, painting and sculpture told their tale by means of established symbols. There might be endless modifications of these, innumerable combinations, and inexhaustible varieties of beauty; but no one could mistake the meaning of the marble group or the mediæval picture before him. Diana and Apollo, the Virgin and the Baptist were types, as statues and pictures can never be again. We cannot stop to consider here the causes of the change: it is enough to perceive how real and how thorough it was. Now, when a picture of merit is studied, the gazer brings metaphysics to bear on it,—or did till very lately. As every one sees according to his visual organ, or even sees outside of him just what he carries within, there have been as many interpretations of pictures as of oracles. At the beginning of the present century, whatever subtle notions were in a man's own head were found by him in pictures; and the reign of metaphysics affected even the reading of landscapes and portraits. The artist's mind could not but travel the same road with the spectator's; and hence the number of pictures painted for an immortality which they will not have, and full of meanings which are now lost, if indeed, the works themselves are not wholly forgotten. Though these have passed away, there is no return to the period of broad, intelligible types, for good reasons, which it would take much space to show; but we have taken another tack. That which will hereafter be the essential means to the great aim of painting, is now pursued as if it were the end itself. Accurate representation is almost enough of itself to secure a great reputation in art, as vague meaning and ambitious colouring, covering bad drawing, were in an intermediate period. Even the truly great artists who have something to express greater than the terms of expression, are a puzzle to their own generation, and will be to a future one, for their indisposition to the representation of beauty. Their study is, as it ought to be, to express; and they deserve well of their time by endeavouring to carry over their art from its elevation in the past, to an elevation which shall befit the future, (into the terms of which, this is not the place to enter); but their position and their influence are unfavourably affected by their incompetence to represent beauty, —whether the inability arises from a neglect of

the consideration of beauty, or from a peculiarity in their own notion of the beautiful.

Changes like these determine much of the mode of life of the artist. In landscape-painting, and the accessories of figure-painting, there was nothing like the study formerly that is now the rage. The greatest of our landscape-painters were formerly mannerists, presenting a nobly true general conception, nobly true also in its leading features; but filled up with inborn details, supplied by imagination at home.

At present, the minute study of nature (which will enrich art hereafter as much as it seems to impoverish it now), imposes severe labour of body and mind. To become a painter in any style, at present, requires strength and hardihood of the bodily, as persistence and endurance in the mental frame. It is one thing to lie in bed till noon, in a "simmering" state of thought, or gazing at visionary scenes, and another to be abroad at daybreak, studying the earth and sky, and each day for a life-time, some new feature or fresh product of Nature. It is one thing to represent historical tragedy in painting by means of established symbols as accessories, and quite another to go to the actual scene, and in suffering and privation, with labour and anxiety, under an eastern sun, or an ocean hurricane, investigate what Nature has there to express, and how she there expresses it.

The minor conditions of a painter's life depend much on his course as a whole. There used to be much talk of the artist's health in the days when Sir Joshua Reynolds pointed out how much he owed to the practice of always standing at his easel. We have all heard much of the confinement, the smell of the oils, the constant interruptions, when the artist has become eminent, and the more irritating loneliness if he does not become famous. We hear of the fatigues of study, in schools, in the world, and at home; but, above all, of the mortifications arising from want of appreciation, and the cares which must precede success. A good deal is said, too, of the troubles which are always arising in the profession, from jealousy in one quarter or another. These things tell on the health of body and mind. There is no doubt of that. The question is, first, whether these are necessary sufferings, and next, whether the artist considers it worth while to encounter these particular trials for the sake of the privileges of his calling. There have been suicides among painters; there have been paralytics, prostrated by debt and anxiety; there have been maniacs, raving of the jealousy of all the world. But there have been more aged men, serene and genial; and not a few who have paid brethren's debts, instead of having any of their own, and whose judgment and affections went on improving long after hand and eye refused to express the richest ideas and sentiment of the whole life.

Like all artists, the painter must depend much for success and stimulus, and for professional rewards, on the opinions of others; and his position is one which draws attention to the world's opinion of him. He must therefore be strong in his love of his art, and in his self-respect, before he commits himself to his career, or he may pass his

life in misery, and end it in despair. With a brave-spirit, a true love of art, and a power of manly self-discipline, even a painter may live happily on a small measure of success; though such an one is hardly likely to hold a mortifying position as a painter. As for the rest, the painter has the advantage of exemption from the grosser temptations of intemperance, which beset artists of some other classes. He is anxious to preserve the full power of his senses and of his hand. His vocation favours early hours, diversified study of men and Nature, and therefore exercise of the various powers of body and mind. The grand danger is of a growing egotism, less gross but more engrossing than in men of other pursuits. Any one must see this who considers what is comprehended in the exclusive study of beauty and expression, for which a superiority to other people in a special direction is indispensable. It is this fearful snare, lying in the midst of the field of art, which renders moralists so timid, or even hostile, to the pursuit of art as a profession. It is this which gives the physician so many mournful tales to tell of the catastrophe of the artist-life; for the cares and disturbances of egotism wear the brain, like other anxieties and troubles. The danger must be met, if at all successfully, by a diligent use of the ordinary means of health,—exercise of all the faculties in an equalable way, bodily activity and temperance, intellectual study, and social energy and benevolence. A hearty love of art will go a long way towards discrediting self in the painter's imagination; but there is no security from more or less undue consideration of his own needs or merits, except in getting the world, with its praises and censures, under his feet.

The Sculptor is, for the most part, under the same conditions as the painter. His studies, however, are different; his public is a smaller one; and his success is of a somewhat more retired and less material character. So it seems to be in our time, however different it may have been formerly, and may be again. His study of the human frame (and also of the brute) must be of the deepest and most elaborate kind; and so must his study of ancient art, and of every-day Nature. His workings in clay may be paralleled with the painter's on canvas; but the results arrived at are different. The painter may stand anywhere in a long gradation of ranks; but the sculptor either succeeds greatly or fails. There are always people who will buy paintings of any degree of merit, even to the lowest; but, for so costly a luxury as sculpture, orders are given only to an eminent artist,—whether his eminence be well grounded, or a matter of fashion. The sculptor, therefore, has need, even more than the painter, of an intrepid spirit, and the magnanimity to propose a great stake, and accept his destiny. Without this, he may eat his heart out before his destiny is determined, and the highest success may be rendered injurious to body and mind; for, where there is a lack of magnanimity, any exceptional lot is pretty surely fatal. The brilliant load crushes the bearer: the strong gale overthrows the house upon the sand. The sculptor should, then, have a heart and mind as large and lofty among men as his pursuit is noble

among the arts : and, in order to this, he should set his life by the laws of Nature, as his dial is set by the sun. Either may be clouded over : but neither can go wrong.

There remain Music and the Drama, scarcely separable as to their effect on the artist.

An actor may have no concern with music ; but a great singer or instrumental performer exercises the faculties appropriate to the drama in the musical form of expression. The modes and conditions of life are nearly the same in the two branches of the profession. There are the same trying conditions of health, the same moral dangers, the same peculiar social circumstances : and therefore we may here consider them together.

To those who know the profession of public performer only from the outside, it seems that the singer or actor is always in circumstances dangerous to health, and yet lives on into old age, at least as often as other people. We hear of desperate fatigues, of constant dread of cold, of perilous excitements of mind and tension of nerves, so that we expect nothing short of fever, apoplexy, paralysis, or something as bad ; and then, years after, we see the ancient favourite of the public driving about at leisure in a fine old age, and read the notice of his death at last, at long past the three-score years and ten. This is surely very remarkable. How can it be ?

We hear of the life of the singer or actor as it is when the eyes of the public are upon it,—in the thick of the business of the year. We are apt to overlook the weeks (I fear I must not say months) during which the artist takes rest and makes holiday. The singer must exercise his voice for hours of every day ;—the female artist, at least, says that she must ; whereas the theatrical artist may, I suppose, dismiss work altogether during the holiday time. This annual interval given to repose, travel, rural quiet or seaside amusement, to family and friendly intercourse, reading, and as much sleep as comes naturally, does certainly recruit the forces of body and mind considerably. During the working months, the wear and tear must be prodigious. Unlike the painter, whose executive labour stops necessarily at sunset, and to whom the morning hours are therefore precious, the stage artist is in as heavy a sleep till near noon as the editor of a London daily newspaper. Till past midnight he is in a state of vivid excitement, on the nights of performance ; and then he has to undergo the state of collapse before he can sleep. He has to put off his trappings, his paint, and his stage associations, and get into a new train before he is fit for sleep. One member of the profession I have known who had his own method of fitting himself for true repose. If he came home after midnight too much exhausted even to speak to wife or sister while having his tea, he was never unable to spend half an hour over his systematic Bible reading and habitual prayer before going to bed. He said it was the first part of his night's rest. If people of all orders find it desirable to clear scores with the world and themselves in this way before they sleep, casting out passion, soothing down irritability, forgiving offences in others, and reconciling all within themselves, it is easy to imagine how

eminently salutary the practice may be found in a profession which is supposed to abound beyond all others in irritations, collisions, and excitements.—After this, the sleep should be complete,—regulated by the need and not by the hour ; for the hours after breakfast are wanted for study. It is not always so ; but, unless the actor is playing the same character for a course of nights, he needs more or less study ; and when he is preparing for a new or revived part, the study is very intense, and requires wide-awake faculties. When the great actor goes into his study, and shuts the double door, it is understood that he must not be interrupted. A glance at his own desk-copy of the play, with its broad margins, bearing an infinity of minute notes and marks, will show what intellectual exercise goes on upon that theme. As to the other preparation than that which goes on at the desk, I know nothing. The nearest approach to it which has come under my own observation was when I was staying in the same house with an American politician and much-applauded orator, who was to deliver an oration in a day or two. Others knew his habits better than I did, and were therefore less astonished, though perhaps not less amused, than I was, when, in the deepest stillness of the night, strains of oratory rang through the house, from the great man's chamber. The rehearsal was of certain particular passages, the turns of which were repeated over and over again, till the effect of so planning such an amount of spontaneous emotion was ridiculous beyond measure. As the tones expressive of surprise, inquiry, or passion were practised patiently till the right gradation was obtained, the household lay laughing in their beds. There was no appearance of shame or misgiving the next morning ; and, as the need of a big looking-glass in this gentleman's room, whenever he was on an oratorical expedition, was known to his hostesses, it is probable that he was unconscious of anything absurd in his proceedings. But it was rather extravagant to expect us, on the grand occasion, to be thrilled, as he declared himself to be, with horror, amazement, grief, &c. Tones which had been heard so often over, under different circumstances, failed to thrill, and tears would not come at passages which had been laughed at for their cadence when the words could not be distinguished. My own impression certainly was that, if he felt enough on the particular occasion to be justified in speaking, he would have gained all desirable ends better by sleeping in the night, and trusting to his natural thoughts and feelings for his speech,—all the technical practice having been familiar to him from his youth.—In the actor's case, the same kind of practice is a grave and respectable affair, free from all taint of ridicule. He has to deliver, not his own pretended thoughts and feelings of the moment, but the recognised art-production of the tragic or comic poet ; and what is hypocrisy in the orator, is his professional business. I must leave him at it, for how he transacts it I do not know.

Then there is the business at the theatre ; among draughts and discomfort, and the mixed disgust and amusement caused by seeing the inside of the puppet-show,—the devices by which moving or

brilliant impressions are to be made on the audience of the evening. The rehearsal at a theatre, I have been told, is enough to chill the enterprise of the most able or ambitious artist that ever trod the stage.

Happy those actors who live where they can see something of the face of Nature every day! If they can get out to the fields, or upon a common for even half an hour, it is the best kind of exhilaration. A walk in the Park is good; or a game at romps with the children in a garden, if there is one; or an hour's gardening: but the evening comes very soon after so late a rising and term of study; and there is little time for anything between.

As for the wear and tear of the next few hours, everybody sees what it must be; and no description can magnify the impression of it. Mere publicity is wear and tear; and here the intellect has to work intensely under the concentrated gaze of a crowd. In the presence of everything that can agitate the nerves, the brain must produce its greatest achievements; and a severer trial, for the hour, of physical and intellectual power can hardly be conceived. Of all the nonsense that is talked by people who pretend to judge other people's business, none is more extreme than that which treats the actor's or opera-singer's work as frivolous, slight, and of no account. It would be less exhausting if the work were either solitary,—as that of the great orator's,—or sustained by hearty fellowship with a group of fellow-labourers. The great actor has the disadvantage of partial dependence on the ability of comrades, who not only discourage him more or less by their inferiority, but cannot be more than adventitious associates. It is well if even a bare good understanding can be kept with them by forbearance and generosity. The green-room may be often a very merry, and a very instructive place; but it can scarcely be a happy one to anybody but an occasional visitor.—If the exhaustion is not too great, the actor is in the mood for an exciting supper, where wine, and praise, and good fellowship with admirers end his day with more or less moral intoxication, though the physical one may be avoided.

So much for the external appearance of this mode of life. To judge of the effect on the welfare of the individual, we must look a little deeper.

As far as my intercourses have led me to any understanding of the matter, it seems to me that there are two theories of this profession which cannot be too clearly distinguished from each other, for the sake of the welfare of its members, and the morality of society.

According to the one theory, the performer's point of view lies outside of and above the part he or she is to represent. He is to study it intellectually, and so to invest his imagination in it, as to act and speak as he is certain a real being would have acted and spoken under the circumstances. He throws all his convictions, both of experience and imagination into his part, being the more, instead of the less, himself for this diligent use of his faculties and means. According to the other theory, the performer's point of view lies within the part he assumes. He must be in the very mood

of passion to be represented, and must lose himself in the imaginary scene and circumstances. The difference between these two views is a very serious matter indeed, as I once had occasion to perceive, when conversing with a very eminent member of the college of critics.

A particular case being under discussion, this learned personage began lamenting the irreconcilable requirements of social life in England and art,—operatic and dramatic. The highest attainment in art demands a mood of passion as lasting as the professional life; whereas, English social life requires respectable marriage, or a respectable single life. Now, marriage is the immediate extinguisher of the capacity for passion; and besides, the gifted individual who can attain the heights of art must presently discover the inferiority of his or her mate, and must find marriage a yoke, under which power must continually decline—and so forth. There is, my informant added, no other way of pursuing art with the highest success than surrendering the passionate nature to a succession of attachments,—and so forth. Thus only can the variety and power of expression be preserved till the time has arrived for quitting the stage. Such was the insoluble problem of dramatic art.

I ventured to ask what was to be done, if this were true;—which should give way, our daily human life, with its natural succession and discipline of affections, and its sweet and solemn sanctions, or the life of the stage, with its eternal childhood (according to the critic) of passions. Of course, the critic was of opinion that art could never die out: and I need not add that my opinion was, and is, that human life will hold its natural course, perpetually maturing, rather than lapsing into inferior stages of experience. The critic supposed I therefore gave up art. Not so. I believe that art is long, and that life is long too; and that there is no reason why they should not live on together, each helping the other. What I do not believe is, that true art can ever require the perpetuating of one stage of human experience beyond its natural limits, to the destruction of the individual, and the injury of both the character and reputation of art.

As for the other view, there is fact enough in its favour to save the necessity of argument. The name of Mrs. Siddons alone would suffice to shame the bad doctrine of the oracular critic. Mrs. Siddons, looking after her children's clothes and lessons at home, and devoting herself to her husband's comfort and will and pleasure, certainly thrilled and transported an audience quite as effectively as any lady who has since hesitated to marry, because she could not rise to the height of her professional ambition otherwise than by a succession of love-affairs. It would be insulting to mention the names of living persons in such a connection; but we may safely ask, whether among the greatest artists of our time, we have not seen devoted husbands and wives, and performers who were always thinking more of their art than of themselves, without pretending to the heroism of going to perdition for it.

This difference of view is entertained to a sufficient extent to require thus much notice in

considering the welfare of the dramatic artist. A few more words will convey all else that I am able to suggest.

We have been lately informed that the dramatic artists of all classes in Europe, constitute a population of tens of thousands;—a number large enough to render their welfare an important element in human happiness. Of the greater proportion the earnings are very small, and the rewards of their labour are very scanty. If they keep their morals, they suffer under the corrosions of poverty and humiliation; and if they succumb to temptation—in their case fearfully strong—their fate is, of course, worse. It seems to be commonly agreed, that the musical and the theatrical career is not a prosperous lot in life, except to the very few who attain the heights of the profession.

Their case, in regard to health and happiness, seems to be this.

Their nature is not the highest, to begin with. This is saying little; for how many in a nation could be pointed out as of the highest original quality? They have no desire of concentrated wisdom,—no craving for peace of mind arising from harmony of the faculties and affections. The highest moral condition,—that of habitual moderation, attained through a varied experience,—is not within their view. It does not come directly within the range of any art of expression, and it is therefore scarcely a part of human life to them. All else that is heroic, they can appreciate and adore. Their notion of life, however, is of an endless drama of passions and sentiments, interacting with events. They also commit themselves to a life from which tranquillity is excluded,—practically, if not theoretically; and thus they set out with a sacrifice of welfare of a grave character. They know that jealousies, mortifications, irritations of all sorts beset the career, and they must intend to put up with these miseries for the sake of art or ambition; for it is inconceivable that any man or woman can expect to be always superior to such trials.

They are under graver liabilities than these. It may be doubted whether any art of expression can be exclusively studied without destroying the simplicity and integrity of the mind in that particular direction. Without summoning as a witness the designer of patterns for the Coventry manufacturer who complained that he had got to see ribbons in everything,—in sunsets, in the sea waves, in the woods, and everywhere, we may refer to the landscape-painter's phrase of "the innocent eye,"—the eye of unconscious spectators, who see colours as they appear to the general sense: whereas the painter sees them through a medium which affects his very perceptions. It is not a trifle to have exchanged the natural relish of a morning landscape, or a fair face, for a professional view of it: but the penalty becomes much graver when the art of expression relates to human character. The natural springs of action and emotion then become means of art, and simplicity and unconsciousness are lost. Leaving as a fair subject for opinion the quality of Mrs. Siddons's act of running across the street when a child was run over, to study the countenance of the mother, in furtherance of her

art, the fact remains that human feelings and fortunes, when once made an art-study by a fellow being, cease to be a ground of companionship and sympathy. The ordinary complaint is, that actors are affected, or formal, or self-conscious: but the full truth is, that they have forsworn the freemasonry of direct sympathy, and have compelled themselves to take life at second-hand, as it were. They have lost their direct grasp upon it, their direct apprehension of it. The case is clear enough in the instance of authors who have become bewitched by the theatre. There have been such in the last generation, and there are such in the present. The public cannot conceive the meaning of their delight in theatrical associations, and has no reason to be pleased with the effect on *their* mode of art. They are mannerists, in an extreme degree; and their pictures of life are, however able, only natural to their own manner. They are scenes beheld by lamplight, and commented on from the green-room point of view; and they bear no resemblance to the clear noon-day aspects of life presented by authors of parallel ability, who have never been bewitched by the theatre. Such is the difference between the dramatic artist's and other men's apprehension of the great phenomena of human existence. The consideration is a serious one. The question is, what had best be done.

The only recommendation that I know of is, to live as much like other people as possible, and to counteract to the utmost, by a homely method of life, the besetting danger of artificial habits of looking, moving, and speaking. To lend a hand as often as possible to the common business of life, to repress all indulgence in merely uttered sentiment, and to make such a home as must remove the egotism at least one degree from its centre, is good. To cultivate, in short, the reality of life, and to restrict profession and demonstration to the domain of art, is essential to the welfare of the artist in any department. If he is able to do this, and further to raise himself in fact above his ostensible position of dependence on the opinion of the public, he may keep his nature healthy, and his life satisfactory. Each kind of art has its high enjoyments: each its happy influences; each its lofty function. The drawback is, that so many have sunk under the peculiar liabilities, living irksome, or turbulent, or disreputable lives, and dying in a state of feebleness or disturbance. Happily, there have been robust, and self-respecting, and simple-minded, and generous, and amiable artists, as well as soldiers, or doctors, or divines, or merchants. Such men, in all callings, have secured their physical and moral health in the same way,—by harmonising their lives with the laws of Nature, precisely to the extent of that health.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE IN IRELAND.

BY A SOLDIER.

WHEN our regiment was quartered in Ireland, some of my company were ordered to a town within five hours' march of where we lay. My duty was to escort them there, and return by the evening train from a station a few miles from where my comrades were to be left.

We reached our destination in due time, and arrangements were made for my departure; but as the evening set in very inclement, I halted as long as possible in hope that the storm would abate. This, however, was not the result; the storm grew more severe, and my orders being nearly imperative, I had to set forth in the midst of the blast. Making headway against the weather took up more time than I had calculated on, and I reached the station only to learn that the last train had passed. I spent little time in hesitation, as I had only one course before me if my quarters were to be reached that night, so, drenched and weary, I retraced my steps.

When night began to close in, and the weather grew dense and thick, I for the first time thought that if darkness were once on, and an inn should invite shelter, I would, under the circumstances, avail myself of it and remain till daybreak. I had not a very accurate knowledge of the district, yet I did not doubt that I was on the right road the length I had gone; still, a slight hesitation arose, and I resolved to make inquiry the first opportunity. I continued to go on a considerable distance without sight or sound of human existence, but I was at length fortunate enough to fall in with an old woman driving a cow. When she recovered from her surprise at seeing me, I was



fully convinced by her that I had gone astray, and was farther from an inn than it would be agreeable to travel. It appeared there were no houses near but her own—where there was no accommodation—and another one where I might have been put up, but a man having died there that morning, and the widow being in the house alone, it was thought she might object to the presence of a stranger. I resolved to try at any rate, and got such directions for reaching the place as were seemingly intelligible, when my informant and I parted company.

The house was not so easily found as I had hoped, but I stumbled upon it after nearly losing

temper, and advanced considerably elevated in spirits when its outline attracted my bewildered sight. At first I knocked somewhat gently, not to startle the inmate, but no notice being taken, I repeated it much louder. A stir within followed this, and a voice gruffly inquired the purpose of the disturber.

I began to explain my situation, but before I had spoken a dozen words I was told I could not get admittance, as there was a dead man in the house. I remonstrated, and urged the necessity of my case, offering to sit in any corner, and give no trouble nor annoyance. Still I was only told, in notes a key or two louder, that I might as well

depart at once. This irritated me greatly, and I angrily shouted, that unless she let me in quietly, I would force the door and enter in spite of her.

There must have been a tone of determined resolution in my speech, for the voice within modified considerably after the threat; some parley and grumbling followed, when the door was opened and a candle lit. The woman eyed me very suspiciously, and appeared either alarmed or annoyed, but I urged her to be composed and give herself no uneasiness on my account.

The house was miserably furnished, the chief objects which arrested my attention in the desolate abode being the figure in the dead dress, which lay on a chest before the bed, and a table by the fireside laid out with provisions. The latter were, to me, rather tempting, but my newly made friend seemed anxious that I should not be allowed too narrow a survey of her premises, as she requested me to follow her to an inner apartment. I would have preferred staying where I was, but I did not consider it unreasonable that she should have the choice of where I was to be located, so I followed when she led the way.

In this place there was nothing but a low erection covered with straw, and an old-fashioned stool lying upside down. I was told I could take either the stool or the "bed," and left alone; but she handed in a piece of bread a few minutes afterwards, with a sullen remark that was not intelligible.

Tired as I was, I felt more disposed to watch the woman's motions than court slumber, but this eventually grew tedious, and I began to get drowsy. I therefore quietly lay down, and, to prevent my being taken by surprise, I placed my feet opposite the door, so that it could not be opened without awakening me. In this position I fell into a slight sleep, but a movement in the other apartment made me start and listen. Through the crevices in the old door, I could only see indistinctly, but was still able to see my friend was listening behind it; and when I saw this, I dare say I helped to convince her that I was fast asleep, by certain nasal sounds I introduced at intervals.

She soon desisted and slipped cautiously back, and, my inquisitiveness being aroused, I peered sagely through the seams. She wrapped a shawl around her, set a lighted candle on the table, and left the house, locking the door carefully behind her. I confess to getting uneasy at this, and a feeling of awe at the loneliness of my situation crept through my frame. Not knowing what might follow, I loaded my musket, as I thought it better to be able to defend myself if that should be necessitated.

I waited anxiously a long time, but heard no sign of her return, nor any sound save the first dull clicks of an old clock, and the splashing of the rain outside. At length I was seized with a desire to inspect the premises, and after a slight hesitation I ventured into the other end. It was the most dreary position in which I had ever found myself, the solemn stillness imparting a feeling as much akin to terror as the greatest fear of real danger could ever instil within me; but my survey was almost immediately interrupted by a rust-

ling movement in the direction where the dead man lay.

I started at this, and moved my piece into a better position, and I think I raised it mechanically to my shoulder, when I saw the sheets moving on the lifeless body, as I had thought it. My hair, which was generally so short as to be always on end, cannot exactly be said to have stood erect at this, but I perspired at every pore, and felt somewhat unnerved, although I am no slave to superstitious fears. At this stage, a voice from the sheets addressed me in a low tone saying, slowly and distinctly,—“Sodger, sodger, sure an’ ye won’t shoot me!”

This partly convinced me that he was still an animated being, but I was not by any means at ease, and could only respond by a searching yet tremulous stare.

“Sowl! an’ I’m living as ye are,” he said, turning round; “but if ye’ll please to take the pins out of them binders and cut the cord round my toes afore that woman returns, I’ll till ye the howl about it, an’ dhrink my own health wid ye to the bargain.”

There was now no reason for being concerned so much, although my curiosity ran on a head while conjecture followed hard to overtake it. I complied with his wish, and he civilly asked me to remove to the other end, after I had covered him up nearly as he was before, and handed him a “sprig” as he termed a ponderous staff that looked decidedly dangerous, even when standing quietly in the corner.

I was somewhat excited when I returned and sat down again within. In an hour or so, silence was broken by the grating of the lock, and my hostess entered accompanied by as ruffianly a looking character as I had ever beheld. She pointed to the door I was looking through, and muttered something to her companion, who growled a response and brandished a stick he had brought with him. Both then listened earnestly for what seemed a long time, but I was soon convinced that I was not the object of much care on their part. They sat down, and began to drink from a bottle the woman had taken from a recess. By-and-by the new comer put his arm round her neck and began to whisper words I could not hear, but their proceedings were speedily interrupted by the man in the sheets springing to his feet with sundry execrations, and dealing most unmerciful blows with the “sprig” upon the head of each. At the first sign of life in the prostrate figure, the woman began to shriek, but this soon ceased as she and her companion were knocked down.

I felt it was not my business to interfere, so I looked on in silence. The next proceeding of our hero was to open the door, and throw them both outside with the greatest unconcern. After this he carefully locked the door, came forward to where I was, and asked me to sit with him, by the fire which had now kindled up.

I gladly complied, and he related the reason that had led to the scene I had just witnessed. The woman, it appeared, was his wife, and he had found occasion to suspect that she intended to rob him, and run off with the stranger. He likewise discovered that she had poison in her possession,

which he managed to replace by a harmless ingredient, and he subsequently had the gratification to see it mixed up for himself. This led him to feign death, with a view to ascertaining her exact intentions, but he evinced surprise that she had been deceived so thoroughly. Her anxiety to get rid of him, however, had aided the deception, and she had not investigated very closely whether her drug had done its work thoroughly.

He very unreservedly stated his future purpose; turned over some old gear in a corner, and produced a sum of money with which he meant to pay his passage to America, and leave for that country at break of day. We sat talking all night, and grew so friendly that he offered to share his funds with me, which I, of course, declined.

In the morning he looked out in front of the house, but the two outcasts were nowhere to be seen. With a hatchet he smashed in the face of the old clock, which terminated its asthmatic ticking, and threw it on the fire; and every other thing in the house, that appeared worth destroying, he broke. Tying up some of his own apparel in a napkin, he muttered a curse on the wretched dwelling, locked the door, and threw the key on the dunghill with a "bad luck to it;" and after that, he showed no farther concern about what had occurred.

At the station I allowed him to pay part of my fare, which gratified him exceedingly; and when I left him, he was so sorry to part, that I believe a word would have taken him into the ranks with me. But the parting whistle sounded, he pressed my hand, and I returned his grasp of kindness, and in one minute more the last look was exchanged, and since that time I have seen nor heard nothing of my somewhat singularly-formed acquaintance.

FARISTAN AND FATIMA.

AN ORIENTAL LEGEND.

DONE INTO HIS MOTHER-TONGUE BY E. A. BOWRING.

PART I.

ONCE in a famous Eastern city,
There lived a tailor with a pretty,
In fact a very pretty wife,
Whom he loved better than his life.
Her eyes were of the blackest sort,
No lily's stem was half so slender,
Of finest silk her hair seem'd wrought,
Her rosy cheeks were smooth and tender,
Her age scarce twenty,—and, in short,
It was impossible to mend her.
One day quoth he: "You darling little wife, you!
Whatever would become of hapless me,
If I should happen to survive you,
And your fair body I should see
Lying a corpse, all cold and void of motion,
Within my arms? The very notion
Gives me a chill as if I now were dying!
I swear that if I, wretched man,
Only survive the shock, you'll find me lying
Upon your tomb for nine long days, and crying,
Crying the very best I can!"—

"And if, dear husband," she began,
I'm the survivor when we're parted,
I'll buried be, my Faristan,
Inside your coffin, broken-hearted."

"A noble woman!" he with rapture thought,
As in his arms his wife he caught.
He felt no doubt about it, for, you know,
She said it,—so it must be so!

About a year had pass'd away
Since the agreement made that day,
When it so chanced that, as they sat
Over their evening meal of curry,
Spending the time in pleasant chat,
Poor Fatima, in too great hurry
To eat some tit-bit, while her eyes
Ogled, in manner far from wise,
Her husband, not her plate, by ill-luck swallow'd
A little bone—of course you guess what follow'd.

What could be done? Poor Faristan
Skips here and there, does all he can,
Upon the back he thumps her,
He shakes her, bumps her, jumps her,
He tries to push it down, he upwards tries to pull it,—
In vain! She's choked by that small bone inside
her little gullet!

Only imagine his despair!
Soon in her winding-sheet they fold her,
Black in the face, it may be, yet so fair!
He could not summon courage to behold her.

Now Fatima is in her grave,
And Faristan begins to rave,
And rolls upon it, sighing with such ardour,
That he is heard a mile away and more,
Fully resolved (so much did he regard her)
Nine days to stop there, as we know he swore.

The Prophet chanced to pass that way,
Found it impossible to pray
In such a noise, so asked politely:—
"What mean these groans and writhings so un-
sightily?"

"O, sir!" said he, "within this tomb there lies
The best of wives,—I never knew a chaster
Or nobler woman, loving, young, and wise,—
And in the grave this very day I've placed her."

The Prophet answer'd: "Since you for her sake
Are grieving so, and merit to be lucky,
I'll grant your wish," and as he spake,
The staff his hand was grasping struck he
Upon the tomb, and, lo! it open'd wide,
And Fatima appear'd outside
In health and beauty, and with rapturous passion
Rush'd to her husband's arms in loving fashion.
How they embraced and hugg'd each other!
Any spectator must have thought
Such kisses were enough to smother
Both man and wife.—And next they sought
To thank the Prophet for this miracle portentous,
But couldn't—he was *non inventus!*

PART II.

Good Faristan bethought him then
That Fatima's loose funeral linen raiment
(Although 'twas dusk) for walking home again
Was scarcely, in the usual way, meant.
"Light of my eyes! behind these stones stoop down;
While I run home and fetch your shoes and gown;
The moon is up, there's little danger in it,
Fear not, and I'll be back in half a minute."
He spoke, and vanish'd like a shot.—
Meanwhile there happen'd to approach the spot
The Sultan's son, escorted by the light
Of many torches through the night.

His servants, by the flickering glare,
Perceived a woman with dishevell'd hair,
And scanty clothing, seeking to conceal
Her somewhat striking dishabille,
Which in the darkness, by the torchlight aid'd,
Seem'd greater than it in the day did.

The Sultan's son his march suspended,
And then approach'd her unattended,
While she with arms and hands was trying
Her want of clothing to replace,
And left exposed, in beauty yying,
Two legs and feet of matchless grace.

The Prince, instead of putting (as his duty
Clearly enjoin'd) his hands before his face,
With might and main stood staring at the beauty—
“What loveliness is this I trace!
And yet the time, spot, dress, are rather funny—”
“My lord!” she said in accents sweet as honey,
“I feel so awkward in this negligée,
I really know not what to say!”

The Prince at once confess'd the force
Of her remark, and then of course
Gave her his own great coat at this suggestion,
And said, “Fair lady, just one question!”



Pray, are you married? If you single are,
Come home with me, and be the brightest
star

Within my harem! Be a prince's bride,
I love you more than all the world beside!"

Fair Fatima soon comprehended
Th' advantage of this offer splendid,
And found her knowledge as a tailor
In measuring its extent avail her.
Alas! when this proposal made he,
I grieve to say the naughty lady
Forgot her duty and her plighted troth,
Forgot her husband and her oath.
"My lord! I'm single, and quite ready
To offer you allegiance steady,
And live but for Your Royal Highness!"

"A bargain!" he exclaim'd with slyness;—
A horse is brought, and, lighted by the
torches,
Soon Fatima's inside his harem's porches.

Scarce had she gone, when Faristan comes back,
Bringing the clothes she seem'd to lack.
She is not there! His wonderment immense is:
He shouted, search'd, and well-nigh lost his senses.
"She is some robber's prize," then thought he,—
In this we scarce can contradict him;
He little dreamt that she could be so naughty,
As to have been a willing victim!

"Why didn't I escort her home at once,
Dress'd as she was? Alas, poor silly dunce!
In what distress my darling little wife
Will be! She said that she should find her life
So sad without me, that she needs must be
Buried alive in the same grave with me.
You phoenix of a woman! if a stranger
Has dared to pester you with his advances,
I'm sure that you'll have saved yourself from danger,
As any noble matron would,—the chance is
That you have scratch'd your face, or torn your hair,
Or even stabb'd yourself in your despair!"

Alas, poor Faristan deluded,
She felt more happy far than you did !
She liked her quarters in the harem so,
That she had not the slightest wish to go,
And took so kindly to her new position,
She quite forgot you and your sad condition.

PART III.

Poor Faristan begins to seek her
Early and late, through all the country round,
But all in vain ; his hopes grow weaker,
No trace of her can anywhere be found.
He also searches for his friend the Prophet,
Hoping that he could tell him something of it. —

At length a person who was present
At the adventure, brought the news un-
pleasant
That Fatima, the good and tender,
Instead of swearing "No surrender!"
Had shown the Prince a preference decide !,
And in his harem happily resided.

Our hero now no longer waits,
But hastens to the palace gates,
Past all the servants, heralds, courtiers
pushes,
Into the Prince's very presence rushes,
And there begins he to implore him
His faithful lost one to restore him.



MB

The Prince, kind man (who maybe had enough
Of Fatima ere this), gave no rebuff,
But told him what had pass'd, without conceal-
ment,

On learning what this strong appeal meant.
"She doubtless was beside herself with terror,"

Said Faristan, "and thought that you were
me ;

O let her come, and I'll explain her error, —
My own dear wife ! You presently shall see,
My gracious lord, with how much fervour
She'll rush to kiss me—heaven preserve her !"

"'Tis well !" the Prince replied, "so be it !
I'll at a distance stand to see it."

The lady came—good Faristan
Was so much dazzled by the splendour
Of her gold clothes and jewels, that, poor man,
He knew her scarce, and felt like some pretender.
But Fatima in half a second
Knew him too well, stepp'd back, turn'd deadly
white,
Then fiery red ; but soon she reckon'd
With woman's wit the way to win the fight.

Now, when the Prince observed her start, he
Rush'd up and said, "You know this party?"

"O yes!" replied the gentlest of all creatures,
I recognise too well his features,
This is the robber who attack'd me,
Beat me, and dragg'd me to the spot from whence
Your Highness had the goodness to extract me,
Half-naked, thanks to his impertinence!"

On hearing his dear wife thus speak,
Poor Faristan turns pale as death,
Stares wildly round, feels faint and weak,
His senses swim, he gasps for breath.
The Court in chorus all asserted
Such conduct proved a mind perverted;
His guilt was clear, the Prince commanded
That they should take him to the Cadi.
Into the judgment-room he's handed,
The case is tried, the gentle lady
Duly deposes, our poor friend
Makes no defence, what cares he for his life,
Seeing this conduct of his faithless wife?
He'd rather have it at an end.
The verdict's "Guilty!" so they take him straight-
way
Off to the gallows near the city's gateway.

What could have saved his neck and reputation,

As he stood trembling at the gallows' base,
Had not the Prophet (who in our narration
Has play'd a part) approach'd the place?
His figure glisten'd with an angel's splendour.
"This man is innocent, and no offender,
And I'm his witness too!" he cried aloud.
The hangman dropp'd the rope, the crowd
Stared when they heard this speech of one
Who never spoke in ignorance or malice,
And all together hasten'd to the palace;
The Sultan came, attended by his son.
The Prophet, highly honour'd at the Court,
First says his say; then Fatima is brought.
Around them both, the others form a ring;
Too conscious of her guilt, the naughty thing
Lifts up her eyes, the Prophet recognises,
Falls down a corpse, while great the crowd's sur-
prise is.

Good Faristan gets ample compensation,
While Fatima's consign'd to her old tomb;
There she may stop until the day of doom.
He hasn't now the slightest inclination
To throw himself, and weep, and rave
E'en for nine seconds on her grave.

AURORAS.

In primitive ages mystery alarmed. Knowledge of his insignificance amid the vastness of the universe inclined man to regard with superstitions awe the invisible but all-pervading forces of which he was vaguely conscious. Attributing to nature sympathy with his fortunes, he conceived that all phenomena had a direct relation to himself—that a mysterious connection existed between the events of his ephemeral life and the cyclical movements of the stars, and he uneasily sought in the complex changes of the heavens for indications of the future that might determine his faltering steps. From its weird and fantastic character the polar aurora is peculiarly adapted to elicit these emotions; and, as that seen by imagination is but the shadow of the actual projected into infinite space;

so, in those ages of blood and havoc, the aural coruscations, shaped by fearful fancy into aerial hosts contending with glittering arms, were conceived to portend proximate slaughters, which, from the spirit of the age, no sign from heaven was needed to presage. These phenomena no longer alarm us; and yet, beyond ingenious conjecture, modern science has made indifferent use of the materials accumulated by observation towards determining the real meaning or origin of auroras. Under these circumstances, the attention of the public having been attracted to late displays of singular brilliancy, and to the remarkable influence these have exercised upon telegraphic lines, some remarks may be acceptable on a subject scientifically so interesting, and, as affecting the chief means of international communication, so important to the welfare of our race.

After briefly reviewing the aural phenomena, we propose inquiring what special conditions of the earth, atmosphere, or cosmos, ascertained to coincide with their occurrence, may be conceived to have a positive relation therewith either as cause or effect. Certes, coincidences do not in themselves constitute proofs of connection; but, when constantly recurrent, they justify a presumption to that effect, are fairly entitled to a valuation, and may possibly guide our efforts to discover the law they intelligibly suggest.

That which is specially perplexing in the aurora is the irregularity of its appearance. From earliest antiquity down to the present time it has been seen at unequal intervals, yet no period has been assigned to it, nor has anything been determined as to its law. The unknown writer of the book of Job speaks of the "Brightness that cometh out of the North." Aristotle has recorded the phenomenon, and various other classical writers incidentally allude to it; but that it was then rare may be presumed both from the awe it inspired, and from the very position of that region whereto early science was restricted. To come to later times: in Sweden and the north of Europe it was also rare previous to the eighteenth century, and there seem to have been long intervals without any aural appearances in England, though a lack of meteorological observations does not absolutely prove the absence of phenomena in an age indifferent to science, and inclined to prefer the comfort of repose to learned vigils. Of later years auroras have been remarkably vivid and frequent, even in places hitherto unvisited by them, for the great aurora of 1859 was the first ever observed in Jamaica since the discovery of that island.

It may be stated generally that auroras increase in frequency with proximity to the poles, but they are seen alike in the frosty winter of polar regions, and the autumn of more genial climes, the atmospheric serenity of those seasons being specially favourable to their visibility, and perchance to their occurrence. An aurora commences after sunset, rarely later than midnight, its duration varying from a few hours to several successive nights, while so manifold are its aspects and so rapid its transitions that they can scarcely be comprehended in a general description necessarily terse.

An aurora is always preceded by the appearance

on the horizon of a brown haze, passing into violet, through which the stars may be dimly seen, which is diffused laterally and upward to a height of from 5° to 10°, at which it is bounded by a luminous arc. This is occasionally agitated for hours by a tremulous movement and seeming effervescence ere rays of light rush from it upward into the zenith, glowing with the prismatic colours between violet and purple red, whose rapid undulatory motion causes a continuous change in their form and splendour. Sometimes these columns of light are mingled with dark rays, somewhat like Fraunhofer's lines in the solar spectrum; at others the whole heaven is radiant with coruscations, whose brilliancy seems intensified by the rapidity of their emission, though it is ever greatest at the arc in which they originate. When these streams of glory, rising simultaneously from various points, unite in the zenith, they form a brilliant crown of light; but this is rare, and always premonitory of the end of the aurora, which then rapidly pales and vanishes, leaving as records of its presence only a faint haze on the horizon, and a few nebulous spots arranged in streaks upon the sky. A faint sulphurous odour is at times apprehended, similar to that attendant on a thunderstorm, and a sharp crepitation has been heard, regarding which the incredulity of some in opposition to reliable testimonies is not very philosophical. Burns, who was a good observer of nature, alluded to it, and his evidence is not to be despised:

“The cauld blue North was flashing forth
Her lights wif hissing cerie din—”

Signs of positive electricity have also been frequently observed in the atmosphere at these times.

It has been observed that auroras are most vivid and frequent when the higher atmosphere contains those delicate flowing clouds, termed *cirri*. These have a singular tendency to Polar arrangement, like that of the auroral rays, and occasionally a train of *cirri* thus disposed have been identified as having been luminous rays the preceding night,—the vehicle of an evanescent splendour.

The condition of the atmosphere, indicated by *cirri*, is attended with magnetic disturbances. This having been stated, the coincidence of *cirri* with auroras gives a special significance to their meridional direction and evolution of light at the Poles, did those facts stand alone. But of all phenomena accompanying the aurora those most invariable are magnetic ones. The needle is deflected by it first west, then east. This is noticed even in distant places where the aurora is not visible, proving that the action is not merely local; and so invariable are these magnetic disturbances, that the celebrated Arago was thereby enabled to detect the presence of an aurora from the subterranean chambers of the Paris observatory.

But the most remarkable evidence of the immediate presence of the aurora is its influence on telegraphic lines, consisting not merely in a momentary interruption of communication like that occurring during a thunder-storm, but in the mag-

netic action on the magnets and actual occupation of the wires. These strange phenomena vary according to the intensity of the aurora, but they have been satisfactorily determined by repeated observation, all telegraphic operations being sometimes stopped for hours.

To apprehend clearly the nature of this auroral action on the wires as distinguished from that of a thunderstorm, it must be premised that the voltaic or chemical electricity used for telegraphic purposes is of low tension, continuous flow, and perfectly controllable; whereas the free electricity of the atmosphere is of high tension, exploding with vivid light when it finds a conductor, and “dying in the very moment of its birth.” During a vivid aurora a new *mode* of electricity, of totally distinct character from either of these, is revealed: it has low tension, chemical decomposing power, alternating polarity, induces magnetism, and produces on the electro-magnets of a line the same effect as that of continuously opening and closing the circuit. An instance of this specific action may be adduced.

In 1852, when auroras were very brilliant throughout North America, the auroral current manifested itself unmistakably on many of the telegraphic lines. The main wire of one particular line, to which we have reference, was connected with a chemically prepared paper on a disk, and on this the ordinary atmospheric currents were actually self-registered. The usual voltaic current—decomposing the salts of the paper and uniting with the iron point of the pen—left a blue mark varying with the intensity of its action. On this occasion, the batteries being at the time detached, a dark blue line appeared on the moistened paper, and was succeeded by an intense flame which burnt through twelve thicknesses. This current then gradually died away, and was followed by a *negative* one which bleached and changed similarly into flame. The force which had thus intervened on the wires continued to act as long as the aurora lasted, and effectually put a stop to business.

Extraordinary as it may seem, the auroral current—the presence of which has been thus made visible—has been actually used for the transmission of human thought very recently.

The brilliant auroras of last autumn, which excited the admiration of England, while interrupting its means of communication, were not merely local, but prevailed simultaneously all over Europe, Northern Africa, Northern America, the West Indies, and Australia, satisfactorily establishing the unity of the action. This magnetic or auroral storm had rendered all the telegraphic lines of Canada and the Northern States unavailable, except at irregular intervals, for several days.

On the 2nd of September, the auroral influence being very active in the Boston terminus of the Boston and Portland line, the proper voltaic current being alternately intensified and neutralised by it visibly, it occurred to the interested operator in the office, that if the batteries were detached from the line, and the wires connected with the earth, the intruding auroral current might, perchance, be made use of. The idea is characteristically American in its utilitarianism. Having

communicated this design to his Portland correspondent, the conception was immediately acted on, with fortunate success, and despatches were transmitted for two hours in that manner more effectually than could then have been done with the customary batteries.

A like extraordinary application was made of the auroral current, on the same day, on the Fall River and South Braintree Line.

To a correct apprehension of this strange occurrence it is necessary to remember that the direction of the poles of the several batteries on a line is immaterial, provided it be uniform, otherwise the currents would neutralise each other. When the aurora supervenes on a line, following in successive and differently polarised waves, the ordinary voltaic current is alternately neutralised and intensified beyond control. In the above cases—the batteries having been detached—the abnormal positive current would not increase, or the negative one decrease, the availability of the wires. The waves were observed to endure about fifteen seconds, intensifying with the time, to be succeeded by one of the reverse polarity. The singular phenomena indicating disturbances of the equilibrium of the earth's magnetic forces have been collectively classed by Humboldt as *magnetic storms*. They are marked, as we have seen, by cirrus disposition of the clouds, perturbations of the needle, obsession of telegraph-wires, and the aurora. The evolution of light in the latter invariably terminates the movement, as in a thunder-storm lightning re-establishes the equilibrium of the atmospheric electric forces.

After these illustrations of the phenomena attendant on the aurora, some attention may be directed to an inquiry into its causes.

Whatever may be its origin, that the auroral action takes place within the limits of the atmosphere, scarcely higher than the region of cirri, and that it participates in the movement of the earth, appears from the fact that the diurnal rotation, at the rate of a thousand miles an hour, effects no perceptible change in its aspect. Its absolute height has been variously estimated: by Euler at thousands of miles, by others as within the cloud region. It has been erroneously conceived that the height might be determined by observation of the corona, which is only an effect of perspective, owing to the convergence of parallel rays; each individual seeing his own aurora, as his own rainbow, from his particular point of view. As the centre of the arc is always in the magnetic meridian, simultaneous observation from two stations on the same meridian, with an interval sufficient to constitute a reliable base, might however effect the desired object.

The accepted theory with scientific men is, that the aurora is an electrical phenomenon occurring in the atmosphere, consisting in the production of a luminous ring with divergent rays, having for its centre the magnetic pole, and its production is supposed to be thus accounted for. The atmosphere and the earth are in opposed electric conditions, the neutralisation of which is effected through the moisture wherewith the lower air is charged. In the Polar regions, whereto the great tropical currents are constantly bearing aqueous

vapour, which the cold condenses in the form of haze, this catalysis would most frequently occur. When the positively electric vapour is brought into contact with the negatively electric earth, equilibrium would be effected by a discharge, accompanied in certain states of the atmosphere by the auroral light. This is assumed to be contingent on the presence in the atmosphere of minute icy particles, constituting a haze, which becomes luminous by the electric discharge. Aeronauts have found the atmosphere at great heights, while serene and cloudless, to be pervaded by this transparent haze of which cirri are conceived to consist.

In confirmation of this hypothesis, it has been experimentally shown that when the union of the two electricities is effected in rarified air near the pole of a magnet, a luminous ring is produced which has a rotary motion according to the direction of the discharge. Thus then, when electrical discharges occur in the polar regions between the positive electricity of the atmosphere and the negative electricity of the earth, the magnetic poles of the earth would exercise a similar influence on the icy haze which is conceived essential to the evolution of the auroral light. Thus the arc seen by the observer would be that portion of the luminous ring above his horizon, varying with the distance from the pole. Only when it reaches his zenith could he be in immediate contact with the auroral haze, and then only would the asserted crepitation become audible, which is assumed to be identical in nature with that produced by an electrical machine. The sulphurous odour would be due to the generation of ozone from the oxygen of the air.

Now, though this theory would intelligibly explain the *mode* of phenomenal manifestation, it may reasonably be objected that, in hypothesising a continuous electric action in the atmosphere, it does not sufficiently account for the ascertained periodicity of auroras by assuming that their visibility and the variation in their intensity are consequent on the condition of the atmosphere. It is discreetly silent as to the *mode* of induction of this special atmospheric condition; and therefore—assuming their invariable coincidence and connection—as to the *efficient cause* of auroras.

We humbly conceive that the cause must be sought beyond the atmosphere in the fluctuations of that great solar force, to which is primarily attributable the induction of telluric magnetism, and which must enter as a prime motive in all atmospheric phenomena.

The irregularities of solar action have an intelligible exponent in the phenomenal changes observable on the disk of the sun. Its spots are subject to remarkable variations in form and size, contracting or dilating in unison with the variable vivacity of its constitutional force, and the period of these variations—secular, annual, and diurnal—have been approximately determined.

The direct relation between these oscillations of the solar atmosphere and the intensity or direction of the magnetic forces, as indicated by the needle, long inferred, are now satisfactorily established. From late observations made at Christiania, in Norway, by Hansteen, it has been

ascertained that the maximum of magnetic intensity corresponds with the minimum of inclination; and that for both the period of oscillation is 11½ days, which is precisely the shorter period assigned by Wolff to the solar spots.

To express these results in less technical language, when the luminous atmosphere of the sun is more equally diffused, indicating the highest energy of that constitutive force pervading, vitalising, and perchance evolving it; then, through the tremulous medium of the intervening ether, the earth thrills responsively with intenser life. This epoch of exceptional magnetic intensity is that specially signalled by auroras, more or less vivid, by atmospheric perturbations, and occasionally by volcanic convulsions.

The remarkable auroras of last autumn have been succeeded by anomalous and unkindly seasons, ominous of coming sorrow, which, if not within the power of man to prevent, he might have been prepared to alleviate, or courageously endure, had he been better able or more willing to "discern the face of the sky," if not from love of abstract science, from the lower consideration of his material comfort.

Whatever the wilful ignorance of man, since he is rarely entirely deprived of divine guidance, or unillumined by transient gleams of light—obscured and diffracted though it be by the medium through which it is transmitted—might not the vague alarm of antiquity represent a dim and confused apprehension that auroras were symbols of the variable activity of a central force, with the fluctuations in which the condition of the earth, as the abode of human life, was connected?

FRANCIS MORTON.

JAPANESE FRAGMENTS.

BY CAPTAIN SHERARD OSBORN, R.N.

CHAPTER VII.

If the native artist has faithfully portrayed horse-breaking in Japan in the accompanying sketch, the early training of those Nipon steeds must partake considerably of our English ideas of human education in the last century, the *fortiter in re* prevailing considerably over the *sueriter in modo*. And the system appears in both cases to have been successful in producing hard-mouthed steeds, and obstinate old parties; we in England suffer from the latter, the traveller in the land of the Day Dawn has to encounter the former.

Our steeds, though spoilt in the mouth, are in other respects nice little animals, compactly built, hardy, and exhibiting considerable care in breeding, grooming, and stabling. But their appearance is most extraordinary. Two stood before us—one equipped purely *à la Japonnaise*, which I will first describe; for in the wilder parts of Japan, as well as amongst native travellers who have great distances to go, this is still the usual mode of conveyance, although not considered as honourable as being carried by porters in close boxes called "normas" and "cangos." The horse has reins of common blue cotton material, fitted to rather a cruel bit; the reins are split, and hang down on either side for men to lead it by. The animal's shoes are of straw, plaited—a

sort of sandal tied with strings round the lower part of the fetlock; the saddle consists of a simple wooden tree, fastened over a cloth; the saddle-tree has crupper and breast-straps, both highly necessary in so hilly a country. From either side of the saddle-tree hang down two leather flaps. Our servants rush at the poor steed, carrying two huge lacquered boxes, each half as long as the animal; they strap the boxes together in such a way that they hang suspended over the saddle against the flanks of the horse, the two leather flaps before mentioned serving to prevent them rubbing through its ribs. Another trunk is now brought, and placed across the saddle-tree, and partially secured to it. The traveller's sleeping mat and padded quilt are now spread over all, and tied here and there to boxes, flaps, and saddle-tree. Poor Rozinante looks very like the hobby-horse of an ancient "myster"—merely a head, tail, and a deal of drapery. The traveller now mounts, going up, as Mr. Rarey has at last discovered to be the proper way, straight over the shoulder. Our Japanese attendant, however, in doing so, looks much more like an old lady getting up into a four-post bed, than to an Alexander mounting a Bucephalus. Balancing himself carefully on the top of the pile of boxes, and placing his legs where he can find room, our friend now commences to stow away in sundry holes and corners, or to tie to divers strings, an appalling number of articles: yet they are all necessary. First comes the lantern; it hangs prominently to the bows, so to speak, of this animated ship. On it our arms or crest have been duly emblazoned. By night there must be a light in it; and whether by night or by day, it announces our rank and dignity to the authorities, police, or fellow-travellers. Then there is a string of the copper coin of the country, far too cumbersome for the pocket; a clothes-brush and fly-flap; a paper waterproof coat; a broad-brimmed tile for heavy rain or strong sunlight; and, lastly, a bundle of spare straw shoes for the horse. Thus equipped, with two men to lead, and two more on either side to assist him in preserving his balance, our Japanese friend signs that he is ready. We therefore approach the other animal, which at a short distance looks as if it was just ready to take part in a deadly tilt in *Front-de-Bœuf's* castle. Our horse looks warlike enough, but what shall I say of the one of a Japanese noble just arrived? It is indeed a gorgeous creature; its headstall richly ornamented with beautiful specimens of Japanese skill and taste in casting, chasing, and inlaying in copper and bronze, the leather perfectly covered with these ornaments. The frontlet had a golden or gilt horn projecting. The mane was carefully plaited, and worked in with gold and silver as well as silken threads. The saddle, which was a Japanese imitation in leather, lacquer, and inlaid bronze, of those in use amongst the Portuguese and Spaniards in the days of Albuquerque, was a perfect work of art, and only excelled in workmanship, weight, and value by the huge stirrups. The reins were of silk; a rich scarlet net of the same material hung over the animal's shoulders and crupper. The saddle-cloth was a leopard's skin; and, lastly, as a perfect finish, the long

switch tail was encased in a blue silk bag reaching nearly to the ground; whilst, instead of the shoes being of ordinary straw, they were made of cotton and silk interwoven. Not being either a noble or a prince, we are more modest in our show; but the profusion of ornaments and metal even on our steed's saddle, stirrups, and headstall, are only to be equalled by the excessive discomfort, indeed pain, of riding far, except in armour, upon such mediæval saddlery. It is time, however, to start; our norimas or palanquins follow ready for use when the sun is higher; the stout porters shoulder the luggage; and away we go. Our attendants, porters, and others in the hostelry, had been most careful to appear in their liveries, consisting of simple blue cotton shirt and trousers, on which a crest or design was stamped here and there; but on the road it was amusing to see how they stripped to their work, and tucked up their trews, showing more flesh than even Lord Lovaine would

be inclined to admit in the Royal Academy, much less on a highway. As everybody in Japan appeared to be too well bred to notice what we might have otherwise considered indelicate, we held our peace; yet the contrast between the nigh naked porters and some of the well-dressed, luxuriously equipped parties met on the road was very strange. The Japanese noble or gentleman represented the height of refinement; but his porter or retainer struck one as the embodiment of sensual life—rough, coarse, careless, and fearless. They were well cared for, so far as food went, and that seemed everything to them. I could not help wondering whether our English serfs, or even the retainers of feudal times, were any better. I strongly suspect not. England of the Tudors must have been very like the Japan of to-day. The coarse animal enjoyments of the lower classes in Japan are favourite subjects for the pencils of their artists, some of whom appear to



Horse-breaking in Japan. (Fac-simile.)

desire to correct the vice by broad exaggerations and Punch-like sketches. Take, for instance, the one (page 387) which is wittily entitled "How Soldiers are fed in Nipon!" Were ever soldiers so fattened up, ever so well entertained? Sigh, ye Guardsmen! Your labours consist of something more than merely preparing your mess, devouring it, and then sitting down to digest it, whilst fanning to cool yourselves. And whatever may have been the experiences of the European soldier or sailor as to the rapid expansion of his body under the effects of good food after short rations, we do not remember to have heard of anything, either in poetry, prose, or illustration, similar to the scene portrayed opposite of the Japanese troops arming, after a sojourn in some Capua of rice, fish, and sakee.

On the other hand, if we turn from these coarse, gross retainers, to the children, whether boys or girls, who are playing by the roadside in

the villages, we are struck with their beauty, independence, and the care evidently bestowed upon them. The majority have not, it is true, much clothing to boast of, but they evidently, as they play round the strangers, know that no one will hurt them. We are told that the numerous charms hung about them are to ward off the "evil eye"—rather a necessary precaution, when we see the little innocents in close contact with vice in its most rampant form, or such a scene as that before us.

Under a porch, and in an angle by the side of their house, a man and his wife are enjoying a tub of warm water in the open air. He is seated on the rim of the tub with his legs in the water; his wife, a fine buxom young woman, is busy with a bundle of flax, instead of a sponge, rubbing down his back: both are just as they came into the world, and evidently as indifferent to their neighbours as their neighbours are to

them. Nobody looks at them, yet it is contrary to our ideas of propriety, and we do not like seeing children in the neighbourhood, but so it is.

The boys, we are told, are not left to run about in the streets until they grow into men. About seven years of age they are taken in hand by their fathers, or hired masters; hardihood, obedience, and skill in the use of arms is steadily inculcated. They are kept away from women, whether mothers or sisters, who are said to 'only render them effeminate, and the best schools or colleges are situated in lonely un-frequented places. A knowledge of reading and writing is very general amongst these people, more so we fear than in England, and the gentry take care to finish the education of their sons by severe training in all the forms of etiquette, and above all in their extraordinary code of honour, the sum of which is, that suicide, or "the happy despatch," by cutting open the stomach, absolves a gentleman from all blame; and if he misconducts himself, or fail in his duty to the state, he may, by self-destruction, save family and connection from shame, and his property from confiscation.

Thoroughly drilled and schooled into this idea, impressed with a deep sense of obedience, the Japanese boy is then put into the world to play his part, and we are not therefore astonished to find that, one day, his ruler can restrain him from gratifying his eager curiosity to see us, by simply stretching a piece of packthread across the end of a street full of a thousand excited creatures; or that, next day, if he is told to do so, he will cut up a European—nay, more, if he be a retainer, at the command of his immediate chief, attack any one, at any personal risk or cost, be he Taikoon, Mikado, or prince.

The future of the Japanese girl playing at our stirrup is far less certain; she has an important part to play, but it is a fearful lottery with her if she be of humble extraction. Those poor girls in the tea-houses, the women in the temples, the attendants in the public gardens, the ranks of the Bikuni, have all to be filled up from the middle and lower classes. They may become famous in Japanese history, for Japanese history recognises its Aspasias, as Greece and Egypt did of old. They may, by their wit or beauty, win the hearts of wealthy men, who will take them for wives, and thus rescue them from their wretched lot. But in Japan, as in Europe, there is a wide, wide difference between the high and low of woman-kind, though equally gentle, though equally lovely. We have told of the Bikuni, for whom we shall claim the character given them by one whose heart was in the right place; he generously

said, "They are as great beauties as one shall see in Japan, yet their behaviour, to all appearance, is modest and free, neither too bold and loose, nor dejected and mean." The poor girls at the tea-houses we need not dwell upon; their counterparts are found in all lands; but the opposite extreme of the social scale is proportionately refined.

The child of the nobleman—a sketch of one we gave in a previous chapter—is an example of the luxury of those classes. A face of classical beauty, according to Japanese notions, combined with great modesty of expression, black hair turned up and ornamented with long gold pins and scarlet crape flowers, an outer robe of the most costly silk, embroidered in gold and confined at the waist by a scarf, upon which the highest female art has been expended in ornament, and tied in a large bow behind, the ends flowing over a long train formed by seven or eight silk petticoats, each longer and richer than the other. A sailor may pry no farther into the mysteries of female finery! She must be accomplished in music, embroidery, singing, and, above all, in skilfully improvising verses for the delectation

of her future lord. Duty, a bundle of keys, weekly accounts, and good housewifery are all very well. They are expected—the Japanese gentleman requires all that; but he wishes, nay, insists upon the marriage-yoke being entwined with roses and padded with the softest silk,—it must not chafe; if it does, off he goes to his club, or, what is nearly as bad, his tea-house. The law



Soldiers arming. (Fac-simile.)

allows him to do so, and is he not lord of the land? The consequence is, that Japanese ladies are very accomplished, very beautiful, and bear high characters in all that constitutes charming women; and their admirers, touched with their many attractions, declare in Eastern metaphor, that for such love as theirs the world were indeed well lost.

These lovely creatures do sometimes confer their hands and hearts upon love-lorn swains, and all we pray is that it may never be our lot, like "my Lord Brockhurst," to be popped down in a palanquin on the dusty highway, because we happen to meet such a royal lady proceeding to meet her future spouse, and have to sit in dust and heat for three long hours whilst her array passes on its way. A proud pageant must be such a cavalcade—attendants on generous steeds, all richly appareled, emblazoned saddles, bridles studded with precious metals, and a body-guard armed with bows and arrows, pikes and muskets; ladies of honour seated in chariots drawn by oxen and horses, adorned with gilded chains and led by numerous lacqueys; the chariots glittering with

richest lacquer and painting, the wheels inlaid with mother-of-pearl so as to reflect the sunlight! A royal wedding in Japan must indeed be a brave show! But we are satisfied with the old ambassador's account of one, and it is possible that, in the present day, there is less pomp and more good sense in royal or princely progresses in Japan, for, so far as our own observation went, there was a singular absence of anything approaching to mere show. Even in Yedo, although great pomp and ceremony were insisted upon in all that related to official or royal affairs, yet, as a general rule, looking up or down the most crowded street, the traveller would be struck with the quiet colours which prevailed in the dress of the people—especially in the men—who were invariably clothed in blue or black, plain or checked, with one exception, and that was in the policemen. They were attired like harlequins, why or wherefore, except to give notice of their presence, we did not learn. These policemen had no arms, except an iron spike about four feet long, with a number of loose rings in a loop at the end, which, jingling together like the alarum of a rattlesnake, warned the unprepared that the representative of the law was at hand. In spite of all these policemen, and of the order by which a crowd was sometimes kept from annoying us, or impeding our progress; in spite of the arrangement by which, in every town or large village, a series of barriers occurred at every two or three hundred yards, with two headboroughs in each space, so as to suddenly shut off the escape of a criminal, or to prevent the rapid extension of tumult, there was, a sense of insecurity arising from the constant presence of armed men, and the fact that every nobleman, and especially the great princes, had in their pay vast bodies of retainers, ready to perform any act of violence if their chief only assumed the responsibility of giving the order.

Japanese government cannot possibly be stronger than that of England used to be when each baron had his own armed retainers, or when every free man and noble walked about with a sword by his side. They are no better, and we believe no worse, and until the Japanese generally disarm, it would, we opine, be as well for our travellers in Japan to be armed likewise. A drunken retainer will be less likely to assail a European when he sees him ready to defend himself, and it is not likely that we should become assailants.

Every Japanese gentleman carries two swords, one somewhat longer than the other, and in the hilt of one of them is inserted a sharp dagger which still remains in his hand, supposing the other weapons fail him. These swords are never parted with; even when seated one is still kept in the belt, the other laid down by the side. The value of these weapons is sometimes enormous, and no foreigner may purchase them without the consent of the authorities, a jealousy said to arise from a belief that Japanese valour and Japanese steel go together. The old Spanish motto upon Toledo blades, "Draw me not without reason, sheathe me not without honour," has a practical exemplification in Japan. They dislike drawing their swords for mere exhibition: "it was not

good to look upon naked swords amongst friends," as one native remarked at Yedo. This feeling arose from no nervous squeamishness, but rather from a deep sense of the sad frequency of appeals to the sword, and because none of them knew how soon the edge of the sword would be their sharp bridge to another state of existence. Indeed, whilst we are writing, news has reached us of recent appeals to arms in that fair city of Yedo. A hostile prince directed his retainers to cut off one who is at present Regent to the young Taikoon. They failed, although they wounded the Regent, in consequence of the devotion of his own guard. The assailants fled, followed by the Imperial forces. A few only escaped; and mark the desperate valour of these men—as every one of the retreating party fell through wounds or fatigue, their comrades decapitated them in order that no evidence should be forthcoming to inculpate their chief! The next stage in the tragedy is the "happy despatch" of the unsuccessful nobles, and all this in 1859—how very horrid and barbarous, some may say. We reply, go read the History of England, and say how long it is since we emerged from that condition; and remember, we were Christians, these people are not.

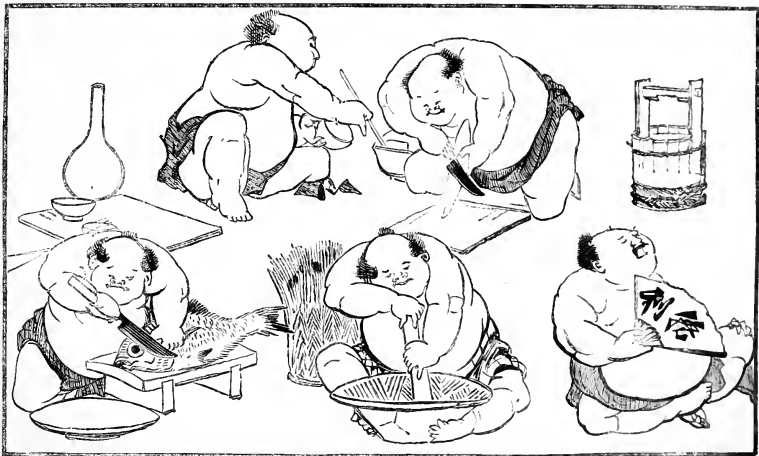
There used to be some years ago in Japan a curious custom, which it is possible has in this day ceased to be practised—for even in the East there is a progress—and it illustrated the native valour and generous courage of these people perhaps more strongly than what we have just seen occur in Yedo. When a nobleman had committed a crime worthy of death, he might, if he pleased, instead of disembowelling himself, call upon all his kith and kin to assemble in his abode, and endeavour to hold it by force of arms against the Imperial forces. The fight generally terminated in a great slaughter, yet, strange to say, any of his kinsmen who failed to share in such a *mêlée* were considered to be dishonoured.

But let us pass on. The sun has risen high, it is rather warm and dusty, and the demi-peak saddle lined with brass not the most pleasant of seats. We call the *norima*-men to bring that Japanese palanquin within reach, and take refuge in it. It looks heavy, but it is not so, and is constructed of very thin panels of cedar varnished over. The interior is very comfortably furnished, and allows one to lie down with much ease. The pole of the *norima* is the important feature: it passes over the roof, and by its length and massive proportions our rank is proclaimed. A small humble individual, a short, light pole; a great important personage, a long ponderous one. The laws are very strict upon this head, as far as men are concerned; but the laws are gallant, and allow considerable licence to ladies upon the question of poles to their *norimas*. Huge as the pole looks, Kämpfer assures us the materials of which it is artfully constructed, thin slabs of pine or cedar, and much glue, deprive it of its apparent weight. The porters do not appear to heed either it or our weight, and go off at a sharp pace. If we were a Japanese prince, our pole would only rest on the palms of the men's hands, and they would strut through all the towns in a very quaint, coxcomb-like manner; not being a prince, we are

shouldered, and our bearers walk like human beings. We thank Providence, however, that we are sufficiently exalted to be allowed a norima instead of having to travel in the smaller conveyance called a cango—a sort of a bird-cage open at the sides, which by far the major portion of the people we meet on the roads are compelled to be satisfied with. We know what it is to be cramped up in a cango, because in scaling the two or three high ranges of mountain-land between Yedo and Miaco, people of all grades must get into them, in consequence of the steepness and danger of the mountain paths. But how those poor women and men can sit there in the dust, sun, rain, or wind, cramped up with their knees and chins together, through some of the terribly long journeys they have to make, is a perfect mystery. They must be a patient, long-suffering race, or they would have rebelled against it, for by the laws they must travel. Every noble and every official passes

annually with all his relatives or retainers to and from the capital. Every governorship, judgeship, and generalship is in duplicate, one at court, the other in office; they relieve each other annually. Then all the shrines have to be visited, and pilgrimages done—in fact, everybody seems to travel more or less in Japan, yet they travel very uncomfortably as far as the vehicles are concerned.

After a short stage in our norima, the general halt is sounded; another post-house receives us, another meal is discussed, and following the general custom of those around us, we all go off for an afternoon's nap. It is very un-English this custom of sleeping away two hours of the afternoon; the Chinamen don't do it, yet they appeared to go all to sleep in Yedo during the afternoon. Possibly the custom has been derived from the old Portuguese, Spanish, and Dutch visitors: it is not the only point in which we recognise a grafting of European habits on to native ones, and it will be deeply



How Soldiers are Fed in Nipon. (Fac-simile of a sketch from Yedo.) (See p. 47.)

interesting for future visitors to this strange people to note how far their ancient love for European customs has allowed those customs to survive the subsequent persecution and expulsion of the foreigner.

Nigh unto our resting-place a monastery of blind devotees, or monks, or the shrine of some beneficent god or goddess would, in all probability, be found; and it was charming to observe how lively was the faith of these poor islanders, and how well their clergy seemed to be supported, and how rich their temples were in such wealth as the land possessed. In former days, when more of the interior was known, European visitors were struck with the vast wealth of some of these edifices, and their descriptions, supported by Japanese authorities, are truly marvellous. For instance, in the great temple of Miaco the Spanish Ambassador, Don Rodriguez de Vivero, saw such

an accumulation of wealth, such a profusion of human wit and ingenuity, as perfectly put to blush all the cathedrals of Europe. The great bell of that Temple weighed alone two million and a quarter Dutch pounds, and so huge was the principal idol—a bronze one—that one of the ambassador's suite could not embrace the thumb with both hands; 100,000 men were at work on the edifice, and had been for some time, and yet it was still incomplete. Satan, as the worthy Don suggests, could not have invented a shorter way of impoverishing the national exchequer than in the construction of such temples and such idols. In all probability, wars and earthquakes have swept away many of these ancient and wealthy temples; but we shall be curious to read the report of the first traveller who visits Miaco in the present day, and is allowed to see it, and tell us what he has seen. Apart from their wealthy

shrines there are many curious ones famous for miracles performed, which would put many to the blush nearer Rome. There is, for instance, at Firando, near our old trading port, a shrine where ladies in a certain condition go to pray that they may be blest with male children. "Oh, give me a boy, great goddess!" they cry, "and I'll bear him cheerfully even though he be a big one!" On Kin-sin there is another shrine, over a spot where formerly stood a crucifix; the inexhaustible wood of which, if swallowed in a powder, always led to the detection of a thief, by causing him to swell to an inordinate size. Then there are, as in all Buddhist lands, hospitals for dumb creatures, of which the waggish Japanese tell many good stories; especially of that one for dogs, founded by a crazy Taikoon; and how, one hot day, when two honest porters were carrying to the cemetery the carcase of a brute, "Friend," quoth one, as they toiled up the hill side, "this is rascally work for human beings. Hang the Taikoon and his love for dogs! I wish he was here to carry about dead ones!" "Hush!" replied his comrade, "we are born to obey, and Taikoons to do as they please. Let us only thank Buddha that our ruler did not take it into his head to make a hospital for horses! Fancy what it would have been to carry one of them to its grave on such a day!"

Thus, there is no lack of interest, wit, and fun, even by the wayside in Japan, and without taking our readers for another day's journey, we think we have said enough to excite the curiosity of future adventurous travellers, and to encourage them to strive to open to our modern ken this strange land and wonderful people, who, believe me, in spite of their hot tempers and sharp swords, are anything but savages, and whose country, although it has no butchers' shops whither to send for your pound of beef-steaks or mutton-chops, and although it is occasionally shaken by earthquakes, is a pleasant place of sojourn notwithstanding.

THE BEECH TREE.

I HAVE always been of opinion that the beech tree is by far the most beautiful tree our island produces, although Mr. Gilpin in his work on "Forest Scenery" is of a different opinion. He says the sight of it, in full leaf, is displeasing, having the appearance of an overgrown bush, reminding me of what Swift, who seems to have taken but little notice of inanimate Nature, said when he saw one of these trees: "Observe how sparkish a periwig adorns the head of a beech,"—referring to the enormous wigs worn in his days.

The picturesque beauty of the beech depends very much on its soil and situation. It should not be encroached upon by other trees, but have free scope to expand its elegant foliage and branches. Beeches thrive best on calcareous hills, and abound in the vein of chalk which runs through Dorsetshire, Wiltshire, Hampshire, Surrey, Sussex, and Kent, and branches out into Berkshire and Buckinghamshire. In the latter country—which by the way derives its name from the beeches—the beech grows to a large size.

The remarkable passage which occurs in Cæsar's

account of Britain—"Materia cujusque generis ut in Galliâ est, præter Fagum atque abietem"—disturbs every reader of his Commentaries, who renders "Fagus" a beech tree, as it is evident that Cæsar must have marched with his army through the beechen woods of Kent, whether he passed the Thames or the Medway; but if Cæsar, by Fagus, meant the same tree as Vitruvius, the difficulty is surmounted, for Vitruvius in the following passages classes Fagus with other kinds of oaks:—"Cerrus, suber, Fagus, quod parvam habeant mixtionem humoris et ignis et terreni acris plurimum, perviâ raritate humores penitus recipiendo, celeriter marcescunt."—De Arch., lib. ii., c. 9.

Again:—"Namque de cerro, aut Fago, seu Farno, nullus ad vetustatem potest permanere."—Lib. vii., c. 1.

Now, in the first quotation "Fagus" is enumerated among the sorts of oaks improper for building. In the second, Fagus is synonymous with Farnus, the meaning of which is undoubted, as one kind of oak at this day is called Farno, or Farnia, by the Italians.

It may be mentioned that Pliny, when he writes of "Fagus," means evidently the beech:—"Fagi glans nucleis similis triangulâ cute includitur;" and he is so far from recommending the mast or seed as food for men, that he only says:—"Muribus graïssima est, et ideo annualis ejus proventus griteris quoque saginat, expeditur et turdis."—Hist. Nat., lib. xvi., c. 7.

Thus, by rendering the Fagus of Cæsar and Virgil a kind of oak, which we have the authority of Vitruvius for doing, we clear two very obscure passages in these celebrated writers. The evidence of Vitruvius, who was contemporary with Virgil, may be the more strongly insisted on, as he wrote expressly on trees proper for building-timber. *Materia* does not include the beech among them. It may be mentioned that beech is not reckoned timber in many parts of England at this day. Still, after what has been said, I must allow that some obscurity still rests on the subject. I will only suggest that the word "Fagus" may possibly have been used to comprehend a whole genus of glandiferous trees, including the oak, the chestnut, and beech. Should it have been so, much of the difficulty is got rid of.

We will conclude this short notice of the beech by recommending those of our readers who have not been there, to visit the Burnham beeches, near Slough. For size and picturesque beauty there is nothing to equal them either in this or perhaps in any other country. Like most pollarded trees, their girth is enormous, and their moss-grown roots are thrown out in curious contortions, grasping the ground, as if setting all storms at defiance. Every lover of sylvan scenery will be able to appreciate the beauty of these beeches—

Scathed by the lightning's bolt, the wintry storm,

A giant brotherhood, ye stand sublime;

Like some huge fortress each majestic form

Still frowns defiance to the power of time;

Cloud after cloud the storms of war have roll'd,

Since ye your countless years of long descent have told.

'Tradition says that Harold's bowmen were encamped in this wood, and that the Danes pollarded the beeches.

EDWARD JESSE.

LAST WEEK.

THE POPE.

THE intelligence from Italy keeps our newsmongers alive, else there would be little left to talk about at this dull season of the year. Now that our own fears about our own harvest have been allayed, and we have made up our minds to the untimely end of the young partridges, and have ceased to look upon Volunteers as miraculous personages, but for Italy we should all be driven to the "Gardener's Chronicle" and the "Gentleman's Magazine." The news from Italy alone, however, is enough for one week;—well nigh enough, if fairly carried out in fact, to represent the handiwork of a generation. Better far than the political regeneration of Italy, although this was desirable enough, is the destruction of the temporal power of the Pope. See what has been done in Austria since the reaction against the measures of Joseph II., even down to the days when Francis Joseph, unfortunately for himself, signed the Concordat with Rome. Look at Spain as she is, and consider what she has been since the time of Philip II. All this, and far more than this, is due to the preponderance of a priestly caste which was great in Austria, Spain, and elsewhere, mainly because the chief was reckoned amongst the rulers of the earth. With purely religious questions we are not concerned—nor would we write a single phrase which might clash with the conscientious convictions of any one of our readers; but we are fully entitled to discuss the enormous evils which have arisen from a confusion between the things of this world, and those of the world beyond the grave.

A government by priests is the very worst government which the world has known. It is so because in temporal matters they are liable to the same blunders, and under the influence of the same ambitious thoughts as the laity, but to challenge their conclusions, or their motives is, as they say, to revolt against the Almighty. For forty years the doctrines of protection in commercial matters were much in favour with the rulers of England. Had these rulers been priests, the discussions of 1845-46 would not have been tried by the tests suggested by Adam Smith and Ricardo, but would have turned upon texts of Leviticus, and the Second to Timothy. The Roman Catholics in these islands have felt, to their own dire sorrow and confusion, how grievous a thing it is that spiritual considerations should be allowed to prevail in the ordering of temporal affairs. For a century and a half they were kept down, and exposed to all the misery resulting from the stern administration of highly penal laws, because the rulers of the Three Kingdoms esteemed it their mission to carry on a crusade against the Roman Catholic faith. As long as reason remained, old George III. set the opinions and remonstrances of his wisest statesmen at defiance upon this point. He had an oath in Heaven against which all human reasoning was vain. The Roman Catholics felt this to be highly inconvenient, but they have never regarded the blot in their own escutcheon, when the sufferings endured by Protestants and other dissidents in Roman Catholic countries were

called in question. It was monstrous that an Irish Roman Catholic should be denied a share in the government of this country, but it was all well enough if a dead Protestant in Spain was refused the rites of sepulture, or a living Protestant in Rome was consigned to chains and a dungeon. The point chiefly in issue between the gladiators in this struggle now in progress in the Italian peninsula is, whether or no there shall be a broad line of demarcation drawn between the functions of the spiritual and the temporal ruler. If this point is carried, the rest will follow. Without descending to particulars, it is enough to say that if the education of the rising generation in any country be withdrawn from the overwhelming and exclusive influence of the priesthood, the human mind will be left free to take its own course in science, in literature, in political economy, in commercial enterprise; and the results are in wiser hands than our own. Hitherto, over the greater part of Europe, the maxim of rulers has been—

"Put out the light—and then put out the light!"
What wonder if darkness has followed?

Events happen in their due season, and it would almost seem as if the old Roman peer were ripe at last, and about to fall. Over and over again men have tried to pluck it when it was green and full of sap. They failed, for the time had not yet come. He would be a bold man who would say that even now there is an end of the old tyranny over the human intellect, but we must speak of things as we find them. It seems highly probable that just now the Papacy is entering upon a new phase of its existence. In its old form it is attacked by forces more formidable than the free levies of Garibaldi, and the disciplined troops of Sardinia. Men have ceased to believe in the Roman Pontiff as a temporal ruler—and even his spiritual power is shrewdly shaken by the evidence of the gross failure made by himself and his predecessors in merely temporal matters. Wander about in what were lately the States of the Church in any direction you will—see the desolation that prevails therein—the well-nigh universal misery—consider how fertile they are, how highly endowed by nature—and then ask yourself if the princes, under whose auspices such results have been brought about, can be considered infallible.

Men are ceasing to believe in the Pope, therefore it is that the end of his domination seems to be at hand. In France there remains so little faith in this matter, that it is scarcely worth speaking about it. In Austria, the Pope would find few advocates out of the imperial family, and those who immediately profit by the ecclesiastical system as maintained by the strong hand of power. Throughout the provinces of Austria, the Concordat with the Pope is felt to be an intolerable burden, and a national disgrace. We have seen the revolt on the banks of the Rhine, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, and elsewhere, against the dominion of the priests. The feelings and opinions of Italians may be safely inferred from their recent action.

If Pio Nono should be so ill-advised as to launch a sentence of excommunication against Victor Emmanuel or Garibaldi, such a step would

simply expose him to derision and contempt. In the Swiss cantons, the battle between Free Thought and the Papacy was fought out definitively, some fifteen years ago, with what results is notorious enough. Of the course which would be taken by the Protestant countries of Europe, it is unnecessary to speak, as it would simply amount to this, that they would decline all interference, and content themselves with wishing well to the nations which were following where they had led. Let us not deceive ourselves as to the importance of the intelligence which the telegraph brings us day by day from Italy. It is a very different thing when the Pope is attacked in his last strong-hold, or when a Duke of Modena is simply turned about his business. The latter is merely a political event, the like of which may occur at any moment,—the second marks an epoch in the history of the human race.

It would be madness to suppose that, as a form of religious faith, the Roman Catholic system would not still endure for a period, the limits of which cannot be foreseen. But it will do so, because it will adapt itself to the alterations in the opinions and feelings of the human race. That has been the real secret of its power for centuries, and just now it is imperilling its very existence, because it is departing from the old traditions. Time was when it was very proper that a Pope should descend into the battle-field, and try physical conclusions with an emperor or a king. He always had a good store of curses in reserve, if his troops were beaten, and in those days curses were stronger than troops. Things are altered now,—when the troops of Pio Nono are beaten, his curses will not stand him in much stead. But such ragamuffins as he has been able to collect from amongst the needy adventurers of Europe, have turned out to be of no account when opposed to the onset of regular troops. The lessons which Lamoricière learnt in Algeria have not profited him much in Umbria and the Marches. The Pope, at the present moment, looking at him merely as a temporal prince, is fairly beaten, and would now be an exile from his states, but for the bayonets of the French soldiery. He is just Louis Napoleon's private chaplain, and could be turned adrift by the Emperor without a moment's notice. Last week a thrill ran through Europe on account of a suggestion put forth by a French writer, not, as it was supposed, without authority. It was to the effect that if the Pope, of his own voluntary act, chose to quit Rome by one gate, General Goyon and the French troops would march out at another, and leave what is called the Eternal City in the hands of the patriots. Louis Napoleon is standing sentinel over the Papacy, not over Rome. He feels the occupation of that city, and of the patrimony of St. Peter, to be an embarrassment—at least he says so. Thus much would appear to be true; but if Pio Nono were to take his departure, all pretext for a continuation of the French occupation would be gone. The position would be intolerable in the eyes of Europe. It seems, on the whole, probable that if Louis Napoleon has one sentiment left in his heart, it is for Italy. The original occupation of Rome took place in defiance of his opinion and remonstrances, as

witness the famous letter to Edgar Ney. Once there he is not free to depart, because he has the public opinion of the French clergy to deal with, and this he cannot afford to disregard.

According to recent intelligence, the rout of the Pontifical troops has been most complete, and Lamoricière, no doubt, *en route* for Trieste, has taken refuge in Ancona. It must be a most unsafe halting-place; as the Italians are clearly masters of the sea. What could have induced a general, who, in former days, had won for himself a somewhat chivalric reputation, to march through the Papal Coventry at the head of all these rapsallions? His enemies say—Debt; his friends—Superstition. Meanwhile, the question of this moment is whether or no the Pope will fly from Rome a second time. He is surrounded by those who are strongly interested in their own opinion in advocating the policy of escape. Garibaldi is, no doubt, in earnest, when he says that if the Sardinians will not attack the French in Rome, or procure the evacuation by peaceful means, he is prepared to try conclusions even with France. Had it been otherwise we should not have heard of the entry of the Sardinian troops into Umbria and the Marches, and of the defeat inflicted by them upon the Papal levies. Cavour and Garibaldi are the real chess-players just now, and for the moment Cavour has won the move. If the Pope would but run away!

THE PRINCE'S HOLIDAY.

It is a pity that Princes cannot travel really *incognito*. Royal spectacles are not the best contrivance for enabling the human eye to arrive at true results. If your ordinary rich man knows but little of the world as it is, what chance do the poor Porphyrogeniti stand of learning anything about the real meaning of life? The great Caliph Haroun Al-Raschid, as his deeds are chronicled in the old Arabian Tales, knew better than to make a formal progress through Bagdad with his royal turban on his head, and his golden sceptre in his hand. He used to wander about at nights, accompanied by the Vizier and the Chief Eunuch, in close disguise. The three would enter into the miserable dwelling of a hump-backed barber, or a starving porter, and share with these men their frugal supper. So they ascertained how men really lived and had their being in the fair city of Bagdad. Compare with this system the one on which the Imperial Catharine, Empress of all the Russias, used to act. She would rush down at top-speed from Petersburg, or Moscow, to the Crimea, for the purpose of investigating with her own eyes the condition of her subjects. But in her journey she was surrounded, as usual, by all the pomp and splendour of her Court. Each day's route, and the halting-place for each night, were carefully mapped out, and settled beforehand. Due notice was given to the persons in authority at the various relays. The very natural consequence was that the Empress travelled through provinces inhabited by happy villagers and luxurious serfs.

Peasant girls with soft blue eyes,
And hands which scattered early flowers

met their royal mistress at every turn. Old men tottered up to her carriage-door to bless her for

the unclouded felicity which they had enjoyed under her rule, and the rule of her mild predecessors. One crowning felicity had been denied to them in the course of their long and happy career, and this was a sight of the Czarina. Happy in this respect, they could sing their *Nunc dimittis*, and pass away in peace to a more permanent, if not to a happier, form of existence. The knot was very carefully garlanded with crocuses, and looked like an emblem of village happiness.

It is said that after thirty years of age few men receive new ideas. However this may be, it is clear enough that as soon as a crown is placed upon a human head, it can scarcely be expected that the wearer should add much to his stock of what elderly maiden ladies call "general information." Princes, therefore, should see something of the world before all men are in a conspiracy against them to hide from their view the true purport and meaning of life. When John Smith travels about, the railway authorities are not careful to place red cloth between the cab and the platform, in order that his feet may remain in ignorance of the vulgar pavement. Neither does he find triumphal arches at every village he visits—nor are the towns in which he may stop for the night upon his lawful business brilliantly illuminated in honour of himself and his amiable consort. Nor, luckily for him, does the mayor of every corporate town make him a tedious oration as he steps out of the railway-carriage. John Smith, moreover, becomes practically aware that working people do not always wear their best clothes, and that factory girls occasionally handle something as well as flowers. Whenever the day comes—may it be a far distant one!—when this young Prince is called to the throne, for the rest of his life he stands condemned to the monotony of royal routine. All the knowledge of human life he can ever hope to gain he must gain now. Under any circumstances, it would be impossible that he should be more than a spectator of the terrible struggles of humanity. The stern but awful teaching of adversity is denied to him. Louis Philippe and Louis Napoleon are the only two monarchs of our time who have graduated in the great University through which all of us—save kings—must pass. Hence their success.

We have all been delighted with the intelligence we have received of late from Canada about our young Prince. The enthusiasm which his mere presence has excited seems to have been all that could be desired. It is impossible, however, to disguise from oneself the fact, that the Canadas have rather been seeing the Prince, than the Prince the Canadas. The physical features of the country of course were open to his inspection—that is, as much of them as could be seen from the deck of a steamboat, or through the window of a railway carriage. The Prince no doubt saw the great waterfall as well as any ordinary traveller. Niagara does not roar out flattery even to princely ears. The same thing may probably be said of two or three other of the great transatlantic sights: but, for the rest, the Prince might as well have been accompanying his royal mother upon a "Progress." Wherever he has gone, he has been greeted by obsequious governors, mayors, chair-

men of railways, and so forth, just as though he had been the Prince of Wales without an incognito. The burden of their song has been, just that which is invariably addressed to princes—

Que son mérite est extrême !
Que de grâces,—que de grandeur !
Ah ! combien Monseigneur
Doit être content de lui-même !

It was scarcely worth while going so far to listen to such stuff as this. We have a few mayors and aldermen at home who could have supplied the article without stint. On the other hand, although the Prince will not in all probability derive much instruction from his journey, as a political move it seems to have answered well. The Canadians have ever been a loyal race—are they not next door neighbors to republicans? The Prince's visit has confirmed them in their attachment to the British crown.

There is much in the States which it would be well the Prince should see with his own eyes, but which he never, never will see. The adulation of the United States will prove greater than the adulation of the Canadas. We are almost tempted to rush to his rescue, when we think of the amount of "speechification" which our youthful but unfortunate Prince will have to endure. Would that he could learn something of the true nature of life in the United States. It would prove a more useful lesson to him than all the very respectable Dons at Cambridge or Oxford can impart to him in the way of information. There is the great problem of Slavery, for example, which he might study with advantage upon the spot. Of course the wretched negroes would be washed in eau-de-Cologne on the occasion of his visit, but still he might learn something from the sight, even through all the masks and disguises which cover the reality of all this human wretchedness. For the rest, we all wish a prosperous journey and a happy return to our young Prince; and, in the words of the old Canadian boat-song, pray that whilst away from us he may meet with

— cool heavens and favouring air!

GEORGE STEPHENSON'S PUPIL—JOSEPH LOCKE.

ONE of the saddest events of last week has been the sudden and most unexpected death of Mr. Joseph Locke—the last of the great engineers. Almost within a few months, Brunel, Robert Stephenson, and Joseph Locke have been carried to their graves. Not long since in the pages of ONCE A WEEK we gave a sketch of Robert Stephenson's career and achievements, and now we are called upon to add a few notes about his friend and fellow pupil. Both Robert Stephenson and Joseph Locke sat at the feet of that famous old man, George Stephenson, and drew their inspiration from him. It was George Stephenson who first climbed up from the bowels of the earth into upper air, and looking round perceived that the moment had arrived for dealing with Time and Space. Not only did he see that the thing was to be done, but he had at hand the men who were prepared to carry his plans into execution. What he wanted was a legion of miners, of delvers, and diggers, and these were ready to his hand. George Stephen-

son, if he did not quite invent the modern "navvy," at least drew him from obscurity, and placed his proper work before him. His was the great Titanic period of engineering. Men were then in doubt as to points which to us, who are acting by the light of their experience, are as clear as noon-day. When George Stephenson was examined before the Parliamentary Committee, he was well nigh pooh-poohed out of Court—out of every thing, in short, but his convictions—by the glib tongue and agile wit of the late Baron—then Mr.—Alderson. There was something so supremely ridiculous in the bare idea that a steam-engine could sail upon land, and drag twenty or thirty carriages after it. What could honourable gentlemen and learned brothers think of such a monstrous proposal? They could not be in earnest; and, as for that rough north-country fellow, who was endeavouring to palm off his crude notions upon men of education—really the thing would not bear looking at. Somehow or other this rough north-countryman did get a hearing, and in 1826 he became the engineer of the Manchester and Liverpool Railway, and Chatmoss was turned into solid ground, and the iron rails were laid down, and despite of the dismal and jovial prognostications of the lawyer, the engineer's words were made good. Steam answered.

To think that railways have only existed for thirty years or thereabouts—we mean of course railways such as are now used for the conveyance of passengers—not the mere tramways of the north country! But thirty years ago the minds of the greatest engineers in Europe were still in a condition of hesitation, as to what was the best motive power which could be employed. Atmospheric, and rope-traction, and what not, had their advocates. At this period it was that old George took the consideration of this matter up in solemn earnest, and called to counsel with him his boy Robert and Joseph Locke. Young Locke was then about twenty-three or twenty-four years of age. He and his friend Robert Stephenson prosecuted their experiments to so much purpose that the superiority of the locomotive as the motive power was clearly established. So true were the results obtained that any departure from the conclusions at which those two young men arrived some thirty years ago has invariably ended in failure and waste of money. In those days young men who had real power in them did not long linger in the rear—nor was George Stephenson the man to keep his lads back when he saw they were of the right stuff. When the Manchester and Liverpool Railway was completed, and was found to work well, the Birmingham men soon came to the conclusion that they could not afford to depend any longer upon the old turnpike-road. George Stephenson took the matter in hand for them—but about the year 1834 handed over the responsibilities and duties to Joseph Locke, then a young man scarcely thirty years of age. This was the absolute commencement of a career which has now extended over twenty-five years of unabated distinction and prosperity. His great English achievement, however, was the construction of the London and Southampton line. Just

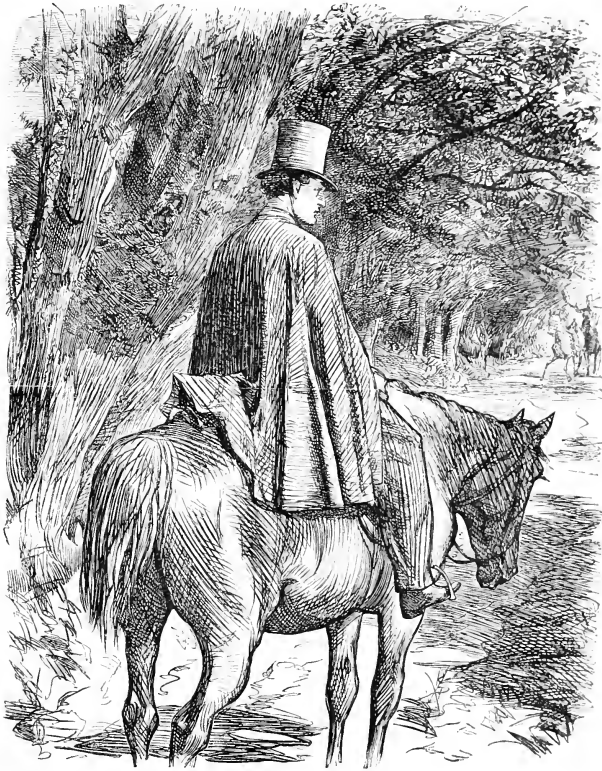
as Brunel made the Great Western, and Robert Stephenson the North Western; so Joseph Locke will be principally remembered as the engineer of the London and Southampton line. In France he was the engineer of the lines from Paris to Rouen, and Rouen to Havre. Professional men will tell you that, amongst engineers, one of his great titles to distinction is that he was the man who first dared to grapple with the steeper gradient, and so avoided unnecessary outlay in construction. In one respect Locke was the very opposite to Brunel; practically speaking, his estimates invariably covered his expenditure. He was member for Honiton for thirteen years, and president of the Institution of Civil Engineers after Robert Stephenson's death. There seems to be a fatality over our great engineers. The three most distinguished members of the profession have been called away in rapid succession. To the honoured names of Robert Stephenson and Brunel, must now be added that of Joseph Locke.

TRAMWAYS, SUBWAYS, HIGHWAYS, AND BYWAYS.

LONDON on the surface is no longer tenable. We are in a state of permanent blockade. As far as the principal thoroughfares are concerned, it is impossible to pass from point to point without such obstructions and delays, that more often than not it would be an economy of time—always of temper and patience—to perform the distance on foot in place of in a vehicle drawn by horses. Now, it unfortunately happens that these leading thoroughfares are just those which are in most constant request. Many people wish to pass along the Strand and Fleet Street—few care to spend a day in driving round Dorset Square. It is not only that the throng of vehicles is so great that in the chief streets they are obliged to follow each other at a foot's pace; but the London streets are in themselves far too narrow for the accommodation of the inhabitants. Except Portland Place, Farringdon Street, and Whitehall, we have scarcely a street in London of sufficient width. Here there are two elements of disturbance, vehicles too many, and streets not wide enough. But, in addition to this, and as though to carry the nuisance to its highest point, the Gas and Water Companies are perpetually breaking up the road, in order to make good defects in their pipes. There is scarcely a leading street in London in which there was not a blockade last week, in consequence of this interference with the traffic. It is now proposed that permanent subways should be constructed, with sufficient adits, so that the servants of the Companies should at all times be able to have access to the piping, without the necessity of establishing barricades. As the water companies and gas companies have now a practical monopoly, and are no longer engaged in cutting the throats of rivals, it is to be hoped they will seriously turn their thoughts to the matter. The change ought to answer on commercial grounds. If the metal of the London streets were left undisturbed, and in the broader thoroughfares tramways were laid down for omnibuses and the heavier traffic, a Londoner might hope to be once more in time for a railway, without allowing a quarter of an hour per mile for stoppages.

EVAN HARRINGTON; OR, HE WOULD BE A GENTLEMAN.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.



CHAPTER XLV.—IN WHICH THE SHOP BECOMES A CENTRE OF ATTRACTION.

UNDER the first lustre of a May-night, Evan was galloping over the moon-shadowed downs towards Beckley. At the ridge commanding the woods, the park, and the stream, his horse stopped, as if from habit, snorted, and puffed its sides, while he gazed steadily across the long lighted vale. Soon he began to wind down the glaring chalk-track, and reached grass levels. Here he broke into a round pace, till, gaining the first straggling cottages of the village, he knocked the head of his whip against the garden-gate of one, and a man came out, who saluted him, and held the reins.

"Animal does work, sir," said the man.

Evan gave directions for it to be looked to, and went on to the doorway, where he was met by a young woman. She uttered a respectful greeting, and begged him to enter.

The door closed, he flung himself into a chair, and said: "Well, Susan, how is the child?"

"Oh! he's always well, Mr. Harrington; he don't know the tricks o' trouble yet."

"Will Polly be here soon?"

"At a quarter after nine, she said, sir."

Evan bade her sit down. After examining her features quietly, he said:

"I'm glad to see you here, Susan. You don't regret that you followed my advice?"

"No, sir; now it's over, I don't. Mother's kind enough, and father doesn't mention anything. She's a-bed with bile—father's out."

"But what? There's something on your mind."

"I shall cry, if I begin, Mr. Harrington."

"See how far you can get without."

"Oh! sir, then," said Susan, on a sharp rise of her bosom, "it ain't my fault. I wouldn't cause trouble to Mr. Harry, or any friend of yours; but, sir, father have got hold of his letters to me, and

he says, there's a promise in 'em—least, one of 'em; and it's as good as law, he says—he heard it in a public-house; and he's gone over to Fall'ield to a law-gentleman there." Susan was compelled to give way to some sobs. "It ain't for me father does it, sir," she pleaded. "I tried to stop him, knowing how it'd vex you, Mr. Harrington; but he's heady about points, though a quiet man ordinary; and he says he don't expect—and I know now no gentleman'd marry such as me—I ain't such a stupid gaper at words, as I used to be! but father says, it's for the child's sake, and he does it to have him provided for. Please, don't ye be angry with me, sir."

Susan's half-controlled spasms here got the better of her.

While Evan was awaiting the return of her calmer senses, the latch was lifted, and Polly appeared.

"At it again!" was her sneering comment, after a short survey of her apron-screened sister; and then she bobbed to Evan.

"It's whimper, whimper, and squeak, squeak, half their lives with some girls. After that they go wondering they can't see to thread a needle! The neighbours, I suppose! I should like to lift the top off some o' their houses. I hope I haven't kept you, sir."

"No, Polly," said Evan; "but you must be charitable, or I shall think you want a lesson yourself. Mr. Raikes tells me you want to see me. What is it? You seem to be correspondents."

Polly replied: "Oh, no, Mr. Harrington: only accidental ones—when something particular's to be said. And he dances—like on the paper, so that you can't help laughing. Isn't he a very eccentric gentleman, sir?"

"Very," said Evan. "I've no time to lose, Polly."

"Here, you must go," the latter called to her sister. "Now, pack at once, Sue. Do rout out, and do leave off thinking you've got a candle at your eyes, for Goodness' sake!"

Susan was too well accustomed to Polly's usage to complain. She murmured a gentle "Good night, sir," and retired. Whereupon Polly exclaimed: "Bless her poor dear soft heart! It's us hard ones that get on best in the world. I'm treated better than her, Mr. Harrington, and I know I ain't worth half of her. It goes nigh to make one religious, only to see how exactly like Scripture is the way Beckley treats her, whose only sin is her being so soft as to believe in a man! Oh, dear! Mr. Harrington! I wish I had good news for you."

In spite of his self-control, Evan breathed quickly and looked eagerly.

"Speak it out, Polly."

"Oh, dear! I must, I suppose," Polly answered. "Mr. Laxley's become a lord now," Mr. Harrington."

Evan tasted in his soul the sweets of contrast.

"Well?"

"And my Miss Rose—she—"

"What?"

Moved by the keen hunger of his eyes, Polly hesitated. Her face betrayed a sudden change of mind.

"Wants to see you, sir," she said, resolutely.

"To see me?"

Evan stood up, so pale that Polly was frightened.

"Where is she? Where can I meet her?"

"Please don't take it so, Mr. Harrington?"

Evan commanded her to tell him what her mistress had said.

Now up to this point, Polly had spoken truth. She was positive her mistress did want to see him. Polly, also, with a maiden's tender guile, desired to bring them together for once, though it were for the last time, and for no good on earth. She had been about to confide to him her young mistress's position towards Lord Laxley, when his sharp interrogation stopped her. Shrinking from absolute invention, she remarked that of course she could not exactly remember Miss Rose's words; which seemed indeed too much to expect of her.

"She will see me to-night?" said Evan.

"I don't know about to-night," Polly replied.

"Go to her instantly. Tell her I am ready. I will be at the West park-gates. This is why you wrote, Polly? Why did you lose time? Don't delay, my good girl! Come!"

Evan had opened the door. He would not allow Polly an instant for expostulation; but drew her out, saying: "You will attend to the gates yourself. Or come and tell me the day, if she appoints another."

Polly made a final effort to escape from the pit she was being pushed into.

"Mr. Harrington! it wasn't to tell you this I wrote. Miss Rose is engaged, sir."

"I understand," said Evan, hoarsely, scarcely feeling it, as is the case with men who are shot through the heart.

Ten minutes later he was on horseback by the Fallowfield gates, with the tidings shrieking through his frame. The night was still, and stiller in the pauses of the nightingales. He sat there, neither thinking of them, nor reproached in his manhood for the tears that rolled down his cheeks. Presently his horse's ears pricked, and the animal gave a low neigh. Evan's eyes fixed harder on the length of gravel leading to the house. There was no sign, no figure. Out from the smooth grass of the lane a couple of horsemen issued, and came straight to the gates. He heard nothing till one spoke. It was a familiar voice.

"By Jove, Ferdy, here is the fellow, and we've been all the way to Lympport!"

Evan started from his trance.

"It's you, Harrington?"

"Yes, Harry."

"Sir!" exclaimed that youth, evidently flushed with wine, "what the devil do you mean by addressing me by my christian name?"

Laxley pushed his horse's head in front of Harry. In a manner apparently somewhat improved by his new dignity, he said: "We have ridden to Lympport to speak to you, sir. Favour me by moving a little ahead of the lodge."

Evan bowed, and moved beside him a short way down the lane, Harry following.

"The purport of my visit, sir," Laxley began, "was to make known to you that Miss Jocelyn

has done me the honour to accept me as her husband. I learn from her that during the term of your residence in the house, you contrived to extract from her a promise to which she attaches certain scruples. She pleases to consider herself bound to you till you release her. My object is to demand that you will do so immediately."

Evan did not reply.

"Should you refuse to make this reparation for the harm you have done to her and to her family," Laxley pursued, "I must let you know that there are means of compelling you to it, and that those means will be employed."

Harry, fuming at these postured sentences, burst out: "What do you talk to the fellow in that way for? A fellow who makes a fool of my cousin, and then wants to get us to buy off my sister! What's he spying after here? The place is ours till we troop. I tell you there's only one way of dealing with him, and if you don't do it, I will."

Laxley pulled his reins with a jerk that brought him to the rear.

"Miss Jocelyn has commissioned you to make this demand on me in her name?" said Evan.

"I make it in my own right," returned Laxley. "I demand a prompt reply."

"My lord, you shall have it. Miss Jocelyn is not bound to me by any engagement. Should she entertain scruples which I may have it in my power to obliterate, I shall not hesitate to do so—but only to her. What has passed between us I hold sacred."

"Hark at that!" shouted Harry. "The damned tradesman means money! You ass, Ferdinand! What did we go to Lymport for? Not to handy words. Here! I've got my own quarrel with you, Harrington. You've been setting that girl's father on me. Can you deny that?"

It was enough for Harry that Evan did not deny it. The calm disdain which he read on Evan's face acted on his fury, and digging his heels into his horse's flanks he rushed full at him and dealt him a sharp flock with his whip. Evan's beast reared.

"Accept my conditions, sir, or afford me satisfaction," cried Laxley.

"You do me great honour, my lord, but I have told you I cannot," said Evan, curbing his horse.

At that moment Rose came among them. Evan raised his hat, as did Laxley. Harry, a little behind the others, performed a laborious mock salute, and then ordered her back to the house. A quick altercation ensued; the end being that Harry managed to give his sister the context of the previous conversation.

"Now go back, Rose," said Laxley. "I have particular business with Mr. Harrington."

"I came to see him," said Rose, in a clear voice.

Laxley reddened angrily.

"Then tell him at once you want to be rid of him," her brother called to her.

Rose looked at Evan. Could he not see that she had no word in her soul for him of that kind? Yes: but love is not always to be touched to tenderness even at the sight of love.

"Rose," he said. "I hear from Lord Laxley, that you fancy yourself not at liberty; and that you require me to disengage you."

He paused. Did he expect her to say there that she wished nothing of the sort? Her steadfast eyes spoke as much: but misery is wanton, and will pull all down to it. Even Harry was checked by his tone, and Laxley sat silent. The fact that something more than a tailor was speaking seemed to impress them.

"Since I have to say it, Rose, I hold you in no way bound to me. The presumption is forced upon me. May you have all the happiness I pray God to give you! Gentlemen, good night!"

He bowed, and was gone. How keenly she could have retorted on that false prayer for her happiness! Her limbs were nerveless, her tongue speechless. He had thrown her off—there was no barrier now between herself and Ferdinand. Why did Ferdinand speak to her with that air of gentle authority, bidding her return to the house? She was incapable of seeing, what the young lord acutely felt, that he had stooped very much in helping to bring about such a scene. She had no idea of having trifled with him and her own heart, when she talked feebly of her bondage to another, as one who would be warmer to him were she free. Swiftly she compared the two that loved her, and shivered as if she had been tossed to the embrace of a block of ice.

"You are cold, Rose," said Laxley, bending to lay his hand on her shoulder.

"Pray, never touch me," she answered, and walked on hastily to the house.

Entering it, she remembered that Evan had dwelt there. A sense of desolation came over her. She turned to Ferdinand remorsefully, saying: "Dear Ferdinand!" and allowed herself both to be touched and taken close to him. When she reached her bed-room, she had time to reflect that he had kissed her on the lips, and then she fell down and shed such tears as had never been drawn from her before.

Next day she rose with an undivided mind. Belonging henceforth to Ferdinand, it was necessary that she should invest him immediately with transcendent qualities. His absence of character rendered this easy. What she had done for Evan, she did for him. But now, as if the Fates had been lying in wait to entrap her and chain her, that they might have her at their mercy, her dreams of Evan's high nature—hitherto dreams only—were to be realised. With the purposeless waywardness of her sex, Polly Wheelde while dressing her young mistress and though quite aware that the parting had been spoken, must needs relate her sister's story and Evan's share in it. Rose praised him like one for ever aloof from him. Nay, she could secretly congratulate herself on not being deceived. Upon that came a letter from Caroline:

"Do not misjudge my brother. He knew Juliana's love for him, and rejected it. You will soon have proofs of his disinterestedness. Then do not forget that he works to support us all. I write this with no hope save to make you just to him. That is the utmost he will ever anticipate."

It gave no beating of the heart to Rose to hear good of Evan now; but an increased serenity of confidence in the accuracy of her judgment of persons.

The arrival of lawyer Perkins supplied the key to Caroline's communication. No one was less astonished than Rose at the news that Evan renounced the estate. She smiled at Harry's contrite stupefaction, and her father's incapacity of belief in conduct so singular, caused her to lift her head and look down on her parent.

"Shows he knows nothing of the world, poor young fellow!" said Sir Franks.

"Nothing more clearly," observed Lady Jocelyn. "I presume I shall cease to be blamed for having had him here?"

"Upon my honour, he must have the soul of a gentleman!" said the Baronet. "There's nothing he can expect in return, you know!"

"One would think, papa, you had always been dealing with tradesmen!" remarked Rose, to whom her father now accorded the treatment due to a sensible girl.

Laxley was present at the family consultation. What was his opinion? Rose manifested a slight anxiety to hear it.

"What those sort of fellows do never surprises me," he said, with a semi-yawn.

Rose felt fire on her cheeks.

"It's only what the young man is bound to do," said Mrs. Shorne.

"His duty, aunt? I hope we may all do it!" Rose interjected.

"Championing him again?"

Rose quietly turned her face, too sure of her cold appreciation of him to retort. But yesterday night a word from him might have made her his; and here she sat advocating the nobility of his nature with the zeal of a barrister in full swing of practice. Remember, however, that a kiss separates them: and how many millions of leagues that counts for in love, I leave you to guess.

Now, in what way was Evan to be thanked? how was he to be treated? Sir Franks proposed to go down to him in person, accompanied by Harry. Lady Jocelyn acquiesced. But Rose said to her mother:

"Will not you wound his sensitiveness by going to him there?"

"Possibly," said her ladyship. "Shall we write and ask him to come to us?"

"No, mama. Could we ask him to make a journey to receive our thanks?"

"Not till we have solid ones to offer, perhaps." "He will not let us help him, mama, unless we have all given him our hands."

"Probably not. There's always a fund of nonsense in those who are capable of great things, I observe. It shall be a family expedition, if you like."

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Shorne. "Do you mean that you intend to allow Rose to make one of the party? Franks! is that your idea?"

Sir Franks looked at his wife.

"What harm?" Lady Jocelyn asked; for Rose's absence of conscious guile in appealing to her reason had subjugated that great faculty.

"Simply a sense of propriety, Emily," said Mrs. Shorne, with a glance at Ferdinand.

"You have no objection, I suppose?" Lady Jocelyn addressed him.

"Ferdinand will join us," said Rose.

"Thank you, Rose, I'd rather not," he replied. "I thought we had done with the fellow for good last night."

"Last night?" quoth Lady Jocelyn.

No one spoke. The interrogation was renewed. Was it Rose's swift instinct which directed her the shortest way to gain her point? or that she was glad to announce that her degrading engagement was at an end?

She said: "Ferdinand and Mr. Harrington came to an understanding last night, in my presence."

That, strange as it struck on their ears, appeared to be quite sufficient to all, albeit the necessity for it was not so very clear. The carriage was ordered forthwith; Lady Jocelyn went to dress; Rose drew Ferdinand away into the garden. There, with all her powers, she entreated him to join her.

"Thank you, Rose," he said; "I've no taste for tailors."

"For my sake I beg it, Ferdinand."

"It's really too much to ask of me, Rose."

"If you care for me, you will."

"'Pon my honour, quite impossible!"

"You refuse, Ferdinand?"

"My London tailor'd find me out, and never forgive me."

This pleasantry stopped her soft looks. Why she wished him to be with her, she could not have said. For a thousand reasons: which implies, no distinct one: something prophetically pressing in her blood.

(To be concluded in our next.)

GREAT GUNS AND ARMOURED WAR-SHIPS.

THE work-people of our "faithful ally" across the Channel have just launched for him an armoured frigate christened *La Gloire*. We know nothing about it save what the scribes of the ruler have set down by his permission, and if all be gold that glitters, wonders have been achieved, for the craft is wholly impregnable to shot—at what distance we are not told—and may defy and vanquish the whole British fleet. In fact, the Gallic Emperor is now the ruler of the seas, and the "meteor flag" of England is no better than a shooting star gone out, while a decree has gone forth that henceforth the Gallic colic is to be a web-footed bird. And Captain Hoalsted, writing to the "Times," seems to think that there is something in it—that the Gauls have stolen a sea march over the descendants of the Norse coursers, and that the indigenous gnomes of the iron mines are to be conjured beyond seas, the Red Sea inclusive.

Well, before we sit down under this last Imperial dispensation, let us at least look into it. In the first place, "whatever man has done man may do," was a maxim written over my schoolroom-door; but climbing, as the world still is, over the

threshold of progress, we may assume, that whatever man has done, man may yet do a great deal more. Until we have tried with our own guns the ribs of *La Gloire*, and with our own craft her locomotive qualities, we must not take for granted all that the imaginations of Imperial editors may assert. We remember that *La Gloire* was once highly spoken of as a steam-ram, and her ram-like qualities were to have been tested on the old Suffrein line-of-battle ship, but the experiment never came off.

The first question in a sea-vessel is stability on the water, as a security against "capsizing," a word derived from the act of turning head over heels. Ten-gun brigs were formerly remarkable for their facility in this kind of sea-gymnastic, and there was once a Greek fleet built in England wherein the planners were so taken up with the one idea of diminishing resistance by decreasing the breadth of beam, that none of the craft would stand upright either under sail or steam.

The principle of stability consists in keeping the centre of gravity within the base, and so long as this is done we can build a column like the London Monument or the St. Rollox chimney, though the centre of gravity is very elevated. But if an earthquake were to take place, down would topple the columns by reason of the elevated centre of gravity overtopping the base. Therefore the lower the centre of gravity the more secure would be the column. If instead of the column we make a pyramid, we get a form which it is almost impossible to overthrow by any earthquake.

If now we form a body, with the water for a base, the movement of the water represents the earthquake, and the body will be stable, or incapable of turning over head and heels, in proportion as the base exceeds the height and the low level of the centre of gravity. Thus a flat thin board thrown into the water will always float on its flat side, the centre of gravity being in the centre of the mass, and at a very low elevation. But if a sufficiently heavy piece of metal be placed at one edge of the board, it may be made to float with the opposite edge upwards, like a fish.

Again, if we throw a solid cube foot of floatable timber into water, it will float with one corner upwards and the opposite corner downwards, the particular corner being determined by the density of one part of the material over the rest. If the cubic foot of timber be cut diagonally into two equal parts, each of them will float nearly equally well on the broad diagonal surface, or on the two rectangular surfaces. If a long cylinder of wood be placed in the water, the centre of gravity being in the central axis, it will float any side upwards. If a long squared log be placed in the water it will float on any one of the four sides equally well, unless the centre of gravity be nearer one than the other, in which case the heavy side will tend to be the base, and the log will turn to that side if the water be agitated. If the log be cut in two, diagonally, through the whole length, and weight be added at the apex of the rectangle, it may float on its broad base; but every disturbance of the water would tend to roll it over, and it would then take the position of greatest stability indicated by the diagram Fig. 1, which is intended to

represent the mid-ship section of a *single* vessel, *a a* being the water level, and *b b* the surfaces pressing on the water; *c c* the deck, and *d d* the top sides, or bulwarks, above the deck, *e* the ballast, or weight, tending to keep the apex *f* in a vertical line, and restore the vessel to equilibrium after disturbance. For a sailing vessel this is the best sectional form to preserve a straight line in the water and prevent lee-way. It is, in fact, almost all keel. But there are many reasons why vessels are not constructed so. First, with ordinary timber framing it is not a strong form to resist the pressure of the water; and, secondly, the sharp vessel will not carry so bulky or so heavy a cargo. The circular form, shown by the dotted lines *g g*, gives the strongest form to the vessel with a larger carrying power, but with the defect of rolling easily on the water like a cask; and the dotted lines *h h* show the form of largest capacity in volume and weight, but comparatively a weak form to resist the pressure of the water. For sailing on a wind, the lines *b b* are the best, the lines *h h* the worst. For a vessel moved by internal power the form is immaterial, provided the stem and stern be sufficiently acute, and therefore while the mid-ship section is denoted by the lines *h h*, the stem and stern taper off in the form of the dotted lines *i i*, and the sharper the taper, the less will be the resistance.

A ship, unless of fir-timber, does not float by reason of the lightness of the material of which it is built, as a raft does, but by reason of what is called its displacement, *i. e.*, in other words, the cubic contents of internal air space, and if compatible with other considerations, the more air space it contains the better, therefore the lines *h h* would be the best, being double the lines of *b b*, and this brings us to the consideration, supposing air space, or, in other words, carrying power, to be sufficient, what is then the best form of hull, and more especially a hull intended to avoid the effect of cannon-shot by a sheathing of armour plates?

A shot produces its destructive effect either by its great weight or force of propulsion, or both combined. If the shot be light, the effects must come from force of propulsion. In any case great range is important. In throwing a shell, the chief effect of which is by the explosion of internal powder, the elevation at which it is fired is of little importance; but in battering ships, or breaching forts, shells are used to strike point blank as well as solid shot.

The armour used for covering vessels, consists of plates of iron or steel in as large sizes as possible. Probably soft steel is the best, being most homogeneous. These plates are bolted to the sides of wooden or iron vessels; the greatest thickness as yet conveniently attained in manufacture being about 4½ inches. In the experiments which have been made, Whitworth rifle shots have punched holes in these plates at 400 yards, and 65-pound shot, not rifled, have shaken the whole fabric of plates and the wooden framework behind it. Whether the rifled shot is essential to penetration is not yet made certain by the "crucial instance" of a plain shot fired from an equivalent smooth bore with an equal windage and equal charge of powder.

Now it must be quite clear, that if a shot be fired point-blank at a ship's hull constructed with vertical sides, as *h h*, it would have the most favourable circumstances for penetration. But if the sides were of the section above water *d*, fig. 1, and below water *b*, a point-blank shot propelled parallel to the surface of the water would not pierce, but glance off from the surface of the armour-plates, *j j*, and the only mode in which they could strike the upper plates point-blank, would be by firing at a high elevation, with simply a falling force proportioned to the weight of the shot. And the lower plates below the surface of the water could scarcely be struck at all. And the practical strength of the plates at point-blank is one-third greater than if placed vertical. In other words, one plate 3 inches thick, at an angle of 45 degrees to the propelled shot will offer as great resistance as a plate of 4 inches and a-half in thickness at an angle of 90 degrees, independently of the glancing effect. I alluded to

this in a former paper about a year ago. Three-inch plates would be better even, and cheaper than four-and-a-half.

In building a war-vessel in the present day, a wooden hull is an anomaly. The fact of breaching the vertical sides of iron ships an inch thick with round shot, on experimental trial, does not prove any deficiency in iron ships, but only ignorance in constructing them. With armour-plates stretching 8 feet above and 8 feet below the water line, at an angle of 45 degrees, it would be a very difficult thing to pierce them, and the experiment is worth trying, finding out at the same time whether the rifle or smooth bore is preferable. The breadth of beam and the length of vessel, as regards displacement, is simply a question of the load to be carried.

In a vessel constructed on this principle, it is obvious that the armour-plates should be bent at an angle to ensure strength, the length of the plate being up and down, and this form

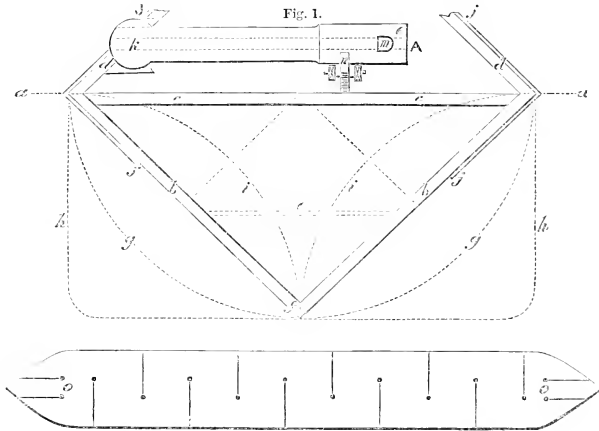


Fig. 2.

would facilitate the fixture of the plates with much lighter fastenings. But, inasmuch as the topsides or bulwarks incline inwards all round the deck to a height of 8 feet, a very large tank would be formed, tending to capsize the vessel in case of a wave breaking over her. Therefore a sufficient number of these plates should be hinged at or below the water line, allowing them to fall outwards with the pressure of the water, and so discharge it.

In regard to the question of guns, the usual mode is, to allow them to recoil and run in and out from a wide open port. From the recoil and breaking away of the gun, and from the missiles entering in at the port, an enormous loss of life ensues.

To diminish this waste of life, the first essential is, to use non-recoiling guns; and, secondly, breech-loaders. There is only one principle of preventing recoil, and that is, making the gun either by its own weight, or by its weight

and that of the carriage combined, very far in excess of the weight of the shot. In a service-gun, weight 95 cwt., the 68-lb. shot is about 1 to 157, and this does not prevent recoil: diameter of bore, 8 inches; length of bore, 15 diameters.

At the diagram fig. 1, illustrating the section of a vessel's hull formed to elude the force of shot, is a breech-loading gun A, exaggerated in apparent size, compared with the vessel. This gun is of 10-inch bore, and about 50 diameters in length. The weight of the gun is 50 tons, and the weight of the shot 3 cwt., or five times that of the 68-pound shot. There are no trunnions, but the muzzle is formed into a sphere or ball (*k*), which revolves in a socket formed in the iron top-side of the vessel, entirely closing the opening, save a channel cut through the upper part of the ball for the purpose of sighting. The muzzle, therefore, would act as a port sufficing to keep out water, and in rolling, by the action of the

waves, the gun would be as a part of the ship's side.

The thickness of the gun is equal to the bore, the breech (*l*) being reinforced where the greatest strain of the powder is taken. The breech is closed by a breech-pin (*m*) flat on the face next the powder and circular behind. This pin can be moved in and out by a moveable pinion and winch, working in the back of the pin, so as to close or open the bore, which is smooth and not rifled, and the vent is on the pin, where it projects at the side of the gun—a cap being struck by a hammer on the upper surface as with an ordinary shoulder-gun. This arrangement facilitates the renewal of the vent in case of wear, but it is yet a problem, whether it is not better to fire the powder in front next the shot. In charging the gun a thick wad of papier-maché, placed between the powder and the breech, will effectually prevent any escape of gas.

The hinder part of the gun is supported by two or (if preferred) by four wheels (*n*) of small diameter, connected by a frame running in a circle, the centre of which is the ball at the muzzle. The gun is supported on a pivot formed by a water-ram, with a small pump to work it, involving but little labour. In this mode the horizontal and vertical movement can be given to the gun with great accuracy. The wheels may be geared, and not half the number of men will be required to work this gun of five times the usual power.

Fig. 2 represents an outline of the deck of a vessel of say 60 feet beam and 400 feet in length, or any larger size that may be needed for the requisite displacement. Two guns (*a a*) are placed stem and stern, or rather at either end, being both alike, and five on each side, fourteen in all, being 700 tons of metal on one deck, and capable of throwing fifteen cwt. of metal at a broadside, being equal in weight to the shot of 25 service guns of 95 cwt., but with something like twenty times the destructive effect. If this vessel be covered with armour plates, 11 feet above and 11 feet below the water line, $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches in thickness, the weight will be about 1300 tons, with the guns 2000 tons, or about one-eleventh the carrying power of the Great Eastern. If 3-inch thickness of wrought-iron plates placed at the angle proved better than $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches vertical, the total weight would be about 1570 tons. If the draught of water formed by the apex at *f* were too great, the inverted pyramid could be truncated say to the ballast-line at *e*, or any higher elevation, giving sufficient longitudinal stiffness as a beam; but it is obvious that making a perfect apex forms a stronger beam. In any case the angle downwards from the water-line must be preserved.

Now, suppose two vessels of this class to be opposed to each other, they could produce very little effect at long shots. What they would do yard-arm and yard-arm with small charges of powder is a problem. With the muzzles depressed possibly the guns might batter in the top sides, but they could scarcely effect anything below the water-line, and the men would be quite sheltered till the topsides were burst in. No bursting of the guns need take place, for the steam power

could easily pour a stream of water through them to cool and cleanse them. Supposing the guns inefficient, there would be two other modes of attack. First by a duel, like two rams butting each other, which would give room for every kind of skill in manoeuvring. If one craft could strike the other amidships, it would probably involve destruction; but if, like two rams, they only presented their stems to attack, it would be very difficult to strike. In such case a small quantity of powder might pitch the heavy shot over each other's bows, rolling them from stem to stern, dismounting the guns, and sweeping away the men. This would be more than ever a fight of skill and energy, and the web-footed people would have the advantage, as of old, over the shore-goers.

If the vessels were side by side there would be a kind of ditch between them, formed by their top sides, eight feet in depth, with the sides sloping at an angle of forty-five degrees, and sixteen feet in width. There would be more skill in latching the two craft together and boarding. It would then be a question of riflemen picking off and boarding parties encountering. In that kind of fray, muscle and cool courage would certainly have the advantage as ever, over nerves and mere élan.

Of the principles I have endeavoured to set forth in the foregoing columns there can hardly be a doubt. First: iron vessels without any combustible material to be affected by the furnace-fires of the engines, or the combustible components of the foe. Secondly: the armour plates, placed at such an angle as to increase their strength and elude the force of the shot. Thirdly: great speed to manoeuvre. Fourthly: closed port-holes. Fifthly: high iron buttresses—as means of defence. Sixthly: Heavy non-recoiling guns of great weight. Seventhly: spherical muzzles, moving on sockets in the vessel's side. Eighthly: breech-loaders without complication. Ninthly: smooth bores without rifles. Tenthly: very heavy shot. Eleventhly: elevating water-ram, cheap and powerful—as means of offence.

This is the class of vessels which will outmatch *La Gloire*, and this also is the class of vessels which, if our enemies obtain before we do, we have, nevertheless, any number of the descendants of the old Norse Coursers, who would try conclusions in getting on their decks, even from the "ships that are but boards," and may serve only as bridges to get at them, while dodging their shot as best may be.

In all that needs doing there is no need of great expenditure of the public money, but only of our economically putting in practice the system of trial and error. When a thing can be demonstrated to be right, and cannot be demonstrated to be wrong by the use of the English language, it ought to be tried, if probably useful, and not too costly. The costly thing is the obstinate avoidal of trials, and the rushing into large manufactures without the trials, discovering what is wrong, only on a large scale, making a nine days' wonder at the cost of a hundred thousand pounds, where a single thousand would suffice. There is, it is true, no royal road to originality, but so also

there is no royal road to the selection of judges; only a judge in a condition of ignorance is much more damaging to the public than a pretended originator, who turns out to be a quack. Better blunder over a hundred mistakes, than mistake the one right thing when it starts up.

In this matter of war-tools lies physical salvation. When war-tools shall have culminated, war-work will be at an end. Men will cease to fight when destruction shall be rendered certain.

W. BRIDGES ADAMS.

A VISIT TO AN OLD HALL AT ELTHAM.

One who treads alone
A banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are dead,
Whose garlands fade,
And all but he departed.

ST. SWITHIN, never so dreary since 1829, has given us this year drenching rains and nipping winds: and we have only exchanged the chilly room and cold firegrate, for sloppy streets, and a murky sky overhead. A bright sun and a welcome holiday were not to be neglected, and we therefore bethought ourselves of a trip, to take advantage of the rare opportunity of a lull in the long bad weather, that has made us doubt the veracity of the almanacs. Emerging from the Railway Station, at Blackheath, we crossed the Common, rejoicing in the fine clear air that always blows across its undulating range of turf, and wiled the way by thinking of the days when Queen Caroline, and Lord Chesterfield, and the great General Wolfe took their walks here, and Vaubrun was piling up his heavy architecture on Maze Hill. Behind us we see where the Astronomer Halley sleeps; on the left we see Charlton with its fine Jacobean house, and Woolwich, where the gallant Lovelace was born, with its Arsenal and Dockyard, its constant bugle-calls and thundering artillery, booming among the marshes, or echoing from the mortar battery near the Rotunda. Before us, on Shooter's Hill—a dangerous pass for travellers in the days of the outlaws who lurked in the adjoining woods—rose the quaint tower, known to the vulgar as "Seven Dogs Castle," which commemorates the capture of Severndroog Castle, on the coast of Malabar, by Sir W. James. We shall soon look upon his grave at Eltham, whither we are going. We think of Falstaff's robbery in "Henry the Fourth," and the two hundred courteous archers who, on a certain May-day, entertained here another Henry with one of his "Sweet Kates" in booths with loyal cheer and pageants; and then take our way, avoiding the somewhat dull road that lies between the hill and the village by following the field-path, with a right pleasant companion, through corn land and meadows purple with clover, over stiles and along hedges where the only flowers were those of the woodbine, the chamomile, the bramble, and the pimpernel. But the open petals of the latter reassured us, as we looked up with some dismay on the threatening clouds.

The title of Eltham was borne by John of Eltham, son of Edward II., who died in 1334: his elaborate effigy in St. Edmund's chapel, in West-

minster Abbey, presents the earliest specimen of a ducal coronet. By a confusion of names, the old hall has been frequently described as King John's. But omitting all memory of Lackland, we can re-people it with better men than he. The manor was held by the soldier-bishop, Odo, of Bayeux, by de Vesci, and de Mandevilles, and de Scropes; but the Crown long preserved a moiety, and now holds its entire extent. Many a gay and gallant gathering of barons and knights, courtiers and fair dames, have been held in the old palace. In 1270, Henry III. kept Christmas here, and Lionel the Regent, in 1347; Richard II., in 1384 and the two following years; Henry IV., in 1409 and 1412; we have Henry V. in 1414, and his weak successor in 1429. The last monarch who made Whitsun and Christmas cheer, was Bluff Hal, in 1515 and 1526; but on the latter occasion he came with so few attendants, owing to the raging of the plague, that the townsfolk, by way of distinction to past merry making, called it the Still Christmas. Anthony Bec, the only English Patriarch of Jerusalem, bestowed his new buildings on Queen Eleanor, and died here in 1311. Parliaments too, in 1329 and in 1375, have sat in the old Palace; in 1364, the captive John, king of France, came as an unwilling guest, and the exile King Leo, of Armenia, in 1386, when Richard II. fully maintained his reputation for superfluous hospitality.

Froissart, here a frequent guest, records how on a Sunday afternoon, in 1364, Edward and Philippa waited at the gates to receive the fallen monarch, and how, "between that time and supper, in his honour were many grand dances and carols, at which the young Lord de Courey distinguished himself by singing and dancing." It was a strange exhibition in the presence of a captive prince, who afterwards pathetically applied the complaint by the waters of Babylon to his own sorrowful case—"How can I sing in a strange land?" But the fascinating young nobleman contrived to win and wed the Princess Royal of England, so that he had no cause for regret on his own account. Eltham and Shene were the favourite palaces of Richard and the "good Queen" Anne, of Bohemia, the famous lady who introduced the side-saddle. Parliament met here to arrange the king's second marriage with Isabella of Valois, who was brought hither after her bridal, and set out from the gates to her coronation, as her namesake "the she-wolf of France" had done more than a century before, with her unfortunate husband, Edward of Carnarvon. Here, too, Henry IV. forbade the French ambassadors to speak of Richard to Isabella, as one too young (so the grim hypocrite declared) to know of the sorrows of this world. Here, too, he himself was espoused to Joanna of Navarre, in the presence of the primate and chief officers of state; Antonio Kiezi acting as the lady's proxy, and actually having the ring placed upon his finger.

Henry IV. feasted in fear, for the Duke of York, so report ran, designed to scale the walls, and rob him of life and crown together; and here he actually sickened in death-like trances of his mortal disease, before the approach of the unwelcome guest, who knocks with equal foot at cotters' doors

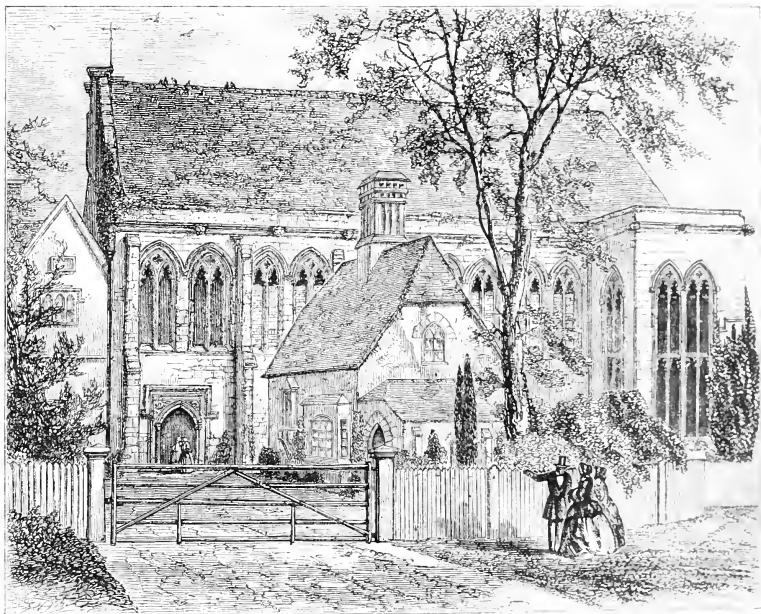
and at the golden gates of palaces. Two thousand guests in 1483 were entertained at Christmas, by Edward IV., whose daughter Bridget, who afterwards assumed the coif and wimple among the nuns of Dartford, was born here.

A more memorable personage, Philippa of Clarence, was cradled here; she married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March; and in her children centered the title to the crown of England.

In this palace, unhappy Henry VI., unconscious of his critical position, forsook his studies to hunt and follow field sports, under the watchful eye of his keeper, the Earl of March, while his wife and son, for whom he had restored the palace, were sheltering in Harlech Castle.

Henry VII. at intervals retired to Eltham, and Queen Mary or Queen Elizabeth would spend a few days in the almost forsaken palace, and King James I. has been known to pass a morning visit here; but Greenwich and Theobald's appeared to be more inviting to kings and queens, and the hall was left to the keeping of Sir John Gates, till his head fell on the scaffold; to Sir Christopher Hatton, "the dancing Chancellor;" and last of all, to Sir Robert, Earl of Essex, the noted general of the Parliament, who died here, 1646. The manor was afterwards bestowed on loyal Sir John Shaw, who befriended Charles II., when in exile at Brussels and Antwerp.

There is little to attract attention in the quiet rural village of Eltham, whose name of Edd-ham,



the old home, takes us back to the memory of a time long since past. Its street is now no more rendered lively by the cheerful bugle and the rattling wheels of the coaches to Folkstone and Maidstone; but its inn-gardens, with games of Mississippi and bowls, attract still the holiday makers of Woolwich and Charlton, on bright sunny afternoons, in summer and autumn. The training and breeding stables of Messrs. Blenkiron, often filled with as many as 500 horses, many of them of great value, and the passage of artillery on the march, may be reckoned among the chief objects of interest and enlivenment in the little village. Its church of St. John Baptist boasts a shingled spire, and a few architectural remains, in the north aisle, comparatively ancient, by contrast

to the ugly brickwork and modern windows, which constitute the large portion of the structure. The interior will not repay inspection, but there are some graves and monuments that deserve a mention. Here lies memorable John Dogget, co-manager with Wilks of Drury Lane theatre, to whom Congreve wrote stage-parts, and whose name is still preserved by the badge and coat which he offered as an annual prize for water-men, in loyal commemoration of the accession of George I. Sir W. James, of Severndroog fame; and Bishop George Horne, well known for his Commentary on the Psalms, are both buried here.

There have been well-known names connected with Eltham: here lived John Lilburne, who exchanged a captain's buff doublet and morion for a

Quaker's peaceful garb, and was pilloried by one party, and sent to the Tower by their opponents: hither Vandyke would come from the palace and galleries of London to spend his peaceful summer-holiday, changing the busy court for the seclusion and calm of the country; and a fine cedar and a house, still retaining some traces of the style of building that prevailed two centuries ago, mark the home and garden, where Sherard resided, and Dillenius shared his labours, and stored up that learning which procured for him the office of Professor of Botany in the University of Oxford. He has bequeathed to us an affectionate memorial of his friend and patron in the catalogue of plants known as Hortus Elthamensis. Messrs. Todman and Macklin still preserve in their nursery-gardens the old tradition of the beauty and excellence of the horticulture of Eltham.

The park, still the property of the Crown, is grazed by noble trees; but its oaks royal were devoted years since to the purposes of ship-building, and have been wrought up into many a gallant man-of-war; the deer were destroyed to make venison pasties by the soldiers and country-folks during the Commonwealth. The fair pleasure, the echoing courts, the king's lodging, presence and guard chamber, and the rooms in which the royal attendants and officers of state lodged, have all disappeared. The gateway and high walls of ruddy brick only remain to mark the site of the tiltyard. The moat is half dry, and the sluggish stream, lined with flat banks, carpeted with mossy grass, is still spanned by the bridge of four arches, which is cotemporaneous with the Hall: but the gateway and the "fair front towards the moat," built by Henry VII., have been replaced by two modern houses; and another, with three barge-board gables and corbelled attics to the east of the Hall, retains the designation of the buttery. There is a view of the Hall by Buck, dated 1735, which represents a great portion of the palace, with its quaint water-towers and moated walls still standing; but although Parliament in 1827 spent 700*l.* upon the repairs, the state of the Hall is sad enough now; full of litter of every sort, its windows unglazed or bricked up; with damp fastening in the naked walls, and rough rafters stretching across from side to side and meeting above the corbels. Forsaken as it is, and "to vile usage turned" as a barn, it yet retains traces of its ancient state, and, with a small outlay, might be rendered capable of being a fitting place for the exercise of regal hospitality. It was at once an audience chamber and refectory, for which its grand dimensions well fitted it, one hundred feet in length, fifty-five feet in height, and thirty-six feet broad. It is a perfect specimen of the great Banqueting Halls of the 15th century; the long line of clerestory, each bay composed of couplets of two light windows cinquefoiled and divided by transoms, admit broad streams of cheerful sunshine, which light up the thick trails of ivy that flow over the empty panes; its deep bay windows, with lights of open panels, now stripped of glazing, but enriched with groining and minute tracery, which flanked the dais, betoken the

progress which elegance and security had made at the period of their erection; the lofty walls continue to support a high pitched roof of oak, in tolerable preservation, with hammer-beams, carved pendants, and braces supported on corbels of hewn stone; and, although the royal table, the hearth, and *louvre* have disappeared, there are still remains of the Minstrels' Gallery, and the doorways in the oak screen below it, which led to the capacious kitchen, the butteries, and cellars, to tell each their several tale of former state.

The falcon, the fetter-lock, and *rose-en-soleil*, sculptured over the chief entrance, are the badges of the royal builder, Edward IV., who is represented by Skelton, as saying:—

"I made Nottingham a palace royal,
Windsor, Eltham, and many other mo';"

and we can in fancy repeople the deserted hall with its old tenants sitting at the banquet, or making merry with spectacle, dance, and masques; we can recall the stately procession of Elizabeth Woodville, marshalled here to accompany the queen elect to her coronation before the high altar of Westminster, or see her a mother, and crowned, watching with loving eyes the two young princesses whose birth here combined affectionate associations with her new home. Once more grave Bishop Longland shows the plan of the rising Cardinal College at Oxford, built by the munificent Wolsey, to the thoughtful Katharine of Arragon; again Henry the Inconstant whispers here soft words to Katharine Howard, the newly-married pair who have come hither for lover-like seclusion, talking apart in the sunny bay; or the buxom maids of honour, attendants of a third Queen Katharine, the happiest of the three, breakfast here at the long tables on chimes of beef, and drink strong ale poured from the foaming leathern jacks. Once more Queen Mary enters in state with Cardinal Pole and the Lord Montague, while the shouts of ten thousand persons without make the old rafters ring with their cries of welcome; or, a few short years later, Elizabeth, coquetting with the half-witted Earl of Arran, tells him how as a child she was brought hither to breathe a purer air than could be found by the river-side at Greenwich. Then the ideal pageant passes. But an hour ago we were talking of the strange discovery of huge trunks of yew trees, daily dug up in the neighbouring marshes of Plumstead, overwhelmed by the river long years since, and were thinking of the bold archers who came from Cressy, Agincourt, and Poitiers, to form the royal body guard here, when, as we turned unwillingly to take a last look, a placard on a board attracted our notice. It announced that "the 23rd Company of the North Kent Rifles would drill in the Old Hall," on certain days, weekly; and we could not but reflect that if

"The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things,"

still the brave hearts of England are not degenerate, and that the victorious yew-bow of old days is only exchanged for the rifle of Victoria.

SPIRIT-RAPPING MADE EASY; or, HOW TO COME OUT AS A MEDIUM.

BY ONE WHO IS IN THE SECRET.

THE writer of the present paper is induced to proffer his explanation of the phenomena produced by the so-called Spirit Mediums, from two or three circumstances peculiar to his own experience. He is disposed to look at the performances of the Spirit Mediums from a point of view somewhat different from that of their ordinary audience. In fact, he considers them as professional imitators, and would even regard them as professional associates, if they had but the honesty to acknowledge their craft. It is his inclination, under any circumstances, to watch them very closely; and, though he cannot allow their title to the rank of honest conjurers, he is interested in observing the means by which they produce their little results. So satisfied is he that his inferences are, in the main, correct, that after he has stated them, he is disposed to withhold his name, for the simple reason that, if it were known, he believes there would be no more spirit manifestations in his presence ever after. It would be just as impossible for him, as it proved for Robert-Houdin, on a certain well-known occasion, to communicate with the capricious spirits through the ordinarily successful medium Mr. Home. To make a free observation of the spirit world it will be found that we require an incognito; for the spirits are shy, the spirits are fastidious, the spirits are averse to every overture, if it comes from a suspected, because suspicious, inquirer. The spirits would not shake hands with me, for the spirits have no professional *esprit de corps*; and therefore it is that professional vigilance is not only alive to the mode of their manifestations, but takes an interest in drawing out these retiring shadows, and exhibiting their real pretensions to the public.

Another circumstance which induces me to take them by the hand was an incident in which I myself participated; I might say with whom, and when, and where; but that I have no inclination, as I said before, to exclude myself for ever from the spirit circle. It happened that I was present at a certain exhibition of two of the most popular Mediums of the day, and, after watching intently their whole performance, I ascertained the agencies by which it was accomplished. At all events, I was enabled at a subsequent performance to detect the spirits in a very palpable trick, resulting in their exposure and discomfiture (see fig. 10), and having since experimented, I can now perform all that they then exhibited to sight, hearing, or touch. I am confident I could tell, with a little further trouble, the means by which Mr. Home astonished the writer of a recent article in the "Cornhill Magazine;" and, possibly, I may do this hereafter, if it should appear to be wished for. For the present, however, I confine myself to the practice of the other Mediums on whose intercourse with the "sperrits" I have already experimented.

As a preliminary I have to make this general remark, that the means by which the "sperrits" usually manifest themselves, are far more simple than readers anticipate. When a witness experi-

ences anything he cannot account for, it is natural that he should refer this to some elaborate machinery adequate to what he considers the startling result. Let the reader, however, discard this impression at once, for it has a certain tendency to mislead his judgment. It is really the object of Mediums to depend on machinery as little as possible, for machinery is not only unintelligent, it may not only fumble and make mistakes, but it precludes that triumph of a medium's art, the submitting to the preliminary or subsequent test of an examination. The "lazy tongues," as they are termed, are far less serviceable and less frequently used, than the natural aptitudes of the human body, when these are above the natural average, or are carefully developed by discipline and education.

The first requisite, no doubt, is an impassive countenance, exhibiting no sense of shame, or fear of detection,—a natural, or acquired brass, the perfection of which will depend, of course, upon the morale of the performer.

After this, the secret of the Medium's power is the flexibility of her lower limbs. Her legs must do the work of arms, and her feet must be educated to act like hands. Any one who doubts this potentiality of the human frame knows nothing of its relation to the *Quadrumana*, or of the feats of the Indian jugglers. The Indian jugglers, as is known to the initiated, produce their most extraordinary effects by this very capacity. And therefore, we say, it is no use to contemplate coming out as a Medium unless you are provided with flexible legs and manipulative feet and toes.

The Medium so qualified must go through a course of gymnastics to enable her to move her lower limbs with pliancy, and especially to enable her so to move them without corresponding movements of the head and shoulders. She should even be able to perform the opera-dancer's feat of holding her hand above her head, and kicking the palm with her toe, as exhibited in the vignette to the popular "Memoirs of Mademoiselle Rigolboche;" which practice will enable her when standing on one foot to raise her knee nearly as high as her shoulder, as thus:—



Fig. 1.

The tendons of the knee, foot, and ankle, should next be strengthened by accustoming her, when seated on a chair, to raise great weights with her

foot; the leg acting as a lever, the other knee, over which it is crossed, acting as a fulcrum, thus:—

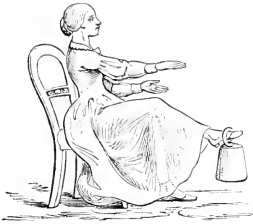


Fig. 2.

The feet from the ankle must be rendered peculiarly flexible, and able, in conjunction with each other, by placing the sole of one over the top of the other, to hold and snatch away with rapidity heavy and light articles, such as slates, books, &c.

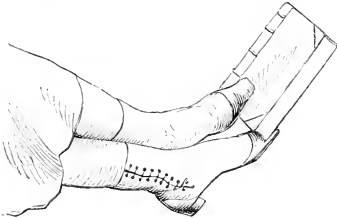


Fig. 3.

Acting in a similar manner, they must be accustomed to seize and nip substances between their sides, so that apparel can be pulled and pinches inflicted with the sharp edges of the two soles of the boots.

The feet must also be practised to clasp objects between their upper surfaces, by crossing the legs, so that, the soles of the boots not being felt, they may produce the sensation of a grasp by a hand.



Fig. 4.

I would recommend to the observant, a remarkable phenomenon which I myself perceived to be the consequence either of this facility or of the friction consequent upon other operations at the base of the table; viz., that the boots of Mediums are unusually worn in the upper leathers. I must add my conviction, however, that this indication of their activity will be carefully repaired after this communication.

The toes should also be exercised so as to enable

the Medium to rap with them as easily as other people can rap with the fingers, on which accomplishment it may be as well to consult "Fox's Confessions" in Professor Anderson's work on "Spirit-rapping."

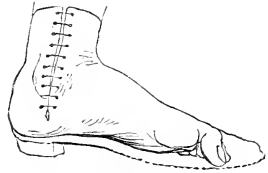


Fig. 5.

Section showing the Position of the Foot in the Boot.

The Medium must also practise writing with her feet by holding a lead or slate pencil between them. This can be easily done up to a certain point, though not to the perfection attained by the accomplished Miss Diffin. Such perfection in this really difficult operation is, however, unnecessary, as any kind of scribbling will pass for spiritual handiwork.

For the manipulation with the hands, very little practice is required, except in the production of surface raps, or rather the sounds which so nearly resemble them. These can be produced (I am stating a fact) by pressing the tip of the middle finger firmly on the polished surface of the table, and letting it start forward in short unobtrusive jerks. (Fig. 6.) If her hand be not naturally dry,



Fig. 6.

the Medium should lightly rub the finger-tips with bees'-wax, or powdered resin, both of which are imperceptible at the first glance. When, however, by constant practice, the finger has become corned, this addition will not be found requisite.

If the Medium thinks that the corn on her finger may tell tales, she may make the spirits rap by another method; that is to say, by using the surface of the nail of the first finger doubled sharply under it, and pressed heavily, at the same time that it is worked backwards and forwards, thus. (Fig. 7.) In either case she must

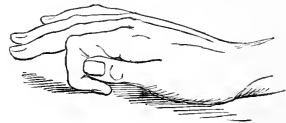


Fig. 7.

not hold her hands apart, but close together; one slightly covering the other to hide the movement, as in fig. 8.



Fig. 8.

To get up an effective séance, the Medium should procure an assistant to engage the attention of the sitters while she manipulates.

Great care must be taken to preserve a natural manner, yet the Medium must never be off her guard, and never make a slip. She must never admit that any of the phenomena emanate from herself, but continually protest that she has no hand in the matter.

Whenever she is asked if she can do anything, she must carefully and invariably reply in the negative.

She must never give a promise that anything will positively take place, but say the phenomena are influenced by the weather, or a thousand other causes. This will assist her, should she be enabled to detect the presence of any whose penetration she fears may be too much for her. Thus, as I stated, when Robert-Houdin was summoned before the Emperor of the French to see Mr. Home, no manifestation took place.

After these preliminary remarks, let me instruct the Medium

HOW TO CONDUCT HERSELF PROPERLY IN A SÉANCE.

Get your company into conversation, endeavouring to glean from their remarks whether they are penetrative or quite the reverse; treasure up any stray piece of information that may reach you, and use it up in the course of the evening; but your principal work must be that of drawing the long bow.

You and your assistant must relate the most extraordinary narratives conceivable. Small fibs are useless. A lie obtains credence in proportion to its enormity; for, though the statements you make are difficult to believe, it is still more difficult to conceive a woman audacious enough to invent them. Accept it as an axiom, that "society," as it is called, is highly credulous, and, as Locke says, "He who is disposed to believe is already half convinced."

You will find plenty of weak-minded people who will help you out by relating anecdotes of their own self-deceptions which will carry additional weight from the position they hold in society, whilst nothing will be deducted for their want of penetration; a faculty which everybody believes he possesses, but to which none can attain in perfection, without a considerable amount of patience and study.

When you judge that you have worked the majority of your company into a proper state of mental perplexity, seat yourselves at a large round table (pretty nearly 4 feet diameter, with a centre column and three feet), the specific gravity of which is small in proportion to its immense leverage. Whip off the cloth; ask if there are any spirits present, and reply in the affirmative by surface rubs.

Having stated yourself to be *en rapport*, to all questions asked by the sitters you reply also by surface-rubs—three indicating an affirmative, one

negative, and two, when your information is imperfect, or your nail or corned finger fails to bring out the sound.

Now state that the spirits will dictate the particular place each person is to occupy. Rap accordingly, placing the suspicious ones at a distance, and the sympathetic close to you, and tell them all to place their hands on the table; for this you have a double reason, first to give a mysterious aspect to the séance, and last, though not least, to keep their hands out of mischief.

During the séance you need not confine yourself to the particular knocks already described, you may give others with the sharp edge of the sole of your boot against the foot, or kicks straight up against the bottom of the table. Any mysterious noise that you can succeed in making—by creaking the leather of your boot against the wood—will pass for a rap. When your audience is pretty far gone, you may trust to chance inspirations.

By making the raps louder or fainter, they will appear to come from different parts of the room, provided you have first indicated the quarter from whence they are to be expected.

This is difficult to believe, but you or the pensive reader may be easily convinced by the following experiment: Place a glass tumbler and a shilling on the table, having another tumbler and a shilling concealed in your lap; hold the shilling between the thumb and finger, make three feints at the one in view, and three corresponding *bona fide* blows on the concealed tumbler; then ask the spectator how many times you struck the tumbler on the table; he will unhesitatingly reply three, and will refuse to believe you when you state that you did not strike it even once. This is simply a type of an infinite series of similar deceptions.



Fig. 9.

When you wish to answer questions with any degree of certainty, if you have not obtained private information, place an alphabet before the dupe, and tell him to point to the letters or repeat them aloud; you will easily, by acute observation, be enabled to detect a slight anxiety in tone or manner when the right letter is reached, and then rap accordingly.

Let us suppose that an individual requires the presence of his brother Charles' spirit, the inquiry will proceed as follows:

Q. Are any of my relations present ?

A. Rub, rub, rub.

Q. Female ?—(calmly).

A. Rub.

Q. Male ?—(anxiously).

A. Rub, rub, rub.

Q. Will you spell your name ?

A. Rub, rub, rub.

Q. A, B, C ?—(interrogatively).

A. Rub, rub, rub.

Q. A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H ?—(pauses).

A. Rub, rub, rub.

And so on until you have made him spell the entire name, to which in most cases he will assist you, though a choice of names written out is infinitely less tedious.

A wary person may, however, easily frustrate this process by running through the alphabet, and studiously avoiding all emphasis, or by designedly emphasising, which is worse, the wrong letter, so that you find you are compounding utter nonsense,—that, in fact, he is leading the spirits by the nose to a brick wall. Of course you get out of this difficulty by saying that the spirits are uncertain or capricious, or that, for the sake of mere fun, they wilfully perplex you.

As soon as the spirits decline to rap correctly, or earlier, if you please, you may suggest to the company that they may even be touched by spirit hands. To indicate their power, place a hand-bell underneath the table and ring it with your feet; then commence (by the methods already described) pulling the ladies' dresses and gentlemen's trousers, pinching their feet and ankles, and even lifting their legs off the ground, by clasping them round the ankle, as in figure 4. To operate upon each person with equal facility, frequent change of place will be necessary, and as it would not do for you to leave your seat, you rap out C, H, A, X, G, E, when this is desirable.

You may next invite a person to throw down a pencil, and hold a slate underneath the table; snatch it from him with your two feet, in the mode shown in figure 3, and deposit it on the floor, feel about for the pencil with your feet, pick it up, and commence scratching on the slate to the best of your ability, relying on the sound to affect the company, while they are in a state of absurd suspense. If the writing be illegible, as it is nearly sure to be, say that it is very bad to-night, but that, on other evenings, the spirit autographs were remarkably clear, in proof of which you will exhibit some specimens written by hand and kept for the purpose. You can even assert that communications are frequently made in the hand-writings of different members of the company, and so avail yourself of a fib which none of the present company can contradict.

You may next place a Bible under the table for the spirits to turn over the leaves; of course you can kick them over with your feet, or as the book, on account of its thickness, refuses to keep open in one place, you can put your foot aside, and invite the sitters to look under the table, and see the leaves turning over without your assistance. When the company have resumed their original positions you may slip your right foot under one leaf, place your left *firmly* on the page, and lifting the toe of

your right boot, turn up the corner and tread it sharply down; then shut the book with your foot, lift it with both feet, thrust it into your neighbour's lap, and rap out that he is to open it. He will of course find the leaf turned down, and will be edgelling his brains to find an application of the particular text. While he or others are thus occupied, you may, if the opportunity present itself, seize a man's foot under the table and bend it backwards and forwards; but should previously satisfy yourself (this is very material) that he has on leather, and not *dress boots with silk tops*, or he will be enabled to detect, with painful certainty, that he is seized not by a single hand, but by a pair of feet encased in women's boots, and those boots without a doubt yours. After this he will cease to wonder at the sharp pinches inflicted on his ankles, or the facility with which you snatch articles from people's hands under the table.

You may now proceed to your crowning experiment, which consists in making the table rise clear off the ground, still maintaining its upright position. As a preliminary, you make it go through some extraordinary evolutions by alternately pressing and pushing the top with your hands, contrary to Michael Faraday's theory, by *voluntary* and not involuntary muscular action. You then allow the agitated table a little respite while you cross the right leg over the left knee, and insert the end of your right foot under the base which supports the column; maintain the pressure of your hands as you straighten your leg, and the table will rise perpendicularly about two feet from the ground.

Before, however, attempting this astounding feat, care should be taken that no wary person is sitting within reach, or he may dash out his foot, as a friend of mine did, and catch yours under the ankle, pinning you to the table with your leg in the air, as in the illustration below, a position from which you will find great difficulty in extricating yourself, without bringing the séance to an ignominious termination.



Fig. 10.

You will probably be asked, if the spirits will rap when your feet are in full view; of course you will answer in the affirmative, though knowing well they will not, unless you can get some one to hammer in an adjoining room. In this case you should take away the hammer when you leave, especially if it does not belong to the house, and should not leave it to tell your secret, as it did in the case I refer to.

You should also avoid the experiment of making an old pianoforte, with open lattice-work, play when closed, in the presence of similar wary people, or they will surely walk up to it and tap on the wires through the very same holes, producing similar results.

The foregoing suggestions are an exact transcript of the deceptions practised by two well known London Mediums in the presence of the writer, whose name, together with those of the gentlemen who were present at the exposure, the Editor is empowered to publish should he think proper.

Incidentally, the writer would say a few words to some persons in private life, who, actuated by no other motive than a pure love of mischief,

practise similar deceptions on their unsuspecting friends. As the latter can imagine no interested motive, they blindly believe in the supernatural origin of the phenomena, and consequently circulate reports which obtain credence on their authority. The practical jokes, which have so deluded them, may appear harmless; but should the deception remain undiscovered, it is likely to implant in many a weak mind the germ of insanity, which all future explanations will fail to eradicate.

To the professional Mediums, I say, I am watching their performances, and, if necessary, will offer them some further instructions hereafter.

KATERFELTO.

THE ICEBERG.

BY A. STEWART HARRISON.



"You've been a whaler, Ben?"

"Ay, sir, I have; many long years ago, tho'."

"Now, what do you think of as the most perilous of your enterprises?"

"D'you mean what I think most difficult—wonderful-like?"

I nodded.

"Well, sir, I've been pitched out of a boat many a time; once, I recollect, that I was pitched out and got a touch with his tail as well. Lord bless you! it gave me a head-ache for a month, to say nothing of the ducking."

"Ever seen any ice?"

"I should say I had. There's a note-book in

that corner drawer—no; that one under the further end—that's got something about ice in it. Ay! that's it, pictures and all. Why I drew these five-and-twenty year ago. Hardly seems like it, tho'. It's a rum story, it is—sort of Robinson Crusoe like. You've read that?"

"A good many times. Did you ever know anybody who hadn't?"

"I never knew a youngster that hadn't. I believe that book's been the cause of more boys going to sea than any that was ever written."

"Suppose we look over your note-book; I should like to see *your* story."

"Oh! it isn't written so that you could under-

stand it; but I'll look at it, and tell you the story, if you like—but I must begin at the beginning, as they say. You must know I once felt a kind of liking for a girl; call her Esther Thompson—I don't say that's her real name, but that'll do. She didn't care much for me, and I was only second-mate then. I thought it was that, so I tried to get a first-mate's berth as soon as I came home from a short voyage I'd agreed to go to make up my time to the owners. She said she'd wait and not marry anyone till I came back. With that I went off. When I came home I went there and she was gone they didn't know where. I soon learned that, about a month after I left, there had been a handsome sailor-fellow after her, and she seemed to have taken with him rather much. I'd been gone about eight months. I talked to mother about it, and after a little I found that she thought Esther was not fairly done by by this chap, Montague Fitzjames, as he called himself. In short, she was ruined, and had run away. I went nearly mad at this, and set out to find her, and after about three months I found her at Manchester. I didn't go into her place at first, but asked some questions about her in the neighbourhood, and found she'd got a child—a boy—and was working at shirt-making for a living, and was quite a decent woman. I knew she'd have died rather than be what some would have turned to in her case. So I went up and saw her. She was dreadfully thin, and her eyes bright and far back in her head. The baby was lying in a cradle by the fire—such a little bit it hardly kept the room warm.

“‘Esther,’ says I, ‘do you know me?’

“‘She looked up and saw me.

“‘Ben!’ says she, and then fainted off dead in her chair.

“‘I took some water out of the basin, and sprinkled her face a bit, undid the top hooks of her gown, and took off her bit of velvet round the neck. She came to, and broke out:

“‘Oh! Ben, Ben! I've done wrong. I know it, but I've suffered the punishment. I've not seen him now for four months, come Wednesday, and the child's a month old to-morrow. Oh, Ben! I know I've done wrong! You must forgive me; he was such a handsome man and so fond of me. I knew he didn't mean to wrong me.’

“‘It was a queer notion of hers that I should forgive her 'cause he was such a handsome chap. I was rather, till the small-pox spoilt my phiz. I says to her:

“‘Esther, you've done wrong, I know, but it's not for me to punish you. God has begun that, and there ain't wanting them as will be willing enough to help Him punish a woman, if they ain't willing to help Him any other way. I'm sorry for you, Esther. I'm not going to blame you, I want you to go home again.’

“‘No, no, Ben! I can't do that. Why all the girls of the place will mock me.’

“‘Says I, ‘I can't help it, Esther; but think of the old man and the old woman at home. I came home three months ago, and have been looking for you ever since. I saw them not two weeks back, and, if you'd have heard him ask if I'd found you, you'd go back.’

“‘I can't—they'll curse me! I know they will. I can't go back. Father was so looked up to like amongst them all. No, Ben! I can't go back.’

“‘Esther, they won't curse you, I know. I found 'em just mad when I went to them first, but I went to the new curate, who was just come to the place instead of old Jenkins, and told him about it, and he came down to see them, and read them that chapter about the prodigal son and about the lost sheep, and talked to 'em, and old mother cried—I saw him wipe his eyes, too,—so they won't curse you. Come, Esther, go back with me—do now.’

“‘Back with you, Ben? No, not that. Why, they'd speak against me, Ben—say I was soon suited again.’

“‘Go back, then, anyhow, will you? I tell you if you don't, you'll kill the old folks.’

“‘She began to hesitate at this, so I left her to herself a bit, for I know enough of woman-kind to know that when they hesitate it's best to let 'em alone—let 'em seem to choose of themselves.

“‘Well, she agreed to go at last: then came another difficulty; she was a fortnight behind in rent. I told her I would *lend* her some money. I knew she would not take it as a gift, so I made her sign a paper for 1*l.*, and she paid, and next day we came home. I took her to the old folks, and then left them all together. I was not one of the family, you know. After a day or two I went down, and then they were all gratitude to me. I took it all as matter-of-fact as possible, though I could have blubbered my eyes out. Then came another hitch: they had inquired, and no one would employ her. I hadn't thought of this, but I didn't say anything about it then; but when I left I went to the curate again. I don't know what made me take a fancy to him, for I was not a regular pious man, never could see it that way as some people do; I suppose we ain't made all alike; but one day I saw him pick up a child that had tumbled down in the road just outside the village; pull out his white handkerchief and wipe the mud off its knees and hands, then find a clean place to wipe its eyes with, give it a penny, I suppose, and then walk a little way with it back, holding his hand. I didn't know then he was the curate, for his clothes were not black, but a sort of reddish grey; no white choker either, but just a sailor's knot and the ends flying. Well, thinks I, when I heard who it was, that beats me—his white handkerchief too—he's the sort of Christian I like, so I went to hear him at church, and I liked him there too. Well, as I was saying, I went to him next day about eleven o'clock; he asked me in, and his wife was sitting there. She was a little grey-eyed woman, very pale and thin, more like a little girl than a woman, till you noticed her.

“‘Alice, dear, this is Mr. Stevens, that I told you about.’

“‘I remember; I hope you found her, Mr. Stevens.’

“‘Yes, ma'am, I have—I've come about her.’

“‘Sit down, Ben,’ says he. I do like a fellow who calls you by your Christian name—seems more friendly than Mr. So I sat down. ‘Now, what can we do for you, eh?’

"I told him that nobody would employ her here, as she'd lost her character, and that her father and mother could not keep her, though she might live with them. So I asked him if he'd mind paying her to make shirts for a man in Liverpool I knew? He'd pay sixpence each for the making of the shirts, and I'd leave her my half-pay, for I made up my mind to go a long voyage, if he'd make it out so that it should seem as if she was earning more for the shirts than the sixpence, for I knew she'd never take the money of me. Well, he agreed to do it. 'For,' says I, 'I think we are all of us too much down on a woman when she goes wrong. What would it be,' says I, 'if people were to serve us men in the same way? A good many of us would have to beg.'

"'Ben,' says he, 'you're right there!' starting from his chair quite excited like; 'you're right, man!' and he groaned as if he was in pain.

"'My dear Walter,' said his wife, and she put her hand on his shoulder. He sat down, trembling like.

"'I meant no offence,' says I, 'none, sir. I—'

"'No, Ben, I know it; but a random-shot tells sometimes.'

"I noticed that she'd let her hand slide down from his shoulder, and had caught hold of his hand with both hers. She was sitting just a little behind him, as he sat back in the easy chair. She thought I could not see in the shadow of the chair, but I could see, and she was holding his hand as hard as she could.

"'No, Ben,' says he; 'but we're none of us better than we should be, and ought therefore to be less harsh than we are. I've no reason to complain though, thank God.' He turned and looked back at her.

"I never saw such a change come over a woman's face before. She opened her grey eyes and looked at him in a way that put me in mind of a flash of sheet lightning in the twilight in summer—when it's not quite dark, you know—and the light of it makes it seem as though day was come back again. I never saw such a look; it said as plain as words, she knew all, and forgave him, and loved him enough to die for him. It did me good did that look, and when I've been inclined to joke about women being censorious and fault-finding, I've thought of it. I think she must have had what some women would call 'good cause' to find fault from the way he spoke, but she didn't. So they agreed to give Esther my half-pay, so that she should think it came from the shirts.

"I went down to Esther just before I left to say 'good-bye,' and tell her about the work.

"'Esther,' says I, 'I'm going a long voyage—perhaps four years—whaling. You know I went two or three voyages before. Now don't leave the old folks again, there's a good girl. You'll never find that—'

"I was going to say 'fellow,' but I didn't; for you can't do yourself more harm in a woman's eyes than to call her lover names.

"'You'll never find Fitzjames, unless he comes back here, I know; so don't leave them.'

"'Ben,' says she, and the tears were in her

eyes, 'you've been a friend to me. I'll never forget it. I know he'll come back—I'm sure of it, and if he don't I'll never marry another man. He never meant to do me a wrong like this, I know. He got into mischief through drink;—he never meant me to come to this, I know.'

"'God bless you, Esther. Good-bye.'

"She came up to me, put her arms round my neck and kissed me.

"'Ben,' says she, 'you always seem like a brother to me—always did, and that's why I kiss you. You've been a good brother to me; I wish you'd never have tried to be more.'

"'Good-bye, Esther,' and I kissed her for the first time in my life."

My friend, Ben Stevens, has a cough which obliges him to use his handkerchief now and then. The red and yellow Bandana was in vigorous action for a few seconds now.

"So I determined to go on a whaling-voyage, as that was the hardest life I knew, and hard work keeps a man from thinking of himself and his feelings. Taking in the foresail with a north-east gale blowing, don't leave a fellow much time to look inside himself, neither does harpooning, when you like to do it like a man.

"Well, I went, you see, to Aberdeen, and shipped for mate in the Belle of Aberdeen, Captain Macaulay. We left in March and reached Cape Farewell about the middle of April, but as the wind fell dead as we left the harbour we got into the Spitzbergen drift, and were carried with it as far as 66° north; then we met with a regular northerly breeze that chilled you through to snuff it.

"Of course it froze us up, being early in the season, and there we were till nearly the end of May, the wind north the whole time.

"One morning, after breakfast, the captain says to me:

"'Mr. Stevens, there's a little west in the wind this morning; it may go round south, so that we can get out of this perhaps if the ice breaks up with it.'

"'I was in the nest this morning,' said Cummins, our second-mate, and it seemed to me that that shore-lane reached open water.'

"'Might be worth while to cut a bit to get into it, in case this don't get southerly,' said the captain.

"'Might be worth while to track it and see. We could get some game perhaps if we didn't find what we want about the lane,' says I.

"'That's true,' says the captain. 'We'll see how the wind is in an hour, and then get up a party to go.'

"The wind shifted a little to the northward, so we got up the party; the Captain, of course, couldn't leave the ship, so I was one, and he told me to take my pick of the men.

"'I chose a fellow, I think,' said Ben, reflectively, 'the handsomest chap I ever set eyes on. His eyes seemed to dance when he smiled; and a jollier, more good-natured fellow I never knew. Lord, what songs he used to sing—anything—comic or love-songs! Why, to hear him sing My Pretty Jane, in the fore-castle of a night, was a

regular treat. I've heard many a one at the singing-gaffs at Liverpool that couldn't come near him. And dance! I never saw a fellow so smart on his legs. He used to do the Lancashire clog-dance in an old pair of cut-down sea-boots, and you'd hear the clatter in the ice hills like the muskets at a review. I quite loved the fellow,—he did his work so easy—wanted no telling—saw your drift in a minute, and I don't think he missed the weather-earring once the whole voyage. Jack Sands, he called himself.

"There was another I took with me, 'Sleepy Sam,' they called him. I've known him to go fast asleep on the look-out, and the ship pitching no small way neither.

"We took a bag with some grub, and our pan-nikins, in case we should have to spend the night out.

"It was not so mighty cold as you'd think in the daytime, for we were only just inside the winter ice-line, and with a south-wind that would shift to the north'ard past us.

"Just as we were going over the side a lad we had on board wanted to go with us. He was the owner's son, and had been sent aboard to cure him of a desire to go to sea. There's as many gets the desire for life that way as gets cured. Captain said he couldn't go, but he begged so hard that I asked leave for him, and said I'd take care of him; so he came with us three.

"We traced the lane till night, and then got under the cliff, lit a bit of fire with the drift wood, pulled out the coffee and biscuits, and so did pretty well. We laid down round the fire, one keeping watch. I found it precious cold with only the blanket and my pea-jacket; and I was obliged to hug up the youngster, he felt so bad. I don't know but what both were warmer for it. In the morning we had some more coffee and some pork. It got light enough about eight bells to go on; and when we got into the wind it was dead south, and felt as warm as summer. We got on, and had some dinner, and started again; we could see the water sky ahead, so pushed on. The lane was open nearly all the way; here and there we should have to cut a bit, but not much.

"About two o'clock, we sighted the water itself. There was a good deal of surface-drift to the edge of the pack, but the thaw was going on fast; right ahead there was a biggish berg; so we left 'Sleepy Sam' at the bottom, and climbed up,—I, and Sands, and the boy.

"'Can't get back to-night if we try for it,' said Sands. 'Anyhow we'd best stop, and make a long day of it to-morrow.'

"I thought this was a good plan; so we went down again, expecting to find Sam.

"He was gone—clean gone! not a trace of him anywhere. We shouted and fired our guns, but could hear nothing in return.

"'Must stay now,' said the boy; 'it's getting dark, and we shan't do any good stumbling over the hummocks to-night.'

"So we stayed.

"'Best get up on the berg again,' said Sands. 'He'll stand more chance of seeing us, and we him.'

"We got a few sticks, and lit a fire again; and

I said I'd watch for the first spell. Sands and the youngster lay down, and I watched.

"I never rightly knew how it was, but I was waked up by falling right on my face. I crawled up, and found that the berg was adrift from the pack, and had risen at least ten feet higher, and all on one side.

"Sands and the boy woke up as soon as I did, and, says Sands,

"'She's adrift, Stevens!'

"He looked awful pale, he did; for we could see it was just morning. True enough she was adrift, and knocking about in the small ice in a way that made us hold on fast to anything to keep our feet.

"She kept slowly drifting to the east'ard along the edge of the pack, breaking it up as she went; so that there was no chance of our getting off it on to the main fast ice to reach the ship.

"About an hour or two after she started, the youngster says to me,

"'Mr. Stevens,'—

"'Drop the "Mr.," says I; 'it don't sound natural.'

"'Well, Stevens, then; there's Sam.'

"True enough, there he was, running along the edge of the pack, like a racehorse; but he soon stopped. We signalled him that it was no use, and motioned him to go back to the ship for help, though there was small chance of his finding his way there in time to do us any good.

"So he went back; and it made us feel queer, I can tell you, to see his back get smaller and smaller, till he was nothing but a little black mark the size of your finger on the ice; and then, worst of all, he went over a hummock that quite hid him.

"All this while, till night-fall, we were drifting to the east'ard; whether it was the current or the wind I can't tell, but away we went, jerking and shaking now and then fit to shake us off.

"'Cheer up,' says I to the youngster; 'there's many a man been adrift before; it'll make something to tell the governor when you get home.'

"'How are we to get home?' says he, quite mournful-like, almost crying; that 'home' of his didn't sound common-like when he said it.

"'Oh!' says Sands; 'all right. Make ourselves jolly till we're taken off it; she'll lodge down against a bit there—look, Stevens.'

"He pointed out a bit of a bay, with a long piece of floe fast to the main, right athwart our bows as she was then going.

"'We'd best get down there,' says I, 'so as to be ready.'

"So we got down on the nearest point, as we thought, ready. She squeezed up the small ice as she neared it, so that we were obliged to get up higher.

But we could have reached the floe, and got to the ship, when the youngster slipped down, and called out,

"'Stevens,' says he, 'I'm gone!'

"And, sure enough, he would have gone slap down into the open water if his gun hadn't stuck in a crack.

"He was so badly bruised—for he'd slipped over a dozen blocks, that he couldn't walk.

"What's to be done now?"

"Done!" says Sands, quite savage. "Why the devil didn't you keep your feet, you young fool?" and he picked him up, and we might almost have done it, when I sung out,

"Hold hard, Sands! she's adrift again!"

"She was, too; the floe piece had parted from the main, and was going on before us; and it swung us round right into the stream again.

"There now," says he, "that's your damned clumsiness has done that job; we should have done it if it hadn't been for you, and I could do it now if I was by myself."

"And I think he could, for the end of the piece was still touching the pack about a quarter of a mile off.

"Well," says I, "it's no use growling; he didn't mean to fall, I suppose."

"Cause, you see, I never could see the good of blaming a fellow when he'd got to suffer for himself.

"All right!" says Sands, "I was a little out, but it's all over. Let's make ourselves comfortable for the night—it's no use grumbling, Stevens, as you say."

"So we got the grub and ate it. Of course we had no fire, and felt precious cold as the wind fell. We all went to sleep, and in the morning I woke first.

"Sands," says I, "here's a go."

"We've got in the north current," says he.

"So we had. There was not a bit of ice within a hundred yards of us; we could just see the blink in the distance.

"No getting back to the ship now, Sands."

"No," says he; "ship must come to us—we're in for it—it's infernally cold, tho', let's get round to the wind'ard."

"We took the youngster's arm, for he could walk a little now, and got round to wind'ard. Here it was better—not quite so cold. We had breakfast; no fire again tho', and sucking a bit of ice is a poor make-up for a cup of hot coffee, let alone the flavour, even.

"Now," says I, "look here, boys; we're likely to be here a goodish bit, we may as well see what we've got."

Here Ben took the note-book from the table, and turned over the pages, muttering "Lost fore-topsail sheet-block," "Monk sprained his ankle," "spoke the Mary Anne," "ice seen," "left ship," "adrift," "Oh! here, that's it."

"You see," said Ben, addressing me, "I always had to keep the log, and I used to keep a log of my own at the same time, till at last it got such a way with me that I felt as if I hadn't done my duty if there was no log kept—got to be a regular thing with me. Lord, sir! there's in that bottom cupboard the logs—'diaries' is printed on the back: I call 'em logs—of all I've done since I left the sea. I do it every day after tea, and can't quite be happy without it. I heard the minister say some poetry about that kind of thing—

"Use doth breed a habit in a man,"

"I think it was.

"Now this here, as I said, is the log of my

voyage in 'the floating island,' as I called it in joke once to the missus. She said it was so good a name that it's always been called so since."

"Well," said I, "what had you got when you came to count up?"

"Three guns—one was rifled—that was the boy's—fine handsome stock it had, too, very light, tho'; but, Lord! they let these only sons have anything. Two hatchets—short handles—the boy hadn't got one. Then there was three blankets and our clothes we'd got on. There was in the three bags about twelve pounds of fat pork, eoked, and about the same of biscuit. Sands had some tea, but Sleepy Sam had got all the coffee in his bag, so we'd none with us. I'd got a bit of lanyard in my jacket pocket. One large fish-hook—that was the queerest thing. Sands says to the boy:

"What's that in the corner of your bag?"

"Oh! it's a hook to catch shark with. Aunt Nelly gave it me."

"Sure enough it was a big barbed hook with a cork on the end—he was a careful boy that—and a bit of chain to it, about two feet.

"And what did you bring it here for?" says I. "Expect to catch sharks?"

"Lord! how Sands laughed.

"No," says the boy; "only the captain said you'd most likely shoot some seals, so I thought that would stick into them to drag them along over the ice."

"It wasn't such a bad notion, you see; so Sands gave over laughing. I think that was about all we'd got with us, and a poor look-out it was, too. There was food enough, on short allowance, to last us about five days. By that time, we thought, if we had got into what they call the Arctic cold-current, we should get down to about 61° or so, and fall in with some whalers. So we made up our minds to it, and set about getting a little to rights. The first point was to get warm, because the cold is not only unpleasant, but makes you eat more, if you've got it, and want more if you haven't.

"The wind still kept south, and soon we could see nothing but our own bit of ice all round. When we got to wind'ard it felt warm, so we took all the things round to wind'ard, and cut a hole in the ice to put them in, with a small gutter leading from it so as to keep 'em from the wet. Then we cut a sort of platform level to stand on, but it was dreadfully sloppy; the ice was melting as fast as it could—running down in streams from the top, as the sun shone on it, and making the air quite damp.

"Next morning, we resolved on a search of 'the island,' as we called it. Sands and I, with the two guns, went; the boy stayed on the platform to look out."

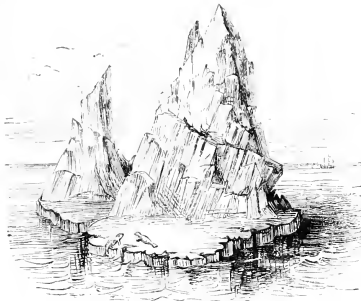
"How large was it, Stevens, altogether?"

"I should say about three times as big as a thousand-ton vessel—of course, of a different shape. Here's the sketch I made of it;* it's as near as I could remember. You see there were two peaks and a bit of floe at the bottom. It wasn't so big, by a long chalk, as some I've seen, you know.

"Let's see—where was I? O, I know. Sands

* See cut, page 412.

and I went down to the floe-piece, and says I to Sands, 'That'll break off soon; it can't stand the wash;' for it was only about six feet through,



quite new ice. So we went round the base of the pyramid, keeping as close in as possible, and holding on every step, for it was sloppy and slippery as possible.

"Hist!" says Sands; "listen."

"I listened, and heard something different to the splash of the waves—more splash and splutter-like.

"Seals," says Sands.

"And it was, too—three fine ones; they'd been regularly trapped like us. Their holes were up six or eight feet above them; they'd come through the holes and lay on the edges before the bit broke off the main pack and canted; so they slid down till they stopped where the berg began, in a place like the angle of the letter V. They stared at us, and we stared at them; but we soon gave over that; for we knocked 'em on the head.

"But the job was, what to do with them; so Sands and I went back, and got the boy's hook; and with the bit of cord I'd got, we got 'em all three on the platform where the boy was.

"It got dark by this time, and we put off skinning them and cutting them up till next day.

"Next day we cut 'em up and skinned 'em.

"I say, Stevens," says the youngster, "can't you make some shoes out of the skin with the hair downwards on the soles; they'd have a better hold on the ice—and you can cut them into strips cross-ways, like this—see?" And he scratched on the ice with his knife like this.



"We made them to go over the boot, and soon found we could walk about as easily again. The flesh we put in our 'ice-chest,' as Sands called it, for he laughed at everything now the boy was well.

"We made some oil, too, tho' it was a tedious job, for we'd only got three pannikins; however, we turned one into a lamp with some shreds of the cotton shirt Sands had. Of course we could get a light with our gun-flints and damp powder; and then boiled it down half a pint at a time, and made a hole in the ice to keep it in; for if the water melted, it only went to the bottom of the hole and settled, while the oil floated.

"Five days went on, and the biscuit was all

gone; so was the pork. We had nothing but the seal beef, but there was enough of that to last a month.

"That same evening, I says to Sands and the boy, 'Look here, now; suppose anything passes at night, we can't see it, and they can't see us. Suppose we take watch and watch to look out; for there's no knowing how long this game's to last.'

"'Won't last long,' says Sands, 'if it keeps this breeze from the south'ard; it's melting fast day and night, and there'll be nothing left in a week or two, when we get down into the sun; not much fear of crossing the line in this ship. I've left many a ship,' says he, 'but I never had a ship leave me like this seems to be going to.'

"He was right enough; the whole thing would melt before we could get off it. It kept rising out of the water more and more; for the air was warmer than the water a good deal, and it melted it fast.

"'Look here, Stevens; suppose anything does see us, they'll give us as wide a berth as possible; you can't make 'em hear a mile off, you know.'

"'No,' said I, 'but we can make 'em see three miles off.'

"So we set to work, and made three lamps out of the skulls of the seals, and very good lamps they made too; a bit of old shirt made the wick, and then we had to cut a track to each lamp. We put them as near as we could guess to the four points of the compass, and lighted them next night; it was a pretty sight to see the reflection in the water; the ice being white showed the light beautifully. The oil lasted about six hours in each, for we didn't have a big wick. The pannikin lamp we kept where we slept, and then had to go round to the others to see them all safe. We kept the wind off with blocks of ice.

"One night, it must have been on the 12th out, the boy was on the look-out, and came to me; 'Stevens,' says he, 'I see a sail I think.' I didn't call out, 'cause of waking Sands, he seemed getting dull-like. I started up, and looked where he pointed, and, sure enough, there she was, about half a mile to wind'ard; the wind had shifted a little to the east. I shouted and waked Sands. Poor fellow! he was nearly mad, screaming and shouting frightfully.

"'I tell you what it is, Sands,' says I, 'You're doing yourself no good by this—we must make 'em see us if we're to do any good. Get some more of that shirt of yours for a bigger wick to this, and then go round to fetch the other lamps.'

"He got a bit of the shirt and we got the lamps together; it must have made 'em see I should have thought, but they didn't seem to; and after about half an hour they steered away from us.

"You see it was about the last thing to think of that any one should be on an iceberg so far south as we were, and a berg's a thing to steer clear of if you can.

"It gave us all a queer feeling when we lost sight of her. The boy and Sands cried. I saw it was no use being down-hearted about it, though I'm afraid I cursed the skipper of that vessel pretty much; so I made 'em take the lamps

back to their places, and took the rest of the boy's watch myself.

"Poor youngster—he cried himself to sleep. You see we'd had twelve days of it, and not a dry rag on us since the first day. Our skins were quite sore and covered all over with little pimples; and round the waist and neck, where the clothes rubbed, there were quite sores. You try a poultice anywhere for twelve days, and see what it'll do for you. Poor Sands—he was worse than either of us.

"So we went on, day after day—plenty of food—seal beef.

"Some days we saw ships, some days none. It was weary work, but I kept 'em up to it: there's nothing like regular work to keep you from brooding over unpleasantness—nothing. Sometimes we got a shot at some birds, but more than half fell in the water.

"On the eighteenth day we were nearly thrown down by the breaking off of the small pointed piece you see in the sketch.

"It broke off and splashed into the water with an awful noise, and almost sunk, and then came up again, and shook us to pieces as it rubbed against our piece. Next day it separated and got farther off, and on the second day it was hull down, and we lost it at night.

"That was the twenty-first day, and the sun was hot—not warm, but hot. We got a few dry clothes by stretching them out to windward on the ramrods, but they got sopped again at night.

"Sands gave up on this night—he couldn't take his watch, he was so bad. We must have got into warmer water, too, for instead of rising out of the water it began to sink—more one side than the other, too, so that the tracks were getting too slippery to be safe. Another thing I noticed was, that the whole affair turned round sometimes with the sun, sometimes the other way, and then again was quite still for a day at a time.

"On the twenty-fourth day—the boy was gone to light the lamps. Sands says to me, 'How long will he be gone?'

"'A half an hour,' says I.

"'Stevens,' says he.

"I told him to say Ben.

"'Ben, then,' says he, 'I'm not going to last much longer. I feel it here, somehow—sort of warning.'

"He did look awful bad, but I told him to cheer up; we might get taken off any time for we were just in the track now.

"'No, no,' says he, 'it's all over with me, I feel it here,' and he put his hand on his breast. Lord, what a hand it was to what I first knew it! Thin and lean, and the bones making the skin look shiny over them. Soft, too, as a woman's!

"'There's a thing I want you to do, Ben, if you get off this at all.'

"I told him I'd do anything for him I could.

"'Now listen, Ben,' says he, 'for I ain't got much wind left.'

"'The voyage before last I came home with a lot of money, and made up my mind for a spree; so I went ashore, and got a flashy suit of clothes. Well, I didn't like the name of Sands, so I took

another, and had a regular game. I'm very sorry now; but you see, when a fellow's been three years amongst the coolies it seems as though he ought to have a little freedom when he gets amongst white people again. Well, I went down to the sea side to a village I knew, and there I saw a girl at church. She seemed took with me, so I struck up an acquaintance with her for a lark. She took it quite serious, and was regularly in love with me, and I got at last to be in love with her. Well, I didn't mean no harm to the girl, I meant to marry her. I did, as true as God,' says he. 'Well, we went wrong, and one night she said I had been cruel to her—and got cross—and then told me we must be found out soon. I was savage at that and at her being cross—poor girl, she'd cause to be. So I said I'd never see her again, and went off in a huff.

"'I meant to come back, I did, Ben. I swear it. Instead of that, I met a messmate of mine, and he got me drunk, and shipped me on a West India trader, and when I came to myself I was too far from shore to get back, so I sulked, and shirked duty. The Captain says to me:

"'My man, it's no use—you're here, and you'll be paid. You can't get back any quicker than with me; so do your work like a man, and we shall be back in a couple of months or so, at least.'

"'So I did my work. When we got to Kingston I took the fever, and was in the hospital near two months, and he left me there, paying me for the voyage out; and then I came home and heard that she'd gone away, nobody knew where.

"'Well, I set to work to find her, and tried all ways till the money was gone, and then had to ship in the Belle of Aberdeen, for I'm pretty good at whaling, and knew I could get money; and I wished to go back and find her, and get married to her.'

"Here he was took with spasms, so bad that I brought out my case-bottle of brandy and gave him a little. I'd just put in the cork, when the boy came running to me and fell down all of a heap close by me.

"'What's the matter?' says I.

"He opened his mouth once or twice, and at last got out:

"'A sail! It's close by—I can see 'em on the deck,' and he fainted right dead off.

"I told Sands.

"'A sail!' says he, and tried to get up. Lord! he'd no more strength than a baby, and fell down directly, looking as dead as could be. I wanted to know more about him, so I gave him some more brandy, and asked him the girl's name.

"'The sail,' says the boy, for he'd come to, and would say nothing else. 'Oh, the sail!'

"'What's her name?' says I to Sands. He stared at me as if he didn't hear.

"'The sail!' screamed the boy; 'you'll miss it, and we shall die.'

"I gave him some more brandy, and asked him again as loud as I could:

"'What's her name? What's the girl's name?'

"'Esther Th——,' and he couldn't finish.

"I gave him all that was left now, and asked him again.

“ ‘Esther Thompson,’ says he.

“ ‘Esther Thompson! Then this was Fitz-james. This chap, sir, that I’d loved as he’d been my brother, and loved him still—by G—d, sir!’ said Ben, striking the table with his fist, ‘this chap was my greatest enemy—had been the seducer of Esther—and yet I couldn’t hate him.

“ ‘The boy kept screaming, ‘Sail! Sail!’ and I was half mad.

“ ‘Ben,’ says he, ‘do you know her?’

“ ‘Know her! She’s all that’s dear to me, you d—d villain.’

“ ‘No, no,’ says he, quite strong again, ‘not villain. I meant no harm to the girl. I meant—I swear I did—to marry her, and nobody would have known anything about it, if it hadn’t been for that drink, Ben;’ and all the while the boy kept crying, ‘Sail! Sail!’

“ ‘If you ever see her again, tell her that I didn’t mean to be a villain. I didn’t mean to wrong her. Promise me that.’

“ ‘I saw he was going fast, and I promised him I’d tell her.

“ ‘One more thing,’ says he. ‘Ben, here’s something sown in my flannel—cut it out.’

“ ‘I cut it out—it was half a sixpence, all crooked and bent.

“ ‘She gave me that,’ says he, looking at it as fond as if it was her, and kissing it. ‘Give it her back, and tell her I meant to marry her.’

“ ‘I will,’ says I, ‘Sands, I will; and may God forgive you, as I do.’

“ ‘The boy kept on screaming; so, seeing Sands quiet, I went round to the other side to look at the sail. I was too late; she was out of all chance of making her hear or see.

“ ‘When I came back Sands was gone: the bit of the sixpence was in his hand; I took it out, and took care of it, and then went to the boy. He was almost as dead as Sands. It was an awful sight to see them both lying so still—Sands quite dead, and the boy so near it that you could hardly believe he wasn’t. Not a drop of brandy either—Sands had it all.

(To be continued.)

MANNERS.

Some French philosopher, in his work called—but I have no library, and never had a memory to which I can refer;—however, somebody says somewhere, that to enable an observing traveller to discover the dominant power in a state, he has only to look from his window and to notice who or what occupies *le haut du paré*.

In a despotic government, although the traveller cannot always have the pleasure of seeing the Emperor in the middle of the street, for there are many streets and only one Emperor, or the Pope, or the President of the Republic (and there are such things as despotic Republics), yet he can detect the implements of a despotism exhibited in a regiment marching in the very middle of the street, with as broad a front as the street will allow; or in a procession of priests putting an end to the traffic, probably not much, but whatever there is. In England we see trade dominant,

exemplified in a string of drays laden with cotton, stopping the carriage of her Majesty’s minister on his road to dine with the Lord Mayor, or cutting in two a funeral procession, or driving the Queen’s Guards into single file on the edge of the pavement.

Now, I have another method by which the traveller may, without asking a question, learn who or what rules in a state; and that is, by placing himself at a window overlooking the grande place, or the market-place, or other great thoroughfare, and by observing the courtesies, or want of them, between man and man. The more courteous men are to each other, the more despotic is the government; and *vice versa*. Thus, to take two extremes, when the traveller from his window observes the natives pushing and jostling, and grunting salutes with their hands in their pockets, as they do in England and the United States, he may be sure that the institutions of the country are free and enlightened; and he may be sure of the contrary when he sees men wearing out the rims of their hats in courteous salutations.

There is, in fact, a sort of sliding scale between good manners and free institutions, in which scale an enlightened citizen of England or of the United States must accept a rather humiliating alternative, when he trots out his own glorious constitution in the eyes of a people who are trodden under foot, but whose manners are perfectly charming. Do what he will, he cannot escape the alternative, for the causes which teach men manners are beyond his control, and he can no more refine the manners of his own countrymen than he can make a courtier of one that wants no favours. A man is naturally afraid of those who have authority over his life and property—a feeling that engenders a courteous, conciliating tone, which is not a little apt to dwindle into a fawning, double-faced manner. Now the best of good manners being to appear impressed with the superiority of any one, either in rank, appearance, or intellect, the transition is easy from courtier to refined gentleman; indeed the two professions are identical in manners.

When spies are abroad, and a man lives in daily peril on account of what he says, or may be said for him, he becomes reserved and prudent. When he does talk, it is in language which may mean anything, except disrespect for those in authority. The first remark which a Russian or a Neapolitan makes, when speaking of the English, is the imprudence of our conversation. The truth is, they must be prudent in their conversation; I need not. They must be courtiers to every one of their thousand superiors; I need only be conciliating to mine when I want anything. If they were to say at their own fire-sides what I can say with impunity at a public meeting, one of them would be sent to Siberia, and the other to the dungeons of the Procida for the rest of their lives.

A courteous, deferential manner once assumed for so good a reason as necessity, and heightened by the knowledge that more flies are caught with treacle than with vinegar, soon becomes a habit, and is used to every one above and below us. And this is the good manner which is found to perfection in the French and the Italians, and many of the

Asiatic nations. Though the habits and customs of Eastern nations may not be according to our standard of propriety and decorum, yet no one who has been in the East—in India, for instance—can have done otherwise than remark the composed and dignified manners of all classes of Hindoos and Mahomedans; so respectful is their address, so easy, and yet so deferential, is their *pose*. A servant of the lowest caste approaches and speaks to his superior in a way which in England would be called the height of good address.

There is nothing that strikes a travelled Englishman on his return home, after even a few months on the Continent, so much as the manners, or rather the want of them, in his fellow-countrymen. He is fresh from Italy, or France, or Spain, where the natives have easy and graceful manners; each country in its own peculiar way. They study forms of politeness, and practise them even in the common intercourse of life, without any regard to difference in rank or station.

The heart of a Frenchman is the size of a rabbit's, but it beats in the palm of his hand, as we see it depicted in the badge of a friendly society, and there it makes a great show. You might almost think he would take off his coat for you on a cold day, which is a mistake; but it is pleasant to live in such a delusion. He lives on greetings which mean nothing; he grows fat on civilities which cost nothing. Thus a Frenchman, of whatever rank, on entering a shop of whatever description, raises his hat one inch to the man behind the counter, or to the female at the bureau, who returns the compliment by a slight bow; and after buying a cigar—perhaps at three sous—the same forms are gone through on his leaving.

And thus when I am promenading, en voiture, with my friend, Count Isidore de B—, and we meet the Marquise de C—, a friend of his, but unbeknown to me, not only does he raise his hat in a style adopted in England only by royal dukes, but without looking at her, and “without prejudice,” as the lawyers say, I raise my hat several inches, the signal to me being Isidore raising his, and no regard being had to the fact of my looking out of one window of the carriage and the Count looking at the Marquise from the other. And when the heat of summer has driven the Marquise and her husband, and me, from Paris to the sea-side, and still unbeknown, after sitting opposite to them at the table-d'hôte, where we discuss all sorts of subjects from our complaints downwards (and upwards and in all directions), we meet next day on the sands, where Monsieur and Madame make me a gracious bow and are most affable, from which I might be led to suppose that they were impressed with not a little regard for me; whereas, my knowledge of foreign ways tells me that they do not know my name, and would be very much astonished if, on meeting them in Paris, I were to stop them with tender inquiries about their health and the health of all the little C.'s.

Foreigners in general are also well-behaved and courteous to each other in the streets. In London, the person with his right-hand to the wall is entitled to keep it, and even then he will get knocked about a good deal towards the City. In

Paris the promenaders take the wall, or not, as it suits them; and yet, in the business parts of Paris, men seldom jostle each other, and when they do, both parties may be seen hurrying on, but bowing with hats off and muttering apologies long after they have passed each other. And in a theatre, or other public place, men not only are as courteous to females as in a drawing-room, but extend the same urbanity to each other.

However much we may surpass our neighbours in our respect for political order, they show as much, if not more, respect for social order. Though their blood may be boiling at the acts of the police, in its political capacity, their submission is seldom asked twice when the police is employed for the purposes of social order in the streets, at a race-course, or in a theatre. In this cause the interference of the French police is tolerated to an extent which would not be borne for a moment in England.

The effect of the degree of liberty enjoyed by nations on their manners is strongly marked in travelling through the different states of Europe. Let us travel from the south of Italy, where men do not know their lives are their own, and where manners are so soft and pleasing, through Switzerland, where men are free and their manners brusque and startling. Then to descend the Rhine, through some of the German states, where manners improve a little—but only a little—into Belgium, where the natives have not had a liberal constitution long enough to shake off their imitation French politeness. But already the Belgians are beginning to prove how a little liberty spoils good manners; for a man of the middle-class may now be seen wishing his friend good morning with both hands under his blouse and in his trousers-pockets, a thing no Frenchman of any class would ever think of doing.

Then to enter France, where the whole people are more courteous and more expressively mannered than in any other country in the world; and to cross a narrow channel into England, where men are so free, and their manners so alarming; and, last of all, to cross the Atlantic to the United States, where there is both liberty and licence, and no manners at all.

We must not be surprised at men of refined or literary or social tastes preferring to live in countries where men are more obedient to social order—where society is easier and less formal, and where the amenities of life are more practised than in England.

How often do we hear a thorough Englishman express his dislike to foreign ways on his first visit to the Continent; his state of fret and irritability at the constant demand for his passport by a gendarme who will not be put out of temper; his contempt for the light dinners and acid wines, and his disgust at a want of cleanliness in things about which his countrymen are so particular; and then to watch him growing first, not to dislike the ways as much as he did, then to be reconciled to them, till at last he settles among his new friends—for good, perhaps—and nothing English remains of him but his name.

A SCORE OF YEARS AGO.

Down by the breaking waves we stood,
 Upon the rocky shore ;
 The brave waves whisper'd courage,
 And hid with friendly roar
 The faltering words that told the tale
 I dared not tell before.

I ask'd, if with the priceless gift,
 Her love, my life she'd bless ?
 Was it her voice, or some fair wave,—

For, sooth, I scarce may guess,—
 Some murmuring wave, or her sweet voice,
 That listp'd so sweetly "Yes."

And then, in happy silence, too,
 I clasp'd her fair wee hand ;
 And long we stood there, carelessly,
 While o'er the darkening land
 The sun set, and the fishing-boats
 Were sailing from the strand.



It seems not many days ago—
 Like yesterday,—no more,
 Since thus we stood, my love and I,
 Upon the rocky shore ;
 But I was four-and-twenty *then*,
 And *now* I'm forty-four.

The lily hand is thinner now,
 And in her sunny hair
 I see some silvery lines, and on
 Her brow some lines of care ;
 But, wrinkled brow, or silver locks,
 She's not one whit less fair.

The fishing-boats a score of years
 Go sailing from the strand ;
 The crimson sun a score of years
 Sets o'er the darkening land ;
 And here to-night upon the cliff
 We're standing hand-in-hand.

"My darling, there's our eldest girl,
 Down on the rocks below ;
 What's Stanley doing by her side ?"
 My wife says, "You should know :
 He's telling her what you told me
 A score of years ago."

W. L. W.

LAST WEEK.

THE ITALIAN SITUATION.

SUCCESS at Ancona, a check before Capua; popular enthusiasm in the south of Italy, a more disciplined and orderly preparation for coming events in the north; the Austrians still in the Quadrilateral, and the French at Rome; Count Cavour and Joseph Garibaldi the rival chess-players, the Emperors of France and Austria watching the game with heavy stakes on the result; Italy, save the patrimony of Saint Peter, from the Savoyard frontier and the Mineio down to Reggio, clear of foreign soldiers; the King Lackland, late of the Two Sicilies, making a last stand, and the garrisons of Messina and Ancona still holding out; the continent of Europe wholly alive, and England only half-alive to the true meaning of passing events—such are a few of our Italian jottings for the LAST WEEK.

What is to be the end of all this? Two principles are at work in the Italian Peninsula—which will triumph in the end?

On the one side is Garibaldi with his great heart—sick to death of diplomacy and priestcraft—indignant at the juggling partition of Italy completed under the auspices of Cavour; mindful of the past history of his country, and resolved to hazard everything upon his present throw; profoundly convinced that the policy now in favour at Turin means little more than the substitution of France for Austria as the dominant power in Italy; determined to try conclusions with the French at Rome, and with the Austrians in Venetia, as soon as he has given good account of the *debris* of the Neapolitan army; but hampered with difficulties which close round him the moment he pauses in his triumphal progress; an object of suspicion and distrust to all Continental Statesmen; pre-eminently a Revolutionary Chief, and the needful man if Italy is to be saved by revolution; the popular idol of his own country, and beloved and respected by the Liberal party not only in his own country, but throughout the civilised world.

On the other hand we have Count Cavour who, no doubt, on his side also very honestly means the liberation of Italy from the grasp of the foreigner, but who pursues the object he has in view by very different paths from those in which Garibaldi is to be found. Cavour thought that the assistance of France to clear Lombardy from the Austrians was well purchased by the sacrifice of an Italian province. He bargained and sold away Savoy to France in return for Lombardy. He would not only venture to attack the French troops in Rome, but he would put forth the armed power at his disposal to interpose between them and attack from the Italian side. He has actually taken the step of causing Umbria and the Marches to be occupied by Sardinian troops, and has dissipated Lamoricière's mercenaries more with the view of warding off a collision between the French and the Garibaldians than with the idea of annexing the provinces named to his Sovereign's dominions.

As matters now stand, and unless the Pope departs quietly from Rome, Garibaldi must break

through a Sardinian military *ordon* before he is admitted to the privilege of a struggle with France. In the journals published at Turin and Milan, and which are written more or less under the auspices of Cavour, it is emphatically denied that any intention of attacking Austria either in Venetia, or in any of her Adriatic provinces, exists at all in the minds of the advisers of the Sardinian King. At the same time, military preparations are pushed forward with extreme vigour, and, as far as Upper Italy is concerned, Count Cavour would seem to be putting himself in readiness for any eventuality. There cannot now exist any doubt that Garibaldi's expedition to Sicily was carried out under the sanction, and with the active assistance, of the Sardinian Government. Cavour, therefore, is willing to take advantage of the revolutionary feeling to a certain extent—but it must not develop itself beyond measure. He would keep the whirlwind within control, and discount earthquakes if he might. If the liberation of Italy, as Cavour understands the question, is to be carried out, the result will be brought about by sacrifices and compromises. At the end of the year 1861 we should, in all probability, still see the French at Rome, and the Austrians in Venetia, and the Italian Peninsula itself more or less a satellite of France.

Meanwhile forces are at work which would seem rather to be on the side of the great revolutionary chief than of the shrewd diplomatist at Turin.

Austria is hopelessly bankrupt, and must fall from bad to worse, unless the young Emperor and his advisers make up their minds to handle the various provinces of the empire in a spirit very different from that which has inspired the counsels of Austria for the last forty-five years. Francis Joseph is in the position of an Irish landlord with a very fine, but a very heavily mortgaged estate. If he adheres to the old traditions of Castle Rackrent he must soon come to the Encumbered Estates' Court;—if he have energy enough to turn his back resolutely on the past, there is yet for him a *tempus penitentis*. On the 21st of last month Count Clam presented to the Austrian Reichsrath a report on the financial condition of the empire. Here are a few of his figures. During the last ten years Austria has paid away in the shape of taxation 800,000,000 florins more than it paid in the preceding ten years. But despite of this severe addition to the national burdens, the national debt is 1,300,000,000 florins larger than it was ten years ago. More than this, State domains have been sold to the extent of 100,000,000 florins. Even if peace is maintained, the estimated deficit for 1861 will be 39,000,000 florins, and 25,000,000 in the following year. More than this again, what is called the "extraordinary war contribution" of 32,000,000 florins has broken down; and at the conclusion of the year 1861, according to all probability, the bulk of this sum will have to be carried to the wrong side of the deficit account. The home creditor has already received such scurvy usage at the hands of successive Austrian Chancellors of the Exchequer, that unless the most violent pressure be employed there is an end of voluntary loans. An Austrian

subject is about the last man who will look at Austrian securities.

The most extreme discontent prevails throughout the various provinces of the Austrian Empire, and Hungary, according to report, is stated to be on the eve of insurrection. The leading Hungarian patriots of 1848-49 are in Italy, and in direct communication with Garibaldi.

On the other hand, the relations between the cabinets of Vienna and St. Petersburg are becoming every day more friendly. A meeting is to take place at Warsaw between the Russian and Austrian Emperors and the Prince Regent of Prussia, with the object of organising the defence "of social order, and monarchical interests." Prince Gortschakoff has informed the Duc de Montebello, that the Emperor Alexander considers "that the alliance between France and Sardinia encourages the propagation of doctrines contributing a permanent danger to the political equilibrium, and the stability of thrones." The sentence is not a lively one; but his meaning is plain enough. The rulers of Russia and of Northern Germany see, or think they see, danger to themselves from this Italian movement; and as far as they dare will assist in putting it down. A generation, however, must pass by before Russia will have repaired the damages she endured in the Crimean War. A desire, moreover, to renew friendly relations with Austria may exist amongst Russian statesmen: it certainly does not exist amongst the Russian people. According to the most trustworthy accounts, the exasperation in Russia against Austria is still as rife as it was at the conclusion of the Crimean war. In Northern Germany, the Prince Regent of Prussia will find himself compelled by the obvious necessities of his political position to pay a certain amount of deference to the sympathies and opinions of this country, and these are all on the side of Italian Independence.

Here, then, is a list of perplexities for the year 1861; the solution of them all depending upon the turn affairs may take in Italy. It was stated in London, last week, and upon authority of a trustworthy character, that the Austrian Government was prepared to take the step of selling Venetia for a sum which would liberate the Empire from its pecuniary embarrassment. Francis Joseph would then be in a position to deal with his discontented Hungarian subjects in a manner more satisfactory to his imperial spirit. This intelligence, however, is too good. The spontaneous flight of the Pope from Rome, and the sale of Venetia to the Italians, would constitute such a solution of the Italian question as one rather desires than expects to see.

Justice, however, is not done to Garibaldi. As long as his every step is successful, his "admirers"—as they call themselves—are ready enough to swing incense-pots before him, and to scatter flowers in his path. Would they be still true to him if a period of adversity should arrive? It was but a short while back that, in the journals even of our own country, this great patriot was spoken of as a mere "Filibuster"—a leader of the same stamp as Nicaraguan Walker. He was sneered at when he was fighting his way from post to post on

the spurs of the Alps, and yet, with inferior and undisciplined forces, he contrived to keep a division of the Austrian army in check, and menace the right flank of the whole force. After the peace of Villafranca, and when it came to light that Cavour had really bargained away a part of Italy to the French Emperor, Garibaldi's indignation was not to be repressed. Again he was blamed, but just as the guerilla warfare, which he had so ably conducted, was an expression of what the Italian people could do in war against their oppressors, so was this uncontrolled and unmeasured protest of the great Italian patriot against the partition of the country a true expression of Italian feeling. There was a thrill of indignation throughout the Peninsula, because it was felt that the province paid away over the counter to France was gone for ever. Revolutions cannot exercise any more influence over the destinies of the Savoyards. They are now Frenchmen for an historic period. Garibaldi again acts under the influence of what prudent people call a perfect "craze" against the Pope. Again, on this point, he exactly represents the opinions and feelings of every educated Italian from Machiavelli down to our own time. When the Roman Empire was broken up, a something still more glorious would have grown up on its ruins from the union of barbaric strength and Roman civilisation, but for that unfortunate bequest of the Countess Matilda's. The fact that the same person should be the vicergerent of the Almighty upon earth, and at the same time a petty Italian prince, is the true explanation of the miseries of Italy for many a century. It is on account of the intestine divisions caused by the presence of that great theocratic functionary, that Italy has been, in turn, the spoil of the Frenchman, the Spaniard, the German. Even Lord Derby could see that. "There," said he, pointing to the Vatican, "there is the plague-spot." Of course the names of a few patriotic Popes are to be found upon the list, but the system has ever been stronger than the individual.

For many a century Italy has expiated in sackcloth and ashes the dominion of the priests in her provinces and cities. If the heart of the old canker be left, it will be sure to spread again. Garibaldi feels and knows this in common with every considerable thinker amongst his countrymen. Under ordinary circumstances, any half-ruined old city, with a desert round it, would combine all the qualifications contemplated by Louis Napoleon as necessary for a Papal residence. But if the Pope is to remain at Rome, or in Italy at all, the Italians say that he must entirely divest himself of the character of a temporal Prince, and give himself up, as his followers and ministers must give themselves up, to prayer and devout meditation. Even so, the presence of a Pope in Italy for years to come would be a danger of the most formidable kind. Why should France interfere to force a form of government upon the Romans against their will? Even granting that Antonelli's rule had been as good as it has in reality been foul and tyrannical, why should this be? Louis Napoleon rests his own claim to sovereignty upon the suffrages of the people. Why

force a Prince upon the Romans at the bayonet's point? No one who has lived long enough amongst the Romans to know the real meaning of their sufferings—the intolerable shame and disgrace which they have been obliged to endure in silence—would dare to look his fellow-creatures in the face and speak a word in defence of such a system. Garibaldi, in his desire to purge Rome of priestly government, it cannot be too often said, represents the feelings of his countrymen in the highest degree.

The wise people of the earth are blaming him now, just as they blamed him when he defended Rome against the French, and kept them for so long a time at bay—just as they blamed him when, with a few score men at his back, he threw himself in the way of that huge military machine, the Austrian army—just as they blamed him when, with only so many men to back him as could be contained in a small steamer, he landed on the Sicilian coast, and conquered a kingdom. The history of this man's life is a history of miracles. If he should succeed in turning the Pope out of Rome, by hook or by crook, it would not be at all more surprising than half-a-dozen other things which he has accomplished in the course of his career. Even with regard to the attack upon Venetia, which may or may not take place, but concerning which such dismal prognostications have been uttered, is it so very clear that Austria, with a bankrupt exchequer—with her discontented provinces—with Hungary once more upon the eve of insurrection—with the dubious alliance of exhausted and exasperated Russia to back her in her need—would be able to carry on a successful war against 26,000,000 or 28,000,000 of people fighting for the independence of their country, and for all that makes life worth having, and supported by the sympathies of Europe?

The Sardinian army seems to have acted in a very efficient manner wherever it has been called upon to serve. During the campaigns of the First Empire, Napoleon Bonaparte always reckoned his Italian regiments as amongst his best. Is it then so very obvious that Garibaldi is in the wrong this time when he is resolved to take Time by the forelock, and strive for the perfect liberation of Italy while the enthusiasm of the people is at its height? It may be so; but Joseph Garibaldi has come out the victor from many a hopeless contest, and has often proved himself to have been in the right when many very wise people said he was very much in the wrong.

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

In the last generation, that history was reckoned a satisfactory one which contained a notice of the chief political events in which a nation had been engaged—of its triumphs by flood and field—of its alliances, of the eloquence of its statesmen, of the skill of its diplomatic agents. History disdained to look lower than to the doings of Kings, Generals, and Ambassadors. How the millions of whom a nation is really composed lived, and how they earned the means of living—what kind of houses they inhabited—what were their forms of recreation and amusement—were matters of too slight importance to occupy the serious attention of any gentleman who addressed himself delibe-

ately to that most important task of writing the history of his country. Then we had a race of Economists, who considered human affairs from a scientific point of view. The laws, for example, which regulated the relations between capital and labour—the laws which presided over the increase and decrease of the population of a country—were all rigidly investigated, and enunciated in dogmatic form. Such learning is of great value. Let us not be ungrateful to the memory of such men as Adam Smith and Ricardo—or to the present fame of John Stuart Mill. All attempts at social improvement which do not rest upon the basis of absolute truth must, *pro tanto*, result in failure in so far as they depart from the laws in which it is expressed. Men in our day—and especially in our country—are endeavouring to throw the quoit a few paces further. Given the laws of political economy as a rational point of departure, is it not possible to push what is called Social Science to a still higher point, and by association, by influence, by example, to develop the good and to repress the bad tendencies of human society? The laws of political economy must still prevail, but they would then operate upon a different state of facts. These laws have been as potential in the Spanish Peninsula, or in the Pontifical States, as in our own manufacturing districts, or in the Scottish Lowlands. The two societies first named have received their punishment for setting these immutable canons at defiance—the two last have thriven, because they have acted in obedience to the laws which regulate the production, the accumulation, and the distribution of wealth. A regard to these will prepare the way for a higher development, because in proportion as a society becomes more wealthy, it will become more intelligent and self-conscious—more quick to discern and feel the presence of evil, and to provide apt remedies for its removal. The Economist would overstep his legitimate functions—it would perhaps be more decorous to say, would engage in other pursuits—if he attempted to deal with drunkenness, with crime, with education. There comes, however, a period in the history of a nation in which it is imperatively called upon to consider such questions, if it would not go back, or at least remain stationary in the path of progress. In all such matters the first point is to secure what medical men would call a correct diagnosis; or, in other words, an accurate notion of the social evils which exist in any human society. When the evil is known and appreciated we may safely rely upon the irrepresible tendency in human nature to struggle onwards from a worse to a better state of things. The mere fact of investigation is a proof that in this respect—the Schoolmaster is abroad.

We may fairly cite, as examples of the higher tone which prevails amongst modern historians, the "Pictorial History of England," by Charles Knight, and the "History of the Thirty Years' Peace," by Harriet Martineau. In these two works the attempt of the writers has been to write the history of a people—not merely of a government, and they will remain, for this reason, most valuable contributions to the permanent literature of England. Better, however, than any formal

history for the purposes we are now considering, and of higher influence, are the additions to our self-knowledge which are poured in upon us from twenty-four hours to twenty-four hours by the daily press. A file of the "Times" for the last thirty years contains the biography of the nation for the last thirty years. In this we find, not only what our sovereigns and their ministers—what our statesmen and diplomatists—what our generals and admirals have been about, but the social history of the nation as well. There is not a crime of which we are not here presented with a record—not a suggestion for social improvement which has not here found its exponent. Mr. Cobden has said, and truly said, that it is far better for an Englishman to read his copy of the "Times" daily, with attention, than to give himself up to the study of Thucydides. The time has come when we should seek to turn this accumulated knowledge into account.

Now, Last Week, there was a great meeting of the Social Congress Society at Glasgow. The chair was occupied, as of right, by Henry Lord Brougham. The English nation owes a debt of profound gratitude and veneration to this extraordinary man, who now, in his eighty-second year, is labouring steadily and efficiently in the cause which he advocated in evil days—now sixty years ago. When the day comes—may it be a distant one!—when Henry Brougham is summoned away from amongst us, let it never be forgotten that, at a period when to advocate such a doctrine was almost supposed to savour of treason and sedition, Brougham was the steady advocate for the *Education of the People!* Upon this point he would not listen to suggestions of half-measures or compromise. "LET THERE BE LIGHT," was the first command breathed by the Deity over the chaotic mass which was destined to be the theatre on which the human race were to play their part. There was to be light for all—not for a few. Kings were not to have midday to themselves,—the great ones of the earth the dawning and the twilight,—whilst the great mass of mankind, the millions of the earth, were to hew their wood and draw their water when the glorious sun had sunk below the horizon, and to delve and dig and labour in the dark. It is not enough that another man sees for me. I must see for myself. But what is physical by the side of intellectual darkness? Blind John Milton was still the foremost man of his day. Henry Brougham—we speak of him by his name as he was known in the heyday of his life, and the full vigour of his manhood—treated with scorn the notion, that in proportion as you educated a people they became unmanageable. What do we hear now of Nottingham frame-breakers, and rick-burners, and Captain Swing? The Schoolmaster has taught these poor people better things. The last symptom of the disease—and the disease is *ignorance*—which has come before us of late, has been in the illegal association of workmen to prevent their fellows, by violence and intimidation, from taking their labour to market upon their own terms. The Schoolmaster has work before him still, and will do more to purge the minds of the labouring classes from this foul error than all that can be accomplished by the magistrate

and the judge. These can only vindicate the law when it is broken—the Schoolmaster will root out from the minds of the people all desire to break it. Education is the great safety-valve and necessity of our time, now that the masses are pressing for a share in the political government of the country, and will not much longer be denied.

The great feature of the meeting of last week, over which Lord Brougham presided, was the delivery, by Sir James Kay Shuttleworth, of an address, and as might well have been expected from the position he has so long occupied, the point at which Sir James Shuttleworth chiefly laboured was to give a fair statement of the present position of the country with regard to education. In Great Britain we are now a population of 22,000,000. One in eight ought to be at school for full time or half time till the age of 13. Deduct a fourth part as being children belonging to parents willing and able to educate them at their own cost, and 50,000 pauper children educated in workhouses, and we have still to secure a sound elementary education for 2,000,000 children. The local cost of giving this education in the year 1859 was in Great Britain 1*l.* 7*s.* 1½*d.*, or at the rate of 6¾*d.* per week for 48 weeks in the year. The sum derived from subscriptions, endowments, and school pence was as follows:

The Government pays	£413,673
Subscribed by middle and upper class	841,614
Working men—school pence	759,394
	<hr/>
	£2,014,681

Sir J. Shuttleworth's statement was to the effect that, upon a very meagre estimate of the sum required to give a sound elementary education to those 2,000,000 children, at least another 1,000,000*l.* per annum would be required. He does not seem to take the Ragged Schools into account.

Of course, one of the great difficulties with which we have to contend is the tendency amongst the lower classes to remove their children from school as soon as they are of an age to contribute at all to their own support, and the support of the family. The only remedies we see just now for this evil are, that school hours should be so arranged as to give opportunities to these little labourers to devote a certain portion of their time to education. If they can learn to read with tolerable ease, and to write to a certain extent, they will at any rate have acquired something, and the rest must be left—and may with perfect confidence be left—to themselves. At any rate, all that the State and the community can do will have been done. A second remedy is, that every person who, by his station or position, can exercise influence over others, should reckon it his duty to press upon them the necessity of educating their children according to their degree, and help them in their efforts to do so. It is calculated that a criminal, beginning as a young pickpocket and ending as a convict of mature age at Portland or elsewhere, costs his country 300*l.* for his mere maintenance, independently of the damage he may have inflicted upon society in the course of his vicious career.

EVAN HARRINGTON; OR, HE WOULD BE A GENTLEMAN.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.



CHAPTER XLVI. A LOVERS' PARTING.

Now to suppose oneself the fashioner of such a chain of events as this which brought the whole of the Harrington family in tender unity together once more, would have elated an ordinary mind. But to the Countess de Saldar, it was simply an occasion for reflecting that she had misunderstood—and could most sincerely forgive—Providence. She admitted to herself that it was not entirely her work: for *she* never would have had their place of meeting to be the Shop. Seeing, however, that her end was gained, she was entitled to the credit of it, and could pardon the means adopted. Her brother lord of Beckley Court, and all of them assembled in the old 193, Main Street, Lymport! What matter for proud humility! Providence had answered her numerous petitions, but in its own way. Stipulating that she must swallow this pill, Providence consented to serve

her. She swallowed it with her wonted courage. In half an hour subsequent to her arrival at Lymport, she had laid siege to the heart of old Tom Cogglesby, whom she found installed in the parlour, comfortably sipping at a tumbler of rum-and-water. Old Tom was astonished to meet such an agreeable unpretentious woman, who talked of tailors and lords with equal ease, appeared to comprehend a man's habits instinctively, and could amuse him while she ministered to them.

"Can ye cook, ma'am?" asked Old Tom.

"All but that," said the Countess, with a smile of sweet meaning.

"Ha! then you won't suit me so well as your mother."

"Take care you do not excite my emulation," she returned, graciously, albeit disgusted at his tone.

To Harriet, Old Tom had merely nodded. There he sat in the arm-chair, sucking the liquor, with the glimpse of a sour chuckle on his cheeks. Now and then, during the evening, he rubbed his hands sharply, but spoke little. The unbending Harriet did not conceal her disdain of him. When he ventured to allude to the bankruptcy, she cut him short.

"Pray excuse me—I am unacquainted with affairs of business—I cannot even understand my husband."

"Lord bless my soul!" Old Tom exclaimed, rolling his eyes.

Caroline had informed her sisters up-stairs that their mother was ignorant of Evan's change of fortune, and that Evan desired her to continue so for the present. Caroline appeared to be pained by the subject, and was glad when Louisa sounded his mysterious behaviour by saying: "Evan has a native love of concealment—he must be humoured."

At the supper, Mr. John Raikes made his bow. He was modest and reserved. It was known that this young gentleman acted as shopman there. With a tenderness for his position worthy of all respect, the Countess spared his feelings by totally ignoring his presence: whereat he, unaccustomed to such great-minded treatment, retired to bed, a hater of his kind. Harriet and Caroline went next. The Countess said she should wait up for Evan, but hearing that his hours of return were about the chime of matins, she cried exultingly: "Darling papa all over!" and departed likewise. Mrs. Mel, when she had mixed Old Tom's third glass, wished the brothers good night, and they were left to exchange what sentiments they thought proper for the occasion. The Countess had certainly disappointed Old Tom's fancy in a measure; and he expressed himself puzzled by her. "You ain't the only one," said his brother. Andrew, with some effort, held his tongue concerning the news of Evan—his fortune and his folly, till he could talk to the youth in person.

All took their seats at the early breakfast next morning.

"Has Evan not come home yet?" was the Countess's first question.

Mrs. Mel replied: "No."

"Do you know where he has gone, dear mama?"

"He chooses his own way."

"And you fear that it leads somewhere?" added the Countess.

"I fear that it leads to knocking up the horse he rides."

"The horse, mama! He is out on a horse all night! But don't you see, dear old pet! his morals, at least, are safe on horseback."

"The horse has to be paid for, Louisa," said her mother, sternly; and then, for she had a lesson to read to the guests of her son, "Ready money doesn't come by joking. What will the creditors think? If he intends to be honest in earnest, he must give up four-foot months."

"Fourteen-feet, ma'am, you mean," said Old Tom, counting the heads at table.

"Bravo, mama!" cried the Countess, and as she was sitting near her mother, she must show how prettily she kissed, by pouting out her play-

ful lips to her parent. "Do be economical always! And mind! for the sake of the wretched animals, I will intercede for you to be his inspector of stables."

This, with a glance of intelligence at her sisters.

"Well, Mr. Raikes," said Andrew, "you keep good hours, at all events—eh?"

"Up with the lark," said Old Tom. "Ha! 'fraid he won't be so early when he gets rid of his present habits—eh?"

"Nec dierum numerum, ut nos, sed noctium computantur," said Mr. Raikes, and both the brothers sniffed like dogs that have put their noses to a hot coal, and the Countess, who was less insensible to the aristocracy of the dead languages than are women generally, gave him the recognition that is occasionally afforded the family tutor.

About the hour of ten Evan arrived. He was subjected to the hottest embrace he had ever yet received from the sister of Louisa.

"Darling!" she called him, before them all. "Oh! how I suffer for this ignominy I see you compelled for a moment to endure. But it is but for a moment. They must vacate; and you will soon be out of this horrid hole."

"Where he just said he was glad to give us a welcome," muttered Old Tom.

Evan heard him, and laughed. The Countess laughed too.

"No, we will not be impatient. We are poor insignificant people!" she said; and, turning to her mother, added: "And yet I doubt not you think the smallest of our landed gentry equal to great continental seigneurs. I do not say the contrary."

"You fill Evan's head with nonsense till you make him knock up a horse a week, and never go to his natural bed," said Mrs. Mel, angrily. "Look at him! Is a face like that fit for business?"

"Certainly, certainly not!" said the Countess.

"Well, mother, the horse is dismissed,—you won't have to complain any more," said Evan, touching her hand. "Another history commences from to-day."

The Countess watched him admiringly. Such powers of acting she could not have ascribed to him.

"Another history, indeed!" she said. "By the way, Van, love! was it out of Glamorgan-shire—were we Tudors, according to papa? or only Powys chieftains? It's of no moment, but it helps one in conversation."

"Not half so much as good ale, though!" was Old Tom's comment.

The Countess did not perceive its fitness, till Evan burst into a laugh, and then she said:

"Oh! we shall never be ashamed of the Brewery. Do not fear that, Mr. Cogglesby."

Old Tom saw his fancy reviving, and encouraged the Countess to patronise him. She did so to an extent that called on her Mrs. Mel's reprobation, which was so cutting and pertinent, that Harriet was compelled to defend her sister, remarking that perhaps her mother would soon learn that Louisa was justified in not permitting herself and family to be classed too low. At this, Andrew, coming from a

private interview with Evan, threw up his hands and eyes as one who foretold astonishment but counselled humility. What with the effort of those who knew a little to imply a great deal; of those who knew all to betray nothing; and of those who were kept in ignorance to strain a fact out of the conflicting innuendoes, the general mystification waxed apace, and was at its height, when a name struck on Evan's ear that went through his blood like a touch of the torpedo.

He had been called into the parlour to assist at a consultation over the brewery affairs. Mr. John Raikes opened the door, and announced "Sir Franks and Lady Jocelyn."

Then he could meet, though it was hard for his pride to pardon their visit to him there. But when his eyes discerned Rose behind them, the passions of his lower nature stood up armed. What could she have come for but to humiliate, or play with him?

A very few words enabled the Countess to guess the cause for this visit. Of course, it was to beg time! But they thanked Evan. For something generous, no doubt. Sir Franks took him aside, and returning remarked to his wife that she perhaps would have greater influence with him. All this while Rose sat talking to Mrs. Andrew Coglesby, Mrs. Strike, and Evan's mother. She saw by his face the offence she had committed, and acted on by one of her impulses, said: "Mama, I think if I were to speak to Mr. Harrington—"

Ere her mother could make light of the suggestion, Old Tom had jumped up, and bowed out his arm.

"Allow me to conduct ye to the drawing-room, up-stairs, young lady. He'll follow, safe enough!"

Rose had not stipulated for that. Nevertheless, seeing no cloud on her mother's face, or her father's, she gave Old Tom her hand, and awaited a movement from Evan. It was too late to object to it on either side. Old Tom had caught the tide at the right instant. Much as if a grim old genie had planted them together, the lovers found themselves alone.

"Evan, you forgive me?" she began, looking up at him timidly.

"With all my heart, Rose," he answered, with great cheerfulness.

"No. I know your heart better. Oh, Evan! you must be sure that we respect you too much to wound you. We came to thank you for your generosity. Do you refuse to accept anything for us? How can we take this that you trust on us, unless in some way—"

"Say no more," he interposed. "You see me here. You know me as I am now."

"Yes, yes!" the tears stood in her eyes. "Why did I come, you would ask? That is what you cannot forgive! I see now how useless it was. Evan! why did you betray me?"

"Betray you, Rose?"

"You said that you loved me once."

She was weeping, and all his spirit melted, and his love cried out: "I said 'till death,' and till death it will be, Rose."

"Then why, why did you betray me, Evan? I

know it all. But if you blackened yourself to me, was it not because you loved something better than me? And now you think me false! Which of us two has been false? It's silly to talk of these things now—too late! But be just. I wish that we may be friends. Can we, unless you lend a little?"

The tears streamed down her cheeks, and in her lovely humility he saw the baseness of that pride of his which had hitherto held him up.

"Now that you are in this house where I was born and am to live, can you regret what has come between us, Rose?"

Her lips quivered in pain.

"Can I do anything else but regret it all my life, Evan?"

How was it possible for him to keep his strength?

"Rose!" he spoke with a passion that made her shrink, "are you bound to this man?" and to the drooping of her eyes, "No. Impossible, for you do not love him. Break it. Break the engagement you cannot fulfil. Break it, and belong to me. It sounds ill for me to say that in such a place. But, Rose, I will leave it. I will accept any assistance that your father—that any man will give me. Beloved—noble girl! I see my falseness to you, though I little thought it at the time—fool that I was! Be my help, my guide—as the soul of my body! Be mine!"

"Oh, Evan!" she clasped her hands in terror at the change in him, that was hurrying her she knew not where, and trembling held them supplicatingly.

"Yes, Rose: you have taught me what love can be. You cannot marry that man."

"But my honour, Evan! No. I do not love him; for I can love but one. He has my pledge. *Can I break it?*"

The stress on the question choked him, just as his heart sprang to her.

"Can you face the world with me, Rose?"

"Oh, Evan! is there an escape for me? Think! Decide! No—no! there is not. My mother, I know, looks on it. Why did she trust me to be with you here, but that she thinks me engaged to him, and has such faith in me? Oh, help me!—be my guide. Think whether you would trust me hereafter! I should despise myself."

"Not if you marry him!" said Evan, bitterly. And then thinking as men will think when they look on the figure of a fair girl marching serenely to a sacrifice, the horrors of which they insist that she ought to know:—half-hating her for her calmness—adoring her for her innocence: he said: "It rests with you, Rose. The world will approve you, and if your conscience does, why—farewell, and may Heaven be your help."

She murmured, "Farewell."

Did she expect more to be said by him? What did she want or hope for now? And yet a light of hunger grew in her eyes, brighter and brighter, as it were on a wave of yearning.

"Take my hand once," she faltered.

Her hand and her whole shape he took, and she with closed eyes let him strain her to his breast.

Their swoon was broken by the opening of the

door, where Old Tom Cogglesby and Lady Jocelyn appeared.

"Gad! he seems to have got his recompense—eh, my lady?" cried Old Tom.

However satisfactorily they might have explained the case, it certainly did seem so.

Lady Jocelyn looked not absolutely displeased. Old Tom was chuckling at her elbow. The two principal actors remained dumb.

"I suppose, if we leave young people to settle a thing, this is how they do it," her ladyship remarked.

"Gad, and they do it well!" cried Old Tom.

Rose, with a deep blush on her cheeks, stepped from Evan to her mother. Not in effrontery, but earnestly, and as the only way of escaping from the position, she said: "I have succeeded, mama. He will take what I offer."

"And what's that, now?" Old Tom inquired.

Rose turned to Evan. He bent and kissed her hand.

"Call it 'recompense' for the nonce," said Lady Jocelyn. "Do you still hold to your original proposition, Tom?"

"Every penny, my lady. I like the young fellow, and she's a jolly little lass—if she means it—she's a woman."

"True," said Lady Jocelyn. "Considering that fact, you will oblige me by keeping the matter quiet."

"Does she want to try whether the tailor's a gentleman still, my lady—eh?"

"No. I fancy she will have to see whether a certain nobleman may be one."

The Countess now joined them. Sir Franks had informed her of her brother's last fine performance. After a short, uneasy pause, she said, glancing at Evan:

"You know his romantic nature. I can assure you he was sincere; and even if you could not accept, at least—"

"But we *have* accepted, Countess," said Rose.

"The estate!"

"The estate, Countess. And what is more, to increase the effect of his generosity, he has consented to take a recompense."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Countess, directing a stony look at her brother. "May I presume to ask what recompense?"

Rose shook her head. "Such a very poor one, Countess! He has no idea of relative value."

The Countess's great mind was just then running hot on estates, and thousands, or she would not have played goose to them, you may be sure. She believed that Evan had been wheedled by Rose into the acceptance of a small sum of money, in return for his egregious gift! With an internal groan, the outward aspect of which she had vast difficulty in masking, she said: "You are right—he has no head. Easily cajoled!"

Old Tom sat down in a chair, and laughed outright. Lady Jocelyn in pity for the poor lady, who always amused her, thought it time to put an end to the scene.

"I hope your brother will come to us in about a week," she said. "May I expect the favour of your company as well?"

The Countess felt her dignity to be far superior,

as she responded. "Lady Jocelyn, when next I enjoy the gratification of a visit to your hospitable mansion, I must know that I am not at a disadvantage. I cannot consent to be twice pulled down to my brother's level."

Evan's heart was too full of its dim young happiness to speak, or care for words. The cold elegance of the Countess's curtsy to Lady Jocelyn: her ladyship's kindly pressure of his hand: Rose's stedfast look into his eyes: Old Tom's smothered exclamation that he was not such a fool as he seemed: all passed dream-like, and when he was left to the fury of the Countess, he did not ask her to spare him, nor did he defend himself. She bade adieu to him and their mutual relationship that very day. But her star had not forsaken her yet. Chancing to peep into the shop, to intrust a commission to Mr. John Raikes, who was there doing penance for his career as a gentleman, she heard Old Tom and Andrew laughing, utterly unlike bankrupts.

"Who'd have thought the women such fools! and the Countess, too!"

This was Andrew's voice. He chuckled as one emancipated. The Countess had a short interview with him (before she took her departure to join her husband, under the roof of the Honourable Herbert Duffian), and Andrew chuckled no more.

CHAPTER XLVII.—A YEAR LATER, THE COUNTESS DE SALDAR DE SANCORVO TO HER SISTER CAROLINE.

Rome.

"LET the post-mark be my reply to your letter received through the Consulate, and most courteously delivered with the consul's compliments. We shall yet have an ambassador at Rome—mark your Louis's words. Yes, dearest! I am here, body and spirit! I have at last found a haven, a refuge, and let those who condemn me compare the peace of their spirits with mine. You think that you have quite conquered the dreadfulness of our origin. My love, I smile at you! I *know* it to be impossible for the Protestant heresy to offer a shade of consolation. Earthly-born, it rather encourages earthly distinctions. It is the sweet sovereign Pontiff alone who gathers all in his arms, not excepting tailors. Here, if they could know it, is their blessed comfort!"

"Thank Harriet for her message. *She* need say nothing. By refusing me her hospitality, when she must have known that the house was as free of creditors as any foreigner under the rank of Count is of soap, she *drove* me to Mr. Duffian. Oh! how I rejoice at her exceeding unkindness! How warmly I forgive her the unsisterly—to say the least—vindictiveness of her unaccountable conduct! Her sufferings will one day be terrible. Good little Andrew supplies her place to me. Why do you refuse his easily afforded bounty? No one need know of it. I tell you candidly, I take double, and the small, good punch of a body is only too delighted. But then, I can be discreet.

"Oh! the gentlemanliness of these infinitely maligned Jesuits! They remind me immensely of Sir Charles Grandison, and those frontispiece pictures to the novels we read when girls—I mean in

manners and the ideas they impose—not in dress or length of leg, of course. The same winning softness! the same irresistible ascendancy over the female mind! They require virtue for two, I assure you, and so I told Silva, who laughed.

“But the charms of confession, my dear! I will talk of Evan first. I have totally forgiven him. Attaché to the Naples embassy, sounds to-lol. In such a position I can rejoice to see him, for it permits me to acknowledge him. I am not sure that, *spiritually*, Rose will be his most fitting helpmate. However, it is done, and I did it, and there is no more to be said. The behaviour of Lord Laxley in refusing to surrender a young lady who declared that her heart was with another, exceeds all I could have supposed. One of the noble peers among his ancestors must have been a pig! Oh! the Roman nobility! Grace, refinement, intrigue, perfect comprehension of your ideas, wishes—the meanest trifles! Here you have every worldly charm, and all crowned by Religion! This is my true delight. I feel at last that whatsoever I do, I cannot go far wrong while I am within hail of my gentle priest. I never could feel so before.

“The idea of Mr. Parsley proposing for the beautiful widow Strike! It was indecent to do so soon—widowed under such circumstances! But I dare say he was as disinterested as a Protestant curate ever can be. Beauty is a good dowry to bring a poor, lean, worldly curate of your Church, and he knows that. Your bishops and arches are quite susceptible to beautiful petitioners, and we know *here* how your livings and benefices are dispensed. What do you intend to do? Come to me; come to the bosom of the old and the only true Church, and I *engage* to marry you to a Roman prince the very next morning or two. That is, if you have no ideas about prosecuting a certain enterprise which I should not abandon. In that case, stay. As Duchess of B., Mr. Duffian says you would be cordially welcome to his Holiness, who *may* see women. That absurd report is all nonsense. We do not kiss his toe, certainly, but we have privileges equally enviable. Herbert is all charm. I confess he is a little wearisome with his old ruins, and his Dante, the poet. He is quite of my opinion that Evan will never wash out the trade stain on him until he comes over to the Church of Rome. I adjure you, Caroline, to lay this clearly before our dear brother. In fact, while he continues a Protestant, to me he is a tailor. But here Rose is the impediment. I know her to be just one of those little dogged minds that are incapable of receiving new impressions. Was it not evident in the way she *stuck* to Evan after I had once brought them together? I am not at all astonished that Mr. Raikes should have married her maid. It is a case of natural selection. But it is amusing to think of him carrying on the old business in 193, and with credit! I suppose his parents are to be pitied; but what better is the creature fit for? Mama displeases me in consenting to act as housekeeper to old Grampus. I do not object to the fact, for it is *prospective*; but she should have insisted on another place of resort than Fallowfield. I do not agree with you in thinking her right in refusing a second

marriage. Her age does not shelter her from scandal in your Protestant communities.

“I am every day expecting Harry Jocelyn to turn up. He was rightly sent away, for to think of the folly Evan put into his empty head! No; he shall have another wife, and Protestantism shall be his forsaken mistress!

“See how your Louy has given up the world and its vanities! You expected me to creep up to you conrute and whimpering? On the contrary, I never felt prouder. And I am not going to live a lazy life, I can assure you. The Church hath need of me! If only for the peace it hath given me on *one* point, I am eternally bound to serve it.

“Postscript: I am persuaded of this; that it is utterly impossible for a man to be a true gentleman who is not of the true Church. What it is I cannot say; but it is as a convert that I appreciate my husband. Love is made to me, dear, for Catholics are human. The other day it was a question whether a lady or a gentleman should be compromised. It required the grossest fib. The gentleman did not hesitate. And why? His priest was handy. Fancy Lord Laxley in such a case. I shudder. This shows that your religion precludes any possibility of the being the *real* gentleman, and whatever Evan may think of himself, or Rose may think of him, I *know the thing*.”

THE END.

THE MONTHS.

OCTOBER.

CONSIDERING how many people must know it, it is wonderful how little is said of the charm of London in autumn. The reason is probably the same that is assigned for the autumnal seaside being the only one familiar to the world at large;—that literary people take their holiday between August and November, and thus can describe the coast, and cannot describe the pleasures of London at that season. I have, however, known persons—and literary persons—who would not leave town during those months, if they could avoid it; and I quite sympathise with them.

There have been “charming London seasons” when I could not endure my life there; but I have never known a September or early October which was not full of loveliness. The treats in music, pictures, flower-shows, theatres, and royal and parliamentary spectacles are worth all that can be said about them; but the glare of the streets in the spring sunshine, the noise, the perpetual throng and movement are too much for quiet people. In autumn, we have all the beauty of London and its environs, seen in a mellow light; with a good many privileges in art and literature, and without the din and tumult of “the season.”

A walk in the park—any one of the parks—before breakfast, in October, is as great a refreshment as sea-bathing, taken in a quieter way. Let us hope the middle-class citizens know what it is to see the mists rising above the Serpentine or the water in St. James's Park;—to see the gleams and reflections on the calm surface first, and then, by degrees, the objects so reflected;—to see the massy tree-forms coming dimly out, and growing clearer every minute till the sunlight catches them, and

kindles their tints and hollows out their recesses. I do not know a finer spectacle in any woodlands of any country than the trees in the London parks under an October sun. Then the Abbey towers, gradually disclosed against a pale-grey sky; and the superb Houses of Parliament: and, wherever one goes, some fine church or other, some line of imposing buildings, some green slope or gleam of water no longer covered or hidden by a crowd, delights one's senses, and refreshes one's mind. I do not think so ill of the Serpentine as it is the fashion to do; and many an hour have I spent beside it on fine mornings and evenings in autumn, or, more blissfully still, in the middle of the day, when I had the scene almost to myself. We hear from members of parliament that nobody knows

the real beauty of London streets but themselves, and the market-people, and the police, because nobody else sees those streets under a clear, cool light, and in a state of repose. The autumn evenings have something of the same effect as the summer mornings before sunrise; and I claim to know the beauty of London streets without being a legislator, a market-gardener, or a policeman.

I am told the theatres are as full as ever when "London is empty." I cannot say; for I could not spare evenings for the theatres when there was the whole winter before me for social pleasures. The opportunity of solitude could not be wasted by going into public assemblies. The time was short enough for the National Gallery, now a scene of peace and quiet; and for seeing London from



St. Paul's, and getting on with one's studies at the Museum and its library, and strolling in the Temple Gardens, paying homage to the chrysanthemums, and giving a new contemplation to the Temple Church; and going out to Hampstead Heath, for a good bask on a calm day; and stepping over to Richmond for a row on the Thames, or a view of the sunset. It is a good time also for a day at Hampton Court, or at Windsor; and even the Crystal Palace may be associated with impressions of leisure. But I still turn to the remembrance of London itself, with its parks and gardens, as the scene of the peculiar pleasure that I am thinking of.

Some will object that this is not to be reckoned among the pleasures of nature. There is nothing

rural about it. It is neither one thing nor another.

I answer, that if it is natural for men to congregate in great cities, and build fine churches and palaces, and lead bright waters, and lay out green spaces among them, it is a really natural beauty which grows up in consequence. Nature sheds her beauty over the work of man's hands. At his solicitation she brings her verdure, her tree-forms, her flowers, her bright waters, and golden skies into the midst of man's erections and arrangements, and harmonises them all together. If the scene is not rural, it may be as noble and sweet. It is peculiar; and one might say singular, but for the thought of Italian palaces, and some old English establishments, where there

was much beauty which was natural without being rural. But I have said enough for either those who know, or those who do not know what it is to remain in London when hardly an acquaintance is left, and with leisure enough to enjoy the season in a genuine way. This last condition will prevent my having the sympathy of the Cabinet. The minister who must remain at head-quarters when all his colleagues are dispersed for their recreation, cannot go about studying architecture in the streets and churches, nor be lost for hours in Kensington Gardens, nor start off for the day without saying where he is going. Business detains him, and business engrosses him, except during his constitutional ride in the afternoon. If there be any lawyer, stranded by some accident when all others are afloat; or any artist tempted to seize the quietest weeks of the year for work; or any citizen not too busy in office, counting-house, or shop, to spare hours daily for the open air, let him say whether I am not reasonable in my love of London in autumn, however few of my acquaintances may value it as I do, or court it as I did, in my bachelor days.

To what an infinite variety of places, meanwhile, are one's acquaintances gone! There is A., standing knee-deep in a rapid, or scrambling, as fast as he can go, over the rocks which confine a rushing river in Norway. A stout salmon is leading him a dance which he will boast about at home, whether he captures or loses it. B. is in full gallop beside a herd of buffaloes, on a western prairie, having selected his victim, and boarded him, and got hold of the revolver with which he is to finish him. The buffaloes make more hubbub on the prairie than the strongest torrent in the Norwegian water-courses. C. is in his yacht, quiet enough as long as he has the trade-wind, and the smooth seas which belong to it. He sits in the shadow of a sail reading Byron, as these yacht gentry do, or dreaming, or agreeing with a friend how pleasant this is . . . for a time. D. is in a different scene. He is going to the Mediterranean for a few weeks, and now wishes he had taken the land way. These equinoctial gales are fine things to witness for once; but they use up rather too much time. It is a fine thing to see the squall coming, with the regular, swift march of the solid rain over the dark myrtle-sea sea; and to hear the loud, vibrating storm-organ opening out its strain in the rigging, till the mighty chords swell and subside as the blasts pass over the ship and away. It is well to see for once the tossing together of sea and clouds, and shine and shadow, with all imaginable rushing, roaring, sousing, and splashing; but it is a vexatious matter to a man to feel his holiday slipping away while he is kept floating for a week together, while the weather is making up its mind, or he is carried some long way round to escape its spite. E. has met with no such delays. He is reclining in the shadow of a column of Pharaoh's Bed on Philæ, contemplating the avenue to the temple, or the flow of the Nile towards the neighbouring cataract, or the orange and blue lights and shadows visible through the screen of palms. F. has probably been unable to resist the temptation to go and see what Abd-el-Kader is doing with the Damascus people, and how he gets

on with the new Turkish authorities; and if so, F. certainly is or has been treading down hundreds of infant cedars, sprouting under the shadow of the old trees on Lebanon which Moslem and Christian venerate alike; and he certainly is or has been picking up fragments of sculpture among the sands, round the temple at Baalbec. When he comes home, he will say that the fairest spectacle the traveller's eye can rest on is Damascus, seen from the Salahieh side, by evening light. G., who had a fancy in the summer to see the fair of Nijni Novogorod, no doubt took the opportunity of going further, and is probably on the Amoor, hoping to see for himself what sensation Lord Elgin and his naval and military and diplomatic party will have left in the Peiho. H. is a quiet fellow, who is satisfied with the wildness of Belmullet and Achill, where he is fishing and sketching, and catching a fine brogue, while I. is taking a row on Killarney, and K. is geologising on the Giant's Causeway. L. finds the German medieval churches particularly fine in an autumnal sunshine; and M. has the same opinion about the grapes of southern France. N. and O. are Alpine clubmen; so they are bent on making the very last ascents of the season, through all warnings about the new snow. P. is a temporary soldier. He must just see Italy through her troubles, and then he will come home to business. Such are the holidays of one's friends while one has been staying at home for holiday in the solitude of London.

We rural people, however, dearly prize our English country October, while sympathising with any who spend the month elsewhere. October is a month very rich in pleasures to young and middle-aged; and the sight of an orchard full of ripe fruit is welcome to the aged, when they turn out at noon to bask on the sunny side of it.

As for the youngsters, if my boys were asked where they would best like to be on the 1st of October, they would exclaim—"On Decoy-day! Why at Uncle Willis's, to be sure." Uncle Willis lives in Lincolnshire; and in Lincolnshire there are still places where Decoy-day is quite as great an occasion as the 1st of September is to people in the midland counties. By Act of Parliament, the taking of wild fowl by decoys begins on the 1st of October. To those who are past the fun of getting soaked or chilled in stagnant water for many hours of the day, there is something impressive in the opening of the fowling season. The whirr of the pheasant from the covert, and the rustle of the partridge family disturbed in the farrow, are never forgotten when once heard; but far more impressive is the scream of the water-fowl heard amidst the silence of a dark night. The belated countryman, plodding home on a moonless night, starts when it comes down to him from an immeasurable distance. He always believed those creatures travelled by night, from the numbers that sometimes appear in the morning; and now he is sure of it. He thenceforth goes out every night, and stands at his door the last thing before getting into bed, to listen for that cry.

Many times in the day, eyes are searching the upper air for a flight of cranes or wild swans; and if the gaze is successful, and something like a

group of midges appears moving in the blue heaven, or relieved against a white cloud, every one within summons is called to see. Those are the days when children are told why wild geese fly in a string, or in wedge-like form, and are taught to observe by the change in the figure, when the leader is tired, and drops back to make way for another. Gulls are at the same time winging their slow flight to inland marshes. If they do this early, and the wild-fowl are early, and the fieldfares assemble on the ploughed lands about the same time, all observers expect a long and hard winter; and the farmers lay their plans accordingly. They watch for the departure of the last house-marten, and the arrival of the hooded-crow and the redwing. The woodcock drops in solitarily from the Baltic, wearied and belated when it reaches the dim shore, and glad to cower in any ditch, where it is too likely to be found in the morning by people who well know where to look for such arrivals. The snipes manage to get safely to the marshes, in great numbers. But the grand object now is to get hold of teal, widgeons, and wild ducks; for there is an immediate demand for such delicacies among the operatives of the manufacturing towns, and other home-staying people; and the London poulterers will be wanting tens of thousands of them, as London fills again,—perhaps even if London remained “empty,” as the citizens know what is good as well as any great man’s cook. Out to the marshes, then, go the lovers of the sport,—no boy ever being permitted a second opportunity if he has not kept an exemplary silence on the first occasion.

How vivid appears in memory the grass on the sloping dry bank beside the little canal! And vivid the hue really is; for the grass is never of a lovelier green than in October; and these sloping banks are kept dry and comfortable for the birds to dress their feathers, instead of being rank and woolly as in more fenny places. Near at hand there are coverts of rushes and reeds, and islets of long grass, for the feeding and hiding of the fowl; and here is the hubbub and the noise. Such a fluttering and dashing and splashing,—such a quacking and screaming and clatter, is heard nowhere else. The inland poultry-yard, from this time to Christmas, is nothing to a decoy district. While the new arrivals are making acquaintance with their predecessors, and are feeding on the flowering rushes (one species of which gives its excellence to the canvas-back duck of the Potomac) and are making themselves beds among the islets and banks, man, boys, and dog are watching from behind a screen of reeds. What an excitement it is when the trained ducks mix with the wild birds! and when they tempt them into the right canal, and to dress their feathers on the bank till the dog appears! Then all take to the water, of course. The question is which way will they turn. The trained ducks once more lead; and having been daily fed at the place where the nets are now laid, at the head of the decoy, they tend that way now, followed by scores of new friends. As often as there is any lingering, or appearance of turning back, the dog appears again, and perhaps man or boy, looking through the fence. Once

under the arch of nets, supported on hoops, the rest is short work. The birds rush up to the furthest point, as the net is dropped behind them; and there the fowler fetches them out by dozens, leaving only his coadjutors, the decoy ducks.

The hiding, the silence of the fowlers, the liveliness of the birds, the genius and patience of the dog,—now seeming to saunter accidentally to the spot indicated by his faculties, and now standing for minutes together with the water running over his back, seeing after a duck or a waterhen; and the pleasure of being wet, and cold, and hungry in the pursuit of sport, are bewitching to boys; and would be, no doubt, to girls, if they could be allowed to dabble their frocks in the slime of the fens. But there is another department for the girls. It is too late now for plucking geese alive for this year. The last of these pluckings takes place before Michaelmas. If my readers shudder at the notion, they are probably unaware of what this plucking amounts to, though the process ought to have been put an end to very long ago. The Michaelmas goose of the Fens is not like Plato’s man,—a two-legged animal without feathers; but each has given up a small portion of its finer down and a few quill-feathers,—both of which had better be let alone during the bird’s life. When the consumption of autumn geese begins, what an avidity do the women and girls show for the feathers! What bags are made and hung up in out-houses, or locked into closets, till the mistress is led by the nose to the discovery, and orders them out of the house! What a baking of them there is, if possible, when the family are off to the market; and how well it is if the wind sets the other way! And when the collections are sorted, and prepared, and weighed, what dreams there are of the prices to be offered at the fair! and what a chaffering there is when the fair-day arrives!

Townpeople know very well what a fair is. Any citizen can describe a fair from beginning to end, with its cattle sales to begin with; and, when they are over, its stalls of wares of all kinds, its caravans of wonders, in the shape of giants, dwarfs, monsters, play-acting, conjuring tricks, wild beasts, peep-shows, and all the rest of it; and then again the games, from the old merry-go-round to the fashionable Aunt Sally. All this is as familiar as gingerbread to townpeople; but they little know what a fair is to rural folk in remote places. To many of them it is a greater occasion than Christmas-day itself; for it is the only day in the year in which they see a throng of strangers. For this the women save their silver, and buy ribbons and gay shawls; and for this the children prevail on themselves not to spend every halfpenny as they get it, for months before. The importance of a day which is thought of, and talked of for many weeks by people who never otherwise see twenty persons assembled, except at church, or a funeral, can hardly be imagined by those who are accustomed to the buzz of human voices, and the stream of population in a street. In some parts of the country, too, the autumn fair promises something more than the bustle and fun, and presents and good cheer of the day. It is the occasion for the hirings of the year. I may

perhaps be the last recorder of the mop or statute hiring as an existing custom; for the employers of Gloucestershire and some other places have wisely and kindly proposed to substitute better methods for the disagreeable old custom of mop-hirings. I speak of it as a remnant of barbarism; but it still exists, and finds its place as a characteristic of the season.

Those who have walked through an American slave-market cannot fail to be reminded of it in witnessing a mop-hiring. There stand the women, dairymaids, domestic servants, and field hands,—in rows, with their hands before them, and the awkward carriage of persons unaccustomed to stand still! There they stand, disadvantageously fine in their dress, unaware how every flaunting ribbon and gay trimming tells against them with all the best mistresses. Good mistresses will remember, however, that girls are fine to-day who may be plain enough on every other week-day of the year. There they stand, some lolling, some rocking themselves, some giggling, some looking too self-respecting to offer themselves to a casual hirer; and there are the farmers' wives walking before them speaking to one and another, and occasionally returning to renew an argument about the wages. There is little use in arguing. These people don't understand distinctions and differences; and all explanations about the advantages of one's own service are thrown away. The wages asked are always declared to be high; and there is no hope of making any impression on the askers. The case is just the same where the farmers are interviewing the ploughmen, and shepherds, and cow-boys. There the rustics stand, kicking their heels, and playing with straws,—each, perhaps, with a badge in his hat,—the plaited whipcord in the teamster's hat,—the wool in the shepherd's,—the wisp of cow's hair in the herd-boy's; and the hirers find them as deaf to reason about wages as the women are.

Bystanders might agree with the one party or the other on this point. I, for my part, have no idea that agricultural servants are often overpaid: but the quality of the article thus bought at the fair must be considered; and it is not generally found to be very valuable. The method of hiring tends to unsettle servants, and encourage a gambling spirit as to places. In districts where mops are held there seems to be an annual shifting all round; and the servants get to fancy that they somehow lose a chance if they don't put themselves up to a fresh sale. There is yet more complaint of the consequences of these gatherings in corrupting morals and manners; and a day of standing in public for appraisement, followed by a night of jollity among acquaintances of every degree, and utter strangers, may well be dangerous to people simple and ignorant enough to undergo the process, and to regard it as a treat. In the next generation it will be a wonder that such a custom could exist in our time. The plan of the Gloucestershire gentry and farmers—of registering, without cost, the employers and labourers of each district who may wish to be mutually suited in a quiet and promising way, must soon destroy the human-market method,—so like the slave-market!

The fairs over, the rest of the month is a grave

and studious time to the prudent farmer. The prudent farmer takes stock before the winter, and as soon as convenient after he has ascertained the result of the harvest, and the prices of all his commodities at the autumn sales. During the day he examines the condition of every animal on the farm, and computes the contents of every stack and root-house; and in the evenings the room must be kept still while he is at his figures. His wife, with a stocking on her arm, and her ball of worsted and scissors before her, sits beside him, ready to be questioned or consulted. The children steal away to some place where they may make a noise. Everybody wishes the fortnight was over,—the fortnight or more during which the master is grave and calculating, and exceedingly particular about the condition of everything; and the mistress nervous and exacting, and full of proposals to reduce expenses in all directions. At last comes the night when, after hours in which the ticking of the clock and the scratching of the pen are the only sounds, some long sighs are heard, and the paroxysm is over for the year. The results of the columns of figures in the books are contained on a bit of waste paper, over which the conjugal heads pore till the united conjugal mind is satisfied. Then comes the supper, with a glass of wine extra, the kind and significant nods, by way of a toast, and either a joke or two, and talk of a new gown, or consoling reflexions on the value of education to children, however hard to provide, and proverbs about things mending when they are sufficiently bad. Whatever the result, farmer and farmer's wife go about the next morning with freer minds and more open brows than ever since the books were brought out.

And plenty there is for them to do, between this and the first frosts. There is not the ancient October business of salting down, for seven months' food, the cows which could not be kept alive through the winter. We do not live on salt lean cow-beef for half the year, as our forefathers did; and we do not slaughter beasts because the grass does not grow in winter. Still there is a good deal of preparation required for winter. The pigs must be fattened for killing; and not only the pigs, but the poultry which have been thriving ever since the barns have been filled. The women look to all this! for the men are all wanted for getting up the potatoes, and sowing the spring wheat, and manuring the pasture lands, and clearing and cleaning everywhere for the reception of winter stores. The last gathering of the mangold leaves, before the final cropping, affords a sweet meal to the cows. How soon to take up the roots is an anxious matter. Some kinds are increasing in weight, so that it would be well to let them stand through October: but then, an early frost, like that of last year, may cut off in a night the winter food of a thousand dairies.

When these tasks are done, it is as well to set about the complete repair of the fences and gates, as well as the clearing of drains and the cleaning of ditches. There are more creatures astray now than there will be till the sheep grow wild and hungry in early spring. Good things lie scattered about the fields; and animals are allowed to seek what they can find. The hedges have been pulled

about in proportion as they were overgrown; and gates have been left swinging. Dead leaves and decayed plants choke the channels in which the waters should run, from the church spout to the field drains. The beasts get through every gap, and break every gate, and poach every damp path, and stir up the mud, so as to give broad hints that it is time they were kept at home, and all made tight behind them.

Now is the great brewing time for those who have to provide large households, or gangs of labourers, with beer. The best beer for keeping, the farmers say, is made in October, and hence the name of our ancestors' best ale. In the hop counties this is a busy time for clearing the grounds, and taking away the poles to stack. In other counties, nearer to the seats of our great textile manufactures, the woodland of a farm is now the most interesting part of it. Under the constant demand for bobbins, certain coppice woods are more valuable than ever before; and great landowners aim at having twenty coppices, in order to cut down one each year in turn for ever,—a twenty years' growth being the best. Farmers who cannot achieve anything like this may yet have some to dispose of one year with another; and they may be now seen either taking the speculative purchaser to their woodlands, to count and mark the young trees, and bid for the lot, as it stands, to be removed at his own cost, or the farm-labourers are at work, under their master, or his woodman, cutting down and trimming the coppice wood, for the market. It is a somewhat dreary sight, in our hill districts, to see every year some wooded upland or ravine in every valley cleared out,—laid bare,—only stumps and refuse left of the feathery foliage which had pleased the eye in all lights, and which will be missed by every household below. In the next year the ruin will be somewhat covered over by the sprouting of the coming copse from that which is gone; and the stumps make the finest preserve for primroses that can be. Every year now helps to restore the beauty; but every year some other spot is laid waste,—so entirely as a matter of course, that none but fresh observers take much notice of it. For some weeks to come, however, there will be movement enough on the hill-sides to attract the eye, and remind the observer that the time has arrived for the league between the factory and the bobbin-mill and the woodland portion of the farm.

It is no wonder that the neighbours who can find or make time hang about the spot. The boys find cast snake skins in the grass, and peer about to discover where the snakes and vipers are burying themselves for the winter. The squirrels are a far prettier sport—always pretty at their play, and even more interesting when they are collecting and hiding their winter store. They rustle among the fallen leaves when seizing a beech-nut; and patiently they sit in wait for acorns; and deftly they pick up any hazel-nut, lost from a child's pocket, or swept down by the breeze. Then there are the wood pigeons, making themselves at home for the winter; and the rooks carrying on a close examination of their nesting trees, as if with clear foresight of St. Valentine's

season. These stirrings in the woodlands, with the mournful charm of falling leaves, and the beauty of variegated foliage, may well draw thither all who love pleasures not the less for their being calm and grave.

In a small way these young woods remind one of the old woods where the ancient customs of the swineherds still exist. We do not rival Germany in either the extent of our forests or the docility of our pigs. We do not train our swine to understand the horn or obey the whip; but there are forest ranges still in England where acorns and beechmast are plentiful, and where racy pork is bred, as good as any in Westphalia or Ohio. I am unpoetical enough to believe that the very best pork is that reared on meal and milk as the staple food; but I own to a feeling of gratification when my boys come home with a basketful of beech-nuts for the pig, or the village children offer acorns for sale. We buy all they bring. My wife says it is because "Ivanhoe" came out when we were children, investing swine feeding with a perpetual charm. However that may be, the farmers' pigs are out in the beech and oak woods at this time, in all good mast and acorn seasons. Every year at this season, too, our children ask once more whether our ancestors really ate acorns, and taste, and try again, and cannot conceive it possible. If told the tradition of sweet acorns, they inquire why our pigs have not the advantage of them at this day.

October is so charming a month to us at home that we envy neither the Alpine climber, nor the angler in Norway, nor the contemplative philosopher in London, nor the Lincolnshire fowler, nor the swineherd in the New Forest, or the Black Forest, or "the primeval forest" across the Atlantic, or any other. Our hands are full of business; but we enjoy it. I am superintending the planting of new fruit trees, and the setting up of a new evergreen hedge, while the girls are taking up their geraniums and making a spring bed, dressed with the finest soil, and filled with hyacinth bulbs, and tulips, and anemones, and hepaticas—a border of crocuses of all colours running round it. In the pleasure of this preparation for spring, they can bear the sight and scent of dying leaves, and blossoms that fall with a touch, or without one. A few hollyhocks and asters and starworts, set off with bright holly sprays, and red vine leaves, and yellow ash and birch sprays, and dark ivy, and the scarlet and purple berries of the season, make a good substitute in the house for summer bouquets; and outside the house, the Virginia-creeper, relieved against the ivy, with bunches of clematis hanging from the angles, and a China rose or two beside the door, may well satisfy us in these shortening days. The old women from the village have daily employment now in keeping the lawn and the green walk clear of leaves; and the compost heap beside the orchard becomes something vast. The gardener is ridging his vacated beds, and thinning his turnips and spinach, and earthing up the celery. He is, perhaps, a little jealous of my wife's notion of what clean glass is. Now that the greenhouse has been thoroughly examined, and every chink mended, my wife proceeds to have every pane there, and

also in the handlights in the garden, made as bright as her drawing-room windows. She says the plants want every ray of light that can be had, now that the sun looks at us so askant. She helps Harry, too, to guard his own small concerns against the coming frosts, regarding it as an educational process. So they have bent shallows over the child's most precious plants, and have hung mats over, which it is a daily business of the utmost consequence to take off when the sun is up, and remember to put down before sunset.

The grand pleasure of the time, however, is the clearing of the orchard—the gathering of the winter fruits. It has been an agreeable daily task to pick out the ripest swans-egg and bergamot pears from the sunniest boughs, and to cherish the later grapes, trimming away every doubtful berry, and pruning to within an inch of the bunch; but the real festival is the apple gathering.

We are all on the watch as to the proceedings of our cider-brewing neighbours. Somebody bursts into the kitchen or parlour with news that Farmer A. or B. is having his barrels cleaned and aired, and the baskets and cloths washed and dried, and the mill inspected, and the vats scoured; and then we make ready to strip our trees. We cannot make so boisterous an affair of it as our neighbours, who are going to crush their apples immediately. We are going to keep ours; so we take the means of keeping them, pulling each with a gentle wrench, and handling all as if they were eggs. Those that fall are kept separate, and freely allowed for anybody's immediate use. My wife has no idea of shutting them up "to sweat" in straw or sawdust, or even sand. We do not like tainted apples, be the taint ever so innocent. A clean room, and plenty of air, dry wiping after the sweating, and then plenty of air again, as they lie on clean wood (floor or shelf)—this is her recipe for keeping apples as long as apples can be kept.

There are few sights pleasanter than the last hour of apple-cropping on a sunny October afternoon, when the house is deserted, and all the family, and a few neighbours, and perhaps a beggar or two are standing in the sun, and peering into the trees for the last bit of gold-green or russet fruit, or rejoicing over the basket and barrow loads, and broad piles of apples. But this year we shall be more thankful than ever before for a plentiful crop, for never, I fear, was the excellent nourishment covered up with the rind of the apple more needed than it seems likely to be this winter. It is not generally understood that the apple is prime among fruits for the same excellence which makes the potato prime among vegetables—the high quality and good combination of the nourishment it contains. The alimentary chemists tell us that the apple, when truly ripened, is much more than a luxury. With the stimulating quality of one species of food it unites the nourishing properties of another, and thus it is a real resource, if it were but known, when meat and flour are dearest. If provisions should be as dear as we expect this next winter, we must do our utmost with our prodigious crop of apples. Apples and rice will be about the cheapest articles procurable; and it will not cost us much—us who

grow apples—to put a good many into the cottages and little shops near us, with plenty of rice (broken rice for cheapness, which is just as good, though not so handsome, as whole rice), to make a substantial meal for hungry folk.

When we leave the orchard, there is always a merry set of fellows ready to enter it. We give it up to the village boys, who have leave to take all they can find, on the clear understanding that no injury shall be done to the trees. It will be easily understood that the smallest apples are left on purpose, and here and there a few which are not of the smallest. By the shouts and laughter which reach us in the house, they seem to be well amused till it is too dark to pretend to find more apples.

One more peculiarity of October must be noticed—a solemn and sweet feature of the time. As the fruits of one year fall, the seeds of centuries of growth are sown. By the mechanism of nature, the stocking of the earth with every kind of growth, from the oak of a thousand years to the weed of a day, is carried on. The acorn falls on moist earth, and is trodden in by man or beast; the berries of the mountain ash are carried by birds, and dropped on ledges of rock, where they strike in any handful of soil that may be there. Winged seeds are floated by the winds till they stop in some favourable place. The light and downy sorts are spread abroad by every breeze that blows. Those that are hooked are conveyed by the coats of browsing animals. While men are putting seeds into the ground by millions with all due care, Nature is planting and sowing on a much larger scale, surpassing man while he is busy, and going on while he is sleeping or making holiday. To appreciate what is thus done, one has only to try to count the plants on the turf one has been lying on, on any common, or the seedlings within any square yard of airy woodland. Now is the time to see how the replenishing of the earth begins before it is emptied of its ripened produce. For every tree that is felled thousands are sown; and for every flower that falls millions more are provided. What my girls have been doing with pains and care, in their bed of spring bulbs, is done silently over all the continents and islands in our zone. New life is provided for before decay begins.

THE ICEBERG.

BY A. STEWART HARRISON.
(Concluded from p. 414.)

"I don't know how it was, but I never could feel to dislike him—not when I knew all about it; and I don't believe, now, he meant to act the villain, and leave her. As he said, if it hadn't been for the drink, he might have been alive and happy now. It's a bad thing for a man not to be able to regulate his drink; causes him lots of misfortunes. Chaps like him ought to leave it off altogether; still it's a hard thing to see fellows jolly, and not join; makes a fellow feel like a wet blanket to his mates—they're so jolly and merry, and he drinking his lemonade or water. It's rather hard, I should think.

"The boy, he kept on saying, 'A sail! A sail!' He was gone cranky, you see—didn't know where

he was, and weak as an infant—couldn't eat: so I was obliged to boil the seal-beef and give him the gravy by spoonfuls. Just like a child he was, and, when he hadn't got the spoon to his lips, kept saying, 'A sail! A sail!' as if he hadn't said it five hundred times before.

"It was hard work, for I was getting weak, and so sore round the waist, ankles, and neck, I could hardly bear to move; and you see I couldn't let Sands lie there right in the boy's sight, so I took him round to the other side. It took me about three hours to get him there. I might have thrown him off altogether, but I didn't want any suspicion of foul-play, and there might have been if he'd been missing when we were found.

"This I carried on for some five days or so, —eating and feeding the boy was all I could do.

"I let the lamps alone, for I was too bad to get to trim them, and lay all day in a sort of stupid fit, half-asleep—half not.

"It kept getting hotter over head all the time, and it was enough to frighten one to see how the ice melted, pouring down in streams like a waterfall all day and all night. I could almost tell the time of day by the sound of the falling water. Mid-day it was a regular roar, and then about three or four o'clock in the morning it was almost still. You could almost see it melt. Two or three days after this the boy still kept muttering, 'A sail!—a sail!' I began to get dizzy and queer like—couldn't see now and then. I thought it would soon be all up with me.

"At last I seemed to grow blind—couldn't open my eyes nor move at all. Still I could tell it was getting towards evening, for the sound of the fall was less; but I couldn't move to give the boy anything nor to get anything myself; indeed I didn't seem to care about it, nor about him neither, for that matter.

"I wasn't in pain—rather the other; very pleasant sort of feeling, for I was lying on Sands' coat and my own. Then I fell asleep.

"I don't know any more till I came to, as the women call it.

"I was in a bunk of a small barque, I could tell that by the short pitch she made. Long ships always pitch slower. I heard somebody say: 'He's all right, doctor.'

"So I was in a little while—sat up and asked for food. Lord bless you, sir, how good it was: I never tasted anything half as sweet as that beef-tea the doctor gave me. Nice—I can't tell how nice it was. You see I'd been getting up an appetite for it. Whether I should like to go to the same school again to learn how nice beef-tea could be, I don't know—rather think not.

"In a few days I was well—rather thin and pale, I think, to what I am now—and then I asked them how they found me.

"'Mate'll tell you,' says the Captain, 'give you his log, you can copy it if you like.'

"I did, and here it is, a fair copy—it looks nice, you see, by the side of these others, cause they were written when the paper was soaked with water and my fingers were numbed with cold, and written with pencil, too. This I wrote in the

Captain's cabin with a pen. I kept it in the same book, tho' the paper was bad, so as to have it altogether.

"I took the book, and with Mr. Stevens' permission, copied the log again:

"*BARQUE ESMERALDA, June 21st.*—Wind S.W. S.,—rather heavy; got sun long. 42° 10' lat. 44°, 15'. Wind steady—twelve o'clock—sighted a sail three points starboard-bow—couldn't see name—carpenter finished new spanker-boom—opened hatches, took up 3 casks beef and 1 bottle porter. About two o'clock sighted an iceberg right a-head—passenger wanted to see it nearer—Captain ordered to steer accordingly. About four could make out shape. Mr. Burton said he could see two black and white birds on it with the glass—was quite sure; half-past four saw that they were a man and a boy—lowered quarter-boat starboard, and went to fetch them off; they lay on a shelf about six feet out of the water—some difficulty to get at them—sent up three men and lowered them into the boat. They seemed dead—went round and found another man—lowered him into the boat—took off three seal-skulls with black wicks in them; been used as lamps; clothing, and also three guns. Brought all aboard. Doctor said one man—the one found alone—was quite dead; the others not dead. Had baths in the Captain's cabin. Boy came to and said, 'A sail! a sail!' and kept on saying it: the man seemed nearly dead. After four hours—about half-past eight—he came to, and said, 'Where's the boy?' Told him he was all right—took in stun-sails—Wind shifted two points—Iceberg hull down at ten—lost sight of it at twelve.

"*June 22nd.*—Wind S.S.W.—Heavy rain—man better—boy still keeps saying, 'A sail! a sail!' Doctor says he's quite mad—man not allowed to talk—buried the dead man—marks on clothing, 'J. Sands;' clothing good, but much worn and sodden.

"'Esther' marked on the arm in blue points with red capitals. Two flags and a half moon under, with a part of a head on it—may be the picture of half a coin of some kind—no other marks on the body. Doctor read prayers.

"Wind shifted, and blew rather heavy from S.W. Took in the main royal.

"*June 23rd.* Man better; boy still muttering when not being fed; can't eat yet; man got up at four o'clock and came on deck; said his name was Stevens; that they got on the berg in May from the Belle of Aberdeen. Out twenty-nine days when he went off. We found him next day, the 30th out we expect. Doctor says another day would have killed them both. The man, Sands, died the 24th day out, at night.

"'There, that's the log,' said Ben, 'and now I can tell you the rest, for I was well on the fourth day; though not strong—could walk about the deck. The doctor gave me some ointment for my throat and waist, and I was all right in about a week.'

"The boy, too, got better, and left off muttering. Doctor read to him, made him work about the ship, and tried all sorts of ways to make him think of something else.

"In another fortnight I said good-bye to the

Esmeralda's people, and started for the north in a steamer, taking the boy with me.

"We saw the owner, and found that the Captain of the Belle of Aberdeen had written home, and that they'd given us up for lost. Sleepy Sam reached the ship the day after he left us.

"The owner was so pleased with me that he gave me 500*l.* for taking care of his son. I said I'd only done my duty, but he would have me take it, so at last I did.

"And," says he, 'Ben, my boy' (they always call us boys), 'Ben, my boy,' says he, 'if ever you want a friend, you know where to come for one. I should have been a broken-hearted man, Ben, if it hadn't been for you taking care of him. God bless you, Ben. But you must come and see his mother before you go.'

"Well, I went up to the house, and saw a fine, handsomely-dressed old lady. You see they weren't likely to have any more, and that made them all the fonder of the boy.

"Mr. Stevens, my dear,' says he to her.

"You'd hardly think it, but it's as true as I stand here—the old lady went down on her knees to me and kissed my hand, and cried fit to break her heart.

"God bless you, Mr. Stevens,' says she, 'God bless you, for your kindness to my poor boy. I'll never forget you. You must take this to think of me sometimes. I shall always pray for you.'

"It was a ring. That's it," said Ben, showing me a solid-looking gold ring with a large diamond in it.

"Well, I took it, for I was getting quite uncomfortable at her taking on so; but, Lord bless you, it seemed to do her good to have her cry out, and the owner, he looked on and wiped his eyes now and then. Last of all, I was obliged to say I'd only done my duty by the boy. But she wouldn't listen, but kept saying, 'God bless you,' and crying over my hand, and then she seemed to go off faint, so I got away then. Of course, as soon as I could, I came home.

"I found mother all right. 'How's Esther?' says I, as jauntily as if I didn't care a button about her. Mother looked pretty hard at me.

"Oh, she's well enough.'

"Fitzjames come back?' says I.

"No, he'll never come back—a villain!' says mother. She was always down on him when she had a chance. Of course I knew he'd never come back better than she did.

"I went to see Esther next day. She shook hands and kissed me, said I looked ill, then says, 'Have you got anything to tell me?' I don't know how it was she asked this—sort of what you call presentiment, or instinct, same as dogs have. Lord, sir, a woman or a dog can always tell what you mean before you speak—in things about the feelings. Some children, too, have this kind of thing very strong. Perhaps, after all, I looked as if I knew something.

"Have you seen him?'—'him,' you know, as if there wasn't other hims—and asking me, too, just as if I cared as much about it as she did; but Lord, sir, they don't think anybody's a right to think of anybody but their 'him.'

"Yes,' says I, 'I have seen him, Esther.'

"Where is he? Take me to him!' She looked at me a minute. 'No, Ben,' says she, 'he's dead! I know he is! I see he is! Oh, my God! my own Fitzjames is dead!' And she gripped my hand so hard, and sank back in the chair, and shut her eyes.

"After a little she says, 'Ben, tell me all about it. Poor fellow! dead!'

"I told her as much as I could about it; and then I told her about the sixpence.

"Give it me,' she said, 'give it me, Ben. It's the last thing I gave him before—give it me.'

"I gave it her, and she kissed it quite solemn like, just as tho' it had been his dead forehead.

"Then I told her what he said about his not meaning to leave her.

"Did he say that?'

"He did Esther—he swore it; and I believe it.'

"She looked hard at me for a little, and then said,

"Thank you, Ben, for that; I'm so glad you believe it. I knew he didn't mean to leave me; and she got up and called her father, and says,

"Father, he didn't mean to leave me. Ask Ben here; he said so with his dying breath. He swore it, Ben, didn't he? and Ben believes it himself, don't you, Ben? Tell father, do.'

"I told the old man.

"Ah,' says he, 'poor fellow! Dead too! He's rightly punished.'

"But,' says she, 'he told Ben he didn't mean to wrong me—he did;' and she seemed as if she was quite glad. 'I knew he never did.'

"Don't see,' said the father, 'it makes much difference whether he did or not. He did it, and you've lost your good name,—and ours too, for that matter, Esther.'

"I know it, I know it; but still he told Ben that he didn't mean to leave me. God bless him!' And she fell to kissing the bit of sixpence like mad.

"I saw she was going off into hysterics, so I called her mother, and left; for it's no use a man's fussing about at them times; you can't do any good, and get in the way a good deal.

"Next day she came down to mother's.

"Ben,' says she, 'here's the pound I owe you; it's the first I've saved out of the shirts. The curate's been very good to me, and so has his wife. She always shakes hands with me; and one day I was crying when she came, for baby was so ill, and she kissed me, Ben, on the forehead, and said, "Poor child." I feel just like as if she was my mother, Ben, she's been so good to me.'

"I took the pound, and gave her the paper, and I didn't see any more of her for some week or so.

"One day I had a letter from the owner's wife, asking me if she could do anything for Sands' relations; for the boy, you see, had told her about Sands. So I went down to Esther, and showed her the letter, and asked her what I should say.

"Did the young gentleman see much of him, Ben?'

"Of course,' says I, 'was there all the time—took his turn of lighting the lamps when Sands was bad.'

"Was 'Sands' his real name, not Fitz-james?"

"Yes, Sands."

"I should like, Ben, to go and live with the lady, so as to be near this young gentleman who's seen so much of him."

"You see, she might have lived with *me*, only I couldn't say that, and she didn't seem to think of it."

"I don't know that she'd like that, either. If you'd been his wife, you see, it would have been different."

"But he did mean that I should be, didn't he, Ben?"

"That's true, but then you're not; but still, I'll write and ask her."

"And you'll try and get me to go, Ben?"

"'Esther,' says I, 'I'd lay down my life to serve you any time, and I promised Sands I'd do anything I could for you, with this hand in both his.'

"She took my hand into both hers, and kissed it hard, but I could see it was 'cause it had touched his. She'd 'a kissed anything that had touched him, she would; and though she was kissing my hand I couldn't have told her I loved her then, anyhow. I should have choked if I'd tried."

"Well, I wrote and told the lady all about it, and she sent for her and the baby, and called her 'Mrs. Sands.'

"'Esther wouldn't give me back the letter with that in it, though it was written for me; but I didn't care so long as she was happy."

"I took her down there, and all the way down, she did nothing but cry and talk about Sands. I took her to the owner's house, and she saw the lady and the boy, and I left her there, and went another voyage—not north though, you may guess, I'd had enough of ice for some time. I had money enough to stop ashore, but I never felt quite easy about it, so I settled some of the money upon mother, and the rest upon Esther, without her knowing it, and went off."

"I got a letter from—the owner's son—I suppose I ought to call him now, instead of 'the boy,' seeing he was quite the gentleman in the counting-house now."

"It's here in the pocket of this book."

He took the letter, old, creased, and yellow, from the pocket, handed it me, and with his leave I copied it afterwards. It ran thus:

GLASGOW, — Street, Aug. —, 18—.

DR. BEN,—I told you I'd write soon, so I'm now going to fulfil my promise. I'm in the counting-house,—got the drudgery to go through. Governor says that no boy's fit for anything as a clerk until he's done the lowest work of the office. You and he think alike: I recollect tarring down that back-stay by your orders now. I don't get much pocket-money, still enough, you know, Ben; and Aunt Nelly has given me a couple of pistols. I can hit a card six times out of ten,—at twenty paces.

I haven't got much more to say. My neck has got all right, except a scar, and there's a scar on the left leg where I hit it that day I fell on the blocks.

That puts me in mind of Mrs. Sands. I say, Ben, was she Mrs. Sands, after all? You know what I mean. "The boy," as you used to call me, is quite

out of mother's good books, and Mrs. Sands', too, because he won't tell for the ten thousandth time the story of being on the ice.

I've had to tell so many people, I'm sick of it, and mother wants me to tell it over and over again; and as for Mrs. Sands, she's always bothering me to know how he died. I liked Sands well enough, you know, but I didn't see him die, and was stupid after I saw the sail, so I could tell her very little. She's marked in her prayer-book the prayer the doctor read over him when he was buried.

Everybody says you're next door to a fool for going to sea again, but I suppose you know best. Mrs. Sands is, after all, a nice woman, and mother takes to her uncommonly,—treats her more like a daughter than a servant, and she's more like one, too. I know many girls that aint half as ladylike as she is, spite of their silks. I've got my clothes under her, and I haven't had a button off for weeks. I used always to go about with a bit of string or cotton somewhere for a button. I say, Ben, if you were to stick up to her, she'd have you, I know. I saw her cry over your last letter, in her room.

"I'd mentioned Sands in it," said Ben, by way of explanation.

She's only a widow, after all, and any one might be proud of that young Sands, he's such a jolly little chap—strong as possible—we're quite friends. He seems to like me, and Mrs. Sands is never happier than when I'm nursing him. She says I've been near him, and he would have nursed him. She means Sands.

Good bye, old fellow. Thanks for feeding me with a bone spoon. Mother keeps it in her pocket, I think. If you want a friend, Ben, or money, or anything, you know where to find your own *boy*. He aint a boy now, though.

Your own,

FRED TRELAWNEY.

"I had one or two more letters that voyage, but nothing in them that's about my story. He used to write about himself; boys mostly do I think. Sometimes he mentioned Esther—not often much about her, just said she was well, sent her love, or something of that kind."

"I was gone about a twelvemonth; and, of course, when I got back I went to see them at Glasgow."

"The owner's wife, she shook my hand, and Esther kissed me as cool as could be, just as if I'd been her brother, while I could have held her, and never let her go, if I'd not been careful of myself. She was going away from there to take care of the old people at home, so we went together; and all the time she talked of Sands, till I was nigh sick of it; still I didn't show it, because I liked to hear her talk; she'd got a pleasant way with her that made you feel happy, no matter what she said, and you never would have made her see that Sands wasn't the pleasantest subject to talk to me about."

"We got home—I lived with mother, and she with the old folks. I got a berth at a ship-yard, as foreman rigger, and I didn't care to go to sea again."

"I went to see her every day and nursed the youngster, he soon got to know me, and called me 'Pa.' She didn't mind a bit,—rather liked it, I think."

"One day, after I'd been at home about six months, mother says to me.

“Ben, you might as well go and ask Esther to live with you, you spend so much of your time there, that people talk about it.”

“‘I wish to God,’ says I—quite red, I know I was—‘that people would mind their own concerns.’”

“‘Ah, well!’ says she, ‘they won’t, and never will.’”

“That evening I went down to Esther, and I said to her:—

“‘Esther, I can’t live like this much longer—Esther, I’m getting ill, and the river looks too pleasant in the moonlight to make me feel safe. I shall do something desperate: I’m not quite my own master at times. Esther, I want you to be my wife.’”

“‘I couldn’t make you happy if I was, Ben—I can never forget poor John.’”

“‘Esther,’ says I, ‘if you’ll marry me I shall be happier than I am now. I want a companion, and I’m always up here after you and people talk about it—not men, you know,’ says I, ‘for I’d soon find a way to stop their mouths!’—Ben’s clenched fist certainly looked at this moment a very effectual remedy for a fast tongue in an unwise head. “‘But it’s the women, Esther, and I can’t stop them saying what they like. They’re so kind always to one of their own sex, too, that’s had a misfortune.’”

“‘So they talk, do they, Ben?’”

“‘Yes, they do; and it’s better, unless I’m to



(See p. 437.)

go to sea, or away again, that we should be married.’”

“‘Ben,’ says she, ‘it isn’t every man that would make that offer to a woman like me with no good name, and a baby.’”

“‘I do though, Esther.’”

“‘Well, then, Ben, I will be your wife. I can’t give you the same kind of love that poor John had, but I’ll do my duty to you as a good wife, and I’m sure you’ll be a father to my boy, Ben, dear.’”

“She said this as calm as if I’d asked her to take a walk, or anything else as simple.

“‘I went down home, and told mother: she seemed glad of it: I suppose she saw it must be anyhow.

“Next night, as I was leaving, Esther put a letter in my hand, ‘Read that when you get home,’ says she; ‘it may alter your mind, Ben, about this.’”

“I recollect well the feeling it gave me when I took it.

“‘When I got home I read it—there it is—leastways, that’s a copy of it.’”

I read:—

DEAR BEN,—When I was at Manchester, when little Johnny was born, the doctor told me I should never be a mother again. I don’t understand these things, but that’s what he said. I couldn’t tell you this, because it’s not the sort of thing I could talk about to you;

but I didn't think it right to marry you without letting you know it.

Yours very affectionately,
ESTHER SANDS.

"Now you know it was rather damping to me, 'cause I'm fond of children; it makes you feel good to have the little ones crawling about you, and going to sleep in your arms. Them French women wouldn't be half as bad if they nursed their own babies, to my mind. But still I didn't feel like giving it up, 'cause of that, but I thought it was what many women wouldn't have done in her case, and I thought all the more of her for it.

"Well, we were married by the curate, and his wife came to the wedding and kissed her. There are some good Christian women in the world, and that grey-eyed wife of the curate was one.

"We took this little house near the old people, and there we lived as happy as could be. She did her duty if ever woman did. I never had to speak twice about anything—the moment I expressed a wish for anything, she seemed to do her best to get it for me. My way was always best, at least for her, she said; but I don't know how it was, I wasn't quite satisfied. Seemed as if there was something more wanted to make me quite happy. She did all I wanted, and yet, somehow, it wasn't quite what I wanted. I'm sure she loved me, but not, as she told me at first, with the same love she had felt for Sands.

"We used to talk about him, and it made me nigh mad at times to see her eyes sparkle and her face glow when I praised him. She was always more fond of me after I'd been talking of Sands.

"She couldn't see a fault in him. I've heard a good deal in my time about first love and second love, and that sort of thing, but my opinion is this, that a woman can only love once with that kind of love that sees no faults—that kind of love that takes up all *his* opinions, his views—so that if you know his you know hers.

"Well, if they do get married in this state of mind, they don't wake out of it for a long time—mostly they don't, for that kind of love isn't found much after twenty; it's like a fever, they have it, and they're safe then. Other things weigh with them—a man's position, his means, and so on. They get more set then, criticise (don't you call it?) a man, know his faults, admit them to others, but then they do their duty almost better in one case than the other; still a man feels somehow which kind of love he's got, and he's never quite satisfied without the first kind—at least I think so. I remember one night, about three months after we were married, I'd been talking of Sands a good deal to somebody who'd been to supper with us, and she was quite alive I could see—made me describe him, and listened as though *she'd* never heard it all before. We locked up the house and went to bed—that room, right over your head, was our bed-room—she fell asleep almost directly with one hand under my neck, and her face to me. I was awake, for, you see, I'd been talking and got excited a little. It was a moonlight night, and the light came in between

the blind, and the side of the window right on her face.

"I was looking at her, as I said, half on my back, and half on my side—presently she put her other hand to my face, and stroked it as tender as if I'd been a baby, and murmured 'John, dear John,' and then drew my face to hers, and kissed me. She was dead asleep, too,—but, by G—d, sir, it was a thing I shall never forget! How I felt then! It was an awful thing to hear her say 'John, dearest John,' and my name Ben. She was dreaming of him, and he was dead, but I didn't get over that for some time. Next morning, she told me she'd been dreaming of him, and that she had kissed him. I didn't tell her I knew it before, though, for she was always as kind as could be to me when awake; still, you know, it goes to prove that she hadn't the kind of love for me that I wanted, and I couldn't make her feel any different if I spoke ever so much, so I never told her.

"After this, it happened once or twice; but I used to wake her up by touching her, or some way or another. I couldn't bear it, you see. By G—d, I couldn't, sir! You fancy your wife whispering, 'John, dearest John,' and your name Ben all the while.

"So we lived on for about ten years; she's been dead fifteen years come next Michaelmas; 23rd September she died, in that room where I sleep now. I don't know what she died of; but she kept getting paler and thinner, and more dreamy in the day-time, for years; then took to her bed, and was there nigh upon six months. Just before she died she made me tell her all about how Sands died, and what he said; and she took the two bits of the sixpence in her right hand, and shut it fast, and told me she'd like to be buried with 'em there.

"'There's one thing,' she says, 'I should like, too, Ben dear, if you don't mind; you won't be angry with me.' 'Angry with her,' and she lay dying. I told her I'd do anything that she asked me.

"'Can't you put poor John's name on the tombstone, Ben?'

"'I don't know how, Esther; it ain't as if you'd been his wife.'

"'I didn't mean this unkind, and she knew it, for we always talked that way about it.'

"'But he meant to make me his wife, didn't he, Ben?'

"'He did, Esther, I'm sure.'

"'Can't you say that, then, on it?'

"'I don't see how. I'll speak to the curate about it, so as to make it look proper.'

"'Thank you, Ben. You've been a good husband to me, Ben, better than I deserved; but I didn't deceive you, did I, Ben? I told you at first I couldn't feel for you like I did for poor John, didn't I, Ben?'

"'You did, Esther, and I know it, and I have felt it; but you've been a good wife to me, you've done your duty to me, and thank you for it.' You see I never could say much, if I felt ever so.

"The curate's wife came in just then, and Esther's eyes looked bright; that little grey-eyed

woman made everybody look better for being with her.

“‘Esther, can I no anything for you?’

“‘My boy will want a mother; be one to him, will you?’

“‘That I will, Esther;’ and she came round to the bedside, and kissed her.

“‘Ben, take my hand, and hold it in yours, dear.’

“‘I took her hand, and held it till she died. Just before she died, she said,

“‘God bless you, Ben. I’m sorry to leave you, dear, but I’m going to him. I’ll tell him you kept your promise. Be as kind to his boy as you’ve been to me, Ben. God bless you.’

“‘She never spoke again, but lay quite still for an hour or more with her eyes shut, and I only knew she was dead when her hand felt cold.

“‘Come, Ben,’ says the curate’s wife, ‘you mustn’t stay here now, it will do you no good. Come, Ben.’

“‘She took my hand, and I took hers, and she led me downstairs to this room, and put me in the chair you’re sitting in. She gave her orders to the servant about getting somebody to come. I couldn’t let go her hand, it seemed to keep me alive; and she let it stay there. I seemed to fancy that Esther was not dead when I held that hand. I don’t know how long she stayed. Esther died at eight; and they told me afterwards that the curate had been, and seen me holding his wife’s hand, and left her there till I fell asleep, about two o’clock; so that six mortal hours did she sit beside me. It was the kindest thing I ever knew even a woman do. Some people might think it foolish. I think it saved me my reason, for I felt as if I was out of my mind when I found Esther’s hand get cold.

“‘I went to the funeral, and we had a stone put up; and you can see it in the churchyard there. We had put on it,

“‘Sacred to the memory of Esther, the intended wife of John Sands, and wife of Benjamin Stevens.’

“‘It would make no difference to her whether I put it on or not, but I always keep my word, you know; can’t feel it right to break it to any but mad people, when you’ve made them a promise to keep them quiet. I don’t know that it’s right even then.’

“‘And the son?’

“‘O, he’s captain of the ‘Clara,’ now gone to Melbourne. He was away when she died. He didn’t want to go to sea; but, as I told him, his mother’s story would be sure to leak out, and he’d find ashore that he’d have hard lines on account of it; so he went to sea, and he’s been captain this last three years, and a thoro’ good seaman too.’

“‘I see you don’t wear your wife’s wedding-ring.’

“‘No; I couldn’t get it over any of my fingers, it’s so small; but it’s not colder now than it was when she had it on her finger.’

“‘Well, Ben, yours is a strange story.’

“‘Perhaps it is; but there’s many a stranger stowed away in some men’s hearts; aye, and

many a log that, overhauled, would make men stare a little.’”

“‘Perhaps you’ll let me look at what you call your ‘land-logs’ some day.’”

“‘O, yes. It’s no use living if you don’t do some good; and perhaps somebody might be happier for knowing what Ben Stevens had seen in his sixty years’ voyage.’”

I went through the churchyard home, and looked at the tombstone, and felt a respect for the old sailor who goes about with his wife’s wedding-ring on his heart—not the less either because his fingers had been made too large by toil for the ring to fit them. I began to think it possible that a hard hand and a soft heart may exist together. I feel satisfied that they are united in my friend Ben Stevens.

AIMLESS.

AIMLESS to float upon the tide of life,
 Aimless, and therefore hopeless—saddest fate
 That man can ever know—with danger rife,
 Black danger to the soul’s eternal state.

Better to have creation’s meanest thing
 On which to lavish thought and energy,
 Than, bounding wishes in one daily ring,
 Content oneself to eat, and sleep, and be.

And yet, when darkness brooding o’er my soul,
 Hides the fair mountain tops where I would climb;
 When from earth’s valley chilly mists uproll,
 And my tried land-marks vanish in the rime;

Then, I could almost wish myself a clod,
 Who lived because he lived—some happy fool,
 Like sheep who crops from day to day the sod,
 Or lazy fly upon a stagnant pool,

So I might only be at rest—at rest—
 Nor blind mine eyes with looking at the light,
 Nor, struggling for the highest and the best,
 Fall from the summit of an Alpine height
 To the deep chasm of a starless night!

ANNA HAGEDON.

JAPANESE FRAGMENTS.

BY CAPTAIN SHERARD OSBORN, R.N.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE English intercourse with Japan, which opened under the auspices of William Adams, in 1613, as the favourite of the European Icyayas, was short lived, for many causes which it is unnecessary to enter into. Adams died in 1619 or 1620, a *Jettou* in Japan, although allowed to take service in the East India Company’s factory in Firando; * and, three years afterwards, the Company’s factor withdrew. The trade with Japan thus reverted entirely into the hands of the Dutch, and they from that time forth successfully preserved their monopoly, materially assisted in their policy by that of the Imperial Government, who saw no safety or peace for Japan, except in a rigid system of exclusion from all direct communication with foreign nations and foreign creeds. For two centuries this system was faithfully and impar-

* See “Memorials of Japan” edited for the Hakluyt Society, by Thomas Rundall, Esq.

tially adhered to, in spite of a weak effort, in the reign of Charles II., and of several subsequent ones by England under the auspices of Sir Stamford Raffles, then Governor of Java, as well by the Russians, who as early as the year 1792 tried to obtain a footing in the country. But to all there was one reply. "Formerly our empire had communication with several nations, but experience has caused us to adopt the opposite course. It is not permitted unto Japanese to trade abroad, nor can foreigners enter our country."

When the monopoly of the trade to China by the East India Company was abrogated, a wonderful expansion of commerce between that country and Europe, as well as America, immediately ensued. The ten years which elapsed between 1830 and 1840 did more to open up our knowledge of the countries lying beyond the Indian Ocean, than the previous century had done;



An Execution. (Fac-simile)

and this progress was still further stimulated by the development of trade which followed the measures adopted by great Britain to resent the insults of Chinese officials, in 1840, 41-42. Our missionaries, and the merchants, labouring in China, found themselves at Shanghai, only a few hundred miles from another country, named Japan, once as famous for its profitable trade as they well knew China to be, and inhabited by a race reputed to have been once upon a time nigh all Christians. It was natural both should turn a longing eye to such a quarter, but the enterprise of either party was but lukewarm. We Protestants are but poor missionaries, and the Romanists had quite enough to do to meet the vast demand upon their missions in China; whilst our merchants soon found ample employment for all available capital in the silks and teas of the Central Land.

The efforts, therefore, of those sections of the English and American communities in China were all ill-digested, feverish, and exhibited no perseverance or determination; whilst the British officials, though evidently hankering after a trade with Japan, did nothing effective towards the desired end.



Boys rolling Snowball. (Fac simile.)

Between 1840 and 1850, however, the attention of European nations was attracted to the shores and islands of both the North and Pacific Oceans, by the double insult Great Britain had supinely submitted to, in having her flag and subjects trampled on by Frenchmen in the Protestantised island of Otaheite; and being bullied and cajoled out of her indubitable territories in Oregon and on the banks of the Columbia River, by the cabinet of Washington. France and America then simultaneously discovered that that great South Sea, that hemisphere of water dotted with rich islands, and washing the shores of Asia and America, was likely to play before long an important part in the history of the world. France and America acted; England, re-



Boys luring Birds. (Fac-simile.)

presented by a set of old parties who thought that she was quite great enough, and, judging by their own feelings, had misgivings as to her present strength and future destiny, put on their spectacles, flourished their mops, and looked on.

In 1846, the American Republic, with consum-

mate audacity and skill, made a bold stroke for empire upon the shores of the Pacific. She had always kept a large squadron in those seas, and exercised a high-handed influence over the wretched republics into which the American dominions of Spain had dwindled. England, thanks to having handed her magnificent provinces of Oregon and Vancouver, as well as that noble stream the Columbia to the entire monopoly of the Hudson Bay Company, knew nothing of their value, or resources; and the good-natured public appreciated about as much the geographical, commercial, or political importance of our position in the Pacific, as Englishmen usually do of anything off the map of Europe. Suffice it, that in one and the self-same year, we were cheated out of Oregon, and the Mexicans were robbed of the Californias, and by May, 1846, the United States stood with both feet upon the shores of the Pacific, the real mistress of the situation, over-awing the puny states of South America upon the one hand, and on the other stretching out her right arm towards the rich and densely peopled countries lying on the Asiatic coasts of the same sea. With a political foresight which rebounds in no small degree to the credit of the United States lawyer, who then ruled the destinies of his country, President Polk did not sit down, and bemoan, as our British statesmen now do, the extension of dominion, as a sign of weakness in the empire; but leaving California to become the great state it now is, he at once laid down the theory which is yet being developed, that the Pacific is the natural route of North America to China and the Indies!

At the same time, that a powerful American fleet was concentrated in California to over-awe and, if needs be, fight the petty British squadron, should they interfere with his plans, Mr. President Polk contrived to have the line of battle ship Columbus of ninety guns, and the Vincennes of twenty-four guns in the Gulf of Yeddo. Had the American commodore possessed an equal share of Mr. Polk's zeal or energy, Japan would have been opened to American commerce on the self-same day that the stars and stripes were hoisted at Monterey. The commodore did not succeed in Japan, but the genius of the man who directed that double movement was not the less great, and yet that was not all, for it was mainly through American influence that England then repudiated the sovereignty of the Sandwich group, the stepping-stone to Japan, across the North Pacific Ocean; and entered with America and France into a convention guaranteeing the independence of those islands, that independence consisting in a thorough Americanising of the Sandwich Islanders by swarms of Yankee missionaries, one of whom is Prime Minister and actually ruler. Thus with one foot on the eastern sea-board of the Pacific, and the other on Cooke's famous discovery, the Sandwich group, America was ready to make another great stride for the commerce of the East, and Japan was her nearest point.* It was closed to her citizens and missionaries; it must be opened; and mark how steadily and consistently she

worked to the point, and eventually succeeded. We do not blame her, but what we do find fault with is that spirit of cant which tries to persuade us that Commodore Biddle and his huge two-decker, or that Commodore Perry with a powerful squadron, breaking all Japanese laws which interdicted communication with foreigners, were representatives of mere Christian arguments; or, in deed, of moral and not material force. England has been called a bully for going to Tientsin and looking ugly at Peking, in spite of the Emperor of China. Allow us to call attention to the course by which America insisted upon visiting Japan in her equally secluded capital. In 1853, President Fillmore, having beaten a very big drum, and talked a wonderful talk, of philanthropy, science, trade, and revolvers, dispatched from pious America a strong squadron under Commodore Perry, with a letter to the Taikoon of Yedo, assuring him of his unalterable friendship and adding, with a keen eye to business, that "the great state of California produced sixty million dollars in gold every year, besides silver and precious stones," and guesses Japan and the United States might do a good stroke in trade, if the Taikoon would have no objection. In another paragraph, with that regard to the future which so distinguishes the policy of an American statesman, Mr. Fillmore requests that a port may be opened in a convenient part of Japan, for American steamships to touch at for coals and stores, in their voyages across the North Pacific! and winds up with a little oil for the troubled conscience of pious Philadelphia, by hoping that "the Almighty might have his Imperial Majesty, the Taikoon, in His great and holy keeping." The commodore delivered this letter, backed by a semi-threatening one, in which he advised the Taikoon to enter into a treaty and friendship with the United States, tells him that "the Japan seas will soon be covered with American vessels," and mildly insinuates that he designs "*should it be necessary, to return to Yedo in the ensuing spring with a much larger force.*"

The presence of the commodore's vessel in the lower part of the Gulf of Yedo caused, no doubt, considerable anxiety to the Taikoon and his council. They contrived after two seasons of procrastination, and the usual amount of diplomatic delay, to get rid of Commodore Perry, having yielded a treaty it is true, for there was no other way of getting rid of him, but as little more as they possibly could. The Americans were to be allowed to visit the port of Simoda, near Cape Idsu, about eighty miles south of Yedo; but on the other hand, by Art. 10, the commodore bound his countrymen to visit no other ports but Hakodadi in Yesso and the said port of Simoda, except through stress of weather. The Americans were to procure by barter or purchase such stores and provisions as might be necessary; but, to guard against the opening of trade, we find the following article cleverly introduced by the Japanese in Art. 6:—"If there be any other sort of goods wanted, or any business which shall require to be arranged, there shall be careful deliberation between the parties, in order to settle such matters." In fact, so far from the treaty being a commercial one, we see nothing in it to lead one

* The Bonin Islands, lying between the Sandwich group and Japan, have likewise been claimed in support of these same views by the United States.

to infer that they intended a relaxation of the Japanese commercial code by their convention with the commodore; but, on the other hand, there is no doubt that they conceded three important points:—

The right of American ships to touch at two places for refreshment; they guaranteed safety to life and property in the event of American ships being wrecked upon the coast of Japan; and, above all, that the United States might appoint a consul to live at Simoda.

This last concession was most important; it

involved, in short, the re-opening of Japan to European intercourse; and, although we maintain that pressure was used, that America did carry her object out with a high hand, still we allow that it was a political necessity, and only laugh at her when she gets up a pious whine upon the subject. A very able man was sent as consul at Simoda; not a diplomatist, but a plain honest-hearted gentleman, who rapidly won on the love and esteem of the native authorities; and it was, in the first place, due to the influence he obtained over the Taikoon at a time when the Taikoon and council in Yedo were agitated and alarmed by our second war in 1857, as well as the subsequent opportune arrival of Lord Elgin

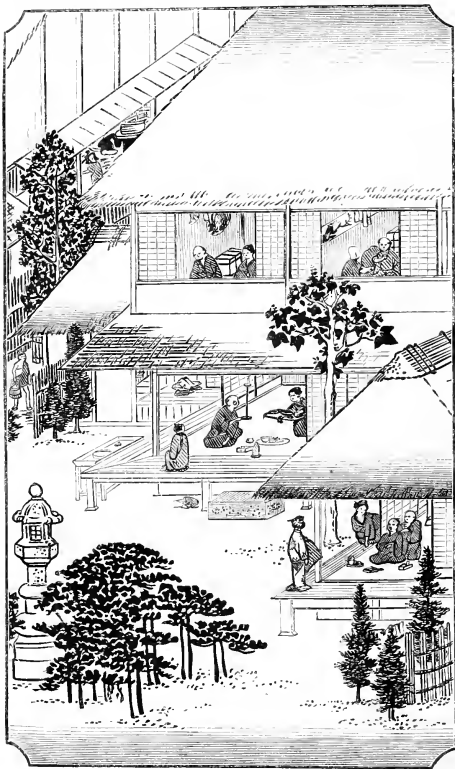
with a British squadron at Yedo in 1858, that America and England are to-day indebted for the re-establishment of commercial relations which already yield such profitable results.

Claims have been made by Holland for some degree of credit in re-opening Japan; we are not prepared to admit them, although we will allow, that when the Dutch saw the opening of Japan inevitable, they tried to get the credit of making the first commercial treaty; and having lately read that document we may congratulate the

merchants of England on not being hampered by Dutch notions of trade as antiquated as those decrees of Taiko-sama, which are at last subverted.

The Dutch treaty proposed in 1855—a scheme they wished the Taikoon to consider the basis of all foreign intercourse—was briefly as follows:—That all foreign nations should trade at Nangasaki, under the superintendance of the Governor of that place, a system analogous to the famous Hong-Kong system of Canton, which was for many years the bane of our commerce with China; that the Japanese should concede two places, one in

Yesso Island! the other in the Linclosten Archipelago! for the ships of friendly nations to visit for refreshment and cooling purposes! Thus the Japanese are advised to keep the foreigner from Japan Proper, the two wildest and remote portions of the empire being selected as those at which our ships were to touch, and they concluded with one or two insignificant suggestions rather tending to hamper than encourage trade. If, however, we cannot say much of the exertions of Holland in throwing open the Japanese nation to European civilisation or commerce, it is but just that we should bear witness to the industry and ability with which Dutch instructors have prepared the native



A Japanese Inn. (Fac-simile.)

government officials for intercourse with us when it was inevitable. They have taught them to speak and write Dutch, as well as English; enlightened them on most European sciences; taught them to handle as well as build ships and steamers; shown them how to imitate many of our manufactures; given them a taste for mathematics and mechanics; and are now busy drilling them in all the mysteries of war, according to European notions—of all this Holland may well be proud.

As it is more than probable that the recent

wanton acts of dishonest traders in Japan have again revived a strong feeling of dislike to the foreigner in the ports opened to trade, and that the late attempt to return into the old exclusive system, by the destruction of the progressionist party in the council of the Taikoon, may yet be successfully carried out,—it will be as well to relate how the throwing open of Japan to our commerce was recently brought about.

During the summer of 1858, whilst the allied forces were busy operating against the earthworks of Taku, and using what is called "moral force,"

in inducing the Court of Peking to open China to our merchant, missionary, and traveller rumours were afloat that the Americans and Dutch, taking advantage of the general panic in Japan, incident to their neighbours' houses being on fire, were making great play in that quarter, and it was generally known that in the smoke and flourish of the signature of the Treaty of Tientsin, the American commodore in a huge United States' steamer, the Powhattan, had hurried off to Simoda, or Yedo. It so happened that a yacht had been sent from England, which our naval commander in-chief was ordered to present to the Taikoon of Japan, as an acknowledgment for the courtesy and good-nature with which he did the neutral in

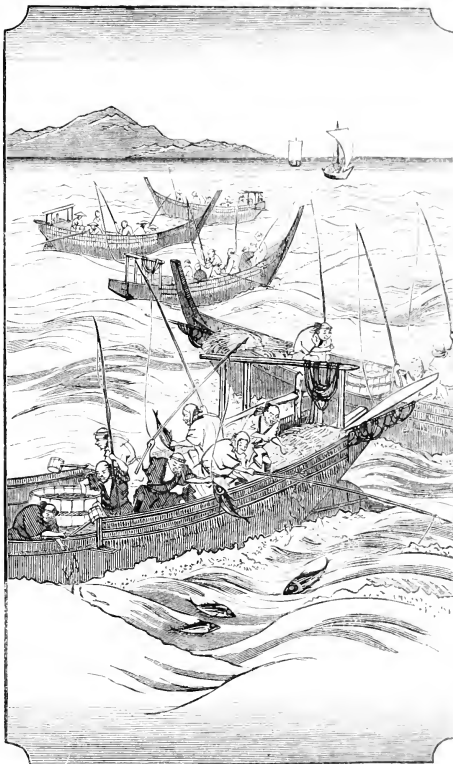
the Russian war. It appears to have struck Lord Elgin, that the opportunity was a good one, to try and see what could be done on behalf of Great Britain, who otherwise would have paid for roasting the chesnuts whilst others eat them. To Nangasaki in Kiu-siu, we accordingly took him in H.M. frigate Furious. Our Admiral arrived a few days afterwards with the yacht, and finding no one of sufficient rank to receive the present, it was sent round to Yedo, under the escort of Captain Barker, of the Retribution, and thither

our ambassador cleverly decided upon going likewise. The intelligence gleaned at Nangasaki was interesting, it appeared that the Dutch resident, or chief factor, as well as the consul-general of the United States at Simoda, had been invited to Yedo, in consequence of their having, during the early part of 1857, made some representations on behalf of their respective states. But so far as the Dutch at Nangasaki knew of the result of these negotiations, there was nothing cheering. They said that Mr. D. Curtis and Mr. Harris had been subsequently ordered back to their

respective posts without any formal signature being appended to their treaties, and it seemed to be the general impression that the Mikado's party as well as the *parti pris* in Japan, were decidedly hostile to any departure from the laws which had been enacted by their forefathers against foreign intercourse, and the residents at Decima were of opinion that the first panic having passed off, unless we really appeared off Yedo, with the eighty old British pendants then in Chinese waters, that very little would really come of Lord Elgin's visit.

On the 10th of August, 1858, we arrived at Simoda, a port lying at the extreme of a rocky and highly volcanic promontory, one of the many projecting from the island of Nip-

pon into the Eastern Sea. Here we found Mr. Harris, the American consul, in the greatest state of glee. He had had, as we heard at Nangasaki, to return to Simoda from Yedo, empty handed, but when in the depth of his chagrin, Commodore Tatnall, suddenly appeared with the news of the allied successes at Tientsin, and the opening up of China. Mr. Harris saw his opportunity, hurried on board the war steamer, steamed up to within some fourteen miles of Yedo, hastened to the capital, and astonished them with his intelligence.



Catching Mackerel. (Fac-simile.)

Mr. Harris urged that it was better to yield a little willingly than perhaps to give much hereafter, and bringing his own personal influence to bear in various quarters, successfully carried his point, and within a very few days found himself back at Simoda, and the Powhattam, steaming away with the first commercial treaty framed and signed in Japan since the year 1613. Thus our successes at Tientsin opened not only China but Japan likewise. The history of the previous negotiations with Japan are curious.

Directly the Allied Expeditions of 1857 were known to be in Chinese waters, the Dutch and Americans took good care that its achievements, its force, and objects should be thoroughly appreciated by the Japanese authorities; and they accompanied their information with disinterested suggestions as to certain treaties which would avert similar proceedings from the land of the Day Dawn. Agitated, bothered, seeing no end to these treaties (for ever since Commodore Perry's visit they had been incessantly pestered with conventions and treaties), the Taikoon listened patiently, but evidently doubted at first who was his real friend. The war rolled to Northern China; it was getting unpleasantly close, and seemed even more like war than what the Japanese had witnessed during the "hide-and-go-seek operations" against Russia. The Taikoon and council at Yedo sent for Mr. D. Curtis from Nagasaki, and the American Consul from Simoda. They were kept apart, negotiated with singly, watched, reported upon, and played off one against the other to a charming extent, yet with much kindness and courtesy; and they were treated with very great distinction so far as the etiquette of the court was concerned. Mr. Harris was especially honoured; he dwelt for six months in a house within the limits of the imperial enclosure, and in the heart of Yedo. He lived at the imperial charge; and when some excitement arose from the mob being worked upon by a reactionary party, a strong guard was sent to patrol round his quarters, and made responsible for his safety. The Prince of Bitsu then held in the imperial council a position somewhat akin to that of our Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Mr. Harris had frequent interviews with him, and found him an intelligent, well-informed nobleman. He was evidently fully aware that the time had arrived in which Japan should, and indeed must, enter into relations with foreign nations. But he had two great difficulties to contend with. On the one hand, the prejudices of a powerful party in both council and state, who were opposed to any alteration of policy, and encouraged in their fears of the foreigner by the priesthood, who preserved a knowledge of the narrow escape they had had from total annihilation at the hands of Xavier and his well-disciplined followers. The other anxiety of this enlightened prince and the progressionist party was, how to bring about the change without giving rise to tumult and rebellion within their borders from squabbles and differences with foreigners along the sea-board, which, fanned by one functionary and another, would lead Japan into the same sad state embroglio as China had been so cursed with ever

since she had swerved from the great Confucian maxim: "Happy those who never depart from the wisdom of their ancestors."

During all the winter of 1857-58, these negotiations and conferences went on; and whether it was the obstructionists were too powerful, or that the first alarm occasioned by the huge fleet of allied ships upon the coast of China had passed off, it is impossible to say. At any rate, after acknowledging the justice of the grounds upon which Mr. Harris urged his treaty upon the Taikoon, after promising to concede it, and on more than one occasion actually naming the day it should be formally signed, the Taikoon and Council suddenly broke off negotiations, and in the spring of 1858 intimated that the representatives of Holland and America might return to their respective posts. Mr. Harris, however, had succeeded in thoroughly ingratiating himself in the good graces of the Taikoon and Court. His departure was marked by every act of sympathy and respect; and when on his return to Simoda the worthy American was struck down by sickness, occasioned partly by disappointment and anxiety, the Taikoon generously sent two Japanese medical men of his staff to attend upon him, and despotically desired them to cure Mr. Harris, or perform upon themselves the operation of dis-embowement—an alternative usually attending all failures in Japan. Mr. Harris was soon restored to health, and wondering how the subject of the American treaty would be re-opened, when, as I have told, the Powhattan arrived, the news that the Emperor Kienfung had yielded came in the very nick of time, and the Taikoon followed suit.

All this was cheering intelligence for Lord Elgin; it was evident that the official intellect of Japan was just then in that happy condition to which all eastern ones have to be brought before western arguments have much weight: a funk, as the Eton boys say, had been established by our friends the Dutch and Americans in exaggerating the objects of the Allies, and it only remained for us to keep it up until we obtained the same privileges for Great Britain as they had secured for themselves. Mr. Harris, in the most generous manner, gave every assistance and information, and placed at our ambassador's disposal his secretary, Mr. Hewskin, whose knowledge of the Japanese language rendered him invaluable. We need not dwell upon the circumstances under which the escorting squadron and my stout old frigate eventually reached within gunshot of Yedo—the first foreign keels that ever reached within eyesight of the three million Japanese inhabiting that vast city—that I have already told in another work.

Lord Elgin sent on shore by the first interpreter that visited the Furious to announce his arrival, coupling his object in obtaining a treaty with the presentation of a yacht as an acknowledgment of past courtesies. Commissioners shortly afterwards waited on the ambassador, and made no serious objection to his taking up his residence on shore in the city in Yedo, though it required some skilful fence to induce them to submit quietly to the presence of the British

men-of-war. At last they ceased to press the point of the ships going back to Kanagawa, and the Taikoon and council appear from that time forward to have merely devoted themselves to see how quickly they could conclude a treaty, receive their present the yacht, and be rid of their unexpected visitors, at the same time exhibiting the profoundest respect and good-will towards our ambassador; but, it is well to remember that Asiatics generally respect those most whom they fear greatly. At an early stage in the proceedings the Japanese commissioners succeeded in impressing the ambassador with a high opinion of the intelligence and amiability of the people with whom he had to deal,—an opinion more than verified by the tenor of their conduct throughout the brief but earnest negotiations which ensued. It was well, however, for the success of the English treaty with Japan that our men-of-war had been able to appear within sight of the city of Yedo, for, within the short interval between the signature of the American treaty and Lord Elgin's arrival, the enlightened Prince of Bitsu had been forced to retire by a reactionary influence in the Taikoon's council, and three high personages now constituted a commission for the management of foreign affairs, the senior commissioner being the Prince of Bongo.* This Prince of Bongo was said to represent the ultra-conservative section of the Japanese aristocracy. He was seen once, if not twice, by Lord Elgin; but he did not impress our ambassador as at all a favourable specimen of the intelligence and ability of the upper class.

Whatever may have been the original intentions with which his party came into power, their calculations were entirely confounded by the apparition of two British frigates and a gunboat in their hitherto secluded harbour. Of course it was only moral pressure, but never mind; they had sense enough to appreciate how rapidly it might assume a material form, and, like rational creatures, they saw but one way of escape from our presence—and it was a very simple one—to give us what they had already given to America. Persons were immediately appointed to treat with our ambassador; and, as an extra precaution, no less than six Japanese officials were ordered to deal with so astute a diplomatist as Lord Elgin; whilst two were considered sufficient for Mr. Harris, and three for Count Pontiatine,—a measure which savoured of distrust, although they cleverly explained it away with a neat compliment upon our ambassador's well-known skill and talents, and their comparatively humble capacities. Lord Elgin gives so excellent and concise an account of the negotiations, that I will abstract them.

"Our first meeting took place," says his lordship,† "on the 19th of August, when we exchanged powers. I made some objection to theirs, which I put on paper, in order that I might obtain from them a written reply. We met again on the 21st, 22nd,

and 23rd, in order to go through the clauses of the treaty. I was much struck by the business-like way in which they did their work, making very shrewd observations, and putting pertinent questions, but by no means in a captious or eviling spirit. Of course their criticisms were sometimes the result of imperfect acquaintance with foreign affairs, and it was occasionally necessary to remove their scruples by alterations in the text which were not improvements; but, on the whole, I am bound to say that I never treated with persons who seemed to me, within the limits of their knowledge, to be more reasonable. At the close of the conference of the 23rd, we had agreed on all the clauses of the treaty, and arranged that it should be signed in duplication on the 26th of August." Thus it may be said that in four conferences the treaty of Yedo was discussed and agreed to, a rapidity very unusual in diplomacy anywhere, especially in the East, and only to be accounted for, by the anxiety of the reactionary party to get rid of our ships, out of Yedo Bay.

The American treaty, negotiated by Mr. Harris, was naturally accepted as the basis of the English one. Had Lord Elgin attempted to act otherwise, he would assuredly have aroused all the jealousy of the Japanese government, and led to a general rupture. Our ambassador, however, succeeded in introducing two important privileges which were matters of indifference to the Americans. Mr. Harris had agreed to all imports of cotton and woollen manufacture into Japan being taxed with a twenty per cent. duty. This heavy tax Lord Elgin induced them to reduce to five per cent. on all British manufactures. In the next place the revision of the American treaty, or rather its tariff, was to take place at the end of five years, provided the Japanese government would agree to do so. In the English treaty, this right depends as much upon the will of our government as of theirs; either party may call for it at the expiration of that period. A most wise precaution, seeing how very ignorant we were of the staples of Japan, or of her wants from Britain and her colonies.

The opening of trade and political relations with Japan, at one and the same time, was, to say the least of it, a hazardous measure with a people who had been so long excluded from foreign intercourse, and who had such good cause to look back with jealousy to their former relations with Christendom; but it could not be helped, America had taken the initiative. It would never have done for our merchants to have been in a less favourable position than those of the United States, and the responsibility of precipitancy must be with her, not with Great Britain. Within a month of the news reaching Shanghai, vessels were sailing for Japan, and returning with Japanese gold and copper. A feverish eagerness to be the first in the field, seized the communities of Europeans in all the Chinese sea-ports, and we have already seen now the abuses of the Japanese laws, abuses which led to the slaughter and expulsion of Portuguese citizens, have again been repeated, and there is little doubt but that for the opportune and sudden arrival of twelve Russian ships-of-war in Yedo Bay last year, the hostility

* Our readers will recognise this prince's title as having been held by the hospitable nobleman who, two centuries earlier, had been so kind to Europeans, and who the Jesuits declare died a Christian.

† See Blue Book of Lord Elgin's Embassy to China, and Japan.

awakened by the proceedings of dishonest traders to Japan, would have led to a general slaughter of our people in Kanagawa, and Hakodadi, and a return to the old exclusive policy of Japan.

Let America and England look to this—we have compelled the Eastern government to risk destruction by throwing open the millions they govern to the influences of European civilisation and ideas. Do not let dishonest men embroil us

with these people. No one can rejoice more than we do at the prospect of so interesting a land, so charming a race, being better known and appreciated. No one can recognise, more earnestly than we do, the admirable position of the Japanese empire, geographically and politically speaking, with reference to the development of the future vast trade between America and Asia; but for all that we do not desire to see the forty millions of



A Japanese Lady, famous for her courage and strength, calmly surveying a landscape whilst standing on the halter of a very restive steed. (Fac-simile.)

human beings now contentedly living in Japan, sacrificed to the keen money-making of some unworthy merchants or the cant of missionaries, whether of Rome or London.

Two centuries ago the Japanese, as I have told, voluntarily held out the hand of good-fellowship to Christendom: she met with robbery, insult, and treachery. They had then the courage and energy to thrust out the disturbers of their peace. We

have now compelled them to receive us by our importunities. We think we are right in trying the experiment; but rather than see them plundered and insulted, we say God send that if evil is persisted in, the Taikoon and Mikado may have the wisdom to shut the portals of Japan again, firmly and peaceably, before our governments are embroiled, and before any question of imperial revenue obliges us to consult necessity before justice.

JEANNIE.

WHERE'S the way to Jeannie's house?
Any child will guide you;
Or ye may find the road yoursel',
The river runs beside you.

Where's the way to Jeannie's heart?
That I canna answer:
Hereabout or thereabout,
Find it if you can, sir.

Is this the way to Jeannie's house?
As straight as you can go, sir;

Down the valley, through the wood,
And by the brook below, sir.

What's the way to Jeannie's heart?
That I canna say, sir;
A lang way up, a wee way down,
In troth, an unco' way, sir.

Some on horse, and some on foot,
Comes hither many a score, sir:
Wha finds the way to Jeannie's heart,
Maun bring a coach and four, sir.

PAUL RICHARDSON.

LAST WEEK.

THE ROAD MURDER.

How is it that the daily newspapers are stuffed so full of horrors just now? If you take up one of the usual broad sheets, you will find invariably that some sixteen or twenty columns are devoted to reports of murder, and preliminary inquiries about murderers. There was one number of the "Times" last week which contained intelligence with regard to seven murders—the Stepney murder and the Road child murder being reckoned as two. Is it that in the absence of other subjects of public interest the editors of newspapers and their contributors find it indispensable to cater for the appetite for the horrible? Certainly when Parliament is sitting we are not accustomed to see so many pages of this bloody chronicle paraded before our eyes from day to day. On the other hand, it may be said that even when Parliament is sitting a *Rush* is more interesting to the general reader than a Debate upon Supply; and the public were far more keen for the reports of Palmer's trial than for Ministerial explanations of the most exciting character. On the whole, it would not seem to be true that the session of the British Parliament affects crime in general—or more particularly murders. People again have said, that the long continuance of bad weather—the eternal gloom—the perennial rain of the last twelvemonths, has inspired a certain degree of moroseness and acrimony into the minds of our countrymen, thereby preparing them for deeds of violence and blood. It seems, however, not a little difficult to believe in the connection between murder and the hygrometer. Are our homicidal tendencies kept in check by great-coats and umbrellas? Has the occurrence of a wet summer commonly produced crime or really increased the tendency to acts of violence. If that were so, we should expect that in rainy districts, such an one for example as the lake district of Lancashire, Cumberland, and Westmoreland, the returns of murder would stand the highest. Kendal is said to be the wettest spot in England. By this time everybody should have murdered everybody in that famous little town; or, assuming that there must have been one survivor, he in all probability would have committed suicide. It is by no means clear that there are more murders amongst the snows of Russia than amidst the orange-groves of Palermo. An Esquimaux is not swifter to shed blood than the swart dweller between the tropics. On the contrary, a lordly indifference to the destruction of life has ever been a characteristic of southern nations. The suggestion, that the untoward weather of the last twelve months has had any serious effect upon our homicidal propensities, may therefore be dismissed as unworthy of serious consideration.

The investigation into this mysterious case at Road continued throughout last week; but not, as far as we see, with much effect. Well nigh every point brought forward in evidence against Elizabeth Gough, the housemaid at Mr. Kent's, has been urged before; but not with such success as to establish against her a case which justified the magistrates in committing her to take her trial.

The medical testimony apart, which is of the highest importance, as suggesting a new theory for the murder, what points of evidence have been added to those with which we were familiar before? There are but two. Eliza Dallimore, the wife of a Wiltshire policeman has stated, before the magistrates at Trowbridge, that she put one of Elizabeth Gough's assertions to a practical test, and that the assertion must have been a misstatement. The young woman had stated that about five o'clock in the morning she had knelt up in bed, and in this kneeling position she had looked over to the cot in which the little boy should have been lying asleep; and had then and thus become aware, for the first time, of the fact of his absence. Now, Eliza Dallimore went into the nursery accompanied by Mrs. Kent. The bed and the child's cot were in the same position as on the night of the murder. Mrs. Kent placed one of her little children in the cot which had been occupied by the murdered boy, and covered it up with the bed-clothes in the usual way. Eliza Dallimore then knelt up in the bed in the very same way as Elizabeth Gough must have done upon the night of the murder, *and she could not see the child!* She could only see a small portion of the pillow. The side of the cot was open canework, but it was lined with something inside which prevented the child from being seen through it. This, to be sure, is a suspicious fact; but, most probably, the sting of the contradiction might be much drawn, if the young woman's original assertion were carefully handled. At any rate, what is it by the side of the tremendous fact that the child was in all likelihood murdered by her very bedside, and yet she professes to be entirely ignorant of what took place. Clearly—even if the actual murder were perpetrated elsewhere—the child (a boy within a month of four years of age, and of large size for his age) was removed from the room in which she was sleeping, and she knew nothing about it. A contradiction such as the one suggested really adds very little to our previous information. Again, a piece of flannel was discovered under the body of the child. This piece of flannel was cut in the shape of a "chest flannel," such as is worn by women. It was found to fit the prisoner, and to correspond in texture with one of her flannel petticoats. This notable discovery, however, does not help the inquiry forward in any great degree. The wonder is that the child should have been removed from the nurse's room without her knowledge—not that a piece of flannel which very probably belonged to her should have got mixed up with the bed-clothes of the cot, and have been subsequently carried away in the blanket by her, him, or those who bore the child from the room. The inference presumed is—of course upon the assumption of the prisoner's guilt—that in stooping forward to deposit the body of the child where it was found, the piece of flannel might have fallen from her person, and this would serve as good evidence of her presence at that period of the transaction. But, supposing that this chest-flannel was her property, and that she was in the habit of wearing it, is there anything to show that she used to wear it at night? If it was simply lying upon a chair, or in any other

place about the room, the person or persons who took the child, or the child's body, away in the blanket might very well have carried off the flannel too. Even if property in this piece of flannel is brought home to her, it will not go far to aggravate the probabilities already existing that Elizabeth Gough was concerned in the foul deed.

The really important testimony delivered last week at Trowbridge, was that of Mr. Parsons, the surgeon, who attended upon Mr. Kent's family, and who saw the body of the child immediately it was brought to light. Mr. Parsons saw the body at 9 A. M., on the morning of the night on which it had been put to death. He then judged that it must have been dead five or six hours at least. That would take us back to about 3 A. M. All trace of a pill which had been given to the child on the previous night had disappeared from the stomach. The inference drawn from this fact, also fixes the time at which the murder must have been committed, at about the same hour. Mr. and Mrs. Kent had retired to rest a few minutes before twelve o'clock. Thus the limits of time are fixed within reasonable certainty on each side.

Here is what the doctor says as to the appearance of the body, and his own conclusions. The dark appearance of the mouth showed considerable pressure upon it for a considerable time, and with a soft substance. Circulation of the blood was probably stopped for some time before the throat was cut. The stab in the side was certainly inflicted after death, because there was no contraction of the parts, and no flow of blood. Life might have been extinguished, but not quite, before the throat was cut—the heart might cease to beat a few moments before actual death took place. So far of the surgeon's evidence; but when this is taken in connection with the other ascertained facts of the case, it would seem to lead to the following probable conclusions. The child was suffocated, or nearly so, in the bedroom between 1 A. M. and 3 A. M. on the 30th of June last. An hour is allowed that matters might become quiet in Mr. and Mrs. Kent's sleeping room. Regard being had to the tender age of the child, and to the improbability that it could have been so cruelly handled for any other reason than to prevent detection, it seems very likely that in the first instance its death was not intended.

The child had awoken, and it was probable that it should have done so just about the time of which we are speaking, because an aperient pill had been administered to it the night before, which would make itself felt at about two A. M., more or less. It is not likely that actual murder was originally intended, on account of the position of the room, and the general absence of all evidence of premeditation. The blanket, however, was pressed to the child's lips a little too long. When the pressure was removed the little boy was to all appearance dead. Then the difficulty began, which consisted in giving to the deed the appearance of an ordinary murder in place of one in which conclusions as to the complicity and guilt of certain persons were unavoidable. For this reason the child was wrapped in the blanket, carried down stairs and out of doors—possibly by the drawing-room win-

dow—although it is not improbable that the window was left in the position in which it was found, merely to derange the course of investigation. At any rate, it was taken down stairs, and in the privy, or in some place not ascertained, but out of doors, the throat was cut, and the stab in the side was inflicted. It was the work of some person, or persons, being inmates of the house on the particular night, for otherwise different precautions would have been used as to the disposal of the body. The place chosen shows that it must have been deposited there by some one *who must get back soon*. From the description given of the premises, it seems erroneous to admit the theory that any one could have been concealed on the premises, inasmuch as the only place in which concealment was possible, without the most imminent risk of discovery from moment to moment, was a loft at the top of the house, on which the dust lay undisturbed—upon examination had. Again, it is well-nigh impossible that any one could have entered the house on the night in question without leaving marks or traces of their passage. None were found after the most minute and careful investigation. There were but two sleeping-rooms on the first-floor. One was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Kent and a young child; the other (the nursery) by the nurse, the murdered child, and a younger child about two years of age. The two rooms were separated by a passage. The door of the nursery was left a-jar by Mrs. Kent's orders, in order that the nurse might hear if the little girl who slept in her room should cry before she came up to bed. Mrs. Kent, on passing to her own room, shut the door—as her custom was—and then retired to bed at the hour already named. The business of carrying the suffocated child down-stairs without raising an alarm, as it is said, would have been too much for a woman's strength. It seems difficult under such circumstances, not to come to the conclusion that Elizabeth Gough must have had a guilty knowledge, at least, of what had taken place in her room on the night in question.

It is, of course, just possible, that between one and two A. M., on the Saturday morning, an inmate of the house, or a person concealed in the house, may have stolen into the room in which Elizabeth Gough lay sleeping, borne the sleeping child from the room, and suffocated it elsewhere—in the drawing-room for example—but this theory is surrounded with difficulties. There was a night-light in the room, and it was not probable that this was extinguished even at the time and re-lighted, because the work done in the room, independently of the removal of the child, implies the presence of light. It would have been difficult in the dark to remove the blanket from between the sheet and the quilt; impossible, one may fairly say, to re-adjust the bed-clothes in the tidy manner in which they were found folded back. The night light was burning whilst this work was in hand. Is it possible that it could have been carried out without waking the nurse?

The manner in which the clothes were folded back is a considerable feature in the case. This was done by a practised hand—not by a man's hand—nor even by the hand of a woman, who was not accustomed to the making of beds. There is what

one may call a professional manner of turning down the clothes which was rigidly adhered to in the present instance. An ordinary thief who had secreted himself in the house for the purpose of plunder, would not, in the first place, have been very likely to have blundered into the nursery in which a night light was burning. It is not in such an apartment that money, plate, &c., are to be found. Nor, even upon the very forced hypothesis that such was the case, and that little Saville Kent had awoken, and raised an alarm, is it credible that more would have been done than to suffocate the child and leave it there. The night-spoiler and chance-murderer would not have been so foolish as to add a thousandfold to the chances of discovery by lingering about the room, and tidying up the bed.

Such a person, if he had sufficient presence of mind to do all that was done, would have done something more in order to fix suspicion upon the young woman in the room. This point should be well considered. What in all probability would have been the conduct of a burglar or child-stealer, about 2 A.M. on the 29th of June last, standing in the nursery at Mr. Kent's, by the side of the cot in which lay the body of the child, whom he had just suffocated, with the nursemaid asleep in the adjacent bed? The bedroom occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Kent, too, was only distant a few feet. Whoever it may have been who killed the child, he or she was perfectly aware of the interior arrangements of the house. That may be assumed as positive. Even under ordinary circumstances, the most inexperienced burglar would take care to inform himself of the exact position of each sleeping apartment in the house, and of the persons by whom each was ordinarily occupied. This is the mere elementary learning of the science of burglary. Detective officers will tell you that in well-nigh every case of burglary, the servants of the family—actually in service, or discharged—are "in it."

Now, it seems in the present case that there has been question of a discharged housemaid, or nursemaid, who, moreover, is stated to have expressed herself in very vindictive terms with regard to Mr. and Mrs. Kent. But we have the authority of the magistrate for saying that it has been proved to their entire satisfaction that this woman was at the time of the murder in a distant part of the country. This in itself would be conclusive; but, independently of this, if a discharged female servant had, out of revenge, resolved to compass the death of one of the young children of her family, it is too violent a demand upon human credulity to ask us to admit the supposition that she would have secreted herself in the house, stolen up into the nursery in the dark hours of the night, and done all that was done. This conjecture may be dismissed as erroneous. Such a person, of all others, would have been in a position to estimate the full danger of the attempt. Had she desired to spirit away the child and murder it, the attempt would have been made in some other manner not so pregnant with awful hazard to herself.

If, then, neither a burglar nor a discharged servant, nor a robber who had secreted himself in

the house, did the deed—who did it? On the one hand, we have the well-nigh insuperable difficulties which surround the hypothesis that the child could have been murdered, or even removed from the room, without the knowledge and complicity of the nurse. On the other hand, there is well-nigh absence of motive impelling to the commission of so grave an offence, if we suppose the death of the child to have been intended, in the first instance, either by the nurse or by her and some person unknown, present with her in her room on the fatal night. Much of this difficulty, however, disappears, if we fall back on the theory that the original intention was not to murder the child, but to stifle its cries, and that the blanket was pressed too long to its little lips. When the person, or persons, who had suffocated the child without intending to proceed so far, discovered what they had done, the rest might follow naturally enough.

If we admit that the nursemaid must have had a guilty knowledge of what took place in the nursery on that Saturday morning, we must also admit that she must have been a participator in what was going forward. She would else have obeyed Nature's instinct and raised the alarm at once, or at least she would have done so when the present terror was removed from her. Not only she did not so, but although she was fully aware that the child upon the night in question was so far indisposed as to have required the administration of medicine, according to her own account she awoke at 5 A.M., discovered that the child was absent from its cot; and although she was so broadly awake that she kneeled up in her bed to see if Saville Kent was in his proper place, and had satisfied herself that he was not there, she did nothing in consequence. This is very improbable.

There seems to have been a total absence of motive if the young woman was absent in the room, unless we presume that, as servants will sometimes do, she was irritated by the child's peevish cries, endeavoured to silence it in a rough way, and succeeded but too well. Suppose that some other person had entered the room, and for whatever motive, was in conversation with the nurse—why should they have been desirous to stifle the child's cries? Was it a man!—was it a woman? The only adult male in the house was Mr. Kent himself. It has been suggested that he might have come into the room for an improper purpose; but leaving out of the question the many other difficulties by which such a suggestion is surrounded, there is this well-nigh insurmountable difficulty to be disposed of before we could admit such a hypothesis. Mr. Kent had gone to bed about midnight—he says himself that he fell asleep at once, and slept till 7 A.M. the next morning. Now Mrs. Kent occupied the same bed—she was indisposed and slept badly—but yet not so badly, but that she was not disturbed by the footfalls of the person or persons who certainly carried the body of the child down-stairs, and passed out of the house.

This, however, is one thing, as Mr. and Mrs. Kent slept with the door of their bedroom closed—it is quite another to suppose that the husband

could have left his wife's side, remained absent for a considerable time, and returned to bed, without her knowing of it. Now, although Mrs. Kent might not have attributed much importance to such an occurrence at the time, still the next morning, when the terrible tragedy of the past night had been brought to light, she would have remembered it but too well. She would have known that the time of his absence exactly corresponded with the time when the murder was in hand. Would she have held her tongue? *She was the mother of Saville Kent.* Is it possible to suppose that the mother would have been an accessory after the fact to the murder of her own child? This seems incredible. The only other male person in the house was the murdered child's half-brother—William Kent, a boy of fifteen years of age, who slept in a room at the back of the house, upon the second-floor. Nothing has come to light which involves the boy's complicity in the smallest degree. It would require something in the shape of corroborative evidence before we could bring ourselves to admit that a boy of that age could have presented himself in the nursery where two children were sleeping—that nursery being the next room to the one occupied by his father and step-mother—with the motive suggested. We may dismiss his name from this portion of the inquiry. The act if done at all was the act of a man, not of a boy of that age. Mr. Kent himself was the only adult male in the house, and—all other considerations apart—his presence seems to be negated by this, that it would almost unavoidably imply that his wife was aware of his participation in the transaction. The only other male person whose name has been mixed up with the affair is that of William Nutt, a shoemaker at Road; but the suggestion does not deserve any very serious consideration. The only reason why this man was ever talked of at all in connection with the murder was, that he displayed an over-alarcity in directing the search at once the next morning to the spot in which the body of the murdered child was found. He is a shoemaker, living at Road, a married man, the father of five children, and can account for his whereabouts on the fatal night in a satisfactory way.

Originally the theory was, that as there was insanity in the family on the side of the first wife, the deed must have been done by one or more of the children of the first marriage. This could scarcely have been so. It could not have been the act of two, because mad people do not act in concert. The sight of a deed of violence done by one mad person may incite other mad persons then present to take a share in it—but mad people do not deliberately conspire together to carry out a common design. It was not the act of one mad person, because when the mind has become so far deranged that an insane person kills a human being, the disease has reached a climax, and the accompanying symptoms of homicidal frenzy cannot be concealed. There may be concealment for a few hours, or even days, but not for such a period as has elapsed between the 29th of June and the middle of October. It must also be remembered that Miss Constance Kent, upon whom suspicion had originally fallen, has been

declared innocent, after a most searching investigation, although the missing bed-gown has never been accounted for. The children of the first marriage, then, are mad, or not mad. If mad, they—or at least those concerned—would have betrayed themselves by this time. If not mad, they are of course free from suspicion. This is, in other words, to say that conjecture need not busy itself any longer with the children of Mr. Kent's first marriage.

The two servants, Sarah Cox and Sarah Kerslake, slept in a room next to the one occupied by Miss Constance Kent, on the second floor. They were police upon each other: nor can any conceivable suggestion be offered—in the entire absence of evidence—for their presence, or the presence of either of them, in the nursery upon the fatal night; or for their participation, or the participation of either of them, in the bloody deed. Their names, too, may be dismissed from the inquiry.

We come then to this, that the supposition that the house was entered from without is negated by the appearances of the premises. It is well-nigh impossible that any person could have been concealed in the house, for there was no place save the loft where concealment was possible, and there the dust lay undisturbed. Of course an inmate of the house *might* have admitted a stranger; but if a stranger had been mixed up in the matter, the course of the murder would have been different.

Furthermore all the inmates of the house, save the nurse and one other, are free from all suspicion of motive. With regard to Mr. Kent, other considerations apart, it is difficult to suppose that he could have absented himself from his bedroom on the night in question without the knowledge of his wife—it is utterly incredible that she would have kept the secret for him, had she been aware of his absence. All his acts and words since the discovery of the crime have been the acts and words of an innocent man.

The inference which may be drawn from the amended medical evidence, is that the murder of the child was not originally contemplated; but, when the deed was done, precautions were taken to throw suspicion upon a wrong scent. It seems, at first sight, improbable that one person—and that person a young woman—could have conveyed the body of the child down stairs without raising an alarm. On the other hand, it was possible—and the terrible secret has been so well kept, that it looks more like the secret of one person than the secret of a household. We have dealt with the reports as we found them in the newspapers, but without the advantage of being present at the proceedings. The inferences to be drawn from the demeanour of the witnesses can only be known to those who were present during the investigation. The theory for the defence was that a child-stealer, acting under the influence of revengeful feeling, was secreted in the house,—entered the nursery at night,—awoke the child when trying to remove it,—and endeavoured to stifle its cries. Death ensued—the body was then carried away by the would-be child-stealer, but actual murderer. Let this go for as much as it is worth!

THE HERBERTS OF ELFDALE.

A STORY IN SIX CHAPTERS.

BY MRS. CROWE,

Author of "Susan Hopley," "The Night-Side of Nature," &c., &c.



CHAPTER I.

THE world is so over-run with biographies, memoirs, and reminiscences, in these days, that a man should consider seriously before he adds to the number. I suppose, indeed, everybody does; he considers seriously what sum the publisher will give him for them; but that is not exactly the kind of consideration I wish to enforce. What I mean is that, before we intrude our private history on society, we should consider whether what we have to tell will be of any service to it.

I am now an old man, and if I open my lips after so many years' silence, it is because, after much deliberation, I have come to the conclusion that there is a useful lesson to be learnt from my story.

I was born at Elfdale, in Derbyshire, the seat of my father, Reginald Herbert, and amongst our collateral ancestors we reckon the famous Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and his no less famous brother George, after whom I am called. Elfdale being situated in one of the wildest parts of that romantic country, we had no very near neighbours, except Sir Ralph Wellwood, whose manor of Staughton adjoined our estate; and one of my earliest recollections is being flogged by my father for climbing to the top of the wall that alone divided the two

parks, in order to kiss Clara Wellwood, a rosy fair-eyed child, somewhat younger than myself, whom one of the gardeners obligingly lifted up for the purpose, whilst the nursery-maids stood by laughing at our youthful flirtation, and declaring that we should make a charming couple, and ought to be married some day. I confess I thought so too; for although scarcely out of petticoats, I was, after my own manner, in love with Clara; and I believe I was about to make her serious proposals, when I was interrupted by a blow with a stick, and on turning round I saw my father, who had trod lightly over the turf and caught me *flagranti delicto*; for I had been forbidden to speak to Clara a dozen times, though I am afraid the prohibition was only attended to as long as I thought there was nobody on our side near enough to detect me.

I had some excuse, however, for this disobedience; for I was an only child, without play-fellows or companions, and I had the gloomiest home that ever poor boy was condemned to live in. Ifancy my father must have been naturally a very austere man, although the circumstances that time has disclosed to me had doubtless augmented the severity of his character. Certain it is, that every creature in the house stood in awe of him, and nobody so much as my poor mother. My recol-

lections of her, indeed, are very indistinct; but there is one scene, the memory of which the long years that have elapsed have not faded, though I must have been a mere infant when the circumstance occurred. I was sleeping in a small room within that in which my parents slept—I suppose it was the dressing-room. I remember that I was lying in a little bed with white curtains, and I have a vague recollection of seeing my father sitting before a glass in that room whilst his valet shaved him. But on the occasion in question I was awakened in the middle of the night—or at least it appeared to me so—by a light, and my father's voice loud and in anger; and when I opened my eyes, I saw him standing with his back to me, and my mother kneeling at his feet, weeping violently. I think I hear her sobs now, and the plaintive voice in which she said, "Oh, Reginald, be merciful! Trample on me, if you will! Insult me as you do daily! Torture me in every way but one, and I'll not complain; but, oh, don't say I shall not be allowed to see him! It will break my heart; it will, indeed!"

What my father would have responded to this appeal I do not know, for, terrified by the scene, I began to howl so loud that they both forgot their own quarrel whilst they tried to pacify me.

"We should not come here," said my father, bitterly, "nor make him the confidant of our own shame. Go to sleep, my boy; go to sleep," he added, drawing the clothes over me before he left the room. My mother, poor soul!—I sigh whilst I write it—bent over me and gave me a passionate kiss as she whispered, "Don't be frightened, darling; it's only a trifling misunderstanding betwixt papa and me; we shall be all right again to-morrow."

I went to sleep; and when I awoke in the morning, although I remembered very well what had occurred, an instinctive delicacy I suppose prevented my ever mentioning the circumstance even to my mother, much less to the servants.

Of my mother's person I have a very indistinct recollection; but when, many years afterwards, a garret was opened at Elfdale, which had always been used as a lumber-room, and kept locked, a picture of her, which in my early recollections hung over the mantel-piece in the dining-room, was found sown up in a packing-cloth. It was a beautiful thing, independent of its being, as I feel certain it was, an admirable likeness. She is represented standing before a mirror, trying the effect of some wild flowers in her hair; an open music-book, with the name of *Rose Callender* legibly inscribed on it, lies on the floor; whilst a straw hat tied with blue ribbons, and an open glass door with a glimpse of a green pasture beyond, indicate that she has just come in from the walk in which she has plucked them. A second door which opens into the interior of the house is also ajar, and a man's head, with smiling face, which I should never have recognised to be that of my father, is looking in; the beautiful, blooming, fair-haired creature being, however, too much occupied with the lovely vision she was contemplating in the mirror to be aware of the presence of the intruder. I have since learnt that there was an especial interest attached

to this picture, which was painted for my father before the marriage took place, in order to commemorate his first interview with his future wife. By what circumstances that interview was brought about, I shall relate by-and-by.

In that early portrait of my mother, I can discern a resemblance to what I was myself in my youth, and it is thus I judge of its fidelity; for, according to my own imperfect recollections, she was pale and thin, gliding about the house with a quiet, noiseless step, as if she did not wish to wake the echoes with her foot. The face of glad surprise looking in at the door is still more unlike the wan, gaillard, austere countenance of my father as I remember it; and the contrast betwixt the picture and the image of the originals, as they live in my mind, tells a sad tale of woe, considering the few years that had elapsed betwixt the period of its execution and that from which I date my recollections.

I can recall another scene, though I cannot say whether it was antecedent or subsequent to the one above described as occurring in my bed-room—in which I know, although I cannot tell how I know it, that Sir Ralph Wellwood was an actor. It was in our own park, not far from the spot where I was detected kissing Clara, and consequently only divided by the wall from the Staughton grounds. I see it as a tableau—how we got to the place, I cannot tell; but my mother is leaning against a tree—I even know which tree it was—it is an elm; and I have lately had it surrounded by rails, on which I have placed an inscription, requesting my successors at Elfdale, whoever they may be, not to cut down that tree; although why I do this I scarcely know myself. Against this tree she is leaning; in tears, and holding her handkerchief to her eyes. A little distance from her stands a tall, handsome man, whom I recognise as Sir Ralph Wellwood; he is talking earnestly, I think beseechingly, and near him stands a lady—Lady Wellwood, I think. I had an imperfect comprehension at the time, that some matter of great importance was under discussion. I even understood that the conversation referred to my mother's unhappiness; and that Sir Ralph was entreating Lady Wellwood to do something—what I know not. Neither do I know what followed; for there the curtain falls, and I see no more.

There is another person mixed up with these childish recollections—a lady who was always dressed in black, and who wore a strange, mysterious kind of cap upon her head. This was my grandmother, and the cap—which combined with the feelings of awe and dislike she inspired, made me fancy her something allied to a witch—was a widow's cap of the most lugubrious fashion, which she wore from the period of her husband's death to her own. To my childish eyes she looked preternaturally old, though she could not have been so in reality; but I believe she suffered from rheumatism, and that the joints of her fingers were considerably enlarged; which, not understanding it to be the result of disease, added to the mystery of her being, and augmented my terrors. There was a large arm-chair appropriated to the especial use of this lady, which being of

black leather, studded with brass nails, I associated with certain funereal notions connected with a hearse and a coffin—notions vague and undefined, but not the less chilling and depressing. When the servants told me that if I was naughty Old Bogie would have me, I immediately thought of my grandmother; and in moving about the room, I always gave her chair as wide a berth as I could, lest I should be arrested by the awful clutch of those mysterious looking fingers.

Of all days in the week I hated Sunday; for then, whilst my father and mother, and most of the servants, went to the church, which was some miles distant, I was left at home to keep company with this dreaded personage: who, besides reading prayers to me and the remnant of the establishment, taught me my Catechism and the Ten Commandments; but as I detested the teacher, and did not in the smallest degree understand the object of what she taught, as may be imagined my progress was not considerable. My father and mother always called her *Ma'am*; and I believe the latter feared, and probably disliked, her as I did. The former, on the contrary, was very much attached to her; and I fancy his character was formed on the model of hers, and that there was a strong sympathy between them.

I have no recollection of any other persons coming about the house; I do not think my father ever received company; and as the building we inhabited, although situated amidst the most romantic scenery in England, was itself extremely dismal, with low-roofed rooms, wainscoted with dark oak, and small, high windows in deep embrasures, that admitted but a scanty allowance of light, perhaps childhood has seldom had a less cheery home. There was a small village near us, through which I sometimes passed when driving in the carriage with my parents, and well I can recall the envy with which I looked at the dirty children playing in the mud! I thought how happy they must be! They had no Bogie at home, sitting on her funereal throne in dreadful majesty! They were not condemned to wear spotless clothes! They might make a litter and a noise if they pleased—I was never allowed to make a noise; and as for play, I had nobody to play with. I remember one of the maids, I suppose pitying my forlorn childhood, once brought me a ball from a neighbouring fair; but the next day, being Sunday, I unluckily dropped it from under my pinafore, where I was fingering it, whilst my grandmother was reading prayers, and it rolled over to her footstool. Nothing could exceed the good lady's horror and indignation at such an instance of irreverence on my part; and, besides taking away the ball, she asked me what I supposed God Almighty could think of me. I could not tell, of course; but I know what I thought of him; I thought he was another Bogie, only less disagreeable than my grandmother because I did not see him. How could I think otherwise, when she informed me every Sunday that, if I did not learn my Catechism and obey the Ten Commandments, he would burn me in everlasting fire? Now, with respect to the Commandments, there were some of them I did not understand; and others I found it impossible to obey. I couldn't

keep the Sabbath holy, according to my grandmother's views, for such poor amusements as I had I wanted as much on that day as on any other; whereas her injunctions were, that I was to be kept strictly to the above studies, and to spelling out a certain number of chapters in the Bible; read them I could not; for learning was presented to me in such an ungracious form, that I was a very backward child. Then with regard to coveting other people's goods, I was conscious of coveting a vast variety of things, which I suppose arose from my having nothing I could call my own. I coveted the gardener's rakes and spades, and wheelbarrows, and rollers, none of which I was permitted to touch. I eagerly coveted the donkey driven every Tuesday and Friday to the back door by the butcher's boy. I coveted a flageolet that belonged to one of the footmen; and indeed this I broke the eighth commandment by ultimately stealing; and I longed madly for a beautiful Shetland pony, which sometimes passed the carriage when we were driving along the road to Castleton, with a happy-looking little boy on its back.

Then, against the fifth commandment, according to which I was enjoined to honour my father and my grandmother, I rebelled. If to *love* was to honour, I certainly did my duty; but I was perfectly conscious that I hated them both, and that I would have liked to kill them, as I sometimes did the spiders and earwigs. With regard to my mother, who had disappeared from Elfdale before the period I now write of, I was not taught to honour *her*; and in the book from which I learnt my Catechism, the word *grand* was substituted in legible characters for the word *mother*.

The stealing of the flageolet was a dreadful business, for if I was unhappy till I got it, I was twenty times worse afterwards. The possession of it was torture; and whoever has read a whimsical article published some years since in *The Household Words*, detailing the feelings of a man supposed to have stolen the Koh-i-noor, will be able to conceive mine. It describes them exactly.

As the diamond was of no use to the possessor unless he could turn it into money, so was the flageolet of no use to me unless I could play upon it; or at least make the attempt to do so; of my success I had no doubt. I thought the tunes were inside of it, and that I had only to blow into the holes and I should produce as good music as the footman. But how to do this and not be heard, was the question. In the house it was impossible; in the grounds, I never could tell that there was not a gardener or a gamekeeper, or even my father, within hearing; and beyond their boundaries I was not permitted to stray. I took it to bed with me every night, and when I heard the bell ring for family prayers, which was immediately before supper, I hid my head under the clothes, and ventured to utter a low squeak, which set me glowing with delight. With similar precautions by day, in some remote part of the grounds, after scrutinising every tree and bush, I would venture to put the cherished instrument to my lips; but although persuaded that I only required sufficient scope for my abilities to play a

tune, yet such was my terror of discovery that I never could get beyond a single note, or at the most two, without stopping to look round and listen; so that the enjoyment of my stolen treasure was dreadfully circumscribed and disturbed.

CHAPTER II.

In the meantime, Thomas, who was considerably annoyed at the loss of his flageolet, had accused the groom, with whom he was not on good terms, of stealing it; and, at length, the accusation being repeated under aggravating circumstances, a quarrel arose, which led to a scuffle in which the groom was worsted; whereupon he gave his master warning, alleging his reasons for relinquishing his situation.

By this means the disappearance of the flageolet came to my father's ears; and as Thomas declared his perfect conviction that it had been stolen by somebody in the house, since it had been taken out of his own bedroom—which, I am sorry to say, was quite true—the whole establishment was interrogated about it, the idea that we were harbouring a thief being exceedingly alarming to my grandmother. I was not present at this investigation, but my father had already asked me if I had seen anything of Thomas's flageolet, and I had answered in the negative. It may, therefore, be imagined what my terrors were, and how anxiously I now desired to get rid of my Kohinoor, which was at that moment lying at the back of the drawer where I kept my lesson-books, which nobody ever opened but myself. For the future, however, I did not think that place of concealment sufficiently secure; and as I could not make up my mind either to burn the source of my woe, or throw it into the fish-pond, I buried it in a corner of the garden, where it might probably have remained to this day if I could have let it alone. But I could not. I was always hovering about the spot, and removing the earth that covered it, to make sure it was still there; till at last one of the gardeners, called Phibbs, who was an ill-natured fellow and my enemy, taking it in his head that I was sowing seeds, and trying to raise some flowers for myself, stuck his spade into the ground, and turned up the unfortunate flageolet.

Never shall I forget my fright when he grasped me with one iron hand and held up the broken instrument with the other, for the spade had struck it and snapt it in two. In vain I cried; in vain I prayed that he would not tell my father; he was not to be moved. I had often vexed him, no doubt; for having nothing to divert me, I was apt to indulge myself in a little mischief in the garden occasionally; and I am afraid my conscience was not quite clear with regard to the wall-fruit; but I had managed my depredations cunningly, and he had never been able to detect me. It was his turn now, however; and so he told me, as roaring and struggling he dragged me towards the house. How little people who make light of the troubles of children know what they are! It is true they are generally transitory; but, on the other hand, they are dreadfully intense. What anguish I suffered during our progress on that occasion! No criminal going to execution could

suffer more! It happened fortunately, however, for me that on our way we had to pass the dairy, where Matty, the dairy-maid, a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked lass, who was busy with her milk-pans, hearing my screams, came to the door to inquire what the matter was; whereupon, seizing hold of her apron, I clung to her like a shipwrecked mariner to his plank, conjuring her to save me; and as the man was endeavouring to recommend himself to her good graces at the time, she prevailed on him to let me off.

But I remember, poor thing, that it was on the condition of some concession on her part that he yielded, which I thought nothing of at the moment, being wholly engrossed with my own peril; but circumstances that occurred some time after I had left home recalled what had passed on that occasion strongly to my recollection. It was during my residence at Mr. Carter's school that one day, whilst reading the papers, he said to me, "Isn't your father's place called Elfdale?" I answered that it was; whereupon he handed me the journal, saying, "Something has happened to one of the servants there—the dairy-maid; and there seems some suspicion of foul play."

Poor Matty's beneficent interference at that critical moment of my life—for heaven knows from what tortures moral and physical she had redeemed me by the concessions she had made to her brutal lover—instantly recurred to my mind, and I read with painful interest an account of the discovery of her body in the fish-pond after she had been some days missing. How she had come there remained uncertain. She might have fallen in or thrown herself in; but as she had exhibited no depression of spirits, the latter supposition seemed improbable. Then there was a small wound on the back of her head, that might have been either the result of a blow or of her striking against a stone at the bottom of the water. The event was rendered more distressing by the fact that she was on the point of marriage with a farmer's son in the neighbourhood, and to whom she was very much attached, as he was to her; and as it was a better match than she could reasonably have expected, there seemed nothing connected with that affair likely to have led to the catastrophe.

There was no evidence adduced against anybody at the inquest, and the jury brought in a verdict of *Accidental Death*, in spite of which, boy as I was, my mind reverted to Phibbs the gardener, and the words I had heard pass betwixt him and poor Martha Penning at the door of the dairy. I remembered how savagely he had first responded to her intercession, and how she had appeased him by promising not to walk on the Sunday with somebody, whose name I did not hear. It occurred to me that perhaps this *somebody* was the young farmer, whose regard for Martha, which time had ripened, might then have been beginning to show itself, and it seemed highly probable that the jealousy which Phibbs had then exhibited might have been wrought to some extremity by the prospects of their approaching marriage. However, as I never heard from Elfdale, my grandmother being by this time dead and my father on the Continent, I did not even

know whether the man was still living there, or indeed living at all, and my suspicions spread no farther than to one of my schoolfellows, till they were revived some weeks afterwards by a paragraph in one of the papers pointed out to me by Mr. Carter, whereby it appeared there had been a quarrel betwixt two of the servants at Elfdale, which had terminated in the death of one of them. They were both gardeners, and it was Phibbs who had killed his adversary by a blow under the left ear; nevertheless, as it was given in fair fight, and the deceased was considered to have led on to the catastrophe by a series of aggravating taunts and insults in reference to the fate of Martha Penning, the survivor got off with a year's imprisonment. But it was the source of the quarrel, as it was revealed at the inquest, that interested me, and re-awakened my suspicions, which had evidently been shared by poor Goring, who had got his quietus for giving them utterance.

It appeared that, my father being absent, there was but a small establishment at Elfdale, just enough to keep the place in order. The servants retained were left on board wages, with liberty of using the vegetables out of the garden, and the pike out of the pond, at the discretion of the head gardener, the latter privilege being granted to prevent the pike getting too much ahead of the other fish, which they were apt to devour. As the housekeeper had a savoury way of dressing the pike, the dish was in high favour, and with nobody more than with Phibbs, who had been known to give up going to a flower-show at Buxton, where some of his own productions were to be exhibited, because just as he was setting off, dressed in his Sunday attire, he was told there was a fine pike for dinner. In spite of this decided and acknowledged predilection for the fish, however, he had latterly declined to eat it. If this refusal had only dated from the period of poor Matty's body being found in the pond, he would only have been doing what all the rest did—the fish, since that painful discovery, being left to eat each other if they liked—but the remarkable feature in the case was, that this squeamishness on the part of Phibbs had been nearly simultaneous with the poor girl's disappearance. It appears to have been Goring who first remarked this coincidence; and, when the body was found, he called the attention of the other servants to the circumstance. Whether the others drew any conclusion from it or not remained doubtful. If they did, they had the discretion to keep their thoughts to themselves; but Goring, more impetuous, or possibly from being an out-door servant having other reasons for suspicion, could not “keep his tongue quiet,” as one of the witnesses said, when examined before the Coroner with respect to Matty's death. He would be continually throwing something in Phibbs's teeth about the pike, taunting him with turning as white as a cauliflower whenever it was brought to table.

It came out, in the course of the inquiry, that all the witnesses had observed the same particularity, and that Phibbs had even become so ill as to be obliged to leave the room, one day, when out of jest, they had forced some of the fish upon his plate. They also unanimously

agreed that this distaste had shown itself, about the period the dairy-maid was missed, and at a time that nobody had the slightest suspicion of her being in the pond.

Phibbs admitted at once that he had taken a dislike to the dish, assigning as a reason, that the last time he had eaten it, possibly from partaking of it too fully, it had made him very ill. “He thought he'd got a surfeit,” he said; and it was admitted by everybody that he had been for some time looking unwell, and that his appetite was not what it used to be.

Whether Goring could have thrown any more light on the affair, had he been alive, there is no saying. As it was, the mystery of poor Matty's death remained unrevealed; and Phibbs escaped with the penalty of a homicide, instead of a murder, which in my heart I believed him to deserve.

I, however, kept my thoughts to myself, not choosing to confess the story of the flageolet to Mr. Carter, lest it should reach my father's ears.

To return from this digression to the course of my life at Elfdale, I fancy the dull and even tenor of it can have furnished very little worth relating; for scarcely an incident survives in my memory, except those trifling ones I have mentioned; the uniformity of our existence, however, was interrupted by two events of more importance, the last of which completely changed the current of mine. The first of these was the sudden disappearance of my mother from Elfdale; to me it was actually a disappearance, for I knew neither the manner nor the moment of her going; I had observed no preparations for her departure; nor did I hear any comments made upon her absence after she was gone. As, I fancy, she had no authority in the house, my grandmother having usurped it all, everything went on as before. Her name was never mentioned, at least in my presence; I suppose the servants had been forbidden to mention it; and I only gradually learnt to understand that she was really gone, and that her return was not looked for. Of my father and grandmother I never asked questions; but when nearly a whole day had passed without my seeing her, I said to one of the maids:

“Where's mamma?”

“I don't know, sir!” was the answer; and as every time I made the inquiry the response was the same, whilst the person I addressed, whoever it might be, made off from me as fast as he or she could, I soon ceased to trouble them, or myself, about the matter; but it did not escape me that her picture, which hung in the dining-room, was removed, and replaced by a large landscape.

What a child hears or sees nothing of he soon forgets; at least that was the case with me: and indeed the departure of my mother made little change in my daily life; she having, I suspect, been under considerable restraints even in regard to her intercourse with me. In short, my grandmother had contrived completely to place herself betwixt us; and although she had certainly not usurped my affections, she had completely arrested them in their natural course, which ought to have been towards my mother, who, I believe, to the

utmost of her power was kind to me, though small, indeed, was that power. But she was, I fancy, so depressed and subdued; so snubbed and neglected; so *tabooed*, in short, whilst at the same time she was conscious of being surrounded by spies, and rigidly overlooked, that she had not the means of awakening my affection or gratitude by the bestowal of any substantial indulgences; whilst I, accustomed to see her treated with this kind of indignity and disrespect, insensibly grew up to look upon her, as she glided silently about the house, with indifference, perhaps tinged a little with contempt.

The reader will here probably express his disgust at my want of feeling, and call me a very unamiable child. I dare say I was; and cer-

tainly that was the opinion of my father and my grandmother; but be pleased, gentle reader, to recollect that there are considerable excuses to be made for a miserable little urchin brought up by two such austere people as those I have described; and on a system from which love, either to man or God, was wholly excluded. The truth is, that I feared and, therefore, disliked almost everybody about me, except my mother, to whom, as I have hinted, I was, at the best, indifferent. The servants, some of them, might possibly have shown me favour; but they were forbidden to speak to me except for necessary purposes; besides, I was so completely cowed that they could never have relied on my fidelity. I should have betrayed them the moment my grandmother clutched me.



(See p. 452.)

I felt, in short, as if all mankind was in a conspiracy, and I was the wretched victim of their tyranny; whilst behind them loomed the terrible figure of God, whom fancy pictured as a frightful, gigantic man, with hands like my grandmother's, wherewith he was waiting to seize and cast me into the fires of hell.

My mother had been long gone, and I had nearly forgotten her existence; when one day that I had been saying a lesson to my grandmother, which, as usual, I did not know, she sent me with my book to learn it in the corner of the room. Whilst I was sobbing and snivelling over the dog's-eared leaves, I suddenly heard a noise behind me, which causing me to turn my head, I with amazement beheld her stretched her length

upon the floor. She had either fallen out of her chair, or tript in attempting to rise—I imagined the latter; and expecting to see her get upon her legs again, I did not venture to leave my corner for some minutes, till observing that she continued to lie there, I cautiously stole towards the spot in order to survey her a little closer. She lay on her breast, with her arms stretched out, her hands trying to clutch the carpet, and her head raised, so that three parts of her face were visible; her eyes were open, and I believe she saw me; whilst her lips moved with an ineffectual effort to speak. There was a gurgling sound from her throat; but no words. I stood transfixed, staring at her; half-frightened and half-pleased; for it occurred to me that

she was going to die—or as I termed the phrase in my own mind, that “there was going to be an end of her—” and the idea delighted me. I had even a vague notion that she was appealing to me for assistance; and that she wanted me to ring the bell, or call the servants; but I did neither. Presently, a convulsion passed over her features, and she struggled so much, that thinking she would succeed in rising from the floor, I rushed to the door that I might be ready to make my escape; but it was the last struggle, which ended by her falling over on her back. When I saw that she lay quite still, I approached her again; and after watching her for a minute or two, I laid my finger on her cheek; and finding she took no notice of that liberty, I proceeded to greater; pinching her nose, and poking at her with the toe of my boot. Shocking! as the reader will exclaim; but “as ye sow ye shall reap;” I hated her; and I had no respect for death. I was too ignorant to have any; and my heart was too contracted. All I felt was triumph to think that I had the best of her now. She could not clutch me with those awful hands, nor make me learn the Catechism and the Ten Commandments any more. I jumped for joy; and it was whilst I was in the midst of expressing my satisfaction in a fandango, that my father entered the room, and I felt his fingers on my collar; but immediately afterwards, perceiving his mother on the floor, he flung me off, and was kneeling beside her, calling on her name in an agony of grief, and giving vent to the strongest expressions of despair; for he perceived at once that she was gone beyond recall; and although medical assistance was summoned, it was but a form. Death was too plainly written on her face to leave room for a hope.

From this time I saw very little of my father. What his feelings might have previously been towards me I do not know, but doubtless his affection was not augmented by the manner in which he found me testifying my satisfaction at a catastrophe which, I believe, he looked upon as the greatest misfortune that it remained for fate to inflict.

If the house was dull before, it was twenty times more so now. The bereaved son shut himself up in his library to moan unseen, and the servants, under the influence of the housekeeper and butler, moved about on tiptoe, and scarcely spoke above their breaths, that is to say, whilst they were within hearing of these functionaries. Out of doors there was a good deal of larking and fun, as I had occasion to see; for my father, unused I suppose to think of me, having given no directions to the contrary, I was left to roam about the grounds at pleasure. In short, as I had expected, I found my situation considerably ameliorated by what had occurred, and many a time I clapped my hands and kicked up my heels for joy that old Bogie was dead.

Her funeral was splendid—as the undertakers' phrase is—and, no doubt, it cost a great deal of money. I was arrayed in a new suit of sables to attend it, and rode in the same carriage as my father. This was the first time I had seen him since he interrupted my fandango, and I felt

dreadfully alarmed; but he was too much absorbed in his grief to think of me or my misdeeds just then. Child as I was, I observed how much he was altered. He looked dreadfully ill; and—shall I confess it—I felt a hope that he was going to die too.

On the third day after this, I was informed by the servant who assisted me to dress that I was going to be sent away to school. I had a very obscure notion of what school was, and the idea of being sent away anywhere being agreeable, I felt quite elated at the news. I ate my breakfast in a pleasing state of excitement unknown to me before, till it being announced that the carriage was at the door, I was informed that I must go and bid papa *good bye*. A chill came over me at the thought of it, and yet I am inclined to think, now, that he had not treated me so very ill, nor even, perhaps, so very harshly; but, on the other hand, he never gave many evidences of affection. He supported my grandmother in whatever she chose to do, and I believe fancied she could never be wrong; and then his whole demeanor, as well as his countenance, were so sombre, dry, and austere, that it was impossible he could inspire a child like me with any other sentiments than those of fear and dislike.

When I went in, or rather was pushed into the library, he was sitting at the opposite end of it, at a table strewn with letters and papers. Some were tied up in packets, bound with red tape, and sealed. A basket filled with the fragments of those he had torn up stood beside him. He held one in his hand, which he was reading, when I entered. The servant, as he softly closed the green baize door behind me, gave me another push, indicating that I was to go forward, but I was in no hurry to advance, and, as the room was thickly carpeted, and everything since my grandmother's death was performed in the most piano key, my father remained unconscious of my presence. I did not then know whether that was the case, or whether he did not choose to see me, so I stood still, scarcely breathing, with my eyes fixed upon his face, not wishing to accelerate the awful moment, and feeling something as a mouse might do that was shut up in the cage of a rattle-snake.

Presently, to my surprise, I saw the tears—big tears—begin to stream over his wan cheeks and fall upon the paper. He brushed them away and went on reading; but they gathered again and again. I had never seen any grown person weep before. I thought, indeed, nobody ever did weep but me. I was amazed and moved. I suppose there was a vague feeling, an unconscious estimate, of what an enormous amount of grief that must be which could have loosed the arid fountain of those tears. As his passion grew, my breast began to heave, till at length, when he dropt the letter on the table, and covering his face with his hands, gave free vent to his anguish in convulsive sobs, I, too, lifted up my wailing voice.

“Child!” exclaimed my father, uncovering his face, and suddenly rising from his seat, “What brings you here? Oh! I forgot. Come here, George.” And when he saw I did not move, he added, “Come here, my boy!” Then I went

"I'm going to send you to school," he continued, placing one hand on my head, and grasping my arm with the other. "You're going to Mr. Carter's at Exeter; he's a very good man, and I daresay you'll be very happy there; that is, if you learn to be a good boy. Will you try?"

I sobbed out that *I would*, for somehow my heart was thawed, and for the first time in my life I was shedding tears neither of passion nor of fear, though what the exact source of them was I did not know then, nor do I now.

I imagine my father thought I was crying at leaving home and him, for he was certainly touched, and he spoke to me with a tenderness I was quite unaccustomed to. He gave me a great deal of good advice, and two guineas out of his purse that lay full of gold upon the table—the first money I ever had in my life.

I confess that from the moment he placed the gold in my hand my tears were dried, and I listened to no more of the advice; nor do I recollect how my father took leave of me, nor anything that followed. I only know that one of the servants travelled with me, and that in due time we reached Mr. Carter's school at Exeter.

(To be continued.)

THE MONEY VALUE OF AN INVENTOR.

IN the year 1847 an article entitled "Human Progress" appeared in the "Westminster Review." A portion of it was a criticism on Lord Ashley's endeavour to find work for needlewomen, and it was pointed out that the true remedy was to dispense with the needlewomen, as mere stitchers, or altogether by constructing machines to do their work, and ultimately to dispense with the machines also, by the construction of other machines to produce seamless garments direct from improved looms. The writer pointed out that so long as degrading work existed, so long would degraded human beings be found to perform it, but that the degrading work ceasing the degraded humanity would disappear also. The writer thought the stitching-machine a new idea, but while correcting the press an American gentleman, looking over it, remarked, "Are you aware that a stitching-machine has just been invented in the United States?" upon which the writer "made a note of it" at the foot of his page. "It is a question for the mechanician to solve how the powers of Nature shall produce human garments by machinery wholly and not in part? The problem will not be difficult to solve; and he who first solves it shall be famous among men, as the chemist who shall first discover the mystery of the aromas. Then may men and women indulge in artistical decoration of their persons when it shall cease to be a result of painful handicraft.*"

Through good and through evil the inventor worked on, and slowly his invention got into use, and it was patented in England and other countries.

It has been stated that the inventor, Mr. Howe, had realised upwards of 150,000*l.* by patent

* While writing this we are informed that an American has brought over a "stitching machine." This is the first step. The next is to manufacture garments not requiring stitches. The artist and mechanician must combine for this,

right on his machines in the United States, but, notwithstanding, he applied for an extension of the term of his patent, and obtained it for another seven years.

The ground on which the grant was obtained is as follows:—An invention is not to be regarded as ordinary labour, nor is its value to be measured by arbitrary rules. The utility and value to the community are the true test by which to judge of the invention, and the inventor's reward should be proportional to its value.

Mr. Howe invented a labour-saving machine, by which an enormous amount of miserably-paid drudgery was removed from all those operations involving the clothing of the community, and every item involving the joining of materials by sewing. And, moreover, in a country of insufficient labour, the amount of work required could not have been supplied, and great numbers must have been deprived of the needful supply.

The value of the sewing done by Mr. Howe's machines at the present time in the United States is at the least *fifty-eight millions of pounds sterling per annum*, and, if the original machines were used without the improvements, the value would amount to *thirty-four millions of pounds sterling per annum*. In the city of New York, the value is *one million and a half per annum* on men and boys' clothing, *ninety-two thousand* on hats and caps, and *one hundred and seventy thousand* on shirt-fronts; and in Massachusetts the labour saved in boots and shoes amounts to *one million and a half per annum*.

Surely this man is a benefactor not only to his own community, but to the other nations in which his machines are used. In fourteen years the value of this invention rises to something like the whole of our National debt, and considerably more than the whole sum invested in our railways in the course of thirty years.

The Commissioners of Patents in the United States have given the inventor a seven years' further right. In England the practice has been to grant renewal only in case of no profit having been made by the invention. If it can be shown that the inventor has received any sum, from a thousand pounds or so upwards, he has very little chance of renewal. And, moreover, the cost of the application amounts to so considerable a sum, that a poor inventor would have little chance of finding it, more especially as the cost increases by the opposition, supported commonly by the clubbed purses of manufacturers,—men not usually imaginative, and who recognise the work done upon matter, but not the work of mind, and still less the value of that perception and judgment which discerns utility and profit in embryo. The inventor points out the work that is hidden; he is the discoverer of the unknown mine. He is first scouted as a "schemer," and has trouble to introduce his idea; and when the thought of the mind has grown to be the work of the hand, he is commonly denounced as a robber.

We believe that an application is about to be made for a renewal of Mr. Howe's patent in England, and painful and humiliating to us as a nation will it be, if it fails. But it will probably not fail, for the reason that public attention is now called

to the morality of the question. Our House of Lords is quite as moral as any institution of our American cousins, and it is probable that for the first time the question will be argued on its merits, and not upon the technicalities of routine. The part that an inventor plays in national progress will be taken into the account, and his services will not be measured at the rate of a foreman or inspector in a national dockyard or arsenal, or any other of the underpaid classes of public servants.

Rightly understood, this question of recompense to inventors is of the deepest national importance; and by the term inventors I do not mean merely machinists or chemists, but the general body of original-minded men who really create national progress—who are the chiefs and leaders marshalling the works of those following.

This England of ours stands out from amidst Continental troubles, in virtue of the fact that more than in any other country all men are equal before the law. Every man, according to his faculties, may rise by industry and perseverance; and if genius, perseverance, and favourable circumstances meet together, a day labourer may attain to any position under the Crown. In virtue of this conviction, all men are contented, because the door is opened for bettering their position, and lord and lout dwell together in harmony, and the lout is content, having few aspirations. But amongst the mass of both are to be found many individuals with high instinctive genius and original powers. These men look round the world and find that nearly all matter possesses owners, land and water, and bird and beast, and fish, and tree and plant, and minerals. Air and ocean alone are free to all. In their teeming brains they behold new powers into which matter may be shaped, new combinations of choice art; but the materials on which they must work are not theirs, and if they give forth their knowledge the holders of the materials will alone benefit by the wonder-working brain. The lord of the soil would be the lord of all things, and the owner of the originating brain would be only a slave. Bethlem Gabor imprisoning the alchemist, in the romance of St. Leon, was a type of this condition.

Had this condition of things existed in England, one of two things must have resulted. Either the men of brains would have tried conclusions with the lords of the soil, by incessant revolutions, or England would have remained in a condition of non-progress, to be appropriated by successive invaders.

Fortunately English rulers and law-makers understood this, and laws were made giving men a limited property in their inventions, in consideration of their promulgating them. It is true that the inventor had to pay black mail to the king for the time being, but genius thus obtained its fulcrum, and national progress followed. The prosperous inventor obtained the means of purchasing the land of the spendthrift, and founding a name.

Of late years there has been a disposition in England to decry patents, the decriers being in almost all cases rich men—capitalists desirous of obtaining the use of other men's brains gratuitously. Could they be successful in taking away copy-right from authors, and property in mind from

inventors, it would simply be a one-sided socialism. Those who found their brains turned into common property would be apt to institute an inquiry why land and capital of all kinds should not be common property also, and if defeated in this, they would, as far as practicable, emigrate to other lands, where the rights of their brains might be respected; and the glory of England would have departed. If a simple sewing-machine produces fifty-eight millions per annum in the United States, what must be its value here? And what is the annual value of the steam engines, steam vessels, iron rails, iron ships, power looms, and innumerable other things that have been called into existence by the stimulus of patents?

But it may be argued, if this were to go on, patentees would absorb all the wealth of the country. Successful inventors would possess the largest resources in the realm. But, also, they would be the most enterprising. They would expend the wealth acquired by one invention by working out new inventions without end. Progress is kept back chiefly by the poverty of inventors, and the loss of time they undergo in hunting up unwilling and incredulous capitalists.

There are people, and they are numerous, who have an idea that inventors are a thoughtless, wasteful race, who throw away their own property and that of their neighbours in absurd schemes. No doubt, there are numbers of these imaginative schemers, without judgment: but what then? In other departments of life we have unsuccessful merchants, and quack doctors, and mock musicians, and mechanical poets, and pretenders of all sorts; and why should the realm of mechanical invention be without them? The fact remains the same, that this our England waged a contest of years against the whole continent of Europe banded under the elder Napoleon, and came off victorious, the cost being mainly contributed from the earnings of the steam-engine, and spinning machinery, and power looms, and other appliances. It was Watt, and Crompton, and Hargraves, and such men, the never wearying inventors, who were at the root of the winning of this great fight, in the service of humanity, pulling down the false prophet who broke down old despotisms to make a worse despotism of his own.

Under heavy discouragements have they all wrought. Watt, but for the exceptional renewal of his patent when stricken in years, would have died a pauper. But for the wealth and recognition of Boulton, the thought of his brain would never have grown to be the work of the hand, and Watt would have perished, if not unnoticed and unknown with, at best, the reputation of a "schemer,"—the general term of reproach for unsuccessful promulgators of new plans, whatever be the merits of the plans themselves.

Time was, that inventors holding patents were regarded as public enemies, and every judge on the bench thought it a triumph when a patent was overthrown. They have lived through this, but the community owes them yet a larger measure of justice—a law court of their own, in which rapid and cheap justice may be done, in which patents may be declared valid, or overthrown, without the law's delay, as now practised; in which

chicanery may be abolished, and in which the poor inventor may not be overwhelmed by the long purses of the unscrupulous. The inventors do not ask any favour from the community. They pay a tax of some score thousands per annum to acquire a right in the property of their own brains, and this revenue is poured into the public treasury. They ask only that a portion of their annual thousands shall be paid as salary to competent judges, especially fitted by skill and experience to deal with questions of invention, and to strip away the fallacies with which they are surrounded by interested rhetoricians. A lawyer of unblushing front once assigned as a reason why patents should be abolished, "that inventors could no more help inventing than hens could help laying eggs," and that, therefore, the public would have the inventions without paying for them. Probably this may be true; but there is no security for their hatching their inventions, if they may be taken from them when they have arrived at chickenhood. The public is really interested in their arriving at full growth, and should therefore leave the charge of them wholly to their parents.

A patent is granted for three years on the payment of 25*l.*, for seven years for 75*l.*, and for fourteen years for 175*l.* Now it is notorious that scarcely any patent gets into use under seven years, and in many cases the fourteen run out without return. Why should not the inventor have the right instead of the favour of renewal, for another payment at the end of the fourteen years? And if the renewal is to be made a question of specific profits as royalty, why should it be left at an arbitrary amount, depending on the opinions of gentlemen perhaps not conversant with the subject? Why should there not be some mode of calculation analogous to payment for vested interests? If it can be demonstrated that the public gain a million a year by an invention, why should not the inventor obtain a small percentage during a prolonged period in his life-time? If one man combines a number of words in the form of a book, he obtains a per-centage for its use, fixed by himself or his descendants for three generations. Why should not an inventor have a claim for a longer or shorter period for a combination of mechanical principles? It may be said, that he shuts out the public from their free use. Not so: his reward will only serve to stimulate others to make new combinations, in which case competition brings down the per-centage. The world gets a hundred new inventions by the process of fairly rewarding one, and stimulating the rest. Stop property in inventions, and trade societies will immediately arise, and manufacturers will pass their time in trying to steal each other's secrets, as the American cotton planters stole the cotton gin of Eli Whitney, and thereby defeated his patent.

Even now, the stitching-machine is piling its power, and other machines are planning, that shall give us cloaks, and tunics, and trousers free from seams. The tailor (*tailleur*), or figure studier, will become the manufacturer's artist to design for him so many sizes and proportions, as will take in the whole human race; and stitches, as we now understand them, will cease to be an integral part

of men's garments. Fashion changing from month to month may continue to prevail with those who have a passion for mere change, and money in abundance to pay for it; but the great mass of manhood, including the Volunteers, will be as gracefully clad as the succinet or draped Greeks of old, with their clothing prepared for them by machines instead of by human slaves.

What possible harm could result to a nation, though the inventor of such machinery should obtain a million instead of a thousand pounds for his reward? By the sweat of the brow shall the sweat of the face be dried up, and human drudgery be lessened. There are many more thoughts in the human brain than have yet come out of it, and the nation that can most intelligently recognise the value of originality by removing obstacles from the path of originators, will—other things being equal—wield the greatest amount of power.

W. BRIDGES ADAMS.

AMATA.

Who has not known Amata,
And bowed him to her thrall,
The despot of the drawing-room,
The peerless of the ball?

Amata looked, and longed for
Three seasons now or so,
'Neath periest hat the brightest face
At noontide in the Row?

She moves in graceful glory by,
She glistens through the dance,
The cynosure of every wish,
The aim of every glance,

In such a light of loveliness
As crushes to eclipse
The sheen of wreathed *bandeaux*,
The swim of silken slips.

The proudest forms bend round her
In homage to her will;
Still she is woo'd Amata,
Unwon Amata still.

I wonder, in the dawning
When she is borne away,
And early sparrows chirp along
Her partner's homeward way,

When he checks the music-memories
To think of her between
The refrain of "Dinorah"
And the ripple of "Lurline,"—

I wonder if a conscience smite
That eligible swain,
How wild his least ambition were,
His lightest hope how vain!

For, if I read Amata right,
(I often think I do,)
The curling of her dainty lip,
The fair cheek's changeless hue;

The listless hand on proffered arm,
The guile of soft replies,
With restless face averted
To dazzle other eyes;

Ill is the augury I spell
Of feeling or of force
To train the tide of power and pride
In love's submissive course ;

And dim, and dark, and doubtful
Is figured to my view
That future friendship loves to trace,
Dear little girls, for you.

On, on in bright procession
The pretty votaries pass ;
I read the fate of years to come
In Fancy's magic glass.

On many a fold of soft brown hair
And pure unfretted brow
The matron's tiar rests as light
As girlhood's roses now.

Northward on some broad manor
Fair Edith's lot is set ;
At Stanhope Gate some fortunate
Has thronged his sweet Annette ;

Lucy, whose bloom is rather full,
And Jane, who's far too pale,
Have flutter'd in the orange-wreath,
And trembled 'neath the veil ;

And bells peal high against the sky
O'er street and silent plain,
But I listen for thy wedding-chime,
Amata, all in vain.

Town lavishes its dusty charms,
And Cowes its freshening sea ;
Here Fashion spreads its parquets smooth,
Its white decks there for thee ;

And still before that costly shrine
Heart, hand, and hope are laid ;—
Unmelted still the haughty look,
The tender word unsaid !

Go, colder than the glacier,
And loftier than the Alps—
Go, treasuring the bleeding hearts,
As Indians treasure scalps !

With freedom all so loveable,
And flirting all so sweet,
And myriad vassals to subdue,
And myriad at thy feet,

There must be—conquest's current yet
So silvery flows on—
There must be ample time to yield,
And leisure to be won.—

Not so, if truth the poet years
In constant cadence sing,
That Autumn's fondest sunshine
Unfolds no buds of Spring.

He will not linger near us
Neglected and content,
The baby-boy from Paphos
With bow for ever bent.

We may not furl his pinion
To serve us at our will,
When all the happy lovelight pales
And all the soul grows chill.

Ah me, ah me ! a future
Is dear upon my glass !
I see the dimples deepening,
I see the bright bloom pass ;

See, one by one, how fickle youth
Suffers, and wakes, and thinks,
And breaks the rosy fetter,
And casts aside the links.

More labour'd swells the toilette,
More studied gleams the smile,
Like moonlight on the tracery
Of some forsaken pile.

And comes the tide then freight'd
With worship now no more !
And is there mocking on the sea
At mourning on the shore ?

The supple knee has vanish'd,
The pleading voice is mute,
Unscull'd the dower of flattery,
Unstrung the lover's lute :

And desolate Amata,
Like some disrowned queen,
Sits sorrowing for the empire lost,
And the glories that have been.

RALPH A. BENSON.

THE TWO BEAUTIES OF THE CAMBERWELL ASSEMBLIES, 1778.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AGGSDEN VICARAGE."

"AUNT MARGARET, it is too dark to see that embroidery any longer. Tell me a story."

The speaker looked somewhat too old to proffer such a request. But Isabella Redmayne Wentworth, at "sweet seventeen," a woman in many things, was in others still a child.

"Papa is asleep—fast asleep," she continued, following the glance of Mrs. Margaret Fordyce to the gentleman seated in the arm-chair by the blazing log-fire.

"My dear, I have told you all my stories again and again."

"But you must have some more, or make one."

Mrs. Margaret, who was not the girl's real aunt, but loved her dearly, looked long into her face.

"Auntie ! please be quick."

"How like you are to your grandmother, Elsie !"

"Not half so handsome as that portrait up-stairs. I wish I were !"

"Child, I do not ;" said Mrs. Margaret with her calm sweetness. Isabella Wentworth's beauty was a dower that she already feared might spoil as good a heart and as generous a temper as Hertfordshire could boast. "Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain, but the woman that feareth the Lord shall be praised."

Isabella was silent a minute, but from her gaze into the placid, softened face above her, did but draw one inference, that beauty might endure to the last years of the longest life, and but then be at its sweetest.

"Well, my love, but your story, I have thought of one.

"When I was young—sixty years ago now—we lived at Camberwell, a very different place then from now, my dear," added the old lady with something of a sigh, "a gay place, too, but we were happy and young enough to be gay. Well, my love, we had our monthly assemblies and many other pleasant meetings now passed away or despised. At these assemblies often met two of the greatest beauties whom you could have found within ten miles of London then, now I think you might search England through, in vain, to equal one of them. My dear, I cannot give you their real names, so we will call them Augusta and Lucy."

"How jealous they must have been of one another!" Isabella interposed.

"My love," said the old lady, much shocked, "they were the dearest friends. Augusta was a tall, fine girl of seventeen when I first knew her, with a handsome ingenuous face, somewhat haughty, but very beautiful nevertheless; it was her fine, upright figure and stately carriage that the gentlemen so admired." The old lady paused and sighed. "Lucy was only one year younger, and a little graceful thing with light hair and a fair complexion; her eyes, I was told, were very lovely, blue and open. She loved Augusta with all her heart, they were companion beauties, no rivals."

"I should not like that!"

"My dear, may you ever find as dear a friend as Lucy did in Augusta; Lucy was poor, Augusta rich, yet she loved and sought her. Well, month after month were these two girls admired, and many a husband given to either," and Mrs. Margaret smiled. "but folks found they were mistaken; the year came round, and they were still but Misses. Meantime, Lucy had been with her father—poor thing she had no mother—to visit an uncle in—we will say, Berkshire. He was the rector of a little country parish; the autumn was rainy; he had no wife—no children; and whilst her uncle and father were out shooting or fishing, Lucy was left alone with the housekeeper, a tabby cat, and Robinson Crusoe."

"I should have run home."

Mrs. Margaret smiled and paused.

"My dear, they were the happiest days of her life; I was going to say the *last* happy days of her life, but that would have been far from true, though once she thought so. Well, near the end of her visit, the family came back to the hall; there was grand rejoicing and bell-ringing, for with them came the son and heir, a young man just returned from America—he had been wounded at Saratoga. Well, Lucy's uncle went to pay his respects to the Squire and his lady. Now, my dear, the Squire was old and gouty, and my lady a good wife to him—yes, a good woman—to all be their due; but proud—very proud. Well, the Squire was laid up with so sharp an attack that week, he could not return the call, nor did Lucy see any of the family till the Sunday, when my lady and her son appeared in the large hall-pew. The Squire's lady looked like a Squire's lady in those days,—none of your flimsy muslins and barèges; but Lady Anne then and ever was in the richest brocade,

one, my dear that would have stood by itself, well displayed by her hoop. Lucy watched her as she sailed up the aisle, and thought her the finest lady she had ever seen. My dear, she was also the cruelest."

Isabella looked up.

Mrs. Margaret smiled. "But she was a very handsome woman for all that, my love, and used her fan, and curteseyed to the people with surpassing grace and dignity. Her wide skirts filled the little aisle, and so behind her walked the young Colonel. *He*—well, my dear, he was the best-looking man I ever saw,—a better-looking one than *you* can ever hope to see. He was dressed in a Pompadour coat, laced with silver, and wore one arm still in a sling. Well, and Lucy—silly little Lucy—could not keep her eyes off that fine, pleasant-looking gentleman. Yes, his very looks were pleasant. Silly did I say she was? She was worse than silly—wrong. If she had that morning thought—as she ought to have done—of man's Maker, instead of man, and kept her eyes upon her book, almost all the trouble which she ever knew would have been spared her. She and her father were to leave Berkshire the middle of that week. On the Tuesday young Colonel Redworth called to make his father's excuses; the poor old man could not leave the house. Well, Lucy was sitting in the arbour, working; silly child—she longed to go in, but shame kept her out; she felt whose voice it was that she caught occasionally. Well, my dear, he and her uncle came out into the garden,—the Rector had in old times been the Colonel's tutor,—they came towards her, and Lucy heard a frank, pleasant voice say:

"Ah, do you remember that last lesson in the arbour, and how you said I should kill you before I'd done with it? I should be a more attentive pupil now, I hope; let us see it again."

They turned towards the arbour, they came nearer and nearer; Lucy waited till escape was too late, and then by a silly, sudden impulse rose to flee. Her uncle—he was so fond and proud of her—called her back; good manners compelled her to turn round and curtesey. Colonel Redworth bowed.

"My dear, I believe myself he felt in love with her at that moment; but others told her, he never loved her at all. They say Lucy never looked so lovely as when blushing and confused, and she was confused enough then."

"Aunt, you say, 'They tell me? Didn't you know her yourself?'"

"My dear, I never saw her; but Augusta, her great friend, I often saw every day for months, and she knew poor Lucy's story as well as Lucy did herself. Well, Colonel Redworth was a charming man—a very charming man; if he fell in love with Lucy, it was little wonder that she did so with him. That evening came a note from Lady Anne, asking Mr.—we will call the Rector—Jervis to dinner, and trusting that his brother and niece would accompany him. Well, my dear, the day named was Thursday. Lucy and her father were to have gone back to Camberwell on the Wednesday. Lucy persuaded her father to stay; at least, his brother did, for he saw how Lucy's wishes lay. They went. My lady had a great respect for

the family, and received them with little stiffness for her—still, stiffly enough. The old Squire was too ill to be in the drawing-room, they were to find him at the dining-table; thus the Colonel gave Lucy his hand, and led her through the grand hall amid the powdered men; my dear, if Lucy had thought, she might have known that she never could be mistress in such a house, or wife of such a fine gentleman—her father was but a solicitor."

"Oh!" said Isabella, as if this announcement made the heroine much less interesting.

"So good, so upright, so honoured a man," pursued Mrs. Margaret, with her calm smile, "that Lucy never wished it otherwise. Well, I am talking of the Colonel handing Lucy across the hall—her first touch of the strong, tender hand of that good gallant man. How she treasured it, and still treasures its memory. Well, after dinner the four elders fell to whist, and the Colonel and Lucy were left alone. She was well educated for those days, and if he had not profited much by his education, in early life, he had seen much service, and used his wits since. He talked, and she was at home enough in his subjects to make a good listener, and to make proper answers. Once or twice she fancied my lady turned and eyed them a little sharply, but this, I think, was only her fancy. Lady Anne then never for a moment dreamt of her son's thinking of such a simple girl. Well, the next day Lucy and her father went home. Augusta was the first to come and see her. Lucy was wonderfully shy and unwilling to speak of her visit. Augusta pressed and rallied her, until she laid her head on her friend's shoulder, burst into tears, and told of that frank, gracious gentleman, Thomas Red—worth. She poured out her full heart in praise, till Augusta laughed, and said, 'Take care how you let me see him. If he be such perfection, I shall want him for myself.'

"My dear, 'There is many a true word spoken in jest.' The next assembly night came, and there, to Lucy's surprise, was Colonel Redworth. How she blushed and started—how her heart beat. He made his way to her, he asked the honour of her hand for all the cotillions that evening. Poor silly girl, she consented. How happily she danced, every step a pleasure. Well, it is well to be young and happy after all! At supper Lucy sat next Augusta. She longed to hear her opinion of her partner. It did not come. At length she ventured to say:

"Did I say one word too much?"

"No, no, indeed," answered Augusta, quickly. Then, laughing, 'He is vastly superior to any one here.'

"They left the room together. Lucy saw Colonel Redworth's eye follow them, glance from her to her companion, back to her, and then rest upon her companion. Isabella—from that moment she was jealous of her friend. She sat down on the nearest seat, Augusta lingered only a moment beside her, and then went to her mother. She, too, felt that they were henceforth rivals.

"Elsie," continued the old lady, clasping her hands upon her lap, "I cannot follow that winter through, it was shameful to both; they set themselves one against the other, they struggled each

to be the lovelier. Sir Thomas and Lady Anne came to town; their weight went with the better born and more wealthy, otherwise I think Lucy would not have been forgotten. As it was, she was. She felt her chance was hopeless; Elsie, in her weak love she knelt and prayed Augusta to have mercy, and—was mocked and scorned. Each night Augusta gained ground, Lucy sat by and watched her triumph. My dear, early in the spring, Mr. Redworth married her."

"And she led him a dog of a life ever after, hope?"

"My love, I never wished so. I cannot justify Augusta, but I do not judge as I did then. Then Lucy had many admirers but few lovers, for she had little position and no fortune—then all I thought of was David and the 'one ewe lamb.'

"My dear, I need not tell you that from that day Lucy and Augusta never met, never wrote. Lucy thought her heart would break. My dear, how often we think so, when life has plenty of cares and pleasures yet. Pride made her first bear up, then, thank God, the Bible. And she had a father for whom to live, who never again lost his first place in her affections.

"Well, my dear, only three years later, I saw Colonel Redworth's death in the Gentleman's Magazine. The name never met Lucy's eyes again. Years passed on, her father died in a good old age; Time had healed her wound. She smiled now at her simplicity in thinking ever to be the wife of such a man; and rejoiced that the temptation to leave her father alone, yea, to desert him—what must she have done else in becoming daughter-in-law to Sir Thomas and Lady Anne?—had never been set before her. Time, I say, had healed this wound, but there was one he could not heal. The rankling indignation and shame at Augusta's treachery. She still called her friend's conduct by no gentler name. So sharp had been the fight, each had learnt well nigh to hate the other, and they forgot, as we too often do, 'he that hateth his brother is a murderer.' And yet this, when Lucy thought the grave must have closed over Augusta, and that her own time must be short.

"Well, my love, Lucy had grown an old woman. Her ties were very few. My love, when life is waning away, it is hard to feel we shall leave no one behind to mourn us and to miss us,—so selfish are we to the end! She was staying for a few days in the new home of one of the few friends left her, the daughter of a friend of early days, now a grandmother herself,—one who at the time of Lucy's fiercest trial had been yet unborn. The young people were going to explore an old manor house twelve miles distant, open to the public by the courtesy of the owner one day in each week. The day came. Mrs. Tylecote was not able to go with them. Poor things! no one could bear them to be disappointed, and Lucy offered to take her place, little used to such doings now.

"She was very sad and lonely just then. Two days before she had heard, as she believed, of the death of the last friend left her of her own generation. But the morning was bright and sunny, her young friends happy and merry, and, my dear, before they reached the manor house, Mrs. Lucy

was as happy as the youngest there. My love, never sit still and cling to sorrow when a duty comes in your way,—meet it, and it will leave a blessing behind it.

“We explored oak-panneled parlours, and dismal dungeons below the foundation of the present house, which in the reign of Elizabeth had taken the place of the old Norman castle. Finally, the old housekeeper took us the round of the portrait gallery. There were formal, rich-coloured Holbeins, pensive Vandykes, voluptuous Lelys, and charming Sir Joshuas; and, my dear, amongst them, a portrait of Augusta Clinton.

“Elsie, I had been with her when the first sketch was begun, with her when the last touch

had been put in. I could not believe my eyes. Yes, this was *that* portrait, and no other, though strangely had sixty years dimmed and marred its beauties. I stood gazing and gazing, and my heart yearned to her, my old friend,—not, my dear, but that I believed her dead long ago.

“As I stood, the door of a room a little to my left opened. An aged lady came out, stately, and yet bowed; beautiful, but exceeding sad. She passed me; I curteseyed to apologise for our intrusion. She looked hard at me as she bowed in return, and passed on. She recognised *me* with no clue; whilst I, with that picture before me, knew not my old friend.

“How did it come there? I longed to know, but



could not ask. We went down-stairs again. We were preparing to start home, when the same lady advanced towards us from a parlour.

“Madam,” she said, ceremoniously, ‘pardon me; but you seem a great admirer of Sir Joshua. There is one in my parlour I do not, in general, show to visitors,—but if you would—it is a master-piece—’

“She broke off, and led the way. I followed. Elsie, my heart beat as it had not done since the day I saw Colonel Redworth in the Camberwell assembly. Something in the stately figure I was following seemed familiar; and yet no wonder I knew her not. She motioned to me to stand on the rug beside her. My eyes were fixed on hers: she raised them, mine followed hers, to the picture

above the mantel-piece. Oh, Elsie! it was Colonel Redworth, in a Pompadour coat, laced with silver.

“Meg! Meg!’ she sobbed,—she, the strong, proud woman, who had once so mocked my tears, ‘I only had him three years. He was killed by a fall from his horse. They brought him home dead. I broke your heart. This broke mine.’

“She sobbed like a child. I should not wonder if she had never shed a tear for him before.

“‘Meg! Meg!’ she gasped, ‘speak to me. Cannot you forgive me? It is one-and-fifty years—one-and-fifty years,’ she repeated, ‘since I sinned against you. And for eight-and-forty of these years I have been a widow.’

“Elsie, she was my old friend. The friend who

more than *sixty* years ago had loved me. All was forgotten and forgiven before that.

"If you had not appreciated him," I said, (but, Elsie, think me not better than I am; it was a hard struggle),—"if you had not appreciated him, it would have been hard for me ever to forgive you. As it is, you did but love him too well."

"She kissed me. Elsie, my heart melted and yearned within me. I flung my arms around her and cried for joy. She fondled and caressed me, half scolding. Elsie, we both thought of the day that I had first told her of Thomas Redmayne, and we looked for the last time *jealously* in each other's faces. Our love was again as if this had never come between us—nay, even the clearer for this long cloud.

"You have children?" I said at last, I so longed for the face of a Redmayne.

"He left me with a son and daughter. The son so like him. Meg, you who knew me so strong and confident, will wonder—I ruined him by my fondness. He is dead now. Oh, Meg! I have known trouble indeed. I was *glad* when he died! My daughter dead also, and yet she died an old woman, too. Meg, I used to think Death had forgotten me—now, again, he will come all too soon!"

"Are there none then?"

"Yes; my daughter's son. I will show you."

"We crossed the hall. There were my young party standing at the door awaiting me. I never remembered them even then. She turned the handle, and entered softly.

"See!"

"I looked. There, leaning back in an arm-chair, reading, was a young man of eight-and-twenty or so. He started and rose.

"Thomas," she said, "Mrs. Margaret Fordyce, a very dear old friend of mine."

"He came to meet me. He was his grandfather all over. His open, gallant bearing, and all, were his. Even that charming voice and smile, which I thought never to have heard or seen again. *Yet it was not the same!*—Well, Elsie!"

"Oh, Aunt Margaret! This was—"

"Think of the best man you know."

Elsie's eyes glanced to the figure in the chimney corner. And at that moment her father justified his title to be possessor of "the most charming voice and smile." He opened his eyes and called his daughter to him.

Isabella flew to his side, and throughout that evening looked wondrously into the face which had unconsciously earned such new interest. But the lesson of Mrs. Margaret's history was not lost upon her.

AN OLD FLEMISH TOWN, AND THE WAY TO IT.

A ROADSIDE SKETCH.



THE post-mark of this "bit o' writin'" will bear the name of an ancient city lying in an out-of-the-way corner of the brave Belgian kingdom. Yet this obscure nook was once a place of European celebrity. Five or six hundred years ago it was as well known to the English as any spot on the globe to which they adventured for trade or pleasure; and at this present time the advent of an

Englishman is so rare in the place that, when such an apparition appears, the worthy people collect at their shop-doors to gaze at him, and the little children gather about him with gaping eyes, and examine him from head to foot, with an expression of mixed curiosity and fear.

By the way, what are the marks which betray an Englishman at sight to the juvenile populations

of these continental towns? How is it that, with all his attempts to disguise himself in the beard and moustache, and slouched hat of the country, he cannot escape detection? Do what he will to look as if he were to the manner born, the instinct of these astonishing half-naked imps in wooden shoes will find him out the moment he shows his face on the pavement. While you are thinking out this riddle I will go on with my old Flemish town.

In the gorgeous Plantagenet times, when tablecloths were as costly as coats of mail, one of the distinguishing luxuries of the great English families was the grand piece of diaper which was spread out in honour of their guests on high-days and holidays. Well—it was from this remote town that all that beautiful starry diaper came, and took its name; as you may perceive by the simple corruption of d'Ypres into diaper. I feel a special interest in the place on that account. For an Englishman to make a journey to Ypres is like paying a visit to the birth-place or residence of an ancestor, of whose name, deeds, and whereabouts one's family has preserved dim traditions, which are growing dimmer every day. Who knows in what houses yet standing in these antique streets some of our progenitors, great cloth-merchants of the city of London, may not have been lodged in the reigns of the Henrys and Edwards, when they made solemn commercial pilgrimages hither to effect purchases in woollen stuffs, tapestry, and the like, to be afterwards displayed and sold at stupendous profit, in the marts about Chepe and Aldgate? Who knows but that in the very room in which I am now writing, in the Tête d'Or, looking out into the broad, cheerful Rue de Lille, terminating with the belfry of the old Halle, backed by the towers of the cathedral, some emissary of Wolsey's may not have been quartered, while he was executing an express mission on Church affairs under the orders of the Cardinal? For, amongst the historical circumstances which connect us, English, directly with this place, is the fact that Wolsey was once Bishop of Ypres, and exercised from the banks of the Thames the same ghostly powers that are now wielded by a venerable gentleman who resides here on the Grand Place, in a large white house, with highly suggestive green verandahs, and a *porte-cochère*, large enough to admit the Lord Mayor's coach, with the trumpeters on each side.

How the cloth-merchants managed their journeys from London to this place in the middle ages, considering what the tracks and the vehicles must have been in those days, is past conjecture. I can only say that, with all our improved resources in the way of locomotion, our net-works of rails and bye-roads, and our endless adaptations of science to practical purposes, it cost me many laborious researches in the abysses of Bradshaw, before I was able to solve the problem how to get to Ypres without a waste of time, which nobody can afford in the nineteenth century. However, to cut a long story short, my route was as follows:—

From Calais I took the railroad to Hazebrouck, a distance of twenty-five miles. Of Hazebrouck itself I was utterly ignorant, nor was I fortunate enough to hit upon anybody who could tell me

anything about it. The excursion was a leap in the dark. There might, or might not, be roads from Hazebrouck, or Hazebrouck might be only a station without even a village attached to it, as you often see in France a fine white-barred gate inserted in a ragged hedge, with a mud-track inside leading nowhere. The expedition to Hazebrouck was a desperate speculation, founded entirely on the position of the place on the map, from which I inferred that there might be a way direct over the frontier, and across the country to Ypres: trusting to the chapter of accidents, to which travellers owe so many inestimable obligations, for a conveyance of some kind to take us on. We—two in number—were the sole passengers dropped at the solitary station of Hazebrouck; and as the train instantly swept on, I felt that our situation was very much like that of a couple of travellers who had been left behind by a caravan on the route over the Great Desert. The few officials who loitered about the place, appeared, for lack of occupation, to be overcome by an infectious drowsiness, such as we have seen illustrated by the "Land of Nod," or the "Regions of Slumber," in a London pantomime; and the only signs of work-a-day life exhibited on the somnolent platform were by two rustic porters in blue smock-frocks, who had come down to the station on the look-out for customers, from the two rival hostleries of the hamlet, which we conjectured to lie somewhere amongst a cluster of trees we could discern at a distance. In vain they solicited the honour of being permitted to take charge of our baggage, which we left at the station, and proceeded on foot in the direction of the trees. Guided by a few straggling huts, and the word "octroi," half-obliterated, on a crazy wooden toll-house, with the door sealed up, and followed by an admiring *cortège* of urchins, who opened their mouths and eyes at us as if they had never seen a stranger before, and twisted their fingers painfully to suppress their emotions, we made our way at last into the bourg, or village of Hazebrouck. Wonderfully still, and ancient, and petrified, we found it; composed of strange, rickety, stony streets, all leading into a vast central Place, having on one side a state building, transparent with long narrow windows through and through, enclosing under one roof the Town-Hall, the Market, the Palais de Justice, Bureau de la Place, and I know not what else. Hardly the sound of a foot-fall broke the sleepy silence that brooded over the spot, except the lazy clatter of the two porters, as they returned across the great square, trundling home their empty trucks at a dog's pace, to the St. George and Les Trois Chevaux. Our object was to procure a voiture, and great was our consternation, upon making due inquiries, to discover that there was only one regular travelling-carriage, properly so called, in the town, and that it was gone for the day to Ypres, the very place to which we wanted to go. What was to be done? We looked in blank despair at the gay façades of the two hotels, which stood close to each other in the great Place, opposite to the sprightly state building. The more we contemplated their lively aspect, the lower our spirits sank at the possible prospect of being doomed to put up at one or other of them for

the night—and in that case, which? We knew, by lamentable experience, how little external appearances are to be trusted as an index to internal accommodation in the matter of French hotels; and I believe that if we had been driven to extremities, we should have decided for the house that made the least show. But we were fortunately saved the necessity of determining that question by discovering that in a certain back street there was a cariole to be obtained, which would convey us into Belgium as far as a place called Poperinghe, from whence we might proceed by way of rail to Ypres. We hastened to the spot, secured the cariole, and while the owner was harnessing his horse, had the pleasure of hearing the whole of the honest fellow's family history from his young wife,—a narrative of cupboards, cradles, and domestic character by no means deficient in interest or instruction.

The cariole, you must know, is the popular vehicle of the French frontier and Western Flanders. It is as strong and as ugly as a farmer's cart, and bears a compound resemblance to an old-fashioned "shay" with a great hood, and a small covered van. It has two seats, both looking to the horse, after the manner of a Dutch omnibus; and they are capable of accommodating four persons, one of whom is, of necessity, the driver, who, if he be intelligent and communicative, considerably increases the entertainment of this model mode of travelling, by pictorial remarks and descriptive anecdotes, a thousand times more racy than anything you will find in the guide-books. The rate is somewhere about four miles an hour, and the jolting by no means so bad as might be expected.

Slow as the pace was, the time passed rapidly. Everything was new and quaint; and the road, which lay for a long way between France and Belgium, afforded an infinite variety of topics for comment and discussion. It was a fresh "sensation" to be conscious of the *vis-à-vis* of races and languages through which we were passing on a neutral highway; but the "Vins et Biere" which stared upon us from the whitewashed face of an occasional auberge on the one side, and the homelier intimation of "drinkables" on the other, in the familiar Flemish inscription of "Hier verkoopt men drinken," did not make half so vivid an impression upon me as the reflection that, by simply crossing the road, a man might pass from despotism to freedom—or *vice versa*, if he had a mind to it. The close neighbourhood of these antagonisms, and the curious dialogues one can fancy taking place between the opposite tenants, as they sit on their benches of a summer's evening, "chaffing" each other, gave us something to think of till we found ourselves dashing over the pavement of Poperinghe. If we had not been apprised of the fact by the thunder of the wheels, we must have known that we had entered a town by the detonating cracks of the driver's whip, accompanied by that shrill cry "Yeu!" which all travellers in France carry away ringing in their ears, but nobody can imitate.

Dependence, as a matter of course, is not to be placed on the expedition of a cariole; and, to confess the truth, we never thought about it, resigning

ourselves to the easy pace of our moving panorama, till we reached the station at Poperinghe, when we had the satisfaction of finding that the train for Ypres had started exactly seven minutes before, and that there was no other train that evening.

What was to be done now? Upon grave consideration, it appeared to us that the best thing we could do was to dine at Poperinghe, a project which we were led to resolve upon by having observed, as we passed through the spacious lifeless square, a splendid hotel, covering a much larger extent of ground than the Mansion House. Here was at least the prospect of a satisfactory dinner, with ample time to organise an arrangement for another cariole to convey us to Ypres at night. The moon was to be up early, and the drive promised to be exciting. But we reckoned, literally, without our host; for when we came to inquire at the great hotel, whether we could get dinner, we were informed that everything in the house had been eaten up except the fish, of which, unfortunately, added the *maitre d'hôtel*, there was none left! Here was a new dilemma. Luckily there was a cariole ready at our service, and in this machine we at once embarked for Ypres, which we reached without further mishap, in good time, for what would be considered, in England, merely a late dinner.

The narrative of the journey may be useful to others. The accident of missing the railway is not to be taken into account, for it was purely the penalty of carelessness and inexperience; and the expedition may be fairly looked upon as an exploration in an unknown region, by which a new route is opened up to future travellers. Subsequent information enables me to recommend Bailleul, the second station beyond Hazebrouck, as the best point of departure for Belgium, and especially for Ypres, from which it is distant only eighteen miles, or about four hours and a half by a cariole.

And, now we are in Ypres, let us look about us. The town is wondrous bright and clean. Relics of the old greatness may be traced here and there, especially in the Halle, with its imposing array of niched statues, surmounting the offices of police, and law, and municipal record, once the vast warehouse where the cloth-manufacturers deposited their bales. Conclusive of the decay of the trade of the place is the diversion of that noble pile to other uses than those for which it was originally designed, and to which it was dedicated for centuries.

A fragment of the archiepiscopal palace wears modern whitewash in the face of the sun, and the bishop's garden, now converted into a public promenade on an excruciatingly small scale, still remains with its old trees and little winding walks, in the midst of which a painted orchestra, where the band plays on fine Sundays, has been perched up on an artificial mound.

The cloth-business is gone. The staple trade of the town is in lace, of which there is a large manufacture. One house, whose productions I had an opportunity of inspecting, in profound ignorance of their value, but not without admiration of their skill and delicacy, gives constant employment to

as many as 3000 hands. The chief customers of this establishment are our great west-end firms, such as Lewis and Allenby, Howell and James, Marshall and Snelgrove, and others, whose agents come over here once a year, or oftener, to make purchases.

Ypres is essentially a place of business, and nothing else. The people are thrifty, orderly, and industrious, after the most exemplary fashion. Their way of life is much the same as it was with us in Elizabeth's time, leaving out the show and finery. The whole town is up by five o'clock in the morning, and has done breakfast by half-past six; dinner oscillates between half-past eleven and one; an hour or two later early rising is rewarded with a cup of coffee; and, at seven or eight, the day is wound up by the most moderate

of suppers. The entire population, with such dissipated or vagrant exceptions as are to be found in all towns, are a-bed by ten; half an hour afterwards, the dreamy music of the carillons rings out from the lofty belfry over the squares and streets, which are as fast asleep as the inhabitants.

Society and amusements are the only wants of Ypres; but they are wants which are felt only by strangers. Residents are accustomed to do without them, and have become moulded to habits which much bustle or pleasure-going would inconveniently derange. "Society is not for ladies at Ypres," was the idiomatic expression of a young lady of the town, speaking to me in very piquant English. There is a theatre somewhere hidden away in Ypres, but it is never open. The people take no interest in the drama



Hôtel de Ville, Ypres.

in any shape, and don't affect to disguise their indifference to it. There may be a ball on some extraordinary occasion; but it happens so rarely that the ladies declare they have no relish for dancing. Concerts take place; but they are exclusively instrumental, with the military element topping and predominating over all. In short, the ladies have no other engagements upon their hands than to walk, pray, and stitch,—occupations in the culture of which they exhibit indefatigable zeal. The fact is all the more remarkable from Ypres being a garrison-town, as we should say, and crowded with lounging soldiers. While the ladies are thus left to their own devices, the men, on the contrary, are abundantly provided with the only kind of entertainment from which

they seem to derive any enjoyment. They have their club in the Grande Place, a handsome room brilliantly lighted up with gas, where, every evening, the principal residents, and a gay sprinkling of cavalry and infantry officers assemble to play at billiards, dominoes, back-gammon, whist, and sundry other games with cards and tables, and to drink beer out of tall, liberal glasses,—Allsopp's ale, which has been introduced only within the last two or three weeks, being in high request. The scene is extremely lively and amusing; and the tone of the company—without any air of pretence or exclusiveness—is undoubtedly that of a society of gentlemen.

But the most conspicuous feature of this club is its inexpensiveness. The individual subscrip-

tion is about 1*l.* per annum, and beyond the perpetual cigars, the evening's entertainment rarely entails an outlay of more than a few pence. It is a little noisy at first, from the variety of games that are going forward, and the buzz of voices in constant chatter; but you soon get used to this, and begin to enjoy in common with everybody about you, the temperate hilarity of a gathering where, stranger though you be, you are at once put at your ease by the unaffected *bonhomie* of the members.

Ypres is incredibly tranquil, considering that it is one of the great schools of equestration of Belgium. You see people moving about, but can detect nothing in the shape of work going forward. The shops generally look tolerably well furnished; but you never see anybody buying anything in them. One might wonder, under such circumstances, how the people contrive to get the means of living, were it not that they live under conditions which enable them to live for next to nothing. A family, adapting themselves to the local ways of life, might batten flourishingly here on 200*l.* or 300*l.* a-year, and keep their carriage on 400*l.*

But that is only the practical side of the question. If we look a little beyond bread and mutton, it is quite a different affair. Literature is at a discount in Ypres. I will not venture to say that the art of reading is not cultivated here; but, if it be, there can be no hesitation in saying that it is cultivated under difficulties. There is a book-shop in the town, which is as much as can be said about it; for it is evident from its contents that stationery is more in demand than print. To the credit, however, of a population that has something else to do than to read, an excellent free library has been established within the last twenty years. It contains probably 20,000 volumes, is open three or four times a week, and has an average of about a dozen visitors per day. The books are well selected, and the shelves are enriched by the addition of some curious and valuable illuminated MSS.

These primitive people take scarcely any interest in politics. It is astonishing how little they know or care about what is going on in the rest of Europe. If you hear the name of Garibaldi, it is, most likely, in connection with a piece of news at least a month old. Simple, cordial, and friendly, they live in a round of old-fashioned usages and ideas, which is quite marvellous in this age of stratagem and movement. They like the English, and dislike the French. France, indeed, is the only foreign point upon which they are at all strong, either in knowledge or opinion. They are justly proud of their freedom, and jealous of French influences; and some of them even express distrust of M. Rogier, whom they describe as a "Frenchman." The only party in the country that abuses and hates England and the English are the priests; but in Belgium, as everywhere else, the power of the priests, for good or evil, is fast breaking up.

At the time I write Ypres is occupied in preparations for a grand *fête*, which may be regarded as a demonstration, not less of popular devotion to the wise constitutional Sovereign of this kingdom, than as a popular protest against any encroach-

ment by the despotism over the border. The King, who has not visited the town since 1833, comes here on the 16th, and for many weeks past nothing has been thought of but garlands and flags and illuminations. The organisation for getting up the requisite means of giving his Majesty a worthy reception is quite perfect in its way. Each street appoints its own committee to go round and collect subscriptions for providing it with devices, lights, flags, and festoons. In this street, where the King is to be lodged, next door but one to my hotel, the sum of 120*l.* has been collected for the purpose; and the rich proprietor who receives royalty, after having already subscribed no less than 20*l.* to the street fund, is, I am told, expending upon the illumination and decoration of the front of his own house no less than 400*l.* The enthusiasm of the people exceeds all bounds. You cannot get any information upon any subject except the *fête*; there is nothing else talked of, or dreamt of; and I find myself very much in the plight of the gentleman at Hamburg who could not get a reply to a question from anybody, people were so absorbed in *troubadour*. Like him, I have lost my thread of contemporary history, and can't tell what day of the month it is. If I ask, I shall be sure to receive for answer that it is the 16th. There is but one day in this current month of September for the inhabitants of Ypres, and that is the day when the King is to make his appearance amongst them; but that day I know has not come yet, because the King has not come, although it is palpably close at hand, from the hammering I hear on all sides, the ladders that are stretching up against the fronts of the houses, and the multitudes of lamps and lanterns and artificial flowers and great boughs of evergreen that are passing and re-passing in all directions through the streets. The bustle grows more and more enlivening; crowds are collecting at corners; business seems to be abandoned in the universal burst of affectionate loyalty; and so, lest the people at the post-office should lose their heads in the general delirium, I will close my letter, and despatch it at once.

ROBERT BELL.

BARLOW BROTHERS' BOOKS.

BETWEEN twenty and thirty years ago Reuben and Samuel Barlow commenced to trade together as grocers under the style and title of Barlow Brothers. Up to the present day a brass-plate may be seen—by those who know where to look for it—hearing the inscription, "Barlow Brothers, Grocers." When the plate was first engraved it was displayed at the door of a shop, where men, if so minded, might purchase ounces of tea and pennyworths of figs. In those early days Reuben and Samuel stood themselves behind the counter, and how humble soever the customers, whose wants they might be called upon to supply, there was no diminution in the courtesy with which they were wont to demand, "How can we serve thee this morning?" or "Shall we send it in, or wilt thou take it with thee?" But, after fifteen or sixteen prosperous years, Barlow Brothers went so far towards kicking down the

ladder by which they had risen, that they declined for the future to enter into transactions of this limited nature, and having taken counsel together, turned their shop into a warehouse, the floor above into offices, sent out a circular of thanks to the more important of their retail customers, beginning with "Respected friend," and ending with "thine, truly," and came boldly before the world as wholesale grocers.

Samuel dying, unmarried, about a year after this step, left all that he had to leave to his surviving brother, who continued the business, without alteration in the name of the firm. Barlow Brothers do not disclaim a little of something verging on speculation now and then, and a few years ago, made a very handsome thing by going into currants at the right time, like many others, and unlike many others, kept it by going out again at the right time.

The principal business of the concern, however, is transacted with a very extensive country connection, which necessitates the employment of a large staff of travellers, clerks, apprentices, warehousemen, and so on. But when the firm first came into being, the sole assistant of the brothers (with the exception of the porter) was a certain Isaac Jackson, who discharged the double duties of shopman and clerk, and who had progressed with the business, until at last he became cash and book-keeper, as well as confidential clerk and general adviser to Reuben Barlow. Although not like his employer, a "Friend," yet Isaac was one of the shyest and meekest of men; small and shrivelled, and always clad in sober-coloured raiment of unchanging fashion, the only alteration ever noticeable in his outward man, arose from the fact of his wearing a wig in winter, while he went bald in summer; silent and reserved, he had no tastes, no amusements, no hopes and fears, no cares or enjoyments, but such as arose from and had reference to Barlow Brothers, their business, and—pre-eminently and superlatively—their books. He lived on the premises—as did the warehouseman, whose wife acted as housekeeper—and often enough, after the place was closed to the outer world for the night, Isaac used to remain in the counting-house, engaged in posting, balancing, and entering up those cherished volumes. And truly, if he gave much care and attention to them, they well repaid him; they were model books,—no blots defaced their broad surfaces; no crasures ruffled their smooth texture; no critic could have made just objection to aught there visible, had any such ever seen them, which Isaac would have taken good care to place beyond the reach of possibility: those sacred objects were not to be gazed at by profane eyes, nor handled by careless or flagitious fingers. It was believed that Isaac would rather you damaged himself than his books, and a young apprentice had personal proof of how dangerous it was to transgress in this respect, when once, by way of a joke, as he thought, he dropped the day-book on to the floor. Unhappy youth! Isaac, albeit usually slow alike in bodily movement and in wrath, sprang at him and boxed his ears soundly.

"Get—get out of the place," he stammered; "you're not fit to be in it."

And though next day he begged Perkins' pardon—hoped he hadn't hurt him—and gave him a holiday, yet the sudden outburst of temper was a significant index to his feelings.

Reuben Barlow, who was fond of a joke, sometimes used to say that if Isaac were going to be married, he was sure that the cash-book would manage somehow to stop the ceremony; and at other times was accustomed to speak of the ledger as Mrs. Jackson. It was often said that Isaac might have been a partner long ago, had he wished; and it was supposed that a strong reason in his mind for declining that position, was a feeling that, in such a case, it would be *infra-diy* to keep his own books, and an unwillingness to resign such duty into other hands.

From what had been stated, Isaac's feelings may perhaps be imagined when it is told that Reuben Barlow entered his sanctum one morning, and thus addressed him:

"When thou hast the time, Isaac, I want thee to look at Black and Briggs' account, and see what amounts we have paid them lately."

"What's the matter with Black and Briggs?" quoth Isaac.

"Nay, that is that thou hast to help to discover," returned Reuben: "John Black tells me they find their cashier has been robbing them, and asks me to give him particulars of their account with us, without noising the matter abroad; therefore, Isaac, name it not to anyone at present."

"Been robbing them!" echoed Isaac, lifting up his hands solemnly; "dear me—dear me. Ah, I feared that man greatly;—too flighty, too unsteady. Not six months ago he was in this very place receiving a payment, and when he came to write a receipt he pushed that ledger out of the way as if it had been a stone, and well nigh upset the inkstand over it. Well, well; dear me." Isaac smoothed the leather cover of the insulted volume and turned up Black and Briggs' folio. "Aye, just so," he murmured, "two-fifty on the ninth March, one-twenty on— How far shall I go back; has he been long engaged in this robbery?"

"I fear so," replied Reuben.

"Nay but, in that case," said Isaac, "how is it he hasn't been found out ere now?"

"Why, thou must know, Isaac," said Reuben, with a smile, "if thou can'st bring thy mind to compass it, that he has falsified the books, and has shown great art in erasing and altering figures to suit his ends."

Altering the books!—erasing! Isaac was dumb for some minutes trying to fathom the depths of such cold-blooded villainy. At last he looked Reuben doubtfully in the face and murmured:

"I suppose—it is'n't a—hanging matter, is it?"

"Nay, nay," said Reuben laughing, "not so bad as that; the law will lay him by the heels for the money he has taken, and leave what I dare say thou thinks the worst of the affair unpunished. But do thou make out the account, and I will give it to John Black myself."

During the remainder of the day Isaac wore a very anxious and pre-occupied look, and when brought into contact with the apprentices who were apt to be careless and frivolous in word and deed,

gazed seriously on them, and then gravely shook his head, as seeming with difficulty to refrain from addressing them. The truth is, he was brooding over the morning's communication, and trying to imagine by what steps any man could arrive at the horrible wickedness of laying sacrilegious hands on such sacred articles as books; and when next day Reuben informed him that sundry discrepancies having been discovered between his account and that kept by the defaulter, he would have to attend at the police-court on the morrow, to prove certain payments, he became quite sepulchral in his gloom.

He did duly attend the police-court, but the case was not gone into fully, the accused being remanded for a week. It was, however, opened, and Isaac heard the attorney for the prosecution declare that the prisoner had been with his employers from a boy, that they had formed the highest opinion of him, had reposed the most perfect trust in him, and were deeply surprised and grieved by his misconduct. Telling this to Reuben Barlow that evening, "Aye," observed the latter, "John Black said to me, 'I would as soon have suspected him, Reuben, as thou wouldst thy Isaac Jackson;'" and Reuben laughed a jolly laugh at the notion. But Isaac did not reply as the other expected.

"He had been with *them* from a boy," he said, half to himself.

"And might have been with them for the rest of his life," said Reuben, "if this had not happened."

"Aye, *if*," quoth Isaac, dreamily; "how did he begin? I say, *how*?"

"Nay, I know not, and it matters but little to thee," said Reuben; "and now, hast thou a Bradshaw? I start to-morrow for Bristol, and shall not see thee till this business is over. I am glad thou has only to speak to dry facts, or I fear thou might bear hardly on him. Farewell." And off went Reuben.

At the proper time Isaac attended and duly proved the payments as per account rendered. A shy and reserved man, he was considerably put about by the unwonted turmoil and bustle into which circumstances had plunged him, and the line taken by the prisoner's legal defender didn't tend to clear his brain or steady his nerves. That gentleman, seeing the manner of man before him, made an effort to bother Isaac by some of the stock-inquiries usual in such cases, as whether *he*, Isaac, never made mistakes by any chance,—whether he always made his entries at the time of payment—whether he would swear he had made these particular entries at the proper time—whether his cash had always balanced, and so on; and though, of course, he elicited nothing in favour of his client, he yet produced considerable effect upon poor Isaac, already bewildered by much musing on this affair.

The old man left the court half inclined to doubt, in spite of himself, whether he was, in reality, so correct as he had stated: even worse—whether, if so then, he, as well as that unhappy man might not one day be tempted and fall. True, he couldn't contemplate, without horror, the idea; but that prisoner—would not he

also at one time have felt the same dismay at such a contemplation? There must have been a beginning, and why was he himself more secure than other men, &c. &c. The fact is, Isaac, wearied, agitated, and disturbed, by brooding on this subject, and above all weak for want of his dinner, which he had been too much interested to get at the usual hour, was almost monomaniacal for the time, and looked so woe-begone in the evening, that the housekeeper on seeing him, attacked him at once:

"Why, Mr. Jackson, whatever 'ave you been doing? Not had your dinner? No wonder you look so miserable. Now just you get some supper at once, and then take a drop of spirit and water, and go your ways to bed."

It was in vain for Isaac to declare that he wasn't hungry and could not eat; he was obliged to obey the housekeeper's prescription to the letter, for though, after his meal, he felt so much better, that he said something about going into the office to finish that part of his day's work which had been perforce neglected, the proposal was instantly and decidedly negatived, and accordingly to bed he went, taking into his custody, as usual, the safe-keys, which he always kept under his pillow. He rose so much better next morning that he felt disposed to laugh at his melancholy musings of the previous evening; and when it became time to repair to the counting-house, he had almost got over his fancies, and felt better than he had done for some days.

"It was having to appear against that poor fellow," said he to himself, as he reverently removed the books from the safe. "Now that's over, I hope I shall forget it and him: I almost wish I could think it a mistake on my part as that man wanted to make out; but it couldn't be," and with that Isaac opened his cash-book, and began to count over the cash-balance of the night before: "Ten, twenty, thirty," he murmured, "hundred and sixty-five—hallo! talk of mistakes—let me add up again; no that's all right. Why, bless me, I remember, I *had* one hundred and sixty-five pounds when I balanced, and now, by the book, I ought only to have one hundred and five. How can it be? such a thing never happened before; can I be going to—"

And Isaac sank down upon his stool. Presently he began to examine the items in the book, and at length found that a sum of two hundred pounds paid by him and so entered, had been by the addition of a stroke to the middle cypher changed into two hundred and sixty, thus making him appear to have paid sixty pounds more than he had really done. Isaac fired up in a moment.

"Some of those rascally lads; think it a joke, I suppose; now if I only knew which of 'em, I'd turn him into the street in one minute: to dare to imitate my hand, too; I could have sworn it was my own doing. After all, though, it can't be anyone doing it seriously, what object could he have? No, it must be one of those plaguey boys."

So soliloquising, Isaac got to work, contenting himself, for the time, by darting such piercing glances at the apprentices who came within his ken, as one would have supposed must have

overwhelmed the audacious evil-doer; but without producing any visible result. Isaac was very undecided that evening, whether or no to give the culprit a chance of compromising himself by repeating his crime; but anxiety for the safety of the books prevailed, and having, with his own hands, placed them in the safe, he took the key into his keeping, and left them for the night. By next morning, Isaac had reasoned himself into the belief that the audacious mischief had been a sudden outburst of boyish waywardness, a sharp temptation begotten of opportunity; and congratulating himself upon his decision to make all safe the night before, he resolved to correct the error which marred the perfection of his handiwork, and if he could not forget or forgive the outrage, at all events to trust to chance for the discovery of its perpetrator: and so did he please his fancy by the thought of the crushing exhortation which he would in such case bestow, that he went to his daily work in a comparatively equable and cheerful frame of mind. Miserable man! No sooner had his eye glanced at the symmetrical columns of the cash-book, than he perceived that the same busy hand had again been at work, and this time to a greater extent than before; numerous falsifications forced themselves on his bewildered vision executed with diabolical ingenuity, both as to the mode and style of the fraud: threes were changed into fives, ones into fours, cyphers into sixes and nines, and all in exact imitation of his own hand-writing; he was forced to admit that had his senses not borne witness to the contrary, he should have had to confess his own handiwork. The matter was now indeed serious: no one had access by fair means to the books but himself; could it possibly be, thought Isaac, in his anguish, that the fiend was permitted to chastise his pride of accuracy in this fearful manner? A cold sweat bathed his face at the thought. If done by mortal agency, however, what was the object of alterations which appeared to make him responsible for less money than he had really in his custody? it must plainly be that the money itself would next be by some means abstracted, and he, accused of the fraud, would be confronted by the altered books. And then—what then? Isaac couldn't follow the train of thought further. He *would* find out this villainous plotter; he would conceal himself in the counting-house that night without naming the matter to a soul, and then he would see. So said, so done: after remaining working by himself till late, he went as usual to his own room, but instead of going to bed, slipped noiselessly down stairs with the key of the safe in his pocket, and took up his position behind a desk, where by a little management he could command a view of the whole room. Here he remained undisturbed, save by the ticking of the office clock, by fancied noises now and then, and by his own agitating thoughts. Chilled to the bone, obliged to remain in the dark, and perhaps a little frightened, he nevertheless sat bravely on, hearing the hours strike one after another, and every now and then taking a stealthy walk to keep himself awake; so passed time and the hour until the old church clock, just outside, boomed high in air—five. Glad to find his vigil so nearly over,

and triumphant, though rather disappointed at finding himself no nearer a solution of the mystery, Isaac sat down on his own stool, and presently finding his head bump against the desk before him, was forced to conclude that he had been asleep, and so it proved; for on striking a match and consulting the clock, it showed a few minutes before six to be the time.

"Not quite an hour, at all events," said Isaac, slapping his pocket to feel for the safe key; and rather put out at his failure in watchfulness. "And everything is quite still. No one can have been in that time; I should have been sure to wake. Well, the men will be here at six, and then I shall get to bed. I wish the scamp had come though, I shall have to watch again."

At six, accordingly, Isaac was released, and went to make up for his night's watch, but was at his place in the office very little later than his usual hour.

"Shall I tell Reuben Barlow, or not?" soliloquised he, as he unlocked the safe. "He'll be back to-day, and it would be as well to do so."

But on second thoughts he determined that it would be better to discover the plotter before speaking to any one.

"And, at all events," said he to himself. "I can keep matters from getting worse for a few days, and by that time, perhaps—"

Isaac gave a deep groan, and well he might. In spite of watch and ward the enemy had been at work; the entries left yesternight in such order and symmetry were caricatured and travestied out of all shape, figure after figure having been perverted, altered, and inserted.

"It must have been in the room with me last night," thought poor Isaac, and in another minute the clerks were alarmed by hearing a loud thump, and on entering Isaac's office by finding its occupant on the floor insensible; for the first time in his life he had fainted. On coming to himself, however, he repelled all inquiry and advice.

"Nothing was the matter with him, he had slipped in getting on to his stool," he said, "and fallen." He closed the open cash-book sharply, and with a suspicious glance at those around him, and bidding them all rather ungraciously get to their work and leave him, he sat down to try and think calmly over the matter. It was in vain, and by the time Reuben Barlow returned, Isaac had pretty nearly worked himself into a fever. Informed of Isaac's fainting fit, Reuben, nevertheless, said nothing on the point at first, beginning quietly to talk about indifferent subjects; but so dispirited and short were Isaac's replies that at last he said:—

"I fear thou'rt not well to-day, Isaac?"

"What, I suppose you've been hearing some nonsense or other in the office since you came in, but there's nothing the matter with me."

"Well," replied Reuben. "Seeing that thou'rt not in the habit of lying on thy back on the floor, thou mustn't be surprised at what's said, when thou begins to do so," and observing that Isaac was indisposed for further parley, Reuben left him. Towards the close of business, however, he again visited him, and seeing him poring over the cash-book:—

"Doesn't thou think," he said, "thou hast done enough for to-day? Aye, that's right, shut it to."

Isaac having done so rather sharply.

"Nay," he went on. "Never trouble thyself to put the books away, the youth Perkins shall do it for to-night."

Now, Perkins, as may be remembered, was he who had misused the day-book on a certain former occasion, and so supposing that Reuben was joking him, Isaac said, rather sulkily:

"Perkins shan't touch them."

"Well, well," said Reuben mildly. "if it will please thee better, I will even put them by myself," and he forthwith began to suit the action to the word.

Now, though Reuben seeing that Isaac was ill, was only anxious to spare him exertion, the latter, full of the great mystery in which he was so dreadfully involved, saw only the desire to meddle with the causes of his woe, and all at once his mind became possessed with dark suspicions.

"Could Reuben suspect anything? Impossible! And yet, why this wish to handle the books?" Whatever might be the reason it must not be gratified. "I'm not going to leave them in the safe at all to-night, I'm going to take them upstairs into my own room. I want to look over them," said he.

"Thou'dst far better leave them alone till to-morrow," urged Reuben, "for I am sure thou art not fit—well, well, as thou wilt—as thou wilt."

So Isaac had them borne upstairs before him, of course with the intention of keeping them under his eye, until he had made up his mind as to what course to pursue. He did keep them under his eye during the evening, and carried them into his bedroom, when he went there himself, placing them on a chair by his bedside, and carefully locking his room door.

"They're safe for to-night," thought Isaac, as he regarded them mournfully, "but it's dreadful to think that I shall have to watch them in this way constantly."

He took one last look at their fair proportions just before extinguishing his candle, and after putting his hand out of bed once or twice to feel them, turned over and slept the sleep of the weary. As his last waking care had been for the books, so was his first: he raised himself in bed and took a glance; there they were, but—but surely not in the same order as when he last saw them. He was out on the floor in an instant; one short look was sufficient, he fell back into the bed, and trembled till the couch shook again. Then a ray of hope fell upon him: had he left the door open? Willing to find his memory treacherous, he rose and tried the door; locked even as he had left it. And now, poor Isaac in despair, became firmly convinced that he was the victim of some evil spirit, and shuddered at the thought of his cotenant during "the dead waste and middle of the night." Long time took he to dress, and a miserable man did he look when he presented himself at the breakfast table. Though breakfast was a mere form with him, he lingered so long in his chair, that Mrs. Hall, the housekeeper, seriously alarmed at this state of things, quietly went and

begged Reuben (an early man) to come upstairs and persuade Isaac to forego attendance at his duties for the day.

"Why, Isaac, what's the matter with thee to-day?" began Reuben, cheerily, but stopped short, shocked at the change in the other's appearance. "Thou art surely very ill," said he, more quietly.

"Nay, not ill," said Isaac, faintly.

"Not ill!" said Reuben, "then thy appearance belies thee greatly; but if not, what then?"

Isaac sat silent for a while, and then burst out suddenly, "Why, if I tell the truth, I should say I was tormented by the devil."

"Benot profane, Isaac," said Reuben seriously, but then went on kindly: "Thou hast got something on thy mind: would it not comfort thee think'st thou, to let me know it?"

Thus adjured, Isaac poured out his story in a flood, to the great amazement of the other, who, however, listened to the end without a word. But that which had begotten fear in Isaac Jackson's breast, roused only indignation in the stout heart of Reuben Barlow, and he smote the table with his hand rather more emphatically than beseeemed the breadth of his brim, and the uprightness of his collar.

"I tell thee, Isaac," he said, with a grim smile, "this is more carnal than spiritual work; but let me see it with mine own eyes."

And off marched Reuben to Isaac's bedroom, returning with the maltreated books.

"Truly," he remarked, "this man—or fiend as thou wilt have it—hath a marvellous knack of imitating thy hand."

"No man could do it," quoth Isaac.

"I will prove to thee that some man *hath* done it," retorted Reuben. "I will take my own stand in thy office this night, and if haply I light upon him—"

Reuben involuntary clenched his fist, and stretched forth his muscular right arm. Albeit, a member of a peaceable sect, his action was significant to the meanest capacity of his intention to make this outrage felt by the captured perpetrator.

But Isaac would not hear of solitary watch being kept, "for," said he, "if you go to sleep as I did, all your trouble will be lost;" so that Reuben was forced to let him join in the vigil. They watched in company therefore, all night, without any disturbance, rather to Reuben's disgust, who said at seven o'clock in the morning,

"Well, we've kept thy books safe, but otherwise, are just as we were; this man must know when watch is kept, and is wise enough to stay away out of trouble."

"Don't be so sure the books are all right," said Isaac, dearily.

"What!" cried Reuben, "would thou have me take up thy absurd and profane notions! Let us look for ourselves;" and so saying, he opened the safe, and there, sure enough, were the books untouched and unaltered.

"Now, what say'st thou?" asked Reuben.

Isaac was obliged to admit himself somewhat re-assured, and said that perhaps the mischief-maker had got tired of his joke.

"Well, thou can't try by giving him the chance to-night," returned Reuben.

Now this, if not absolutely deceitful in word, was decidedly so in intent; for Reuben himself had no thought of giving up the affair until he had obtained some result, and he accordingly made his own arrangements for keeping solitary watch that night, and at a late hour was admitted to the premises by the warehouseman, whom he had taken into his confidence, and of whose good faith he was sure.

He sat undisturbed till the clock struck two, and was beginning to think that his watch would be as quiet as the night before, when he heard a slight noise, as of some one descending the stairs from the upper floor of the building.

"Now, for it," thought Reuben, feeling about in the dark for a ruler, having found which, he got behind a desk and kept quiet. The door opened, and some one entered. Reuben heard the tread of a man without shoes. The intruder advanced, picked up a match-box from the desk, as Reuben knew by the sound, struck a match, and lighted a gas jet. Keeping him full in view, Reuben then watched him go to the safe, unlock it, bring forth the books, place them on Isaac's desk, and then deliberately proceed to examine the entries. At this point Reuben advanced boldly and seized the individual by the arm, when— Isaac Jackson awoke, and found himself sitting on



his own office stool, clad solely in a long white garment, and with a pen in his hand; while Reuben Barlow stood beside him looking rather grim, and saying,—

"Doesn't thou think thou'd be better in bed, Isaac, than playing these tricks?"

No more passed then; Reuben returned the books to their stronghold, put out the gas, saw Isaac into bed, and went his way; but the next day gave his book-keeper certain advice and warning at considerable length concerning morbid fancies, and heavy suppers. It was with no small difficulty that Isaac nerved himself to face the office for a little time, feeling convinced in his own

mind as he did, that every little gathering of the clerks which he chanced to see, was by no means "a fortuitous combination of atoms," but a meeting for the express purpose of debate respecting the recent mystery and its solution, particulars of which had in some unexplained manner leaked out. He lived for some little time in desperate fear of his nocturnal propensity; but no recurrence ever again troubled him, and he would by this time almost have forgotten it, if it were not for Reuben Barlow's occasional jocular enquiry, "Barlow Brothers' Books all right, Isaac?"

C. P. WILLIAM.

LAST WEEK.

THE BATTLE OF VOLTURNO.

THE 1st of October will henceforward be a sacred day in the calendar of free Italy. On that day was fought a battle as hotly contested as any of the great battles of modern times. The combatants engaged were only inferior in number to those who fought at Magenta and Solferino, when the struggle for freedom had just begun. In valour, in fortitude, in daring, the men who held the field under Garibaldi's orders, on the first day of the present month, had little to learn from the disciplined regiments of France, Austria, and Sardinia, which had been engaged in the crowning battles of the Lombard campaign. Three times were the positions of the patriots taken and retaken at the bayonet's point, while the grape-shot swept down the combatants without pause. Little mercy was asked on either side, and less given. We are told by those who saw the facts that, as the wounded lay upon the ground, the pistol and the stiletto finished up the work which had been begun with the rifle and the bayonet. Strange to say—for we are speaking of a southern race, a quick, impulsive people—the Italians for once fought in silence. With pale cheeks, and clenched teeth, they carried through the matter in hand. On the 1st of October no man, save some Sicilians and the Neapolitans of the city of Naples, had time or breath for idle clamour. The story of the slaughtered prisoners is denied and disbelieved as far as the Garibaldians are concerned. The Royalists had been taught to believe that they would receive no quarter, and they gave none.

On the 30th of September the situation of the young King was far from desperate. Could he have succeeded in forcing his way through the hasty levies of Garibaldi, and reaching Naples before the Sardinians had crossed his frontier, the splendid throne of the Two Sicilies was not wholly lost. With what show of justice could the Lombards, or the Tuscans, or the Sardinians who invoke the principle of non-intervention on their own account, have interfered with armed force to thrust liberal institutions at the bayonet's point down the throats of an independent and reluctant people? The two parties—the Royalists and the Liberals—had fought it out, and victory had remained with the King. That was the only test by which the will of the majority could be ascertained. It had been applied, and the result was that Francis II. was back in his capital. The prisons were gorged with patriots. The blood of Saint Januarius had given propitious omens. The Toledo was illuminated in an orderly way under the auspices of the police, and the King was preparing to stamp out the last embers of the insurrection. The people of the Two Sicilies liked Francis and his ways just as the Lombards and the Sardinians liked Victor Emmanuel and his ways. Why should they be balked of their honour, and be cursed with the gift of political freedom which they neither esteemed nor desired?

The king was separated from his capital and his loving subjects but by a vineyard. The country between Capua and Naples by way of Aversa is but a garden filled with vines. The

distance between the two cities is but seventeen miles, and they are connected by a railroad. Imagine a battle to be fought on Epsom Downs, or at Slough, and no further obstacle between the conqueror and London. As far as mere distance is concerned this would represent accurately enough the position of the young King with reference to his capital on the 1st of October. Could he even have cut his way through the Garibaldians without inflicting upon them an actual defeat, it would have been enough to amend his political situation. The Sardinians then could not—without a signal infraction of the public law of Europe—have crossed the borders of an independent State, and levied war against a Sovereign who had given them no sufficient cause of offence. Had they done so, the principle upon which they justified their intervention might at no distant day have been invoked against themselves. This difficulty has not arisen, thanks to the valour of the hero and the men who fought the other day by the banks of the Volturnus.

It was no unfitting spot for the closing act of such a struggle. The prize of victory—that fair city of Naples itself—was almost in sight of the combatants. Close at hand, and on one edge of the battle-field is the splendid palace of Caserta, in which the ancestors of the young King had held royal state for more than a century past. It is the masterpiece of Vanvitelli, and amongst the most magnificent of Royal residences in Europe. Those who have visited the spot will remember the gardens with the cascades, and how the cascades are so arranged as to represent quaint combinations of statues and mystical emblems. The forests of ilex behind the palace swarm with game, and herein it was that the ancestors of the young King—being themselves Kings of Naples—used to take their pastime, and divert themselves with the slaughter of wild animals, when the affairs of state no longer claimed their attention. Francis II. all but played his last throw for empire in his own park. The position of the respective forces during the battle will be best learnt from a glance at the map, and by a recollection of the position which each had occupied during the previous days. The front of the Royalists was protected by the windings of the Volturno. It is a stream of not very considerable breadth, but still one which would be a formidable obstacle to young troops in presence of a well-served artillery. The King held Capua and Gaeta—two out of the three military stations of the first-class in the kingdom. The modern Capua is not the town which in ages long gone past contended with Rome for supremacy in the Italian peninsula, and in an evil hour for itself cast in its lot with the Carthaginian chief. That famous old town was two miles distant from the modern Capua, out of which Francis II. recently marched out on a Monday morning, and lost a throne. Gaeta would be reckoned a strong place anywhere, and is certainly the strongest in the kingdom of Naples. Englishmen have not forgotten how, by the help of their fleet, it was held by the stout old Prince of Hesse-Philippstalt against Massena and an overwhelming French force. A curse, however, has ever rested upon this citadel and place of arms, the result, perhaps, of its

strength. It is so strong that it has held out when resistance was overcome at every other point, and so has been surrendered as the prize of conquest into the victor's hand, because it was idle to prolong the defence of a fortress against the force of a kingdom. Another incident of the like kind seems imminent at Gaeta just now.

The Royalists thus were in occupation of this district of the Two Fortresses (the quadrilateral, as it were, of Naples); they were masters of the whole course of the river, and had erected most formidable works upon its right bank. This is described as bristling with guns well masked. The bridges at Capua were their own, so that they could advance or retreat at their own pleasure from or back upon a position so strong by nature and so carefully fortified by art. In their rear ran the Garigliano, which could be used as a second line of defence if they were driven from the first. It was on the banks of this stream that Gonsalvo da Cordova fought his great battle, now well-nigh four centuries ago; and here it was that Bayard held a bridge, single-handed, against a mass of Spanish cavalry. It was in the swamps of the Garigliano—close by Minturnæ—that Marius hid himself in the rushes from the pursuit of Sylla's followers. In the year of grace 1860, it might have been used as a second rampart by the last of the Neapolitan Bourbons against his people—and the position is a strong one. Unfortunately there was a little difficulty in the way. Lamoricière and his levies had been utterly crushed before Ancona. General Cialdini, at the head of the triumphant Sardinians, was advancing steadily, and southerly,—and in a few days would be on the left bank of the Garigliano. With Cialdini there, and Garibaldi on the hills on the right bank of the Volturno, in another week Francis II. would have been in a mere trap. He could not hope to make front against both enemies; and, no matter which one he attacked, the other would fall upon his defenceless rear. But the Sardinians had not yet hemmed him in. Naples was his own, if he could win the day against Garibaldi and his followers. On one side was a good chance of recovering a throne—on the other a certainty of shame and destruction.

Now the position of the Garibaldians was this,—but the map must be consulted by any one who would arrive at a clear idea of the situation. The left-wing rested upon Aversa, occupying the ground from Santa Maria to that town. The right-wing rested upon San Salvatore, stretching from Dentici to that spot. The head-quarters were at Caserta. The key of the position was Monte San Angelo. The Garibaldians occupied an irregular semi-circle. A line drawn through Santa Maria, Caserta, and Maddaloni, would have been the chord of that arc, as the positions were rectified upon the eve of the engagement. The defect of the position was that the left-flank by Santa Maria was somewhat exposed. The semicircle extends over about thirty miles of hill, along which the Garibaldians were posted, before they were concentrated for action at the points chiefly threatened. At about six A.M. on the first of October the king moved out from Capua. He had with him 16,000 men, of whom 5000 were

cavalry under the command of General Palmieri, with five batteries commanded by General Nigri. General Ritucci was the Commander-in-Chief, and with him was the young king in plain clothes. At the same time a detachment 5000 strong was directed upon Maddaloni with the view of cutting off the retreat of the Garibaldians. This manœuvre at the outset of an engagement seems to be erroneous when Garibaldi is the leader on the other side. The Neapolitan troops had been collected in an open space before the fortress, and when they moved out they divided into two columns; the one moved from Capua upon Saint Angelo, the other, the right column, upon Santa Maria. The advance of the left column seems to have been conducted with the same caution and the same success as the advance of the Russian troops upon the British position at Inkermann. The mist was lying heavily upon the low land. The Neapolitans took every advantage of the broken ground, and surprised the defenders of a large barricade which had been erected to guard the position. This was carried, and the column opened out, and formed into line of battle in the open behind it. The other column was equally successful. The Garibaldians had been taken by surprise, but at the critical moment the great leader himself appeared upon the scene. Skirmishers were thrown out, some guns were brought into action, repeated bayonet charges were delivered, and after three or four hours of hard fighting, the Neapolitans were driven from the position they had taken, and possession of the barricade was recovered.

Meanwhile, on the left of the patriots at Santa Maria, where General Milvitz commanded, precisely similar events had occurred. There had been a surprise, a rally, three or four hours fighting, at the end of which the Neapolitans were driven back. The battle here was exceeding hot; because Santa Maria is close to Capua, where the Neapolitan reserves lay. They kept on bringing up fresh troops, and again fresh troops, until the strength, if not the courage of the brave defenders of Santa Maria was well-nigh exhausted. Message after message was sent asking for reinforcements. None could be given, the little reserve was wanted elsewhere. The detachment of which mention has already been made had attacked General Bixio at Maddaloni. They were 5000 strong, concentrated for action. He had with him but 2000, or 2500 men scattered over the hills which he must defend at all hazards. By noon, the Neapolitans at this point were driven back to the river; many threw themselves into the mountains between Caserta and Maddaloni.

But now the moment had arrived when Garibaldi's defence was to be converted into an attack. Two brigades which had been much weakened, however, by detachments, had been held in reserve. They were marched up to the front—one of them was forwarded by rail—so here was an instance of the application of modern science to the fearful exigencies of a battle-field. The Piedmontese gunners, and the little body of Hungarian cavalry did their duty well by Santa Maria, and after some time, when General Türr had reached the ground with his infantry, the Neapolitans

were driven back at the bayonet's point, and their position fell into the hands of the Garibaldians, and was never retaken. It was, however, by Saint Angelo, where Garibaldi was commanding in person, that the most decisive events occurred. The Neapolitan general had come to the same conclusion as Garibaldi, that whoever remained master of Saint Angelo, had gained the day. The Royalists directed their chief efforts upon this point. A tremendous bombardment was opened on this position from the mortars in this fortress; at the same time batteries were brought into action against it. When, as it was supposed, the desired effect had been produced, the Neapolitans advanced in force, and succeeded in carrying this barricade once more. It should be remarked that this was antecedent in order of time to the success of General Türr, and his brave companions in arms, at Santa Maria, so that they could not assist their friends who were so hardly pressed. The Royalist Generals improved their success, and occupied the first houses leading to Saint Angelo. The Garibaldians were so far outnumbered that they began to lose heart, and wavered. Nothing, perhaps, but the presence of Garibaldi himself at this spot could have saved the day. The fight lasted hour after hour. At length, skirmishing lines were formed and thrown out to threaten either flank of the Royalists. Then a body of men were collected behind a house, who ran forward with a rush, and with the bayonet drove the Royalists back. The Royalist positions were carried at about 2 P.M. The chief now moved back upon Santa Maria, to see with his own eyes what was going on there, and to bring up reinforcements.

The Royalists made a last stand, about half a mile from Santa Maria, in a detached barrack lying on the verge of an open space. They had armed the barrack with guns, and had lined the woods with infantry. From this position, too, they were driven. The Garibaldians threw themselves into the woods, and drove the Royalists before them at the bayonet's point, and pushed them to the very edge of the camps before Capua. By 4 P.M. the victory was decided along the whole line. That evening, Francis II. did not sleep at Naples. The Royalists were 30,000 strong—the Patriots had not half that number in hand.

It is very difficult for an unprofessional reader to acquire a distinct notion of how a battle was fought, from mere narration. A good plan of the ground and careful notation of the position and movements of the bodies of troops engaged, are the almost indispensable conditions of a correct appreciation of the facts. But, in this case, of the battle which was so hotly contested, and so nobly won, the other day, a very slight explanation may perhaps serve to give a rough notion of what took place. Consider Capua as the apex of a triangle—Santa Maria and Saint Angelo as being situated at the other angles. The Royalists moved from the apex upon each of these angles. As they did so, the two corps set in motion were naturally more and more separated from each other, every step they advanced from their base of operations. In the reverse sense, when the Patriots, after successfully resisting the attacks at the two angles, proceeded to drive the enemy before

them,—every step they took they drew nearer to each other; until, at last, they were in immediate co-operation. Independently of this simple form of attack, as has been already mentioned, a force was detached upon Maddaloni, with the object—as it has since been stated—of cutting off the retreat of the Garibaldians when they had been crushed at the two points in front. This was done by what military men term a flank movement—a dangerous operation at all times, but peculiarly so in presence of a desperate enemy, and a consummate general, for surely Joseph Garibaldi has now fairly earned that name. There was, however, a technical justification for this step, beyond the mere braggart's plea which was at first put in. Until the attack at Maddaloni had been repulsed, the Garibaldian reserves were in great measure paralysed at Caserta. Had the Royalist attack upon this point been delivered in greater force, or with a happier event, it might have gone ill with the exhausted corps in front, which were not more than holding their own at the time when the Royalist movement upon Maddaloni ended in discomfiture. The reserves were then liberated, and speedily brought up to the front. The Royalists were routed, and fled back upon Capua in confusion, the Patriots being in attendance upon them, to within half a mile of the fortress itself, when of course further advance was checked by the guns in position. Such seems the history of the battle of the Volturno, which will be understood at a glance by reference to the map.

The loss is said to have been very heavy on both sides; but probably the Garibaldians suffered most, as far as that day was concerned. It was not until the next morning that they reaped tangible fruits of their victory. We must not lose sight of the Royalist detachment, which had been thrown upon Maddaloni on the 1st of October, and which was discomfited about noon of that day. The bulk of the men fled in disorder into the mountains, but were rallied in the night.

In a hollow on the top of one of these mountains, on the night of the first of October, the shattered remains of the column which had been repulsed by General Bixio at Maddaloni gathered together, and talked over the events of the day. Some way, or another, a whisper passed amongst them that the Patriots had been entirely crushed at Santa Maria and Saint Angelo. They had been told in the morning, before they started from the camps before Capua, that the Austrians were already in Naples. Why should they stand shivering there amongst the hills. Information was taken, and a council of war was held, when it appeared, that the only obstacle which separated them from their victorious friends was the obstinacy and perversity of two old Hungarian fire-eating generals who would still hold out at Caserta. The Royalists acting upon this accurate intelligence moved down in the early morning upon Caserta, and contrived to take some houses and a barrack at one end of the town. Garibaldi, who, after the day's work was over, had retired to seek a few moments' rest in the house of the parish-priest at Saint Angelo, had been informed that the Royalists had been seen in the hills above Caserta. They

were in the park; they were lying just above the great cascade; they were about everywhere in that direction. He started up, and looked about for men. He had not many to spare, for each man under his command was called upon to do the work of two or three. There were some Genoese carabinieri, there were a couple of hundred men of the Brigade Spanzare. He could pick up some troops as he marched upon Caserta; he would find some there. The order was given to stand ready for two A.M.—sharp.

The Royalists, as it has been said, had gained possession of a part of Caserta early in the morning. Surprised and delighted at this new success, they had dispersed themselves through the town partly to look out for the two wary-headed old Hungarian generals—partly to plunder. While they were so engaged, Garibaldi came upon them, and in a very short time they were driven into the open, and back into the arms of Bixio at Maddaloni, or otherwise accounted for. General Saulis, with a brigade, now appeared upon the scene. Garibaldi in person led them on up the hills, and straight to Caserta Vecchia, where the survivors of the column which had threatened Maddaloni the day before, now attempted to make a last stand. Four or five hundred prisoners were taken on the spot, and then a coursing match began. Two battalions ran straight into the centre of General Saulis' position, and were made prisoners in a body. They were chased up hill and down hill—a novel form of field sport in those grounds sacred to the Diana of the Bourbons. Some were caught about the cascades—many in the park—but the upshot was that before evening closed in, about 2500 officers and men were brought into the court-yards of the palace, and found accommodation for the night in the former residence of their Royal Master. It is calculated that this column is entirely accounted for, and that with some insignificant exceptions it is wholly lost to the King. About 3000 were made prisoners on the previous day in the affair at this point.

About 1500 were killed or wounded, and nine guns were taken. It is no exaggeration to say that the battle of the Volturmo, with its consequences, must have cost Francis II. the loss of 10,000 fighting men, the great bulk of whom are prisoners-of-war. The Royalists seem to have been convinced by this trial, that any further attempt against the Patriots in front is not to be thought of. From more recent intelligence we hear that the movements of the royal generals seem to give indication of an intention to give up Capua altogether. They are moving men, provisions, and munitions of war out of Capua, and directing them upon Gaeta. Capua, very probably, by the time this number of ONCE A WEEK is published will be in the hands of Garibaldi and his followers, or of the Sardinians. Nothing, however, has been more remarkable about Garibaldi's system of tactics since he first landed in Sicily than his apparent appreciation of the value of the instruments at his disposal. He never attacked the citadel of Messina; he has not given evidence of any intention to commence regular siege-operations against Capua. Like a good workman he puts each tool to its right use. He neither at-

tempts to plane planks with a saw, nor to saw them with a plane. Had he attempted any thing like a regular siege, the enthusiasm of his followers would soon have grown cold. It requires the fortitude and fidelity of disciplined soldiers to lie for weeks and months in trenches exposed to privations, to the inclemency of the weather, and to the enduring fire of the foe. In such a position troops know their own losses but too well—they cannot see the damage which they inflict upon the enemy. The three great fortresses of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, namely, Messina, Capua, and Gaeta, will, in all probability, be surrendered, if not without a blow, at least without the tedium and danger of a regular siege. In a few days Francis II. will be called upon to make his choice between casting in his lot with the defenders à *Voutrance* of Gaeta, or making his escape by sea, whilst the sea is still open. The King once gone, the fortress will soon be surrendered.

Meanwhile events are thickening in the Italian peninsula. At the latter end of last week a report was about in London that the Austrians were making fresh preparations for crossing the Mincio, and staking the fortunes of the Empire once more upon the hazard of the game of war. Louis Napoleon has despatched large reinforcements to Rome, and to the patrimony of St. Peter. The presence of the French troops in such force is a fact from which we must draw our own inferences, for little faith can be given to the assertions of any of the parties concerned. If we attempt to form our judgment on the future from the past, the probability would seem to be, that the French Emperor is well disposed to assist Victor Emmanuel to the crown of Italy, but upon the condition that he will make a fresh cession of territory to France.

It is hinted that the price to be paid this time is the Island of Sardinia. If this be given up, and if the Great Powers of Europe did not interfere to put an end to such a bargain and sale of an island so important from its geographical position, it is likely enough that the French would hold the Austrians in check, whilst Victor Emmanuel was consolidating his power throughout the Peninsula. If this be not done, and the resistance will more probably come from the Great Powers, than either from Count Cavour or his master, it is hard indeed to venture a suggestion at the course which will be taken by the silent man, whose decisions are now of such enormous importance to the world. One of the leading points of his policy, has ever been to establish French supremacy in the Mediterranean; and he would no doubt look with great jealousy on the establishment and consolidation of a power, which would soon take rank amongst the great maritime powers of Europe, and which might not always be the obedient satellite of France.

On the whole, it may be asserted, without much fear of error, either that Louis Napoleon will have his price, or that he will not give a hearty and honest support to the consolidation of the Italian kingdom. There is one man who has never ceased to express his distrust of Louis Napoleon on this point, and his name is Joseph Garibaldi.

THE HERBERTS OF ELFDALE.

A STORY IN SIX CHAPTERS.

BY MRS. CROWE,

Author of "Susan Hopley," "The Night-ride of Nature," &c., &c.



(See p. 421.)

CHAPTER III.

It was on the evening of the third day that we arrived at Mr. Carter's. By him I was received with dry indifference; by his wife with considerate kindness. She had children of her own, and was able to sympathise with the unhappy little urchins who left cheerful homes, tender mothers, and indulgent fathers, and who usually arrived with red eyes and swollen cheeks. But in my case there was no need of her consoling offices, for, barring my shyness and timidity, I had never felt so pleased before. The very excitement of the journey to me, who had not been ten miles from Elfdale in my life, had already done me a great deal of good. It had opened entirely new views of the world, and I began to suspect that it was not altogether such a dreary place as I had hitherto found it. The butler accompanied me, and we travelled by the coaches and mails; and although we met with no adventures, the large towns we passed through, the inns we stopped at, the meals we took in the coffee-rooms, and the variety of travellers we fell in with, kept me constantly astonished and amused, and I wished nothing better than a prolongation ad infinitum of so agreeable a journey. However, on the third day

it came to an end; and the butler, having taken his leave, I found myself amongst strangers; but, compared to my grandmother, Mrs. Carter appeared to me an angel of light, and even her husband, though a schoolmaster, had a less disagreeable air and manner than my father. The boys were in the playground, engaged in various sports, and their loud voices and merry laughs, their balls, their tops, their kites, things I had always longed for but never had, would have given me a lively idea of the joys of heaven, had I ever heard of them, which I had not, my grandmother being too eager to impress on my infant mind the pains and penalties I was incurring by my naughtiness, to remember to mention them.

These joyous impressions brightened my countenance, which, from continual rigour, I am sure must have acquired a disagreeable and sullen expression. People do not reflect, when they treat infancy with coldness and severity, that they are not only injuring the character, but that they are impressing the ductile and pliable muscles of the face with an expression that they themselves would be the first to lament in after life. Still the natural consequences of my early experiences remained. I was sullen, cowardly, suspicious,

because I always expected to meet with injustice and tyranny, and these characteristics were soon discovered by my superiors and companions, who showed me little mercy, being ignorant of the manner in which these ill germs had been cultivated and developed.

Thus, though now in circumstances not incompatible with happiness—for Mr. Carter, though a rigid disciplinarian, was a well-intentioned man, who wished to act fairly by us—I continued to suffer from the effects of previous harshness and mismanagement. I suppose I was the most unpopular boy in the school, neither liked by my superiors nor my equals; and I remember once overhearing Mrs. Carter benevolently pleading for me, by suggesting that I was “an unfortunately constituted little urchin.” And yet I do not think that Nature had been so niggardly to me as she thought; and I cannot help believing, that had I been kindly and genially treated in my early years, I should have been a different creature. For example, I remember, when I was almost an infant, how I used to long for somebody to love and caress me, as I sometimes saw the women caress their children as we drove through the village; and how I wished my father would toss me up in his arms as Trotter, the keeper, did his boy. But I never had a toss in my life, nor a caress since my poor mother left home, and from her but few, and stolen ones; for I have since thought that, beside her fear of my father and grandmother, she must have stood in great awe of Gubbins, who waited upon her, and had also the charge of me. I suspect this person was a spy set over her, for I can distinctly remember, one day that she had taken me upon her knee in her own bedroom, the haste and flurry with which she set me down upon the entrance of this woman. However that may be, some feeling restrained her from much exhibition of affection towards me. Perhaps she knew that the condition of my not being taken away from her altogether was that there should not appear too good an understanding betwixt us.

It was late in the autumn when I went to Mr. Carter's, and when Christmas came the boys all went home. Of course, they were as merry as crickets at the approach of the holidays, while I was terrified at the idea of returning to gloomy Elfdale, in comparison of which, notwithstanding all my disadvantages, the school was a paradise. However, I was soon relieved of my apprehensions by Mrs. Carter, who informed me that I was to spend the Christmas with them. She communicated the intelligence with much consideration, expecting it would be a heavy disappointment; but when she saw how my face brightened, she held out her hand and said cheerfully, “I daresay we shall be able to make you very comfortable. You'll have Charles and George for your companions, and you will have few lessons, for this is a season of recreation.”

Now, I liked Charles and George better than any boys in the school. They were her own sons, a little older than me; and being always under the benign influence of this amiable and gentle-hearted mother, they were, at her instigation, more merciful to me than the others, who had no such constant supervision. They never insulted me, and

then made a display of their courage by offering to fight me if I did not like it—a cheap display, for they knew I would not do it. They never took away my playthings and hid them till the play-hours were over; in short, they never took advantage of my weaknesses, which the others were too prone to do. The consequence of this forbearance on their part was, that as soon as I was left alone with them my spirits rose, and a sense of freedom came over me that I had never felt before. I associated with them on more equal terms, feeling that I should have fair play, and not be made to suffer more than my natural inferiority—for inferior I knew I was in acquirements as well as in courage and manliness. They were two fine boys, but I cannot help thinking that the difference between us would not have been so great had I had such a mother as they had to train and form my infant mind, and awaken its affections. Her kindness, even to me especially, during this and the subsequent vacations I spent there, I can never forget. It was at those periods she could venture to show it without incurring the reproach of her husband, or the jealousy of the other boys. I think she had gathered in her conversations with me some notion of the evil influences which made me what I was—or at least contributed to do so, for I suppose Nature was not altogether sinless in the business—and by justice and gentleness, those two wonderful weapons with children when judiciously combined, she sought to repair the evil, and certainly did effect much. I look back upon those vacations with a tender yearning of the heart towards her and her two noble boys—all now dead—while I, whose life was not worth preserving, either as regards myself or others, am still cumbering the earth. Not that I have any right to accuse the fates; my misery in after life, at least, was of my own making; and yet I cannot tell. I look back and reproach myself, but could I have acted otherwise? The feelings that urged me were my masters; I was not theirs. My motives were not bad, though my conduct was. Nay, these very feelings that led me wrong had their root in right and honour, though they went astray on false premises; but, then, how could I avoid—but I must cry a halt, or I shall find myself involved in the question of free-will and necessity, which never fails to arise and perplex me whenever I review the past.

During the many years I spent at Mr. Carter's, I had never been home, and I had only seen my father twice. Immediately after placing me there he had broken up the establishment, and left England for the continent, whence he only occasionally visited Elfdale. Now, however, I was to join him there, and I cannot say that I felt any great pleasure in the anticipation. This time I travelled by the coaches alone, being committed to the supervision of the guards; and in due time I arrived without accident at the town where my father's carriage met me.

There was a wild gloomy beauty about Elfdale, which I believe strangers much admired; but, perhaps from association, I saw only the gloom, while I was insensible to the beauty. My heart sank as we drove up the sombre avenue; and the

image of my grandmother in her weeds and mysterious cap was so inseparably connected with the place, that I almost expected to find her revived and occupying the black leathern chair, which still stood in its accustomed place. My father, who had only lately arrived there, was sitting at the same table at which I parted with him when I left home. It was now covered with bills and account-books. He raised his eyes when I entered, and held out his hand much as if that parting had taken place the week before; but I observed that he changed colour, and that the hand he gave me shook; and as my own want of confidence and his past conduct forbade me to suppose the source of this agitation was joy or tenderness, I attributed it to aversion, and my demeanour took its tone accordingly. Instead of looking him in the face, and freely answering the few questions he asked me, I cast down my eyes and muttered out "yes" and "no," not knowing very well which was which; and as I was very tall of my age, I had, no doubt, the air of a stupid sullen lout. My father looked hard at me, perhaps seeking to discern whether there was anything better behind than these external manifestations promised; but I am afraid he saw nothing, my self-distrust and awe of him sitting like an incubus on my shoulders; so he heaved a sigh, and bade me go up-stairs and prepare for dinner.

I found the establishment greatly reduced; but amongst those that remained I was rather surprised to observe my former enemy Phibbs, who, I thought, looked twenty years older than when I last saw him.

I remained about six weeks at Elfdale, during which time the intercourse between my father and myself never assumed the ease and familiarity that could have rendered it agreeable to either party; however, we did not quarrel, for I was a quiet boy, and I found books enough in the library of an amusing description to keep me occupied. At the end of this time we crossed the channel, and I was placed at St. Omer to continue my studies and learn French. Here I formed the acquaintance of several young men who were there for the same purpose, English as well as natives, under whose auspices I was inducted into the usual pleasures and pursuits of youth; and here I, for the first time, began to assume somewhat the tone and manners of the world. There was a French family of rank in the neighbourhood to whose good offices my father had recommended me. This led to other acquaintances; and as I was always introduced as the heir of a distinguished house, I was well received, and fêted accordingly. In short, at the end of the term I spent at the college, I fancy nobody would have recognised in me the timid, slouching boy that my father had brought there; though I fear my old faults were rather in abeyance than extinguished.

Amongst other things that I had learnt, I had learnt that I was the heir of Elfdale and a person of consequence, and with that information came the conviction that I was a free member of society, master of my own actions, and not bound to consider anybody's gratification but my own. I was independent of my father, who could not disinherit me if he would; and I owed him nothing,

for he had done nothing for me but the bare cold duty of feeding, clothing, and educating me. As for his loving me as I observed some parents loved their children, I had never seen the slightest symptoms of it, and certainly I had no love for him; nor I fear for any one; although I had that sort of liking for some of my young companions that in school and college is dignified with the name of friendship.

At the same time, I had no evil intentions. Nature had left me tolerably free of vicious inclinations; and except a little lying, which had been taught me by terror very early in life, my moral character had stood well both at Mr. Carter's and St. Omer. But my temper was sullen and suspicious—*sournois*, the French called me; and although these faults were in some degree modified as I grew to manhood, the germs of them, if not born with me, were too deeply implanted in infancy to be afterwards eradicated. The strongest passion I had was to be my own master, and the greatest enjoyment I was sensible of was the feeling that I was so; my early years of subjection at home, and even at Mr. Carter's, having inspired me with hatred of authority. Not that I designed to make any ill use of my liberty, but I hugged myself with exulting selfishness when I felt I was the slave of other people's wills no longer, and that I need not even obey my father if I did not like it; for being now one-and-twenty, I found I was to be put into possession of a little estate which devolved to me by the death of my mother, which circumstance had taken place some time previously, although I had never been made acquainted with it. The property had been bequeathed to her by an aunt subsequent to her marriage.

As my father's presence and mine were necessary in England on this occasion, he came from Pau, where he usually resided, and we crossed the channel together. Although I could not altogether conquer the awe I felt in his presence, I took a pride in concealing it, and in the endeavour to do so, I fancy I assumed a somewhat exaggerated air of manhood and independence, since he threw out some severe animadversions on vulgar swagger and self-importance, which were not thrown away upon me; and I exchanged these characteristics for a quiet, imperturbable demeanour which more gracefully veiled my self-will and determination to do as I pleased.

When our business was settled, my father informed me that a gentleman who had dined with us once or twice at the coffee-house where he lodged, was engaged as my travelling tutor; and that his (my father's) intention was, that I should set off immediately on the grand tour. Now, as far as the grand tour went, this was exactly my own intention, though I did not like having it imposed upon me, and the idea of a *tutor* was by no means agreeable, although the man himself pleased me as a companion. However, I thought it was not worth a dispute, even had I courage to enter on one with my father, since, if he assumed any airs of authority, I could throw him over, and, in short, dismiss him.

My father said he was going to Elfdale, and we took leave of him in London the evening before we were to start for the continent. After

touching upon pecuniary matters, a darker cloud than usual deepened the gloom of his features, and he said, with evident pain and restraint,—“There is one thing I wish to guard you against—some people that you must avoid; they are always moving about on the continent, and you might fall in with them anywhere—the Well-woods, I mean. There is an inextinguishable feud between our family and theirs. Avoid them, as you wish to escape my curse and your own ruin.” How little judgment elderly people evince in dealing with youth!

I answered, “Very well;” but immediately the image of the pretty little Clara, the object of my boyish passion, arose vividly before me; and I resolved, if I fell in with the family, to seek their acquaintance without delay. As for my father’s threat, I inwardly smiled at it. He could not ruin me, for the estate was entailed: and for his curse I did not care sixpence, having no superstitious feelings on the subject to alarm me, and no affection to be pained.

“No, no,” said I to myself; “here are the very people I should like to know, and in every place we go to, I’ll enquire for them.”

While I was making this resolution, my father, who had uttered the last words with a voice choked by agitation, shook hands with me, and left the room, his cheek still pale, and his hand so unsteady that he could not turn the handle of the door. I advanced to help him, and he left the room without opening his lips again, or even raising his eyes to my face.

I am afraid—for this is a confession as well as a warning—I am afraid my only feeling was, that I was glad he was gone, and a hope that I had seen the last of him, which did not seem improbable, as he had aged very fast within my memory, and was much shrunk in size, and even apparently in height.

As I have said before, I had no particularly vicious propensities. I had no taste for excesses of any sort; I neither gambled nor drank, nor even kept late hours, so that my tutor and I got on very well together; for when he saw that I did not require his supervision, he took to his own pursuits, which were altogether literary, and left me to go my own way. One thing, I, however, observed, which was, that he was curious to know the names of any new acquaintance I made, especially if they were English; and I suspected that he had had a hint from my father about the Well-woods, whom, though not in his hearing, I never failed to enquire for at every place we came to, but without success.

I spent two years in this way agreeably enough; and I believe I was not a little improved, both by travel, and by the companionship of Mr. Westland, who, as he never interfered with me, I really liked. I even did not disdain to benefit by his learning and accomplishments, for I had no distaste to literature, now that I was free to do as I liked; and we occasionally read together. He, doubtless soon observed my objections to him in the character of tutor, and that my toleration of his presence depended on his sinking that character altogether; so that, as he wished to avoid a dismissal, he never even asked me to read, but always waited till the proposition came from

myself. He was a judicious man: if he had taken the other tack, we should not have continued together six weeks. As it was, he remained with me the whole two years; and at the end of that period, I presented him with a hundred pounds over and above the salary my father had agreed to give him, and we parted in Paris the best friends in the world.

CHAPTER IV.

As I intended to make some stay in the capital, I took a small *appartement au second* on the Boulevard, not far from where the Madeleine now stands. I had picked up several acquaintances while on my tour, and these, with some of my old friends from St. Omer, gave me society enough, which was fortunate; for, be it remembered, I had not a single hereditary friend or acquaintance, male or female; and I had passed three months very pleasantly, when I was awakened one night by a loud ringing at the *porte cochère*, and a noise of heavy wheels in the court below, into which my windows looked. Then there arose a great uproar; voices in loud contention, each trying to outshout the other. There was evidently a quarrel; and I learnt from my servant the next morning that a *famille Hon-groise* had arrived, and that part of their baggage was missing; and that while they accused the valet of neglect in not looking after it, he accused the courier of stealing it, at which the latter was furious. A violent quarrel ensued betwixt them, and, the gates being open, the *gendarmes*, hearing the row, had come into the court, and carried them both off to the police office. This much, Benoit, who had been disturbed by the noise as well as myself, had learnt from the concierge. I afterwards heard, from the same authority, that the missing object was a casket containing objects of value, and that the two servants having promised to keep the peace were set at liberty, and Monsieur de Vilvorde, who suspected neither, had taken them both back.

“Ma foi, monsieur,” said Benoit, “il me semble que ce courier là a mauvaise mine. Je ne me fierais pas à lui—c’est un Italien.”

“Vous croyez donc qu’il a volé la cassette?”

“Je ne dis pas ça, monsieur; mais il a l’air sournois, et à ce que je crois, il ne voit pas ce valet, qui l’a accusé, de bon œil.”

The word *sournois* struck me, and I felt a curiosity to see the man. I remembered that they used to call me *sournois* at St. Omer; and at Mr. Carter’s I went by the name of “Sulky;” I must therefore, no doubt, have merited the appellation; but the different sort of life I had been leading for some time, I flattered myself, had cured me of this fault. I was an independent individual, moving from place to place, having no particular interest in any one, and coming into collision with no one. There were no jealousies, no rivalries, no little offences, such as domestic life, contending interests, and daily intercourse are apt to engender.

As I was very little at my lodgings—for I took all my meals abroad, and seldom came home but to dress and sleep—I never happened to see this man, nor, indeed, any member of the family who occupied the first floor; but about six weeks after-

wards, on my return at a late hour from St. Germain, where I had been spending the day, I found Benoit missing, and the concierge informed me he had gone to the wedding of Monsieur Vilvorde's coachman, with the other servants, and that none of them had returned. I felt angry with the fellow; but the next morning he appeared and accounted for himself as follows. He said that this being the day fixed for the marriage of Auguste with Mamselle Fitine, the *Blanchisseuse en fin*, he had invited the other servants, including Benoit, with whom he had formed a sort of acquaintance, to the wedding festivity, at a little guinguette in the Champs Elysées. They feasted and danced, as is usual on such occasions, but towards the close of the evening, as ill-luck would have it, a pretty *grisette*, on whom the courier, Rosetti, had fixed his affections, exhibited such an evident preference for the attentions of Pierre, the valet, that Rosetti lost his temper; and Pierre, willing to exhibit his spirit before the fair subject of their rivalry, having too recklessly provoked the anger of the Italian, a quarrel had ensued, in which the latter had attempted to stab his antagonist with a knife he had snatched off the table. Of course, the never-failing *gensdarmes* were at hand, who immediately broke up the company, closed the guinguette, and conducted the whole of the party to the police office, where they had been detained all night, but had been released in the morning. Benoit added that he was not surprised; that he always thought the courier harboured a desire for revenge, but that certainly Pierre, who was un fier gaillard, avait promené his advantages in a somewhat irritating manner before his discomfited rival.

I read a short notice of this affair in one of the papers the next morning, in which it described the family as English. This, I thought, was an error; but in the course of the afternoon I heard some of my countrymen at the club alluding to the circumstance, in connection with the name of Wellwood. "Yes," they said, "the French call them Vilvorde, and it was so printed in the 'Journaux,' but it is, in fact, Sir Ralph Wellwood's valet that is wounded. He had accused the courier of stealing a casket, and the courier bore him a spite, they say."

What a fatality! Here were the very people I had been warned against, and that I had inquired for in every city on the continent, living under the same roof with me, and I not to find it out all this while! Well, I resolved to make their acquaintance without delay. Why should I adopt my father's quarrels? I had no sympathy with him or his resentments; and so eager I was to do it, that I went home immediately, rang at the bell *au premier*, and sent in my card. Sir Ralph was absent, but I was received by a middle-aged lady, and a very pretty young one, both in deep mourning, whom I immediately concluded to be Lady Wellwood and my old friend Clara. As *Elfdalé* was on my card, I had no occasion to explain who I was. The elder lady was very polite. She inquired how my father was, and whether he was in Paris, and then turned the conversation on my travels, and the accident that had brought us acquainted, without making the slightest allusion to the family feud.

When I asked Clara if she recollected the love passages of our childhood, she laughed and blushed, and owned that she did; whilst I privately resolved that, as far as it depended on me, our courtship should not terminate with those early flirtations, but be resumed now in real earnest.

I was exceedingly struck with her. She was the first woman—I may, now that I am an old man, add—the *only* woman, that ever made a serious impression on my heart; and the circumstance that she was the very one of all others that my father would object to as my wife, gave—shall I confess it?—an additional zest to the prospect of making her so.

But was she free? She was very pretty—beautiful in my eyes; two-and-twenty, and well dowered. My heart sank, and I actually turned pale; for I was standing opposite the mirror in my dressing-room, contemplating my own person, and calculating the chances of success, when the idea struck me that she might be engaged—perhaps on the very eve of marriage. I would have given the world to go and ask herself or Lady Wellwood immediately, but as that could not be, I went back to the club, thinking I might learn something amongst the English there; but though the family were slightly known to some, they could probably not have resolved my distressing doubt, even had I ventured to make inquiries on the subject, which, for fear of betraying myself, I did not.

The next day Benoit told me, when I came home to dress, that a *jeune seigneur* had called, and I found Sir Ralph Wellwood's card on my table.

"Il est jeune, ce monsieur?" said I, with surprise.

"Oui, monsieur; il est jeune."

The Sir Ralph, then, of whom I had a faint recollection, must be dead, and this must be his son. I did not know even that he had a son. The short time I was at Elfdalé, after leaving Mr. Carter's, I was aware that Staughton was shut up, and I was told that the family had been abroad for years. I believe they had gone away before I went to school, and the son was probably born after that period; though, indeed, he might have been born before, and I not hear of it, as the very name of Wellwood was never uttered in my presence.

However, I returned the visit, and found him a youth of seventeen or eighteen, apparently; and on making a remark to him about my foregone acquaintance with his sister, I was surprised to hear him say, "But you know Clara is not my sister; she is my cousin. I have no sister or brother either."

"Indeed!" I said; "but I think I remember she was called (Clara Wellwood at the time of our infantine flirtation?)"

"Oh, yes," said he; "she is the daughter of a younger brother of my father's, who was killed in the American war, at the taking of some place—I forget what, I'm sure—but my father always considered Clara as his child; and as she is called Miss Wellwood, almost everybody supposes she is my sister, and, indeed, we seldom take the trouble of contradicting it. But I should have thought you must have known it."

"No," said I; "I did not. To say the truth,

nobody can be more ignorant than I am of our neighbours at Elfdale. As far as my childish recollections go, we seemed to live as in a monastery, seeing and knowing nothing of the world outside the Park walls. I hated the place, and everybody in it, especially my grandmother, who was the principal figure there; and even now it is the last place on God's earth I should choose to reside in."

"I have never seen it," said the young man. "Strange to say, I have never been to Staughton since I was old enough to remember. My father said it did not agree with him, and he could not live there. I want my mother to let us go there now; or, at all events, to let me go—but she objects that the sight of the place would give her so much pain, and that she cannot part from me. However, I must go by-and-by; but I am very fond of Paris, and we are become so thoroughly continental in our habits and tastes, that probably none of us would like England."

"But your sister—I mean Clara, will be getting married," said I, with a beating heart, seizing the first opportunity to sound him.

"Well, I suppose she will," said he; "she has had several admirers already."

"And has she fixed her affections on any of them?" said I with assumed carelessness. It was an important question, for what business had I to inquire into the state of the young lady's affections? However, he did not seem to see it in that light; and answered, laughing, that he did not know; but there was a little Italian marquis that he was in the habit of quizzing her about.

I need not say that in my secret soul, I sent him, the marquis, to the infernal regions, with all dispatch: aloud I hinted that I had frequently heard it observed that it was a bad thing for English girls to marry foreigners.

"Well," he said, "but we are foreigners ourselves—all our ideas are foreign; I don't think Clara would like to marry an Englishman—at least, not to live in England. She was in London a year or two ago, and she could not bear it."

"I quite agree with her," said I, eagerly, resolved not to lose an opportunity of recommending myself. "I very much prefer continental life, though I took to it later than you. It is not my intention to reside at Elfdale—in short, I detest the place; it's associated with all sorts of disagreeable recollections in my mind;—besides, it is very gloomy, although I believe it has a romantic kind of beauty; but I don't care for that sort of thing."

As he never alluded to the family feud my father spoke of, I took care not to do so either; and I earnestly hoped that neither he nor the ladies knew of its existence, lest it should be an obstacle to the realisation of my wishes.

From this period our intimacy advanced with rapid strides. We were almost like one family, and I could not but see that my unremitting attentions to Clara were most welcome to all. Indeed I might be considered as an unexceptionable *parti*, while the close vicinity of our estates rendered the union particularly eligible.

It is unnecessary to dilate on our courtship; suffice it to say that the day appointed for our marriage was fixed, and everything satisfactorily arranged; Lady Wellwood and her son, knowing

me to be the heir of Elfdale I supposed, raising no difficulties on the score of the settlement.

It just wanted a week of the one I anticipated as the happiest of my life. I had been spending the evening as usual, with the Wellwoods, sitting beside Clara with her hand in mine, in the possession of something as much like perfect felicity as it is possible, I imagine, for a human being to enjoy here below, when I was awakened out of my first sleep by a furious ringing and knocking at the *porte cochère*. As the apartments *au troisième* were vacant, I concluded the disturbance arose from the arrival of the *locataire*; and turning to the other side, I addressed myself again to that sweet and peaceful rest that, alas! I was to seek henceforth in vain.

Presently, I heard feet ascending the stairs, but instead of passing my door, as I expected, they paused there, and the bell was rung. "They've mistaken the door," thought I; and so thought Benoit; for I heard him calling out:

"Ce n'est pas ici—montez au troisième!"

Then a voice answered something that I could not distinguish, and immediately afterwards I heard Benoit turn the key and admit the stranger.

"Qu'est ce que c'est?" I cried, jumping out of bed, and opening my door, with an apprehension that some accident had happened to Sir Ralph, who had gone out late in the evening to take a stroll on the Boulevards.

"Voici un homme qui vous demande, monsieur. Il dit, qu'il vient de la part de monsieur votre père qui vient d'arriver."

"Comment donc! Mon père! C'est impossible!" said I, reflecting that even if he had arrived in Paris, he would not have sent for me at that time of night.

"C'est ici que loge Monsieur Herbert fils," said the man.

"Oui," said Benoit.

"Eh bien, c'est Monsieur Herbert, père, qui est arrivé ce soir à l'Hotel d'Angleterre, avec son valet de chambre; et il était en train de se coucher, quand il est tombé à terre, frappé de je ne sais pas quel mal—et on m'a dépêché ici chercher monsieur."

This looked like truth, for the Hotel d'Angleterre was the one my father frequented when in Paris; and, indeed, we had been there together, and were known to the people of the house.

I called the man into my room, and questioned him. He said the gentleman had arrived at six o'clock. He, himself, was one of the porters and had unloaded the carriage. "Un monsieur pâle et maigre, il paraissait très frère." He had gone out, and probably dined somewhere; he, the porter, had been talking to the valet who was sitting up for his master; he told him they came from Pau and asked if he knew Monsieur Herbert, fils. He saw nothing of them till he heard people calling out for a doctor; and presently the valet came down and dispatched him to fetch me.

I dressed myself with a strange mixture of feelings. I do not know what was the prevailing one. I had often contemplated the probability of my father's death—for he had become, as the man said, *très frère*, and his living or dying concerned me little. I was not eager for the inheritance, and

the sentiments I entertained towards him were certainly those of aversion tinged with fear. I had, it is true, nothing to be afraid of, for he had no power to injure me in any way. I was thoroughly and entirely independent of him, but yet, such is the force of early implanted habit, that I was never at ease in his presence, and my comfort and enjoyment depended altogether on living apart from him.

Then I wondered whether the rumour of my intended marriage had reached him, and whether he had come to Paris in the hope of preventing it; and smiled contemptuously at the idea. Nevertheless, I wished he had not come, but had died quietly at Pau, if he was going to die, instead of undertaking this fruitless journey to disturb my tranquillity.

These were not dutiful, nor indeed humane, reflections; but, I repeat, this is a confession; and as parents sow they must expect to reap.

The memory of those early sufferings and injustices had never faded; and as I danced round my grandmother's body when she lay expiring on the floor at Elfdale, so should I now have contemplated with feelings, I believe, very much allied to satisfaction, my father's remains, had I been unexpectedly summoned to view them after his death.

But he lived; he had probably heard of my defiance of his injunctions, and though I was determined not to yield an inch, but to marry Clara on the appointed day, I quailed before the prospect of the struggle that awaited me. My hand shook so visibly as I buttoned my waistcoat, that I thought it advisable to remark to Benoit that it was very cold; to which he objected, *au contraire*, it was extremely sultry; but that, no doubt, the sudden intelligence had unnerved me.

On reaching the hotel, I learnt that two physicians had already arrived, and that my father had recovered from the fit, and had spoken—desiring that I might be sent for; which they told him they had done already. He had also expressed a wish to see a notary; but they had waited till I came, being uncertain who to send for; whereupon I desired them to fetch Monsieur Duval, both because he was near at hand; and, because he was known to me from being employed by the Wellwoods, and having had some little business to do, in connection with my approaching marriage.

When I entered my father's room, I saw that he had been bled; the physicians were standing one on each side of the bed, watching his countenance. He opened his eyes, and a spasm passed over his features when he saw it was I. He moved his lips and slightly raised his hand to beckon me towards him. I approached and knelt down beside him. The physicians stood aside.

"Remember my curse and beware!" he murmured. "I had hoped to have explained, but you'll find—"

His face, which had been very pale, flushed and became distorted as he uttered the last words, and the physicians stepped forward, motioning me away.

I retreated, too glad to obey them; and a silence ensued, during which a cadaverous hue succeeded to the momentary flush, and I thought his last moments had arrived. Not wishing to see him expire, I sat down at the window which was open,

while the attendants applied wet cloths to his head.

Presently, M. Duval arrived, and was introduced into the room; I took him aside and explained that the patient was my father, who had had a sudden seizure, but that I feared he was not in a state to transact any business; indeed, he seemed to be dying.

"Is he sensible?" inquired the notary.

"Oh! yes," I answered; "but the doctors won't let him speak."

"But if he's dying, and has affairs unsettled!" objected the notary, taking a professional view of the case. "You had better tell him I'm here."

So I approached the bed, and said to the physicians: "I understand my father desired to see a notary—this is Monsieur Duval, who—"

Whereupon my father opened his eyes and said: "I must see him."

The notary who had come provided with ink and parchment drew near.

"I hereby declare," said my father—then there was a long pause.

"Is it a will you wish to make?" inquired Duval.

"I will and bequeath," said my father, vacantly.

Duval tapped his own forehead, implying that he thought the head was beginning to wander.

Then after another pause during which my father appeared to be making an effort to collect his thoughts, he continued, "The marriage of my son—"

"Ah, c'est le mariage de votre fils avec Mademoiselle Wellwood, dont vous voulez parler;" interrupted the brisk little notary, drawing his pen across the words "*I will and bequeath*"; "J'y suis; c'est même moi qui ai fait les écrits," which was literally true, as he had been employed to settle some little property in the French funds which her uncle had left her.

At these words of Duval's my father raised himself in the bed by a spasmodic effort, while he extended his arm towards me, and with an expression of horror on his features, he opened his lips to speak; but the agitation, or the motion, or both, were too much for him; the blood gushed in torrents from the arm, and he fell back in a state of insensibility, from which he never returned to consciousness, but expired a few hours afterwards.

(To be continued.)

REPRESENTATIVE MEN.

PHYSIOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES.—DR. JENNER.

WHEN we are young, we please ourselves with imagining the delights of discovery in natural science. We paint to ourselves scenes in which the Discoverer figures,—either lighting upon a new planet among the ordinary stars, or finding a fossil which suddenly opens up to him some wild glimpse into the ancient world; or, on seeing an apple fall from a tree, perceiving why the solar system, and the whole of the boundless heavens, are what they are. All this is very natural; but it is a great mistake. Instead of Newton sitting in a corner among the learned men, and hearing with strong emotion that the real measurement of

a degree of the earth's surface had been found, we should rather dwell on the image of Newton, during the long years of intense study he had bestowed, without being able to see his way to the proof of his theory, and on the quires of paper covered with figures,—vast calculations which would never come right,—that he had locked up and tried to turn his mind away from, for many years before the source of error was discovered. Instead of fancying the transport of Galvani when his wife took him into the kitchen, and showed him how the frog she had cut up for soup twitched when she touched it with a certain scalpel of his, we should think of his protracted labours in the pursuit of the secret which now bears his name, and of his failure to grasp it, through a wrong idea which he could not detect in his own mind, so that another man, Volta, is now always, and very properly, put forward as the greater discoverer in that particular department of electrical science. It would be wrong, in the same way, to imagine Harvey suddenly struck with the notion that the valves in the veins must have some use, and that that use must be to let the blood go to the heart, but not from it; and that therefore the blood must circulate throughout the whole body. So far from this, Harvey thought, and studied, and waited—and thought and studied again; and then he had to admit that serious difficulties remained; and then he had to bear the ill-usage which always clogs the steps of discoverers. Everybody said first, that the notion was absurd and wicked; then, that it was of no consequence; and lastly, that it was all-important, but nothing new. These are the three stages through which every great discovery has to pass. First, the world is shocked at your nonsense, and your crazy state of mind: next, it does not matter whether your view is true or not: and finally, all the world knew what you have to tell them before you were born. So it was, of course, in Harvey's case. It was so shocking that he should discredit the Vital Spirits for which the arteries were made, that his practice fell off seriously after the publication of his treatise on the circulation of the blood. Then, he was merely toying with the court when he showed Charles I. the way in which the heart beat:—it was making a fuss about a small matter. Next, people were tired of the subject, for the circulation of the blood was such an old idea! It was not new; and Harvey never said it was: but the notion was mixed up with such conjectures and fancies, and such wrong causes were assigned, that the subject became wholly new in Harvey's hands. Among other proofs of this, there is the very instructive fact, that Harvey's discovery was not believed in by any physician in Europe, who was above forty at the time of his death.

Such is the course of a discoverer's experience; not very charming to "the natural man;" not at all encouraging to any man who is not above self-regards,—who proposes such a career to himself for any lower reason than that he cannot help what he is doing, or that he hopes to extend science, and therefore human welfare, by what he is attempting. I have always considered Dr. Jenner one of the fairest and finest specimens ever

known of the order of discoverers; and no one will dispute his fitness to be the representative man of that class of human benefactors. The briefest contemplation of his career will serve better than any preaching,—any warning from any person who is not a discoverer,—against the high-flying popular notion of the brilliancy of the lot of the man who sees the gem lying at the bottom of the mine, with the fairy eyes of Clear-sight, and fetches it up with the power of Longarm; and thenceforth has only to enjoy the homage of mankind for the rest of his days. Jenner could have told that the lot of the Discoverer is but little happier (as superficial people count happiness) than that of the Inventor.

Edward Jenner set out in life with a superior constitution of mind. He was an inveterate observer from his cradle. One of the first signs of an infant having a due proportion of senses and faculties is its following with its eyes the movement of flies in the air. This boy followed up all the movements of all creatures within his reach, from the time he felt himself firm on his feet. When other little boys were at play, he was hunting out curiosities; and as a school-boy, at Cirencester, he was always obtaining fossils from the oolitic formation in that neighbourhood. At eight years old, he had a collection of dormice nests. He was patient and accurate as an observer, and methodical in all his ways; so that some of his friends, who were not mental philosophers, were perplexed from time to time, by some unquestionable evidence of his having the temperament of the poet. No great discoverer has been a man of prosaic nature, for the simple reason, that the faculty of imagination is required for the mere formation of hypothesis, and for perceiving the bearings of a theory. Nothing can be more ignorant than the notion that accuracy about facts is in any kind of opposition to the exercise of imagination, as both orders of men combine to assure us. The discoverer must see by the bright forecast of the imagination, the great new thing he is to give to mankind, and where to look for it; and the genuine poet is remarkable for nothing more than for his closeness to the truth of life and nature. Where is Shakspeare ever wrong as a naturalist (allowance being made for the age), any more than as a moralist? Then we find Edward Jenner spying all the ways of birds and insects, knowing all the animals in the vale of Gloucester, pondering in his rides of twenty or thirty miles any proverb, or prejudice, or odd story that he had picked up in any farmhouse or cottage; and at the same time apt to break out into singing when Nature was in a cheerful mood, and to send notes in verse, taking a poetical view of the commonest incidents. In calling off from joining in a country excursion, one month of June, on account of doubtful weather, he sent his excuse in the form of this pretty poem—

SIGNS OF RAIN.

An excuse for not accepting the invitation of a friend to make a country excursion.

The hollow winds begin to blow,
The clouds look black, the glass is low,
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
And spiders from their cobwebs creep.

Last night the sun went pale to bed,
 The moon in halos hid her head,
 The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
 For see ! a rainbow spans the sky.
 The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
 Closed is the pink-ey'd pimpernel.
 Hark ! how the chairs and tables crack ;
 Old Betty's joints are on the rack.
 Loud quack the ducks, the peaco-ks cry ;
 The distant hills are looking nigh.
 How restless are the snorting swine—
 The busy flies disturb the kine.
 Low o'er the grass the swallow wings ;
 The cricket, too, how loud it sings !
 Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
 Sits smoothing o'er her whiskered jaws.
 Through the clear stream the fishes rise,
 And nimbly catch th' incautions flies.
 The sheep were seen at early light
 Cropping the meads with eager bite.
 Tho' June, the air is cold and chill ;
 The mellow black-bird's voice is still.
 The glow-worms, numerous and bright,
 Illumed the dewy dell last night.
 At dusk the squalid toad was seen
 Hopping, crawling, o'er the green.
 The frog has lost his yellow vest,
 And in a dingy suit is dressed.
 The leech, disturbed, is newly risen
 Quite to the summit of his prison.
 The whirling wind the dust obeys,
 And in the rapid eddy plays.
 My dog, so altered is his taste,
 Quits mutton bones on grass to feast ;
 And see you rooks, how odd their flight,
 They imitate the gliding kite,
 Or seem precipitate to fall,
 As if they felt the piercing ball.
 'Twill surely rain—I see with sorrow,
 Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.

This poem has been at many tongues' ends in threatening weather, from that day to this. Jenner gave his whole mind to what he was about ; and when he spoke or wrote on matters of surgical investigation, it might seem as if he had no interests beyond pathology ; but when we look into his correspondence with his master and friend, John Hunter, we find the two great men as eager about birds, and bees, and eels, and hedgehogs, as Audubon, and Huber, and Cuvier ; and their love of nature, and keenness about the habits, as well as the structure, of animals and insects has a strong infusion of poetry in it. Jenner's name first became famous in connection with his disclosure of the peculiarity of the cuckoo, in its structure and habits. He studied the bird for years ; and made so thorough an exhibition of its ways in the well-known paper published by the Royal Society that his friends advised him, many years afterwards, not to send to the same society his proposal of vaccination, lest he should thereby lose the scientific reputation he had acquired by his researches on the cuckoo. We find John Hunter dunning him for cuckoos. He wants an old one ;—he wants a young one ; he wants eggs in various stages ; and Jenner seems to have been always able to lay his hand on any creature that his friend desired to have. It is pleasant to know that his researches were made in a great variety of places, from his custom of devoting himself so

heartily to his patients when they were seriously ill, as to remain in the house, making his rounds from thence, both among his patients and in the near neighbourhood, where he soon hunted out all the animals and plants. The country people had a great opinion of him, from his being learned in common things, as well as in the secrets of his profession. He was as well known as the bearer of the mail bags, as he rode in his blue coat and yellow buttons, his buckskins and boots, with their massive silver spurs, and his silver-handled riding-whip. Of course, being born in 1749, he wore his hair in a club, with a broad-brimmed round hat above it.

With all this apparent cheerfulness, and with such a love of country life in his native district as to have declined to accompany Captain Cook in his second voyage, and refused a lucrative appointment in India, Jenner was prone to melancholy. His foreign biographers have spoken of his being a hypochondriac through life. There seems to be no evidence of such an amount of depression as this ; but, with all his vivacity and capacity for mirth, it is certain that his disposition was not only reserved but melancholy. This tendency to discouragement and to disgust with life so greatly enhances his merit in his steadfast pursuit of his chief discovery as to claim thus much notice. As he was of too modest and kindly a nature to trouble his friends with his personal griefs, it is most respectful to him to say no more on this head than a due appreciation of him demands.

During his occupation with a very good practice as a surgeon, he was always searching into the causes or prior stages of everything that was obscure ; and a letter of his to Dr. Heberden is considered a sufficient proof that he, and not Dr. Heberden, discovered the cause, or more properly the nature of the *angina pectoris*, a disease till then as obscure as almost any on the physician's list.

During all these years he had never lost sight of an incident which had struck him while a surgeon's apprentice at Sodbury, near Bristol. A young woman from the country called at the surgery for advice. The subject of small-pox (the commonest of all topics of conversation in those days) was mentioned ; and she remarked that she was in no danger from small-pox, as she had had the cowpock. Jenner put down in his note-book whatever he heard on this subject afterwards ; and, among other things, the anecdote of the Duchess of Cleveland and Moll Davis (Lady Mary Davis) : that when the Duchess was warned by Moll Davis that she might any day lose her beauty by small-pox, she replied that she did not stand in that danger, as she had had a disorder which would prevent her ever having the small-pox.

The visit of the country girl took place before 1776 ; for that was the year when Jenner went to London to complete his professional education. He repeatedly spoke to Hunter on the prospect thus afforded of getting the mastery of the small-pox ; but Hunter never gave his mind to it, nor seemed to consider it anything more than a boyish dream of his pupil's. Other wise men were appealed to, with no better success ; and Jenner had to pursue his researches alone. The date should be attended to, because attempts have been made

in France to deprive him of the honour of his discovery, from a French clergyman at Montpellier having told two English gentlemen there, in 1781, that there was a disease in animals, and especially in sheep, but also in cows, which, being caught by the milkers of ewes and cows, rendered them safe from small-pox. One of these Englishmen, it is said, declared that he should report the fact to his friend Jenner. Jenner, however, was never so informed; and, if he had been, his answer would have been that he had been studying that very fact for above a dozen years, and had communicated the result of his observations to the profession five years before,—viz., in 1776.

There was no haste about his method of proceeding at any time. He soon found that most persons who had had the cow-pock were unable to receive small-pox by inoculation, and never had it otherwise; but he also ascertained that some persons did take the small-pox who were declared to have had the cow-pock. Here began the difference between Jenner and a multitude of doctors, and others who caught at the notion, after his practice was fully established, taking anybody's word for having had cow-pock, and believing any disease of any cow to be the thing wanted. Jenner was aware what care, patience, and discrimination were necessary to ascertain and command all the conditions of such an experiment; and he pursued his inquiry in silence for years before he brought the world down upon him by the announcement of his discovery. It was at least ten years, from 1770 to 1780, before he confided to an intimate friend the strong hope he entertained of standing between the living and the dead, and staying the plague.

And what a plague it was! Small-pox was for centuries confounded with what we now call specifically the plague. The first case we know of that can be distinctly pointed out as small-pox, was that of the daughter of Alfred the Great, Elfrida, wife of Baldwin, Earl of Flanders. She recovered; but her grandson (the next case recorded), died of it in A.D. 961. For nearly eight hundred years it went on ravaging Europe at short intervals; and whenever Europeans set foot on a new soil, there they left the disease, if they did not find it. In Persia, it occasionally swept through the land, leaving the stench of death in its track; and millions of Hindoos have sunk under it. It so raged among them at the time of Jenner's discovery, that they were tricked into the practice of vaccination in a curious way. A Sanscrit scholar, Mr. Ellis, wrote a poem in praise of vaccination, transcribed it on some very ancient paper, and put it where it was "found" as a relic of antique literature. Another gentleman, Dr. Anderson of Madras, did precisely the same thing; and the Hindoos, with their established practice of inoculation, and their veneration for the cow, took easily to the practice. But one consequence of the deception was that others than Hindoos were misled; and we find among French authors, at this day, notices of the passages in Sanscrit literature which prove that vaccination was practised thousands of years ago! The Red Indians, and the tribes of Africa, and the islanders of the Pacific, have been less

fortunate than peoples who have an ancient literature. Whole tribes have been destroyed by the disease. Mr. Catlin's pathetic account of the death of the last of the Mandans is only an illustration of what has passed in every known country on the globe. What the scourge was in every-day life at-home, in every European nation, all history shows. I may observe that, to increase the consternation, there were occasional instances of persons having the disease more than once. Louis XV. of France, who died of it at sixty-four, was universally known to have had it at fourteen; and it is said that 130 writers have furnished instances of this liability.

Grave as was the evil up to the beginning of the last century, it was bearable in comparison with what happened afterwards, for eighty or ninety years. Before the practice of inoculation was introduced, the pestilence came every few years, and never entirely died out between; but it left people's minds comparatively at ease in the intervals. Its raging periods were truly shocking. It carried off several persons in one house, if not the entire family. It left those who recovered blind of one eye, or of both; or deaf; or in such a state as to die by pleurisy in a few weeks, or consumption in a few months. Scrofula remained behind, in almost every house where small-pox had been. It had been supposed that the blindness was caused by pustules on the eyeball; but it was ascertained that the real evil was a putrescence of the substance of the eye, proceeding from the sunk state of the frame, which caused some other fatal mischief, if it spared the eyes. This was the stage in which wine and bark, meat and brandy, were administered; and not erroneously, some high authorities tell us. The hot fires and closed windows were a terrible mistake; but not the stimulating diet and medicine, they say. When the visitation was over for the time, what a wreck was left! Those who had fled in good time returned, almost afraid to look about them. Strong men seemed palsied; the young and beautiful were altered, past all knowledge, with their swollen features and weak senses; infants were blinded and disfigured: the remnants of households were in mourning, or watching some coughing, wasting relative, called convalescent, through the downward stages of consumption. Bad as all this was, there was worse to come.

Early in the last century, several pamphlets appeared in the course of three or four years on the practice of inoculation for small-pox, as witnessed in Turkey; but no great attention was paid to the suggestion till Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who investigated the subject at Constantinople, caused her own son to be inoculated, and brought him home as an evidence of the benefits of the practice. From the date of her arrival in London, 1722, the practice spread through the kingdom—at first slowly, and then very rapidly, till every educated parent had his children inoculated, as we have them vaccinated now. Yet not quite in the same way. Dr. Jenner had a wretched remembrance of the method in his own case. He was bled, starved, and sunk till he was considered low enough to run the risk of premature small-pox. Many children suffered permanently from

this treatment. But this, great as it was, was a minor evil.

In contemplating the advantage to individuals of undergoing the small-pox under chosen and favourable circumstances, in the midst of health, and when parents and nurses were at liberty to attend upon the patient, everybody seemed to overlook the certain consequences of keeping the disease always alive and aloof. In a little while, everybody near the inoculated patient who had any susceptibility to the disease took it; and the mortality rose from year to year till, in Jenner's time, it far exceeded that from any known disease. Even under the perpetual weeding which was going on, from the constant prevalence of the malady, the deaths were one in four of those attacked; and in the hospitals, the average of mortality was thirty per cent. The parents of children who had been early secured by inoculation blessed the Englishwoman who had brought the boon to the firesides of her countrymen: but observers who took a wider range of view said that, admirable as was her courage, and excellent as were her intentions, she had caused the premature death of thousands of each generation since her own, by turning the occasional sweep of the pestilence into a constant pressure, incalculably more fatal. The effect was so obvious that in France, where the mischief had fixed universal attention, inoculation for small-pox was forbidden by royal authority in 1763; and in Spain the practice was almost entirely suppressed; in consequence of which the mortality from small-pox was smaller, in proportion to the population, than in any other country in Europe.

Under such circumstances as those of his time, Jenner could not but be eager, on the one hand, to establish an antidote to the disease; and, anxious, on the other hand, to make sure of his facts before he published them. Hence the caution he gave to his friend Gardner, at the end of a ride they took in 1780, in the course of which Jenner disclosed the whole history of his researches into the pustular diseases of cows, for ten years past. He urged upon his friend that the conversation was confidential, because "if anything untoward" should turn up in his experiments, the profession would mock at him, the public would complain of being deceived, and the whole benefit would be delayed or lost.

The "untoward" circumstance which made a world of mischief soon after, and well nigh broke Jenner's spirit, was one which he had had the patience to study and master:—the fact that more than one pustular disease of the cow affected the hands of the milkers, and could not be distinguished by them from the true cowpock. Of course their testimony was caught at by the profession, on every occasion of small-pox following the false cowpock. The doctors themselves did not stop to learn distinctions, but vaccinated with anything that came from a cow, or from milkers who had had any kind of sore to show as caused by the cow. There were even instances of surgeons who charged their lancets and "threads" from the pustules of small-pox! Jenner was in no way to blame for the mistakes made. He had ascertained every point he could think of as

ascertainable: he had carefully explained how much remained doubtful: he asked for facts, and most earnestly for such as might seem to show him to be wrong: he set aside every consideration but that of putting a stop to the small-pox. Nothing could exceed his candour, his modesty, his disinterestedness. But how about his courage? some may ask.

I should say that the mere act of publishing his "Inquiry into the Causes and Effects of the Variolæ Vaccinæ," with his keen prevision of the reception it would meet with from the profession, who would be followed by the public, proves an extraordinary amount of moral courage in a man so retiring, so sensitive, and so prone to despondency as Jenner. It is no contradiction that he afterwards suffered torture, and did not attempt to conceal it. "I am beset on all sides by snarling fellows," he writes, "and so ignorant withal that they know no more of the disease they write about than the animals which generate it. . . . It is impossible for me, single-handed, to combat all my adversaries. Standing, as I do, before so awful a tribunal, my friends will volunteer their counsel, and IMMEDIATELY appear in court. Give me as much of your company as you can, and as speedily." We find him imploring his friends not to neglect him, complaining of wrong, overwork, depression, and poverty; longing for life to be over; suffering bitterly, in short, but never for a moment falling below his duty, failing to assert his cause, or losing his characteristic modesty and candour in dealing with opponents. Any man who was not brave would have bullied his enemies more or less, or given up the cause.

The highest courage was required, also, to try the first express experiment of vaccination. It took place on a day, the anniversary of which was held as a festival at Berlin and elsewhere, not long ago, and may be still, for aught I know. On the 14th of May, 1796, Jenner vaccinated a boy of the name of Phipps, eight years old, from the hand of a dairywoman who had the true cowpock: the boy went well through the experiment, was inoculated for small-pox in July, and failed to take it. From this time forward, it was the custom to make the 14th of May a day of rejoicing in Prussia and elsewhere, and to publish the annual results of vaccination. For many years the vaccinations exceeded the births, showing that the people were aware of their danger, while any remained unsecured. In Prussia, the deaths from small-pox had averaged 40,000 annually before vaccination was introduced; and within twenty years they had sunk to 3,000, though there had been a large accession of new territory. Sweden, and Denmark, and some territories in Germany remained absolutely free from small-pox for twenty years after the practice of vaccination had been properly adopted. A sudden change from the few preceding years when 600,000 persons died annually of small-pox in the world at large, and 210,000 in Europe; and when every quarter of a century saw twenty-five millions of human beings carried off by the foulest of distempers!

When the good sense of society got the better

of the bigotry and ignorance of the learned and the lowly, Jenner began to receive his due. At first, he was widely execrated as a monster who would degrade the human race to the level of brutes. According to some who should have been known better, we ought by this time to have been mooring and bailing, or going on all fours, or pasturing like Nebuchadnezzar. Jenner outlived that cry. As for the clamour about his blasphemy in taking human health out of the hands of Providence, it was only what Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and her followers had gone through before. Generally speaking, he was estimated sooner than the great benefactors of mankind usually are. He received thanks from almost the whole circle of crowned heads, and was informed of the vaccination of all manner of princes and valuable persons all the world over. Poems were published, and five medals were struck in his honour; and there were some who remembered that he, the father of a family, had largely sacrificed his practice (he had long been a physician, because he had not sufficient leisure as a surgeon), without obtaining any recompense whatever from his discovery; and hence arose the movement which obtained for him a grant of 10,000*l.* from Parliament, followed, some years later, by another of 20,000*l.* To the end of his days, however, the great Discoverer suffered grave inconveniences from the work of his life. He was not only overwhelmed with correspondence; the correspondence was in a great degree occasioned by the blunders of those who wrote to him. We are told that his patience was unbounded; and he went on to the last explaining matters which he had made clear in print years before; but it was weary work! The same mistakes were repeated incessantly; and then the blame of failure was thrown upon him. Through it all, however, he had the comfort of knowing that the terrible disease was disappearing wherever his method of prevention was tried; and that in several countries, the next generation would grow up without knowing, except from description, what the small-pox was like. He was still writing letters and giving guidance to applicants when, in January, 1823, when he was seventy-four years old, he was struck down by apoplexy in his library, and died that very easy death.

Such was the career of a Discoverer who has doubtless saved more lives than any other man; perhaps more than all the slaughterers of their kind have killed since small-pox was first known. We can scarcely suppose that war has ever destroyed so many as fifteen millions every quarter of a century. If ever a Discoverer was to be envied, it must be this man: yet we see that life was not altogether charming to him; and further, that his special discovery seemed no very exhilarating affair to himself. He was not the less, but the more, a great man for this; and the more the dreams of the dreamer approach to the qualified view which Jenner took of the career of discovery, the more likely it is that the dreamer should enter into Jenner's fellowship.

I must add a word about the position in which we now find ourselves. By this time we ought to be like the Swedish and Danish children of thirty

years ago—unable to bear witness to smallpox, more or less: or, at least, we should be able to tell nothing beyond some dim remembrance of the nursemaids and gossips shaking their heads over children who are made to understand that they are injured individuals, on whom experiments have been tried, as if they were dumb brutes. I remember the way in which an old sempstress and my nurse lifted up their eyes against my parents and the doctor, and made me quite vain of their pity when I had two marks to show on my arm, vaccination being then new enough to induce parents to try inoculation after it. We may also remember uncles or aunts, or at least grandparents, pitted with smallpox. Even at this day, anybody who walks through Donnybrook fair, or anywhere in the lower order of streets in Dublin, will be struck with the number of pitted faces, and of one-eyed people whom he meets. This should be the utmost we know of smallpox at the date of sixty-four years from the publication of Jenner's "Inquiry." Yet the case is far otherwise. There has been a recent spread of the disease, quite serious enough to awaken us all to consideration. We hear occasional doubts of the efficacy of vaccination; hints that it is wearing out: suspicions that it was sadly overpraised at first; and even some suggestions that it causes diseases as bad as that which it obviated. While such things are said, no attention that can be given to the case can be too vigilant. For my own part; old and experienced as I am, I see in all these hints and complaints nothing but a repetition of the things that were said in Jenner's day; and I feel confident that if he were among us, he would lay his finger on each cause of failure as readily and infallibly as he did in the last century. I believe that, as the novelty and exquisite sense of relief have died out, carelessness has crept in: that we do not understand so well as we ought in what stage of the cow's ailment the vaccine matter is proper for our use, nor perhaps how to distinguish the spurious from the genuine poek. I am very sure that there is great carelessness about the transference of the lymph from one subject to another; and I think it hardly probable that vaccination can be infallibly administered by the whole generation of parochial surgeons who are planted down in a fortuitous way throughout the country. There are other adverse chances: but these are enough to account for a reappearance and slight spread of the old disease. Jenner would wonder that it is no worse.

If there is among us a man as devoted, and candid, and patiently sagacious as Jenner, and as little ambitious of glory on his own account, here is a career laid open to him. Let him take up Jenner's work. Let him carefully study Jenner's course of inquiry, his experiments, his replies to opponents, his exposures of mistakes; and then we shall see where we are wrong, and how our old enemy has partly got his head from under our heel. Let him, when duly qualified, test the proceedings of the Royal Jennerian Society (which probably knows most of the matter), and of every other dispensing authority. The question of compulsory or voluntary vaccination is one upon which every citizen can form an opinion. Before we

argue that point, we ought to be satisfied that the vaccination we require and impose is the thing we intend; and the medical men are the persons who alone can settle this point. Let us hope that the spirit of Jenner, in some mind of to-day, will rise to the task, and enable the future historian to say that the smallpox was quelled in Great Britain in the eighteenth, and extirpated in the latter half of the nineteenth century. INGLEBY SCOTT.

SPIRIT RAPPING MADE EASY.

No. II.

THE CORNHILL NARRATIVE AND THE PERFORMANCES OF MR. HOME. BY KATERPELTO.

In a former paper, published* under the above title, I promised to recur to the subject of Mediums, their professed intercourse with the spirit world, and the means they employ for the mystification of the credulous. If I wanted any inducement to return to the charge, it has been furnished by a letter of Mr. William Howitt, addressed to the "Morning Star," on the 6th of October, and which contains a direct challenge to the present writer to proceed a little further with his pictorial explanations. As far as they have gone, they are not, it appears, especially gratifying to the taste of Mr. Howitt, and he asks for more in the language of bravado and irony.

"Let the writer," he says, "go on and explain in the same way how Mr. Home floated about the top of the room, as mentioned in the 'Cornhill Magazine,' and as numbers of persons in London saw him do on another occasion."

Now, I am about to answer Mr. Howitt's challenge, and to explain how Mr. Home may have produced this effect and all the other wonders mentioned in the "Cornhill" narrative. I think the floating, and all the other business, manageable by means of some very simple contrivances, and I hope, with the aid of a few more diagrams, to make these contrivances as intelligible to my readers.

Now that I am challenged to account for particular marvels, I prefer, however, to consider them all and consecutively. It is quite true, as Mr. Howitt avers, that the "Cornhill" article has attracted a considerable degree of attention, and therefore I will give my explanation of its statements, one by one. There is none of them which throws me into that "paroxysm of terror" to which Mr. Howitt says they have roused certain journalists. On the contrary, I find them very easy to construe, and I will take them in succession, explaining each in its turn, that at least I may exhaust this present division of my subject.

It is ordinarily difficult to deal with the narratives of unwary spectators, because they slip over circumstances which I consider most material. Unless I can question the writers on a variety of data, which they ordinarily omit as unimportant in their eyes, I am left to vague surmises on a number of points, on which I could have positive certainty if I observed for myself. I have less difficulty of this kind on the present occasion, because the writer does describe what he saw and heard, with more particularity as to many of the circum-

stances, than I could expect from one purely uninitiated. He is evidently a candid, truthful, witness, who would not, consciously, sanction imposture; and his exactitude, as far as it goes, is a proof of his sincerity. Such exactitude is, in fact, the greatest help I could possibly have in detecting the tricks which have been practised on his imagination, and it is all the more valuable because it is so uncommon even in those who really desire that the truth should be known. Of course those who do not are vague invariably and designedly.

At the commencement of his narrative, which any one who has not seen it may identify by its title, "Stranger than Fiction," the writer contends that it must be taken for granted that he did see certain phenomena. It is conceded already that he did see what he states he saw, and it is quite as much a part of his testimony that he did not detect the means by which these same phenomena were produced. He saw what he terms facts, but they were only *half* facts—*effects*, I may term them, only to be ascribed to spiritual causes, because the actual means of producing them were not obvious to the particular witness. Let the feats of Robert-Houdin or Bosco be interpreted on similar principles, and we shall invest the performers with miraculous attributes. On the principle of the right man in the right place, we should make one of them Bishop of London and the other Archbishop of Canterbury.

The first marvellous phenomena observed by the writer were witnessed on an occasion when Mr. Home was not present. The time was morning; the only persons present were two ladies, with respect to both of whom he begs the entire question, when he states "there was nobody in the apartment capable of practising a deception, and no conceivable object to gain by it." The writer sat at a distance from the tolerably heavy sofa-table at which the ladies were placed,—one at the other end farthest from him, and the other at the side. In fact, the position described is that which we have indicated in the following diagram, with the exception that the writer was at a greater distance from the table.



Fig. 1.

"Their hands were," says the writer, "placed lightly on the table, and for three or four minutes, we all remained perfectly still. . . . After we had waited a few minutes, the table," he says, "began to rock gently to and fro. The undulating motion greatly increased, and was quickly followed by tinkling knocks underneath, resembling the sounds that might be produced by rapid blows from the end of a pencil-case." The writer observes that the ladies' hands were displayed on the table, so that no manipulations

* IN ONCE A WEEK, No. LXVII, p. 403.

could take place beneath. I ask by what extraordinary accuracy of hearing (there being no criterion of comparison) could he tell me whether the sounds in question proceeded from the upper or the under surface of the table? I have shown already, in my former paper, how such sounds may be easily produced either way. I will be more explicit as to the means of operating on the under surface of a *sofa-table*, stated to be the vehicle in this instance; but, first of all, I wish to explain the secret of the nudulating motion, and how that motion might be gradually increased ad libitum.

The absurdity of the device is its extreme simplicity as compared with the effect on the wondering spectator. "If the *hands* of the ladies had any influence upon the movements of the table, such influence," says the writer, "must have operated at right angles, or in opposite directions." Supposing both operated at the same time, this would have been so; but what is the necessity for assuming this simultaneous action? Supposing both pairs of hands, however, were altogether quiescent, there are other extremities to the human frame, and Mediums, as I observed, are not only aware of this anatomical resource, but are in the habit of developing it by assiduous education. In this case, however, we are far from requiring any such special aptitude, original or acquired, to account for the rocking phenomenon. The lady at the side has simply to draw her feet underneath her chair, insert her knees beneath the bar which runs from leg to leg, alternately raise and depress either heel, and a rocking motion is easily established, the deflection being proportioned to the length of the table. I can obtain such a motion of the sofa-table at which I am writing, but I am obliged to command the Spirits to desist, because I desire to finish a readable sentence which shall not be a rocking enigma to the compositor.

If the reader were sitting behind or even opposite me at a sufficient distance, he would see my heels in motion; but it would not be so easy to discern their activity if they were enveloped in crinoline and its gauzy collaterals. As in the case represented by the above diagram, crinoline, like charity, covers a multitude of insidious actions on the part of designing legs and heels which are not permitted to innocent pantaloons. A front view of the performer would only show the result, as in Fig. 2.



Fig. 2.

But the spectator, in this instance, was, as he tells us, some six or seven feet from the *end* of the table, in which case he could not see even the bar, and still less the Medium's means of operation. The spiritual appearance exhibited to his eyes, would be a table deflected downwards, thus:

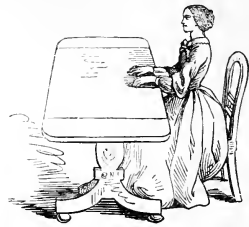


Fig. 3.

And we do not in the least dispute the fact that he did witness some such marvellous phenomenon:

As to the raps they may have been produced by means such as we have described elsewhere, or by others peculiarly adapted to the sofa-table, when, as is generally the case, such tables have drawers. It is a circumstance known to the spirit world, and even the uninitiated may verify it that such drawers fit their frames more or less loosely. A Medium seated at the end may perform with the *foot*. A Medium seated at the side may produce such raps with the *knee*. If either foot or knee are raised in support of the drawer and suddenly removed, the drawer itself will produce the rap by coming suddenly in contact with the frame on which it slides. Absurdly simple as this sounds, this is probably the means of the mystification. When the foot is employed by the Medium at the end, one leg must be crossed over the other, as thus:

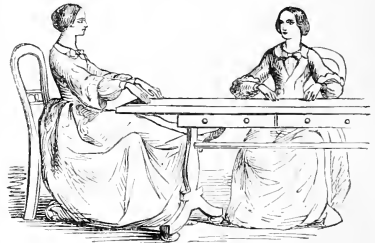


Fig. 4.

When the knee is employed by the Medium at the side, it must be turned outward, to some extent, to enable it to reach the under surface of the drawer without coming in contact with its frame-work, as thus:



Fig. 5.

If the effect is produced by the knee of the

Medium at the side, her crinoline, as we have said, will conceal her own activity; if, on the other hand, it is produced by the foot of the Medium at the end, it will help to conceal the activity of her companion from a spectator placed, as was the writer, in fig. 1. Absurd as it seems to explain anything so obvious by diagrams, it is not so absurd as the fact that, they are sufficient to account for all the writer saw, as far as I have yet proceeded with his narrative. With respect to the mode in which questions were answered by the table, I can only refer the reader to the explanation in my former paper.*

After the customary rappings, as aforesaid, we are informed that at the request of the writer, the



Fig. 6.

table replied that he might join the *science*, and commenced a vigorous motion towards him. "The ladies were obliged to leave their chairs to keep up with it," as they would be obliged to do if either of them had given it unobserved a push and both or either wished to *keep up* the impetus. The table would run easily upon a stretched carpet: and the necessity of *following* it would act somewhat in the way depicted in fig. 6, until the table was continuously pushed forward as far as the waistcoat of the spectator:

In due course the sofa-table intimated that its spiritual mission was fulfilled, and that the party must remove to "a small round table, which stood on a slender pillar, terminating in three claws."

* In addition to the means mentioned there, and the method peculiarly applicable to sofa-tables, by which the raps may have been produced, and probably were produced in this instance, I by no means exclude other agencies to which I know that Mediums have recourse. The manufacture of tables, in which by a combination of mechanism and galvanism such raps are produced, is easy; and they are more commonly than is supposed in the hands of private persons. Such tables can be moved freely about a room and shown to be totally disconnected from the floor, yet they can be set in action from an adjoining apartment, by means of an apparatus which I refrain from describing, as I know, from experience, that such knowledge is liable to abuse. I know a case in which such a table has been left behind by an outgoing tenant (and hereafter I may, perhaps, indicate the house and the apartment), and I believe that the innocent landlady is quite unware of the mysterious capacity of the treasure she possesses. I am certain that such a table was employed in a case which has recently been mentioned to me, in which raps were heard by a great number of persons in succession, the persons in question having been present in batches of five, and no person having been present in more than one of these. There was no professional Medium in the party, and the extreme improbability that even successive batches include some person equally adroit and equally disposed to keep up the deception is conclusive as to the alternative that this was a mechanical table. As I remarked, mechanical or electrical apparatus is more frequently resorted to than is commonly imagined, and is the peculiar resource of private exhibitors. It is, however, the object of all Mediums to vary their agencies as much as possible, in order to frustrate the tests which may be employed for their detection.

The smaller table being more easily acted upon became positively riotous, the slightest inequality of pressure being sufficient to throw it off one of its three legs, and cause it to indulge in a variety of ridiculous antics. "It pitched about with a velocity which flung off our hands from side to side, as fast as we attempted to place them;" whence the reader may fairly infer that these attempts gave additional impulse to the eccentric movements of such a small piece of furniture. In fact, a single performer might do much by more insidious impulses than those represented as communicated, in fig. 7, to an article so light as the table here described; in addition to which, what proof have we that the feet of the performers did not come into play when their hands ceased to act?



Fig. 7.

This table naturally ended by turning over on its side, and in this horizontal position glided slowly towards another table close to a large ottoman. A motion imparted to it, as if it slipped from their fingers, would easily give it the appearance of gliding some way of its own accord, over a tightly-stretched carpet. Any one expecting to see it move might exclaim it is moving alone, and it might move alone for some distance, as the writer witnessed, though not of its own impulse, as he seems to infer. But it would not be left long to this earlier impetus, if we take into account the significance of the following statement. "We had much trouble in following it, the apartment being crowded with furniture, and our difficulty was considerably increased by being obliged to keep up with it in a stooping attitude." We can imagine how such a succession of plunges after the table would naturally assist its efforts at locomotion. The Medium would have exceptional opportunities, and the imitated would involuntarily assist. "We were never able," says the writer, "to reach it at any time together," so that it probably received an independent push from each person who came up with it in succession; and the witness being conscious only of his own efforts, would be naturally astonished at the result of their joint activity.



Fig. 8.

The table thus in motion came in contact with the leg of the other table, previously mentioned, near the large ottoman, and, using the leg as a fulcrum, "it directed its claws towards the ottoman, which it attempted to ascend, by inserting one claw in the side, then turning half way round, to make good another step, and so on. It slipped down at the first attempt, but again quietly renewed its task. It was exactly like a child trying to climb up a height. All this time we hardly touched it, being afraid of interfering with its movements, and, above all things, *determined not to assist them.*" The reader is invited to observe the fallacious effect of the writer's assumption, that he may speak for the intentions of both his companions. "At last," he says, by careful and persevering efforts, *it accomplished the top of the column in the centre, from whence, in a few minutes, it descended to the floor by a similar process; after which we assume that the table was comparatively happy, or that somebody else was well satisfied with its performance. It is perfectly evident that the performers were touching it all along. "We hardly touched it," says the writer, as if he could tell the manipulative force exerted by either of his companions. In exhibitions of this class, each person present can barely speak for himself. Of the power which may be exerted on a small table by three pairs of hands, it would be difficult to take an exaggerated view, when we know that the effect described may be easily produced by one pair, acting upon the table as in the following designs. Here are the three stages by which the exploit may be effected, in figs. 9, 10, and 11 :*

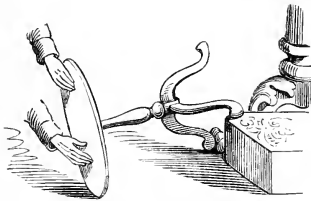


Fig. 9.

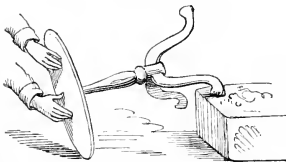


Fig. 10.

It will be seen that by imparting a circular movement to the top the claws will act like a pair of compasses, and you may make a table walk to the top of an ottoman or any other piece of furniture, the height of which is within the compass of its legs. The sofa-table is aware of the capacities of the *Tripod*, and that no spiritual influence could enable itself to mount sofas or ottomans. Accordingly, with a modesty becoming

its disabilities, it invites the tripod to a performance, and this is the result.

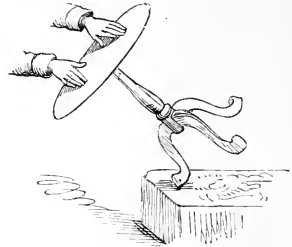


Fig. 11.

The vague and desultory manner in which the writer next speaks of tables, chairs, and sofas, moving of themselves precludes observations on my part. I can only follow him when he relates with some circumstantiality the various particulars of the incidents and the scene.

A *strange vibration* is the next phenomenon on which he dwells with any particularity. "It palpitated through the entire room. We listened and watched attentively. The vibration grew stronger and stronger. It was palpably under our feet, and it was like the throbbing which precedes an earthquake, and it continued for two or three minutes, and it could not have been produced by machinery." Such is the substance of the phenomena described.

Now, I particularly point to this as one of the results which can be produced by the simplest agencies—so simple, that it would be astonishing that any one should regard it as mysterious, but for the assistance which the imagination of the witnesses themselves affords to the simple device of the performer. This drawing-room earthquake may be easily produced by a single pair of feet in vigorous movement to and fro from toe to heel, and if the feet be worked alternately in a room of some extent, a very powerful vibration may thus be created, and sustained with a very little practice, as any one may ascertain by experimenting. If the performer has thin soles and no heels, he will be able to accomplish this on a soft carpet almost without noise, and he has simply to desist when attention is directed to his feet; or, if a lady is the source of the earthquake, her crinoline will conceal her pedal play. Any of my readers with average muscular power, and a slight amount of exertion, may produce such earthquakes in any drawing-room in London, and no one whose mind is not sedulously prepared beforehand will dream of attributing them to spiritual machinery.

The *ascend* of the table which is next mentioned has been already accounted for in my former paper. It is not alleged in the "Cornhill" article that there was anything extraordinary in the size or weight of the table which appeared to be suspended, so that I am warranted in referring this phenomenon to the leverage power which the Medium obtains by crossing one leg over the other, and by means of which, with a little practice, considerable weights may be raised in the air.

There were eight persons round the table in question, in this case an obvious assistance to concealment, since, as I infer, they must have been closely packed. The table rose "with a slight jerk," just the effect which would be produced by setting it in motion upwards by means of the performer's foot as described in the former paper; and it steadily mounted till it attained such a height as rendered it necessary for the company to stand up. In fact, unless they did stand up before the table was raised too high, they would be liable, as I showed on a former occasion, to see some such spectacle as the following:—

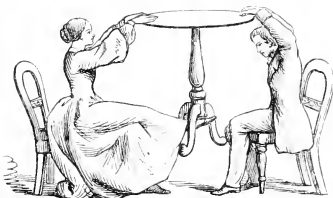


Fig. 12.

It is a most material point to observe that the table as it rises is stated to have been "swung out of its orbit;" in other words, that it ascended not perpendicularly, but obliquely, and that it reverted from this position as it descended—a circumstance pretty conclusive as to the employment of the leg and foot, which would act thus, and would act in no other way. By this means the table is raised until there is "a blank interval from the carpet to its foot of perhaps two feet, perhaps three;" though I hardly assume that it can have been three feet in this instance, since "nobody has thought of providing a means of measuring it, and we must take it by guess." In this position, a desire having been expressed to the following effect, "the carpet is examined, and the legs and under surface of the table are explored, but without result." A good deal depends on the question, Who is the examiner? There are none so blind as those who won't see; but, assuming the inspection to be *bonâ fide*, still it may be made perfectly clear to any one that "there is no trace of any connection between the floor and the table," for the means of support is not thence derived. The inspector soon ascertains that "the table has not been raised by mechanical means from below," and as this is what he looks for (it is to be observed that those who are impressed by the phenomenon invariably harp on this), he is at once satisfied, and he rises to the surface with the blood in his head, and his inquisitiveness completely frustrated. It is not an easy matter for any but very wary persons to detect the real means of support, if the circle is closely packed and there is a sufficiency of the great conniving medium Crinoline. The inspection is confessedly "*hurried and brief*." It is comprehensive enough to satisfy the company that the table has not been raised by mechanical means from below, though it is jumping to a rather hasty conclusion, to assume that it is not raised by means such as I am indicating. In fact, if two

persons connive, nothing is easier than for one of them to push the table against the chest of the other, as in the following figure:—

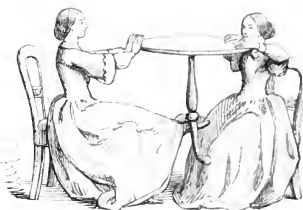


Fig. 13.

—and then, as the company rises, the foot may be removed and the table will present the appearance of being self sustained. Even a suspicious person may then look under it without detecting anything, and may pass his head beneath



Fig. 14.

its claws (Fig. 14), with merely the risk of a contusion in case it should suddenly slip from its precarious holding. If this latter contingency should not occur, he has reason to congratulate himself, in addition to the satisfaction arising out of his self-deception; and when the company resume their previous attitude, the foot of the Medium again coming into play, the table will descend as easily as it ascended. Its downward motion will be as "slow" as you please, "and, if I may use the expression, graceful, and the table reaches the ground with a dreamy softness that renders its touch almost imperceptible."

Another movement of a table, which the writer seems to think more strange, must yet be accounted for, before I proceed to the more complex devices of Mr. Home. In this case "the company are seated at a large, heavy, round table, resting on a pillar with three massive claws, and covered with a velvet cloth, over which, books, a vase of flowers, and other objects are scattered." In the midst of the *séance* the table abruptly *forces its way* (or rather, we should say, is forced) all up the room, pushing on before it the persons who are on the side opposite to that from whence the impetus is derived—no remarkable consequence, if the pushing Mediums are sufficiently strong. The persons opposite are thrown into confusion by the unexpectedness and rapidity with which they are driven backwards on their chairs; and this very confusion, as is perfectly obvious, would prevent a steady attention on their

part to the means "from whence the impetus is derived." So far, there is nothing at all remarkable; nor after the table has been stopped by a sofa is it in any way strange that it should be tilted up after some preliminary straining (which accounts for some cracks and knocks) by the leverage power which I know that the limbs of Mediums can exert. The only thing that sounds even a little out of the ordinary course is the fact, that when its surface forms an inclined plane, at an angle of about 45° or more (how much more we are not told, though the measurement of the angle is most essential), the table should stop in this attitude, as in a state of equilibrium. Of course, if any hand or foot was helping to sustain it, the mystery might be explained in this way. But I do not infer that such was the case here, or even that the legs raised from the ground were supported against the contiguous sofa. The explanation of this attitude on the part of the table depends, then, exclusively on the character and construction of the table itself. There are tables which may be made so to stand partly on one of their massive squarish claws, and partly on the castor; and it is too much to attribute this propensity to spiritual influence, unless the writer had ascertained that the table could not be made to balance itself by ordinary manipulation, all Mediums being absent. The circumstance that nothing slid off or toppled over, but "the vase of flowers, the books, the little ornaments, remained as motionless as if they were fixed in their places," is really according to ordinary experience, instead of contrary to it. Such

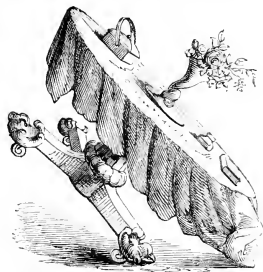


Fig. 15.

objects retained by a velvet cloth, which would neutralise all their tendencies to slide, would remain like "Towers of Pisa," for precisely the same reason for which the Tower of Pisa itself remains, because a line drawn from its centre of gravity would fall within its base. The accompanying design looks highly improbable, but I know—for I have ascertained by experiment—that it is only the normal position of such objects, whenever they are so retained by the *pile* of a velvet cloth.

Instead of violating the laws of equilibrium and attraction, the phenomenon is strictly in accordance with both; nor do we see anything extraordinary in the appearance of even a greater obliquity than this, until actual measurements and actual experiments prove to demonstration that

it is not of the ordinary course of nature. And even then, when we should have to look for some mechanical contrivance, we shall find nothing so wonderful as Robert Houdin's hat, or the Wizard of the North's inexhaustible bottle.

In short, the great impediment to a complete exposure of such delusions is the readiness with which the human inclination to marvel assists the experimenters on human credulity. We are rather self-deceived than deceived by the ingenuity of the Mediums, whose devices are ordinarily of the simplest kind, while the effects produced are for the most part insignificant. It is difficult to induce any one to observe sufficiently the ordinary capacities of matter and of human muscle, and a belief in the miraculous is thus induced by erroneous assumptions. In the majority of instances I assert that the Mediums fail altogether of producing anything that should move an instant's wonder. In the performances of Mr. Home, which I am about to examine, there is a little more art and a little more adroitness, and though the results are more striking, the machinery, when I have explained it, will be found to be ridiculously simple in proportion to its effects on the bewildered and mystified spectators.

(To be continued.)

THE FINS AND WINGS OF WAR-SHIPS: UNDAMAGEABLE PROPELLERS.

THERE are four modes of propelling vessels on water. One is to float them down a running stream. Another is to haul them by a rope. A third is to propel them by the power of the wind. A fourth to row them, and the rowing admits of much variety. Floating down stream is still practised on the Mississippi, the Euphrates, Tigris, and other rivers, the vessels being a kind of Noah's Ark to carry commodities, the arks themselves being also commodities to break up and convert into timber or firewood at the river's mouth. So this primitive method of "going down to the sea in ships" still obtains in the existing world, and is possibly the lowest cost transit. Rope hauling is still practised on canals. The use of the wind involves a very expensive tackle of masts and yards, and shrouds and sails, as in a square rigged vessel, and if simplified by substituting the felucca lateen or latin sail for the square rig, simplicity and beauty is gained, but at an enormous increase of cost in sailors required to manipulate one or more gigantic sails, instead of a greater number of smaller sails, with the advantage on the other hand of managing the lateen sails from the deck by "lubbars" instead of by athletic marine gymnasts, whom we call sailors, mounted on the yards, shrouds, and tackle.

The uncertainty of the wind on short voyages bids fair to put them out of use as a moving power, inasmuch as the coal space required in steamers lessens in compound proportion with the diminution of time. But on long voyages it is probable that clippers will still hold their own against steam, as with the increasing knowledge of the course of the winds, the possibility of obtaining fair winds is every day increasing, and, moreover, we have not yet worked out all that is possible in the speed of wind-moved craft.

The rowing process, whether illustrated by the leathern tub-like coracle of the Cwmry, or the fish-like, skin-covered frame of the Esquimaux, or the birch-bark canoe of the Red Indian proper, or the war-galleys of the Greeks and Romans, or those of the Crusades, or the war-canoes of the New Zealanders in Cook's time, or the Malay Proas of past and present, was a result in some cases of want of skill or materials, or both, to build or work craft that would stand up under sail, and in others the necessity of substituting a certain for an uncertain power, though at the cost of heavy labour. In all sea-fights skilful sailors working by the aid of the wind endeavoured to obtain the "weather gage," i. e., the power of attacking their opponent from the windward side, and so choosing their point of attack. But in a calm it is obvious that a galley without oars would be at the mercy of a row-galley, as to the insertion of the beak, in the absence of heavy projectiles. So also in a calm, a small steam vessel with heavy guns would rake and destroy almost unresistingly the heaviest wood-built craft afloat, depending wholly on the wind, though with a very small auxiliary steam power the heavy craft could contrive to turn on her heel, and, like a Spanish bull, keep her front to the enemy, even though reduced to the extremity of feeding her boiler with her own sails, rigging, and bulkheads, in default of coal; and, unless the swordfish of a steamer had the longest metal, the whale of a wooden craft would keep the swordfish at a distance.

Oars were the first rowers, but the inventor of artillery rendered them liable to a raking shot which would sweep the side clean, and disable all the oarsmen; so they were abolished, save under the name of "sweeps" for very occasional use. The inconvenience of the oars by their great leverage on the vessel's side very early gave rise to trials of side paddles moved by animal power, as is still the case on American ferries, where a yoke of oxen are made to climb up an inclined wheel connected by gearing with the paddle-shaft. And if we may credit the archives of Simancas in Spain, one Blasco de Gomez, a Spanish engineer, did, in times long past, substitute for the oxen a better or worse kind of steam engine with which he propelled a vessel round the harbour of Barcelona, in the presence of the Emperor Charles, by means of paddle-wheels. He was simply before his time.

The advantage of oars as best used, over paddles, as commonly used, is that the oar is turned edge-wise on entering and leaving the water, thus avoiding the waste of power. An ordinary paddle wastes power on leaving the water by lifting a weight of water, and tending to force down the boat, increasing the friction on the shaft; to meet this difficulty paddles are made to feather mechanically, similarly to the oars, but this involves more costly machinery in a position exposed to much wear.

Both oars and paddles are inconvenient projections from a vessel's side. Moreover, the paddles have the inconvenience in a heavy sea of being sometimes only immersed on one side, giving rise to numerous disadvantages. For this reason the steam-screw was introduced, being more out of

the way and wholly immersed in the sea, unless in very heavy pitching.

In the use of the paddles the vessel is propelled by the steam power exerted through the horizontal shaft on the fulcrum of the bearings. To keep these bearings from heating under the friction of the enormous pressure, it is essential to preserve a cushion of oil between the metallic surfaces. If the area of the surfaces be too small the oil will squeeze out, and contact of the metals will ensue; or if the surface be rough, salient points will come in contact, and then heating will ensue. The area of bearing which is sufficient to prevent a shaft from breaking or from heating in smooth water, is not sufficient in heavy seas, for positive blows ensue. For example, one paddle is out of the water and revolving at extra speed, when suddenly the water rises perchance with the engines at full stroke, and a shock ensues, causing the whole vessel to tremble, and possibly breaking the shaft or stripping off the paddles.

The stern screw is less exposed to this kind of blow, but it has nevertheless its difficulties to contend with. It propels the vessel by pressing a pair of metal rungs, forming an inclined plane, against the stern water at one end of the shaft, and pressing with the other end of the shaft or with collars against a bearing, inside of the vessel. As the shaft revolves, the screw, or inclined plane, cuts off a continual slice of the water in front, and pushes it behind as a fresh fulcrum, by which operation the vessel continually advances. But as the end of the screw, or the collars, inside the vessel are continually revolving, while thrusting the vessel forward, it requires a larger area, and continual ample lubrication to prevent heating.

There is yet more. The shaft must be guided vertically and horizontally in bearings at certain intervals to prevent it from breaking, and where it issues from the vessel, the leverage of the screw against the water causes it to tremble and vibrate enormously, just where the vessel is weakest; and in wooden vessels converted to screw propulsion the difficulty and cost of repairs are very great. It is found that metal linings for the screw shaft are quite inefficient, and surfaces of wood are required. If any lever movement obtains in the screw shaft, the destruction of the bearings is very rapid.

In both screws and paddles there appears to be a defective arrangement, from ignoring one portion of the data required to be started from. Workmanship has attained so high a point of excellence, that engineers deem rigidity perfectly compatible with durability, forgetting that Nature knows no absolute exactitude, and provides for irregularity by the great compensating principle of elasticity, as in the waving boughs of trees, and the spiral springs wherewith she hangs grape vines to walls and branches, and as the tendons of a horse's pasterns which save his feet from becoming a mere hammer, or as a man jumping on his toes sustains no harm, but is seriously shaken by alighting on his heels.

As constructed, paddles and screws have heels and no toes, though the paddles are analogous to the side fins of a fish, which are a mass of springs, and, moreover the latter are always immersed, and get no blows. Now there would be no difficulty in

springing the paddles, and making them analogous to a fin. Paddle wheels act on a vessel in a mode analogous to the wheels of a road carriage in communicating the blows they receive to the vessel or body. The blows on the uneven road are interrupted by the springs; and if springs were applied to the paddle-wheels, they would interrupt the blows of the water. I was once arguing this matter with an engineer, and of great name too, and he maintained that the water was a spring. I closed the conversation with an *argumentum ad hominem*. "Try a practical conclusion, by trying its elasticity in a jump from Westminster Bridge." He simply confounded mobility with elasticity, and considered a bag of small shot equivalent to a woollack.

A simple mode of springing a paddle-wheel would be to permit it to revolve on its shafts, say three-fourths of its diameter, and limit the movement by elastic drag-links. The action would then be that of striking the water with an excess of force, the wheel would recoil round the shaft as the hand recoils on catching a cricket-ball, but with the advantage that the force of the recoil would exist on the paddle-wheel springs, and that force would be given out again with the reaction.

So with the screw. If the power were applied through the agency of springs the vibration would be diminished.

The paddle is analogous to the side fin of a fish—but the screw is analogous to the tail. If we compare the proportion of a screw to a vessel with the proportion of the tail to a whale's body, we shall find the screw to be very small, and this is the true reason why we are obliged to use an enormous speed, shaking the vessel to pieces.

A screw working on a metal nut, whether worked fast or slow, makes the same progress with every revolution, that is, it has no slip. But when the screw has water for a nut, the slip is very great, and unless the speed of the screw is so great as to outstrip the mobility of the water, little propulsion of the vessel will take place, and slips will exist in proportion to the yield of the water, or the slowness of the vibration of the screw. If the size of the screw be increased, the speed may be reduced and the vibration may be reduced also. But the size of the shaft must be increased with the increase of the diameter of the screw, and the probability is that insufficient size, and excessive speed to make up for it is the great source of screw defects, originating in want of sufficient strength in the vessel to carry the required weight. Moreover, in sailing vessels it is needful to haul the screw out of the water when the fires are put out, and that renders heavy screws objectionable.

In war-vessels paddles are a serious objection on account of their exposure to shot. A steamer "winged" in action would be in an awkward predicament. But neither is the screw safe. Skillful gunners would aim just at the stern post, and render the screw unserviceable, putting the vessel in a worse condition than a "winged" steamer, which might shuffle off with the undamaged wing. How, then, is this difficulty to be met?

Simply by putting the propelling medium wholly under water. What do oars and paddles, and

screws, all resolve themselves into. Simply a pumping action, neither more nor less. The oar is a lever working as a pump-handle, the blade of the oar is analogous to the pump-bucket. But it is not required to move the water, but only to use it as a fulcrum. If a common pump were laid horizontally on the surface of a pond, so as to float, with the handle upwards, and the handle worked in that position, there would be the same force, drawing the pump to the water as the water to the pump, the whole force being equal to the weight of the water in the bucket. In the vertical pump, the lifting of the bucket tends to create a vacuum, which the pressure of the atmosphere prevents; but in the horizontal pump the water follows the bucket with less resistance, and therefore a more rapid movement is required to move the pump to it, just as a rapid movement is required with the screw-propeller, which is a horizontal pump, and would lift water if enclosed in a case. If moved slowly the screw-propeller would scarcely move the vessel, but chiefly the water.

Many years have passed since Benjamin Franklin verified this fact seated on a ship's pump floating in a pond at Boston, and, since then, vessels have from time to time been built for the especial purpose of pumping water through them as a means of propulsion.

Some very remarkable results were, by Mr. D. K. Clark, obtained from a vessel built for a deep sea fishing company in Scotland, the object of which was to use steam for rapid transit from the fishing-banks, without disturbing the fish, by the noise of paddles, or risking the destruction of nets by the screw. The arrangement was a circular pump, with a continuous revolution, drawing water through the stem of the vessel and pressing it aft over the quarter on each side, through revolving nozzles, which could be applied to steer the vessel, and with one nozzle turned forward, and the otheraft, she would turn as on a pivot. It was practically making the water into a rope.

Whether revolving-pumps, i. e., propelling-screws, in cases, or a number of reciprocating pumps are best, is a matter for experiment; but, whether the one or the other, it is clearly desirable in large vessels to use two or more, instead of one, in order to render the machinery more manageable, and not to be without reserve in case of breakage.

The side-fins of fishes are apparently used chiefly for balancing, the great propelling power is on the tail. The tail is a reciprocating sculler or stern-oar, used with impulses as a skater moves over ice, but the whole fish is such a series of elasticity that little vibration or blow takes place, though the amount of power may be judged of by the force with which the tail of a whale strikes the water under the influence of rage or fear.

We can imagine a vessel covered all over with scales, like a Greek testudo, moving on hinges towards the stem and folding aft, forming a smooth surface when at rest, with hollows behind filled with water, each scale having a tight-fitting piston passing to the interior of the vessel through a stuffing-box. If all these scales were made to move simultaneously, so as to force out the water behind them, the result would be a spasmodic,

darting movement, like that of a swift fish. In this mode both movements of the reciprocating scales would give propulsion, and an imitation fish might be attained. But a fish does not carry cargo other than his day's provisions, and so the mechanical fish would be merely a curiosity with the exception that it would teach something as to the action of water-bellows in propelling.

In naval wars with France, the instinctive practice of the Gauls has been to fire at our rigging, thus to deprive us of the advantages of our superior seamanship, while the English practice has been downright at the French hulls. We may be sure that in any future actions their broadsides will be aimed at rudder and fantail screw, and therefore it becomes important to have some other mode of propulsion, entire or supplementary, not capable of destruction, and the only eligible methods appear to be, to pump water through the hull, hauling as it were on an endless water-rope, or applying water-billows externally.

When we recollect how many years it has taken to get the screw into use in the Royal Navy, and how hopeless it is to get such a change wrought by private individuals possessing the enterprise and capital requisite, and how vitally important it is to the nation to possess an undamageable means of propulsion in their warships, even though those means be more costly or less effective than the screw—it behoves the government not to neglect the series of experiments which may set the question at rest. But there does not seem any reason why steam-power should be less economically convertible to the purpose of propulsion by an internal screw-pump out of the way of risk, than by an external screw-pump, exposed to risk, not only from the enemy's shot, but from its weak attachment to the vessel and its exposure to fouling any floating substance.

W. BRIDGES ADAMS.

THE LITTLE REDCAPS OF KERLEAU.

A BRETON TALE.

In a corner of the courtyard of the old castle of Kerleau may be seen the crumbling stone statue of a peasant, which has stood there for many ages.

In the days when good Christians reached Heaven by faith and good works, Satan was forced to exercise his wits to draw them into his snares; he was therefore much more frequently to be seen among men at that time than he is now, (for in these days he has no need to come to us, as we of our own accord go to him). But whatever forethought he might exercise, and whatever pains the evil spirit might take, his most carefully prepared plots would sometimes fail, even when brought to bear upon the simple ones.

There was, then, at that time, in the commune of Elven, a poor peasant named Laurent; he was a widower, and had no other possession in the world than a beautiful daughter, the pearl of the country, who went by the name of the fair Jeannette; but though the love of money was then less prevalent than it is now, no one envied the good man his treasure, and none of the lads of the parish, though they were always delighted at an opportunity of dancing with Jeannette, and paid her fine compliments, ever thought of marrying her.

"Ah! if I had but a good farm," said poor Laurent to himself, "I'd make Jeannette worth being looked after by the best lads in the commune; but with the poor wages of a day-labourer, how can I put anything aside? If the Count of Largoët would only give me some assistance, I would clear some of his land for him, and we should both be gainers by the bargain."

Hunger, they say, brings the wolf out of the forest, and father Laurent, having laid all his plans, paid a visit to the castle of Largoët, and proposed to the Count to take a part of his land, and get it into order, if he would make him a good advance.

"Very good," said the Count; "I will give you a hundred crowns, a good herd of cattle, and all the tools you want, but by this time three years you must have cleared, and planted, and hedged in, all the land that is allotted to you."

Thoroughly delighted with his bargain, Laurent confidently set to work. He built a cottage for himself and his daughter, and stalls for the cattle; for in those days, with a hundred crowns, a great many stones could be put one upon another.

When once they were lodged, the good man engaged labourers, who cut ditches, ploughed the land, and sowed a great field, while they lived the whole year upon what was borrowed. But at the expiration of twelve months, Laurent found himself far poorer than at the beginning, for he was in debt, and he had hardly any corn, as the harvest had been bad, and his labourers, who had been badly fed, and not paid at all, had all left him.

One day, when the unfortunate Laurent was digging a trench alone, and the sweat was running in streams from his brow, and his limbs were aching with fatigue, he lamented his hard lot, and, clutched his hair, cried out:

"Yes, I would, I'd give myself to the Devil for a mere nothing."

"Here I am, at your service," said Satan, who was immediately at hand.

"No, no, by no means, thank you," said Laurent, "I prefer working alone."

"Well, but I'll work for you, and without wages."

"Oh, no! you never give anything for nothing," said the peasant.

"Come," said Satan, "don't go on arguing, but let's make a bargain. I pity you, for I am a good-hearted fellow, and I'll work for you for a year and a day for nothing, on the condition that you'll always supply me with work; but the very first time it fails, I—"

"You'll carry me off," said the peasant.

"Well, then, I decline."

"By no means, you old idiot!" said Satan; "it isn't you I'd have, but your daughter."

"You'd have my daughter! Go along with you!" said the exasperated Laurent.

"Well, but if you always remain poor, you'll have no means of getting your daughter married."

"Well, then, let her be an old maid all her life; I don't care."

"Yes, it's possible you don't care; but how about her?"

Poor Laurent set himself to think. "There's a great sight o' work to be done here, and I shall

easily employ him for a year and a day ; he'll be awfully cunning if he contrives to do all I shall give him."

"Well," he said, at length, "I—"

"You refuse?" said Satan.

"No, on the contrary, I accept."

"Well, then, master, what shall I do?"

"Finish this ditch, while I go and rest."

As long as there were fields to be ploughed and sown, grass to be cut, corn to be threshed, and waggons to be built, all went on well, and they were quite at their ease ; but after eight days of hard labour, there was not much left to be done, and the fear of finding nothing for his workman to do began to torment the good man, who looked at his daughter with fear and trembling. Day

and night he racked his brain to find some means of occupying the activity of Satan ; he lost his appetite, and he daily grew thinner and sadder.

But one morning, when he got up, he had quite lost his gloomy and morose manner, and seemed almost beside himself with joy ; and when his workman came to ask for work, Laurent in a careless manner took him by the shoulder, and said :

"I am very well pleased with you, for you work capitally ; but I don't like you to be always toiling so hard, so to-day I'm going to give you something to do that won't tire you. Just go and fetch a fork out of the stable, and I'll meet you in the yard."

So while he was gone to the stable to fetch the fork, Laurent went up into the loft, and emptied



down into the yard a great sack of wheat, and then coming to the door when Satan returned, he said :

"Just throw me up this wheat with your fork, and I'll measure it into the sack."

So the devil set to work, plunging his fork again and again into the heap of wheat, without picking up a single grain.

"Confound it!" he cried out, with an oath, "what dog's work have you given me here?" and he leaned upon his fork in despair.

"Well, my fine fellow," said Laurent, "if you won't do my work, you can go and get some elsewhere, for I'm not going to feed you for nothing! Do you understand?"

"Yes, yes, I understand," growled Satan,

furious at being thus outwitted. "I will leave you, but I'll have my revenge some day." And he disappeared.

A short time after this, a foreigner having bought this land, which the devil had put into such good condition, built upon it the castle of Kerleau, the ruins of which are still standing, and Laurent, now become a rich man, having no longer any difficulty in marrying his daughter Jeannette, was making preparations for her nuptials with a rich young farmer. He was anxious to have a magnificent wedding, and determined that everything should be in the best style : so he bought the finest cloth that could be found, and selected the most renowned tailor in the country to make

the clothes. This tailor's name was Nicholas, and he did his work in a manner that no one could understand. He was seen to cut out the cloth, but no one ever saw him sewing; however, the clothes which were entrusted to him were always well made, were strongly sewed, and were always finished by the day on which he had promised them. As soon as he had taken the measure, he cut out the cloth, put the pieces into a box, and then went out to smoke and drink at a tavern. Some said that Nicholas was a wizard, but a great many said that he had sold himself to the Devil, and they were not far from the mark; for when Satan knew that Nicholas had been sent for to Kerleau to make the wedding clothes, he came to him, and said:

"I have got to have my revenge upon that fellow Laurent, and I reckon upon your doing me a good turn: now you must give me his daughter, or it will be the worse for you! Do you understand me, you tippler?"

"All right," said the tailor. "But how and when shall I deliver Jeannette to you?"

"Oh, I leave you the choice of the means; but as you are going to Kerleau to-morrow, to-morrow I must have Jeannette. Now I warn you not to fail."

So the next day Nicholas was at Kerleau, and began to cut out the cloth early in the morning, when suddenly he said to Jeannette, who was watching him:

"Good gracious! what a bother! I'm pulled up short for want of my tools. I've left my box behind me, and I can't get on for want of it."

"Oh, never mind," said the girl, "I'll go and fetch it for you."

"You're no end of a good girl, Jeannette," said the tailor; "here's my key, you'll find the box on the board just beneath the window. But mind you don't open it, or you'll meet with a misfortune."

"No, no, ease your mind on that score, said Jeannette, "I won't open it." And she ran off.

When she had got the box, she put it under her arm, and carried it carefully without venturing even to look at it. Presently she thought she heard something inside it—yes, there it was again; a regular whispering—a tittering, and what a queer clatter—what an odd noise it is—"I wonder whether I could see through the keyhole;" so she took the key out: "Bother! I can't see anything—the box must be double. If I were to open it—only a little bit? No, that won't do, Nicholas told me that there would be some accident if I did. However, it was only to frighten me that he said so! He's a cunning fellow, and does not want his secret to get wind. It's all nonsense; what could happen if I did just look into it? If there is an animal inside, it can't eat me, for it's not as big as I am."

Reasoning thus, Jeannette, who was then in the middle of a wide common, gently opened the lid of the box about an inch, but no sooner had she done this, than a whole host of little dwarfs—not so large as your thimble, each with a little red cap upon his head—leapt to the ground, and dancing around her, shrieked at the top of their voices:

"Some work, mistress; some work!"

Jeannette stood quite stupefied, with her mouth

open, and looking at the little men as they gambolled about her. But at this demand for work, she thought she was lost unless she could satisfy them; so she cried out:

"Come, little red caps, pull up all the brush-wood on the common."

So they immediately began to pull up the tufts of broom, and in an instant the whole common was cleared.

"Some work, mistress, some work!" they cried again.

"Make a great pile of the tufts you have pulled up," said Jeannette. And they made a heap as high as an oak.

"Some work, mistress, some work!" said they again.

"Now, my little men," said Jeannette, climb up to the top of this pile and jump down into the box. Whereupon they clambered up to the top and leapt lightly down. As soon as the last was in the box, Jeannette double-locked it, and ran with it as hard as she could to the tailor.

So Nicholas took all the pieces of cloth which he had cut, and stuck needles and thread into them, and then opened his box to give them to his dwarfs to sew; but at the sight of the little men who stretched out their hands thoroughly stained green. He cried out:

"What have you been doing, Jeannette, with my little men, that they have made their hands so dirty?"

"Oh!" she replied, "I am sorry to say that, in running back as fast as I could, I let the box slip, and all the poor little men fell upon the grass, and when I picked them up I forgot to wipe their hands."

"Ah! Jeannette," said the tailor, "you are very fortunate to have fared no worse."

"Well, never mind," she answered, "and as your little men are hard at work, come and taste our eyder."

So Nicholas drank hard all day to drown his vexation, and at night he could scarcely get up to his room. However, when he was there, he opened his box, and the dwarfs all jumped out and cried:

"Some work, master; some work!"

"Carry me down into the yard," said Nicholas, "I want some fresh air, and my legs won't carry me." So they took him down and placed him on the ground, saying, again:

"Some work, master; some work!"

"Always that same accursed song!" said Nicholas. "Well, pick up all the chips that the stone-masons have been making."

So the little redcaps filled every corner of the yard, and soon made a heap of all the chips; then they ran back to Nicholas again, singing:

"Some work, master; some work!"

But Nicholas was snoring, and when they had half awoke him, all that he could say was: "Go to the devil."

At these words the little demons carried off the unhappy tailor, placed him on the heap of grit and chips which they had collected, rolled him again and again in it, and rubbed it into him till it reached his very marrow, and he became stone. And then they placed him under that turret, where he stands to this day.

THE KNIGHT'S GRAVE.



I.

UNDER painted cross and chalice
In the flood of light,
Lies in marble, with Dame Alice,
Andrew Welldon, Knight;
Side by side, the legend sayeth,
These two lived and died,
And carved stone o'er mingled bene
Showeth them side by side.

II.

Nothing here, above or under,
Of fanatic gloom;
No fool's fear of death's deep wonder
Spoils their simple tomb:
Seems it that the sculptor graved it
Only for to show
What the Knight and what his Dame were
Now they are not so.

III.

Merry cheeps of madcap swallows
Reach them, darting by,
Changeful shadows from the sallows
On their white brows lie;

Changeful shadows from the sallows,
Constant from the limes;
For light friends go, if winds do
blow,
As in their ancient times.

IV.

Certes, lovely was the Lady!
Eyes, I guess, whose blue,
Calm, and cold, but gleaming
steady,
Tender was and true:
Of a noble presence surely,
Dutiful and staid,
Worthiness was glad before her,
Worthlessness afraid.

V.

Read beneath, in golden letters,
Proudly written down,
Names of all her "sonnes and
daughters,"
Each a matron crown:
Defly cut in ruff and wimple
Kneeling figures show
Small heads over smaller rising,
In a solemn row.

VI.

These her triumphs. Sterner token
Chronicles her Lord:
Hangs above him, grim and broken,
Gilded helm and sword.
Sometimes, when with quire and
organ
All the still air swings,
Red with the rust and grey with the
dust,
Low rattles that blade, and rings.

VII.

Time was, Knight, that tiny treble
Should have stirred thy soul
More than drums and trumpets rebel
Praying health to Noll.

No more fight now!—nay, nor fight now!

The rest that thou hast given
In chancel shade to that good blade
God gives thy soul in heaven.

VIII.

Somewhere on this summer morning,
In this English isle,
Blooms a cheek whose rich adorning
Herits, Dame, thy smile:
Some one in the realm whose fathers
Suffered much, and long,
Owes that sword and its good lord
Thanks for a righted wrong.

IX.

Therefore, for that maiden say I:
"Dame, God thee assoil;"
Therefore for that freeman pray I:
"Knight, God quit thy toil;"
And for all Christian men and me
Grace from the gracious Lord
To write our name with no more shame,
And sheathe as clean a sword.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

LAST WEEK.

THE FOUND OF TEA.

MOST English readers must have been painfully affected on reading the account, just forwarded home by the "Times" correspondent, of what took place at the little Chinese town of Peh-Tang, when the combined forces of England and France were compelled, by the necessities of warfare and of self-preservation, to take possession of it. There really seems to have been no alternative, for the mouth of the Peiho was staked, and the coast at other points was inaccessible. Our only consolation must be that the English leaders seem to have done all that was in their power to check the outrages upon the inhabitants whose expulsion from their homes may have been a necessity, but who were not therefore to be plundered and tortured, in addition, and without reason. The wretched creatures had not either, at the end of last July, when the disembarkation occurred, or during the operations on the Peiho, in 1859, in any way incurred the vengeance of the European forces. Their misfortune was that they lay in the way of the expedition. They had houses. The English and French troops required houses, and so they drove these poor Peh-Tangites from their homes. Had the matter stopped here there would have been the less to say about it, for if war is to be it can scarcely be carried on without the infliction of much misery even upon non-combatants. It would, however, have been more creditable to the apostles of our boasted European civilisation, now actually under arms in northern China, if the French leaders had sternly forbidden plunder and pillage, and if the allied commanders had directed their provost-marshal to give the camp-followers and coolies a few practical hints that they were not to deal with Peh-Tang, as with a town taken by storm. It is not pleasant to read of homes which were visited three or four times by French soldiers, and still more frequently by coolies, for the sake of plunder; of torture inflicted upon the owners that they might discover where their money was to be found; of women poisoned by their relations and friends, lest they might fall into the hands of the barbarians. We are told that Sir Hope Grant, who was a reluctant witness of such scenes as these, has come to the resolution that he will not permit the troops again to occupy any Chinese town, which may lie upon his path, without giving such ample notice to the inhabitants as may enable them to remove their families and portable goods to a place of safety. Happily the distance from Peh-Tang to Peking is very short, and unless all anticipations are baffled, there is no probability that scenes similar to those which occurred on the first landing of the allied forces will be renewed. It was stated in the Paris papers, at the end of last week, that Mr. Bruce had received a despatch, announcing that the Emperor of China would be ready to conclude peace on the capture of the Peiho forts, and so spare the allied forces the necessity of a *promenade militaire* to Peking. This, however, would seem to be a matter of dubious policy on one side, for we have already had experience of how the Peking mandarins are accustomed to handle a difficulty as

soon as the immediate pressure is withdrawn. We can scarcely afford to be sending, year after year, to the other side of the globe, armed commentators upon the value of treaties and the expediency of good faith.

The Chinese question is one which must receive a satisfactory solution, even at the expense of a certain amount of present misery. It is not to be endured either on one side or the other that a semi-barbarous clique of politicians at Peking should keep asunder any longer the European and the Chinese continent. The continent of Europe contains about 300,000,000 inhabitants. The population of China is estimated at 400,000,000. With the products of our own European countries—with what the various nations can accomplish in manufacture and the arts of civilised life—we are reasonably familiar. We know, too, enough of Asiatics in general, and of the Chinese in particular, to feel secure that much of what we know, and much of what we possess, would be to them of inestimable benefit. True, for many centuries they have lived without assistance from the Western world, and there must have been considerable value in the laws and customs by which such an enormous mass of human beings could have been held together for so long a period. The "system," however, is confessedly breaking up. More than our Manchester piece-goods—more than our latest discoveries in the mechanical sciences—the Chinese require at the present moment to come into contact—not into collision—with a stronger form of civilisation than their own. On the other hand, China teems with products which have become to us absolutely necessary. Chinese tea, and Chinese silk, we must have, and there is every reason to suppose that if the country be thoroughly opened, other articles will be added to those great staples. As yet, we have but traded with four out of the eighteen provinces of which China is composed, and even with these four only since the year 1842. For three centuries before that date our commerce was restricted to a single port, in a remote province of the empire, and carried on under conditions which were calculated in every way to check its extension. The result of our dealing with four provinces instead of with a single province has been that our trade under the head of tea alone has *tripled* in amount.

Now, this Chinese matter should be considered thus:—Are 400,000,000 and 300,000,000 of human beings, who wish to come together, to be kept asunder because the old mandarins at Peking choose to adhere to their traditional maxim of government with the tenacity of so many Sibthorps or Newdegates? and because it suits the interests of the native firms which direct or control the internal transport of the country, that the stranger should be excluded? Nor must it be forgotten that, according to certain articles in the treaty of Tien-tsin, we are now contending for rights which have been formally acknowledged. We have by the treaty full right "to travel for pleasure, or for purposes of trade, to all parts of the interior of China." Again: "No opposition shall be offered to the traveller or merchant in the hiring of persons or vessels for the carriage of their baggage or merchandise." British merchants

are to trade upon the Yang-tze at their pleasure, and as soon as there is an end of the rebellion of the Tac-Pings. This, to be sure, is a somewhat remote contingency, but no doubt Lord Elgin in the further negotiations with the Imperial Court, now imminent, will take care that the condition is removed, and that the trade of the Yang-tze is opened to our merchants at once. Of course, by this time everything is conceded, as the allied expedition, which got ashore at Peh-Tang on the 1st of August last, must long since have received satisfaction, or be billeted within the walls of Peking.

John Chinaman, as we have had experience of him from the days of Sir Henry Pottinger downwards, is not a man of half-measures. He either concedes everything, or nothing. But when every method of physical defence which Chinese ingenuity can suggest has been exhausted; when every wily trick with which the traditions of his craft are stuffed has been tried by the Chinese negotiator, and tried in vain; and everything has been yielded in appearance, it must not be supposed that the Chinaman has given up his game. He accepts his defeat as a fresh starting-point. Relax the grasp upon his throat but by a hair's breadth, and you will find that no signatures are so evanescent as those which have been signed with the vermilion pencil. The most valuable concession ever made by China to Europe was the possession of the island of Chusan, not that in many respects the position of the island was the one which we would have chosen upon commercial grounds; but because it was a material guarantee, a palpable and undeniable proof of victory upon our side, and defeat on the other. As long as the British held Chusan it was clear that the Chinese Emperor was occupying a somewhat humiliating position in the presence of the outside barbarians; it was clear to all his subjects, and the Tac-Ping rebellion was the result.

On the whole this opening up of China is perhaps the greatest event of our time. What was the discovery of two comparatively uninhabited continents—the two Americas—by the side of the discovery of a continent inhabited by a third, probably by more than a third, of the human beings now existing upon the surface of the planet? It seems impossible to suppose that the representatives of a society which has existed for as long a period, probably for a longer period than our own, can be nothing better than the grotesque figures which we see on the willow-pattern plates, or the sweepings of Canton and Hong-Kong. Within this Flowery Land, as it is called, there are more people than we are in Europe, who have not drawn their religion from Galilee, their philosophy from Athens, their laws from Rome. Yet have they increased and multiplied in abundant measure, and all that we have heard of the interior of their country is to the effect that they have enjoyed a great share of material prosperity.

If we were to inquire very nicely into what the condition of China was a few centuries ago, a Chinese inquirer might with perfect propriety turn round upon us, and ask how it fared with Europe at the close of the thirty years' war, or of the seven years' war, or of Napoleon's great wars?

True, their philosophy, their *taoli* of which Mr. Wingrove Cooke has told us so much, is unintelligible and ridiculous enough to us—but what would an intelligent Chinaman think of Bishop Berkeley's theory, that a fat mandarin existed only in the imagination of the spectator? What would he say to Kant, and Hegel, and a hundred other blowers of metaphysical soap-bubbles? Nay, what do we say to them ourselves? It is clear enough that there are certain points upon which the Chinese are deficient enough. They are not nearly so well instructed as we are in the various methods of slaughtering their fellow-creatures. They have, indeed, a very pretty taste in executions, and would be perfectly willing to avail themselves of the facilities offered by our minié rifles, and Armstrong guns, if they were so fortunate as to possess them. In medical science, they are far behind the Europeans of their own day, probably pretty much where Harvey found us. So in the physical and mathematical sciences, and in all matters of engineering, their ignorance would appear very gross to a well-educated English schoolboy. On the other hand, they are excellent agriculturists. They can weave their own silk into fabrics of great beauty and durability. They understand how to cut and embank canals. They are most shrewd and intelligent merchants, even upon the admissions of Liverpool and New York men, who have tried conclusions with them, and the men of Liverpool and New York are not very easily beaten in commercial matters. They have solved the problem of living together for centuries with a decent regard for family ties, and probably to the full in as peaceable a manner as the ancestors of the Europeans who write books about them. They are physically brave, and let sentimental and poetical gentlemen say what they will, physical courage lies at the bottom of all the manly virtues. Our own ancestors yielded readily enough, but yet not without a struggle, to the discipline and military virtue of the Romans. Only conceive what must be the effect upon the mind of a half-civilised man—that is, upon the mind of a man who is only accustomed to kill his fellow-creatures with bows and arrows, or a smooth bore—of the Enfield rifle, or the Armstrong gun?

Of China, as it really is, we really know very little. Mr. Fortune, Mr. Wingrove Cooke, and Captain Sherard Osborn, are our three great modern English authorities in the matter. Before their time there was a mist or a halo—which shall we call it?—around China and Chinese things. Sir John Davis was perhaps the most practical writer about the Chinese before their day; but even he dealt with them rather as an hierophant, than as that gentleman will do to whom Mr. Murray is about to entrust the task of writing a Chinese Handbook. Their customs, we were told, were not our customs; nor their ways, our ways. As soon might we expect to establish relations with the inhabitants of the planet Jupiter—if any such there be—as with the denizens of the flowery land. They would just permit us to stand at the back-door of the empire, and fling us occasionally, and contemptuously, a Pound of Tea, in return for which we were to pay largely, and swallow as

much dirt as the Canton mandarins might please to appoint. Beyond this we know little or nothing—not a title as much as any one might know of the two classical nations of antiquity from the now obsolete pages of Potter and Adams. There was a list of Chinese emperors, with a chronology more absurd than ever flashed across a Welshman's brain when getting up his family pedigree. There was a little information, possibly accurate, about the reigning Tartar dynasty—a cut and dry account of Confucius and Confucianism—a chapter upon Bouddhism, as unintelligible as might be, and somewhat about “manners and customs” gleaned by some person or persons unknown, from where you will; for certainly European residents in China, upon their own showing, had few facilities of observation beyond the river suburb of a provincial town at the southern extremity of the empire. To be sure, we had the accounts of old ambassadorial progresses to Pekin, when the representatives of British majesty were carried about like monkeys in cages, or old ladies in sedan-chairs at Bath, in the olden time. Beyond these there was the amusing Gil Blas-like account of the two French missionaries, MM. Hue and Gabet, which gave us the story of their journey from Pekin to Lla-Sah in Thibet, which possessed every literary quality except that of inspiring confidence in the “general reader.” If the “Friend of China,” one or two French works, and the contributions of Mr. Meadows to our knowledge of the subject be added to the list, we have cited well nigh all the sources from which trustworthy information upon China can be drawn. This, however, is different in kind to what the three writers first named, and especially Mr. W. Cooke and Captain Osborn, have accomplished; we feel in reading their accounts of China and the Chinese, that we have at last got hold of men who are determined to consider John Chinaman as a responsible and intelligible being—inferior in many respects to the European, but still a human creature,—not the mere nodding and grotesque mandarin of our porcelain cabinets.

We are told that the Chinese diplomatists are sadly given to deception and treachery. The definition of an ambassador, as a man sent abroad by his government to lie for the good of his country, was not conceived for the diplomatists of China. We are told again, that the Chinese, as a nation, have no regard for truth. How much will you find amongst the southern Europeans? The Chinaman, when he goes into mourning, arrays himself in white—the European in sable; it is a matter of custom. What we should call the sentimental element is wanting in the Chinese character. At the same time it is difficult to believe that amongst 400,000,000 of human beings, the play of human feeling is not much the same as it is amongst ourselves. All writers upon Chinese matters agree in saying that the relations between children and their parents are drawn unusually close in China. There is such a uniformity of testimony upon this point that error is scarcely possible. If then the reverence of children for their parents is one of the great pivots of Chinese society, it would seem to follow that in the long run the parents must deserve the

reverence they obtain. Upon what sounder basis than that of “the family” could any society of human beings repose? If a son regards his mother with affection and respect, and the father his daughter, it seems scarcely probable that the relations between brother and sister, husband and wife, can be much amiss. In the wretched story which was sent to us from Peh-Fang the other day, we are told that the women of a family voluntarily poisoned themselves, rather than fall into the hands of the barbarians. What more could an Englishwoman have done during the Indian mutiny? On the whole, it is difficult to believe that such an enormous population could have been held together—or rather that a population should have grown up to so enormous a number—in steady violation of all the instincts we find implanted in our own breasts.

Vague reports have reached us of the splendour and magnificence in which the rich men of the great cities of the interior are accustomed to live. If their notions of the fine arts are not as delicate or refined as those of the Florentine Medici, at least they rival them in their pomp and state. Nor, from what we hear, are the lower classes in so abject a condition as the enervated ryot of our own Indian possessions. John Chinaman is ready and eager to work steadily for his living, and to do stern battle with the world in which he finds himself cast. An Asiatic out of China, if he is worth anything at all, is a fighting man. The Chinaman is no coward, but to all appearance he had rather till the ground, or grow tea, or look after his silkworms, than engage in the great throat-cutting business. Englishmen are not likely to blame them for this, the more so when we have it upon the testimony of our own officers who saw them in action, more especially up in the North, that the Chinese would fight readily enough if they knew how. Men with spears and bows and arrows can scarcely be expected to stand up against our field-batteries, and rockets, and serried lines of bayonets, and screw steamers, and gun-boats. If a hundred thousand Chinamen of the proper age, and of sound bodily condition, were handed over to the officers of our *old-ruled* Bengal army—trained by them in military exercises, and armed with the latest invented muskets, &c., &c.—one may be pardoned for believing that they would soon give excellent account of any Asiatic force which could be brought against them—and perhaps hold their own well enough in presence even of European troops. If the Chinaman is not fired and inspirited to action by lofty sentiments, at least he possesses a fund of obstinacy in his character and a contempt for death.

As a rule they are a temperate people. Mr. W. Cooke tells us, “It is very wrong of John Chinaman to smoke opium to the extent of sixpence per head per annum. But what is he to do? He detests beer and wine. You may leave an open brandy-bottle in his custody for weeks, and it will not evaporate. His strong samshoo is, so far as I can discover, almost a myth, except as an article to sell to foreign sailors.” Of course there must be something wrong or imperfect in the Chinese mind, or, having done so much well, they would have done better. One would rather ex-

pect to find a Newton than a Shakspeare amongst such a people. The only development of the Chinese mind with which we are as yet acquainted is in the direction of agriculture and commerce. They are keen enough in these pursuits—as merchants, especially, they are distinguished for good faith in their operations. It must be remembered, too, that of the Chinese we have as yet seen little more than the jealousy of the government has permitted us to see—and that is not much. All we know is that when the governing clique at Peking have permitted Europeans to knock at the doors of the Chinese husbandmen for any commodity within the limits of their productive powers the demand has been duly honoured. Take, for example, the article of silk. In the year 1844 not a bale was sent home. Stocks failed in Europe, and orders were at once sent out to China for supplies. The opening of the ports was in 1842. Now, in 1845, there were sent home 10,727 bales; in 1855, 50,489 bales; in 1856, double that quantity; in 1857, double that quantity again, so that in that year Mr. Cooke, who was at Shanghai, records that if the Chinamen succeeded in establishing their prices, and in disposing of their stocks, they would take 10,000,000*l.* for silk at that port alone. We have not the latest returns for teas at hand, but we find that for the years 1856—57 there was exported from China to England and her colonies 87,741,000 lbs. of tea.

Surely these calculations, referring only to two articles—no doubt, staples—give one an enormous idea of the industry, ingenuity, and perseverance of this remarkable people, with whom, as it should seem, we are about to come into far closer contact than heretofore. As it is a great thing in approaching a new subject to understand the length and breadth of it, and not to lose oneself in vague and shadowy conjectures, we would add that any one who turns his attention to China would do well to establish before his own mind a correct notion of what China really is. A few years back we were in the habit of crediting Russia with all her steppes and frozen deserts, not considering that the wretched nomad tribes who manage to pick up a precarious subsistence in the wilderness do not add to the strength or power of a nation. Since the Crimean war we have learnt to consider Russia from a more rational point of view. We know that the compact provinces which lie together, and abut upon Germany and the Baltic on their eastern and northern sides, constitute the real force of the empire, and that the Siberian deserts, even up to the Frozen Sea, count for nothing. Just so with regard to China. Eighteen provinces lying together, and covering as much ground as would be covered by seven Frances, are the only China with which we are concerned.

Thibet and Chinese Tartary, and their “deserts idle,” may be removed from view altogether. Mr. Cooke, after a most careful investigation of this matter upon the spot, sets the population of these eighteen provinces at 360,279,897. He adds “if England and Wales were as large as China, England and Wales would contain within one-ninth of the same amount of population. If Lombardy were as large as China, Lombardy would contain

360,000,000 also. If Belgium were as large as China, Belgium would contain 400,000,000 inhabitants.” These eighteen provinces form very nearly a square, and are by measurement about 1500 miles either way. Take the average railway-speed of the North-Western Manchester express, and you might traverse China from north to south, or from east to west, in about thirty-seven hours. There is surely nothing here which should make the imagination very giddy. One can understand a drive over an Eastern Lombardy for a day, a night, and a day. The population, however, does not lie in a uniform way; it is thickest on the eastern sea-board, thinnest towards the south. There appears to be very ready access by the great rivers to the more important and fertile districts of the empire.

It was upon the 1st of August, now last past, that an English brigadier divested himself of his nether integuments, and leaping waist-high into the slush opposite Peh-Tang, led on 200 men of the 2nd Queen's in the same airy costume to strike the final blow at the great Chinese mystery. This time, as the phrase runs, there is to be no mistake about it. We were befooled after Sir Henry Pottinger's negotiations, and foiled after those which were more recently conducted under Lord Elgin's auspices; but now the work is to be done in such a manner that it may stand. The wretched and treacherous attack upon the British last year on the Peiho river has filled up the measure of the iniquity of the Peking protectionists, and ere long their place will know them no more. The final negotiations, it is to be hoped, will be concluded at Peking, and not elsewhere, and in a manner which may convince the more bigotted politicians of that most conservative capital that of the Chinese mystery there is an end. By the next mail we shall probably hear that attempts have been made to induce the allied negotiators to sign the treaty of peace without making any display of armed force immediately before the capital. Here is what Sir John Barrow, as quoted by Captain Osborn, tells us about that city. The walls are from 20 to 30 feet high; square bastions project from them at every 70 yards; and upon each bastion there is a guard-house. The city is an oblong square, the walls being fourteen English miles in extent. “In the south wall there are three gates—in the other sides, only two. The centre gate on the south side communicates directly with the Imperial palaces, or portion of the capital reserved for the Emperor and his family. Between the other two gates, and corresponding ones on the north side, run two streets, perfectly straight, about four miles long, and 120 feet wide. One street of a similar width runs from one of the eastern to one of the western gates of Peking. The other streets of Peking are merely narrow lanes, branching from and connecting these four great streets. At the four angles of the city walls, four-storied pagodas were observed, and similar buildings at the points of intersection of the four great streets. None of the streets were in any way paved; the narrow lanes appeared to be watered, but the great ones were covered with sand and dust.”

Such is Peking—the key of China!

THE HERBERTS OF ELFDALE.

A STORY IN SIX CHAPTERS.

BY MRS. CROWE,

Author of "Susan Hopley," "The Night-Side of Nature," &c., &c.



CHAPTER V.

I WAS married on the day that had been previously fixed for the wedding, and Clara believed that she had married the man who had for three months been winning her affections by the most assiduous attentions; but alas! she was mistaken. I was transformed. I was just as eager to make her my wife, or rather, I should say, I was just as unable to bear the thought of losing her, and I think I should have been capable of shooting any man who had attempted to rob me of her. But that last look of my father's had poisoned my cup of bliss; that indescribable look of horror had chilled the marrow in my bones; it had cast a pall over the present and the future; filled my soul with terrible forebodings of I know not what misfortune, and though I spurned the thought of being deterred from fulfilling my engagement, I was a coward acting a part. Everything was acting, even my tenderness for Clara was acting, for a new element had sprung up and mingled with my love—hatred born of suspicion. Sus-

picion of what? I did not know; I could fix upon nothing; but there it was, a cormorant keeping itself alive by feeding greedily on every word, look, and action of my affianced bride and her relatives. Day and night I asked myself why they had been so ready to receive me on a footing of intimacy at first,—why they had been so eager for the match, and why they had never insisted on my father's being consulted even in regard to the settlements. I was now first struck by the extraordinary co-incidence of their taking up their abode under the same roof as myself. I had hitherto thought it a lucky chance; now I believed it to be deep design—a plot—a conspiracy to entrap me; but what could be their object? Young, beautiful, well-born, for although she was not the daughter of Sir Ralph, she was his niece, and not ill-dowered, what need was there of plots or conspiracies to get her married? I had no title, nor was my estate so large as to excite the cupidity of a family like the Wellwoods. But the more impossible it was to find any probable motive

for their ready reception of my suit, except the simple one that they liked me, and approved of the alliance, the more I sought for some occult and sinister one. My father's strange behaviour, the absolute solitude in which he lived, the mystery of my mother's disappearance and death, his irreconcilable hatred to the Wellwoods—which I had hitherto attributed to some ordinary source of quarrel between neighbours, embittered by my father's ungenial character and temperament: these, and other half-forgotten trifles, coloured by the lurid light of that death-bed scene, I was eternally brooding on.

No doubt a great change was visible in my character and demeanour; but this was naturally attributed to the sudden catastrophe that had occurred. In compliance with continental customs, the funeral took place earlier than it would in England; and immediately after our marriage, which was quite private, I started for Elfdale with my bride, my presence there being necessary. Our original plan had been to travel southward, and spend the winter at Rome, where Lady Wellwood and Sir Ralph had promised to join us. It seemed possible enough to fulfil this engagement still, and we spoke of it as probable; but I confess to privately feeling a disinclination to carry out the arrangement. Their presence had become a restraint and an annoyance to me. I wanted leisure to brood over my suspicions, for morbid suspicion, like morbid jealousy, "grows by what it feeds on!" the germ, once planted, it fell on such congenial soil, that it spread and spread till it had quite o'er-mastered me.

Poor Clara must have found it a dull journey; however, it came to an end, and we arrived at Elfdale. She was struck with the beauty of the grounds—a gloomy beauty it is true; but even I, whether, because my taste was developed by time and travel, or whether because it was now my own, could not but acknowledge it.

"I had no idea the country was so picturesque," said Clara. "I almost wonder my uncle could live entirely away from it for so many years."

"Ah," said I, "did you ever understand why he did so?"

"No," she answered, "it never struck me to inquire. You know I had never been here since my infancy, and though I had a recollection of being lifted up to kiss a little boy over the wall, and of the storm that ensued, which was perhaps, what impressed the circumstance on my memory, I had not the slightest recollection of the place, and of course had no desire to return to it. My uncle said it did not agree with him.

"There cannot be a more healthy situation," I said. "It is high and dry, and yet not bleak."

"Still, you say, you would not like to live here yourself."

"Well, no; I have got accustomed to continental life, and—"

"But your father did not live here, either, for many years before he died," she said suddenly, as if the circumstance had just struck her. "It's odd everybody should leave it. It must be unhealthy, surely!"

"No, Clara," I said, "I believe it's healthy enough; but I fancy that your uncle's and my

father's dislike to this part of the country arose from the same source."

"Indeed!" she said, looking up innocently; "and what was that?"

"Ah!" I answered, "that is what I do not know—I wish I did."

"Why? Is there any mystery about it?" she asked.

"There may be," I said. "But did you never hear your uncle allude to the feud that existed between the two families?"

"Feud? No; I knew that he disliked your father; and after your first visit, Lady Wellwood told me the dislike was mutual, and she rather wondered at your seeking our acquaintance. Then we found you were not on very good terms with your father yourself, and so we never named him. Afterwards, when you began to pay me attention, I said to her, 'But I'm afraid, Mr. Herbert would not like George to marry me?'"

"And what did she answer?"

"'Oh!' she said, 'We've nothing to do with that. He's quite independent of his father,' and, of course, I did not think it necessary to be more scrupulous than she was," she added, smiling on me affectionately. I could not smile; but Clara was too unsuspecting to put anything but the most favourable construction on my behaviour; and thinking I was merely suffering from some regrets connected with my father's death, she made an effort to turn the conversation into another channel.

My father had kept no establishment at Elfdale. Within the house there were only the housekeeper, and two or three women to assist her—strangers to me. Out of doors, there were the gardeners, the gamekeeper, and the people at the lodge—all equally strange, with the exception of Phibbs, whom, notwithstanding the ill name he bore amongst his own class, had always retained his place. He knew his business thoroughly, and, either from honesty or policy, had contrived to secure one voice on his side, and make it his master's interest to keep him.

The prejudice against him was founded on the slight foundations I have alluded to before, and I shared them from the reasons mentioned; but those were rougher times than these, especially in our part of the country. Killing a man in fair fight was looked on as a very venial crime, and would have excited no unfavourable feeling; but the source of the quarrel and the story of the pike were not forgotten, and the man's character and deportment were well calculated to keep alive the recollection. As a child, I had dreaded and hated him, and I had determined he should not remain a day in the place after I had power to dismiss him. I do not know whether it is the case with all children, but I know, for my own part, I had retained in my heart a fund of resentment against every one who had treated me with harshness and injustice.

After breakfast, on the morning after our arrival, while Clara was settling matters with the housekeeper, I took my hat and strolled into the garden. It was not long before I found him: he was stooping over a flower-bed, digging up the tubers; and, although he must have heard my

foot on the gravel, he preserved his attitude and let me approach without raising his head. I think he wished it to appear that he had not observed me, in order that he might see in what tone I addressed him before he spoke; for the last time I was at Elfdalé—that is, before I went abroad—I had refused to acknowledge his salutations when he touched his hat, and had shown him, as far as I then dared, that I had not forgotten the past.

I stood now beside him for some seconds, enjoying his embarrassment; and then, finding I continued silent, he lifted up his head and showed me his face—and what a face it was! I remembered it well in its prime, colour and all—I had plenty of reason to do so.

He had been originally a good-looking man: he must have been a sort of rustic Adonis, with ruddy complexion, blue eyes, prominent but good teeth, and light brown hair that curled stiffly and set as close to his head as a negro's wool. He was tall, and not ill made, except that his figure was marred by his very high shoulders. I believe that the expression of his features must always have been disagreeable—of course it was so to me, because I feared him: now, it was what the country people called *unful*. I said to myself, "Yes, he must have murdered the girl!" His complexion was ghastly, too—not pallid, but much worse; the ruddy hue had changed to a livid faded crimson; and the lower jaw had fallen considerably, and the lips were so drawn across the projecting teeth, that his mouth looked like the mouth of a skeleton. I was really taken aback, and stood silently staring at him, while he, after slightly touching his hat, waited for me to speak first. He saw that he was encountering an enemy, and paused to see in what form the enmity would be manifested.

"So you are here still," I said, at length, drily.

"Yes, sir."

"There is no other man or woman on the estate, I suppose, that I know?"

I think he had a presentiment of the turn the conversation was about to take, for while he answered "No, sir," in a sort of dogged tone, I saw a spasm cross his face.

"How many men have you in the garden?"

"Four, sir, besides myself."

"Is Goring amongst them?" said I.

He tried to look at me as he answered that he was not; but his eyes fell in spite of himself.

"Where is he?" I asked.

"Dead, sir."

"Dead, is he?" I said, looking at him inquiringly.

"I suppose you know he is," he returned, sullenly. "You've been here since that. It was an accident; he mought ha' killed me."

"It was in fair fight, was it?"

"Nobody ever said it wurn't."

"But how came Matty, the dairy-maid, in the pond? That's what I never have been able to make out."

"Nor nobody else," he said, with tolerable firmness; for he was prepared for the question, and had often been called upon to answer it.

"There is something yet to be discovered upon that point," I said, significantly. "A young girl

on the eve of a good marriage wouldn't have thrown herself into the water—somebody must have thrown her in; but who?"

Here, as if weary of the conversation, he stooped and began putting together the tubers that were lying on the ground at his feet.

"Was anybody jealous of her?" I continued. "Did anybody else want to marry her, do you think?"

He must have heard the subject discussed hundreds of times, no doubt; but I am sure he remembered the scene at the dairy-door, when Matty purchased my immunity by a concession, and he suspected that I remembered it too.

"Well, sir," he said, as steadily as he could, raising his head for a moment, but continuing to pick up his tubers. "mayhap there may have been them as liked the girl, but a man can't always get the girl he fancies; but as for her getting into the pond, she war o'er fond of standing on the edge and feeding the fish; and most like her feet slipt from under her; and that's what the coroner said when he gave his verdict."

"But that's not what Goring thought, though!" I answered sharply.

He raised himself from his stooping position, and, looking me in the face, said, "Goring wer' a fool! Human natur's human natur' all the world over." And then with a peculiar look and tone he added: "Them as lives in glass houses shouldn't throw stones, I've heard say."

This was a home thrust, and I felt it; it was addressed to me pointedly, and my mind instantly reverted to the mystery that perplexed me. This man had been long in my father's service. If there was a secret he might know it; but I had declared war and had irritated him. He had hit me in his own defence. I had intended, after letting him see that I did not forget the past, to terminate the interview by dismissing him contemptuously then and there from my service, but now I wished to alter my plan, so I turned away, saying, "I don't see the application of your proverb, Mr. Phibbs." But we cannot deceive our adversary in this sort of skirmishing; we may try to conceal our wound, but the enemy knows when he has made a hit. I walked on, feeling vexed and defeated, and presently he passed me with his tubers in a basket.

"You'll soon be housing your things for the winter, I suppose?" I said carelessly, wishing to conceal my discomfiture; but I had better have said nothing. He saw his advantage, and lifting his eye confidently to my face, he answered, "Yes, sir; we must look for cold weather now, and I'm going to take in all the tender plants. Perhaps you'd like to see the hothouses."

"Another time, Phibbs," I said; but this short dialogue was the acknowledgment of a treaty of peace, after a sharp conflict, in which I had been worsted.

He knows something, I said to myself. From him I may learn what I dread to know, but which, till I do, I never can rest. I must make him speak—probably he only needs to be questioned—and I walked on with my eyes on the ground and lost in thought.

When I reached the house, Benoit said that

Mrs. Herbert was in her room, and desired to see me as soon as I came in. I ascended the stairs slowly and unwillingly, for I never approached Clara now without an indescribable repugnance. The revolution in my feelings was altogether unaccountable to myself. I found her in her dressing-room, and her first words on entering were, "Oh, George, come with me!" and, rising from her seat, she led me out of the room.

"What's the matter?" I said. "Where do you want me to go?"

"I've something to show you," she said, as she eagerly ascended the stairs to the upper storey.

"What—up in the garrets?" I exclaimed. "What took you up there?"

"I've been all over the house since breakfast," she said.

"Well, and what have you found?"

She did not answer, for we were by this time at the end of the ascent. Instead of speaking, she led me into an attic which was used as a lumber-room, and, advancing, she pointed to a large picture from which she had previously unripped the canvas with which it had been covered. "Look," she said, "that's the portrait of my mother, George!"



I stared at her, dumb with amazement. "Yes," she continued, "is it not strange to find it here?"

"Why?" said I, rather to gain time than because I wanted an answer.

"Well," she said, "you know I never saw my parents, and I never could get my uncle to tell me anything about them. He always turned it off when I wanted to ask him, and as I saw that, for some reason, it was a disagreeable subject, I ceased to recur to it. But after his death Lady Wellwood was looking into a casket which he always kept in his own possession. It was the very casket that was lost on the night we reached Paris, you know. Well, I happened to enter the room suddenly, and saw her with a small picture

in her hand. She tried to hide it, but as I pressed her to tell me who it was, she said Sir Ralph had told her that it was the portrait of my mother. I asked her to give it me at once, but she said, as we were hurriedly packing up for the journey to Paris, she would leave it where it was for the present. And most provokingly it was lost!"

I think I should have fallen to the ground, but I supported myself against the wall, and by a strong effort, I forced myself to ask her why she thought this was intended to represent the same person.

"Oh," she said, with her eyes still fixed upon the picture, so that she did not observe the agitation and dismay that I was conscious my coun-

tenance must have betrayed—"oh, I recognised it directly; the other is an exact copy of this in little, even to the music-book and the name;" and as she spoke she pointed to the corner of the picture where there was a music-book lying on the ground, on the open leaf of which was inscribed in legible characters, *Rose Callender*. "And," she continued, "you know it was after her I was christened Rose, though I am always called Clara, because that was my grandmother's name, old Lady Wellwood. But the strange thing is, that we should find the original picture here. However, I'll have it brought down to the dining-room, and——"

But I could hear no more. I turned my back to avoid her eye, and descended the stairs with tottering steps to the library, where, after shutting myself up for a short time in order to reflect on my situation, my resolution was formed. I wrote a few lines to Clara, saying that circumstances beyond my control obliged me to leave her for a time; that I earnestly requested, and even commanded her, as far as she acknowledged my authority to command, that she would not seek to penetrate the motive of my absence, begging her at the same time to make herself as happy as she could during its continuance.

That very hour I quitted Elfdale, and, proceeding to London, made arrangements with a confidential agent there, whom I had been introduced to by my father when I came of age; and, from that day, I became a wanderer on the face of the earth, leaving my wife in possession of the estate, and ample funds to maintain a suitable establishment.

The unhappiness of my father and mother, the interview I had witnessed in the park betwixt the latter and Sir Ralph Wellwood, her subsequent disappearance, the universal silence regarding her, the abandonment of the neighbourhood which had necessarily become odious to both families, Clara's utter ignorance with respect to her parentage, my father's solemn injunction, and that last look of horror, all were explained! The dread secret was revealed; the curse had fallen upon me.

CHAPTER VI.

AND now for the story. Rose Callender was the orphan daughter of a poor clergyman, who died while she was at the school where, having lost her mother very early, she was placed for education; and where, being left perfectly destitute, she remained subsequently in the capacity of teacher. It happened that the vicar of our parish had known something of her father, and having two little girls of his own, who needed more superintendence than their mother was willing to bestow on them, he offered her a liberal salary if she would undertake the office, and give them the first rudiments of education.

She accepted the proposal, and whilst in that situation became acquainted with the family at Staughton. The old baronet, Sir Lawrence, grandfather to the young Sir Ralph, introduced to the reader in the last chapter, was then alive and in possession of the estate. Sir Ralph, the father of the lad, and husband of Lady Wellwood, was his only boy, and when home from school or college

used to be sent to read with the vicar, and thus had many opportunities of seeing Rose, with whom, as was natural, he fell desperately in love. Whether this love ever ripened into a positive engagement, I am unable to say; but there is every reason to believe that it was reciprocated with more or less ardour by the poor orphan. But Sir Lawrence was not a man to hear of such an alliance; he had himself, late in life, married the daughter of an earl, and he expected no less a match for his son. No suspicion, therefore, was entertained in regard to the young governess, of whom the old gentleman heard little and saw less, being wholly confined to his arm-chair by gout and rheumatism, and general declining health.

Nevertheless, there was one member of the family, besides young Ralph, with whom Rose was on terms of intimacy, and she it was who had brought them together. This was his cousin, Emily Wellwood, the daughter of a spendthrift captain in the line, who was then abroad with his regiment, and so overwhelmed with debt that he was never likely to return. The girl was therefore dependent on Sir Lawrence; who, when his health failed, and his wife was dead, sent for her to Staughton to nurse him. This young lady was neither very handsome, nor, indeed, very juvenile, for though her father was the younger brother of the baronet, he had married while almost a boy. She was, therefore, much older than Ralph, in spite of which disadvantage she thought it by no means impossible that by good management she might become his wife. Poor and dependent, proud and ambitious, unscrupulous and clever, she considered the enterprise not very difficult, if once Sir Lawrence was out of the way; but she was too well acquainted with his character and intentions to risk anything by a premature betrayal of her scheme.

Rose Callender's arrival in the neighbourhood, and Ralph's evident admiration disturbed and alarmed her; and, of course, generated a secret enmity which she was much too wise to disclose. On the contrary, she disguised it under an assumed cordiality, while she assiduously cultivated her intimacy and encouraged her confidence.

Affairs were in this position when my father, Reginald Herbert, who had been absent with his regiment, returned to Elfdale. He had not long before come into possession of the estate, and was intending to sell out of the service; indeed, he had given notice at the Horse Guards of his wish to retire. Naturally, his first visit was to his nearest neighbour, Sir Lawrence; but it happened that the baronet, who had passed a bad night, was still in bed, and Miss Wellwood received him. She had been aware that he was expected, and had seen how his arrival might possibly promote her views. Accordingly, she took an early opportunity of directing the conversation to the vicarage, and announcing the appearance there of one of the most beautiful creatures she had ever beheld—she could afford to praise her now, for young Ralph was absent at college—amiable and accomplished too, in the highest degree; but when Colonel Herbert said, smilingly, that he should take care to see this *rara avis*, she shook her head and answered; "you had better not; for you'll fall

in love with her beyond a doubt—everybody does—my cousin amongst the rest.”

“But how does that please Sir Lawrence?” said my father.

“Oh,” she replied, “I don’t think they are actually engaged yet; and as for my uncle, he knows nothing about it. But I see clearly that as soon as Ralph is his own master—and it can’t be very long before that happens—he’ll propose for her directly.”

From curiosity, partly to see the future Lady Wellwood, and partly to see the young beauty, my father made an early visit to the vicarage, and the picture I have described was painted to commemorate that first interview, which decided the fate of both. He fell in love; and she, after a short struggle, accepted his suit. Colonel Herbert was a handsome man and a gallant officer: Ralph was only just out of his teens; possibly therefore the superior attractions of the last lover effaced the impression made by the first; but besides this, the one was a certainty, the other an uncertainty; and the vicar, aware how utterly dependent Rose was, urgently enforced the duty of not rejecting such an unexceptionable offer.

Everything was arranged for the marriage which was to take place, for especial reasons, at the earliest possible period. But ere even that period had arrived, the American War broke out, my father’s regiment was ordered to take the field, and he, unwilling to risk his reputation by retiring from the service at such a crisis, gave notice at the Horse Guards of his intention to join, which he did; but not till he had made Rose Callender his own by sealing their vows at the altar.

Immediately after the ceremony, the bride and bridegroom proceeded to London, where Colonel Herbert’s presence was necessary previous to his departure for the seat of war. Rose remained with her husband till the day of embarkation, and then took up her residence at Elfdale to await his return.

Besides the two principals, there were three other persons materially affected by this marriage; first, Miss Wellwood, who triumphed in the success of her scheme; secondly, young Ralph, who was frantic at the loss of his mistress; and, thirdly, old Mrs. Herbert, my awful grandmother, who was furious at her son’s espousing an obscure, portionless beauty. On the death of her husband she had quitted Elfdale, and retired to a small estate of her own in Devonshire. Her family resided there, and she had a notion that her native air was more congenial to her constitution. On my father’s arrival in England, after an absence of some years with his regiment, he had hastened to see her, and had expressed a wish that she would return to Elfdale and live with him. As the attachment between them was very strong, she had consented, and she was deliberately making preparations for her removal, when the unwelcome news of the marriage reached her; for willing to escape an opposition to which he was determined not to yield, he had kept his secret till opposition was impossible. Far from lending her countenance to the unwelcome intruder, she would at once have retracted her promise and had remained where she was, had my father not

earnestly requested her to come and be the protector and companion of his young wife during his absence. Unhappily to this request she acceded; and never were two human beings brought together less capable of understanding each other. To great discrepancies of character and age was added, on my grandmother’s side, the strongest prejudice against what she considered the penniless brat who, with nothing but a pretty face, had artfully contrived to entrap her son into a hasty marriage, and intrude herself into one of the oldest families in the county. Rose’s aversion probably only dated from the first interview; but even from my own recollections, I can easily comprehend it, and fully appreciate her situation.

However, no permanent evil might have resulted from this unfortunate conjunction, had not a train of circumstances arisen that placed my mother in the power of her enemies—that is, circumstances that, from her own imprudence and inexperience, exposed her to suspicions which my grandmother was too ready to adopt; and which certain persons found it their interest to feed and encourage. Arrived at Elfdale, Mrs. Herbert senior at once assumed the command; Mrs. Herbert junior was nobody; and as the ill will of the old lady to her daughter-in-law was no secret, it may be easily inferred that poor Rose had more foes than friends amongst the servants and dependants. The love passages betwixt her and young Sir Ralph had not escaped their observation, and were now made the most of; even Miss Wellwood, envious of her beauty and, perhaps, unconsciously jealous of the very advancement to which she herself had contributed, was her covert enemy, though her avowed friend.

Nine months after the marriage, I made my appearance in the world to the great joy of my mother, who, pleasingly engrossed with her baby, became henceforth more independent of other society. Indeed, she had none but Miss Wellwood, for Elfdale had no near neighbours but the Staughton family and the vicarage; and the vicar having obtained preferment, was replaced by a stranger. However, Emily Wellwood, who accommodated herself to both, was a welcome visitor to my grandmother as well as to my mother. The latter really entertained a regard for her, and believed herself the object of a corresponding sentiment. Perhaps some little remains of tenderness towards her first young love was the source of this friendship on the part of Rose, for their characters must have always been utterly discrepant. However this may be, they lived on terms of considerable intimacy, inasmuch that when I was about two years old, my mother observing Miss Wellwood to be in great trouble, thought herself entitled to invite her confidence, the result of which invitation was a very unexpected confession. According to her own statement of the case, the one which my mother of course accepted, she, Emily, had long secretly loved her cousin Ralph; but perceiving no corresponding attachment on his part, she had carefully concealed her sentiments; but when, after Rose’s marriage, the young man had fallen into low spirits, she being his only confidante and consoler, he had gradually grown to look on her with

affection; the unhappy consequence of which was, that an intimacy ensued between them which now threatened Emily with exposure and ruin. What made the matter worse, she added, was, that young Ralph had been sent abroad by his father, and was now travelling there with a tutor; so that she was without a friend to help her; while should the slightest suspicion of her situation reach Sir Lawrence, she was certain to be turned out of doors and thrown destitute on the wide world.

There might perhaps have been another version of this story more consonant to truth, in which the word ambition would be substituted for the word love, and in which it would appear that the source of the present embarrassment originated not from the imprudence of youth, but from something much less excusable. Ralph naturally flew to her in his distress as the only person to whom he could speak of Rose; she saw the opportunity, and made use of it to soften his heart towards her by tenderness and sympathy. What followed arose out of the circumstance of Sir Lawrence's physicians having pronounced, prematurely, as it proved, that he had but a few days to live. The old man dead, Emily knew that she must leave the house immediately; and feeling that her hold on Ralph's affections was by no means a thing to be reckoned upon, she sought to make his honour an additional security. But, contrary to all expectation, the baronet suddenly revived under the prescriptions and treatment of a physician from London, and—whether his own observations, or hints from some other quarter had led him to entertain any suspicions of a growing attachment between his son and his niece does not appear—his first act, on his recovery, was to dispatch young Ralph on the grand tour, as it was then called, with a tutor of rigid morals to look after him.

Hence the imbrogio! The story, however, from Emily's lips was pathetic in the extreme; Rose was moved, and promised her best assistance. Accordingly, a plan was formed in which my mother acted a part, of which she herself ultimately became the victim. She began by affecting indisposition, and after a short interval announced that she was going away for advice, and that Miss Wellwood had, at her request, obtained Sir Lawrence's consent to accompany her. In due time they departed together, taking me and my nurse with them.

They were absent little more than a month, and almost immediately after their return Sir Lawrence was seized with a sudden relapse and died. There were no telegraphs in those days; some time elapsed before the arrival of the heir, and in the meanwhile Emily had gone to live with her relations near London. Rose would have gladly given her a temporary home, but on the proposal being hinted to my grandmother she sternly refused.

However, in due time Ralph arrived, and was informed by my mother of what had happened. He engaged, upon her representation of the case, to do all that was right and honourable, but for the present it was decided on all accounts, that Emily should remain where she was. However, he took

great interest in the child, which he arranged should be brought to the neighbourhood of Staughton, and placed under the care of a trustworthy person, alleging that it was the child of a deceased relative of his own. Perhaps not much credit was given to this story from the first, and the villagers smiled when they repeated it; but nobody had any right to inquire who was the mother of the infant, and certainly nobody suspected Miss Emily Wellwood.

What followed may be easily conceived. When my father returned, a grim and ominous silence on the part of my grandmother first alarmed him, and awakened suspicion in a mind too naturally prone to it. All appearances were against my mother, and, as she had no friends, the world was not disposed to spare her. Innocent, inexperienced, and knowing little of the ways of men, it was sometime before Rose comprehended her position; for my father's disposition did not lead him to make a sudden outbreak, nor even to seek an explanation, if explanation were possible. On the contrary, he brooded in sullenness and silence over his imaginary wrongs and misfortunes, only manifesting his dissatisfaction by a general austerity and reserve, and a tacit abnegation of my mother's society.

By-and-by, Sir Ralph, after an absence of some duration, brought down Miss Wellwood as his bride; but this, far from improving the situation, only made things worse. All communication was sternly forbidden; Staughton and all its inhabitants *tabooed*, and when, at length, my mother penetrated the mystery and saw through the dark cloud that enveloped her, it was too late to make the least impression on my father's mind, although Sir Ralph, as soon as he learnt the state of the case, despite of his wife's prohibition, insisted on making an avowal of the truth—of course, not a public avowal—but he made a full statement to my father, on whom, however, it created no impression, since so much care had been taken to shield Emily's reputation, that it was impossible to produce any satisfactory corroboration.

This confession, however, led to the expatriation of the family; Lady Wellwood finding the place insupportable to her after a circumstance so mortifying to her pride. She could not persuade herself that my father would not, sooner or later, recognise the truth, and possibly vindicate Rose by inculpating her.

Under what circumstances my poor mother died I have no means of knowing; but when—after the lapse of so many years—I fell in with the Wellwoods, in Paris, Lady W— promoted the match both because she wanted Clara married to a man who troubled her with no questions or inquiries, and also because her permitting it was a thorough vindication of Rose, whose sad fate was incurred by her endeavour to save her friend from disgrace and ruin.

Little remains to be told. As I have said, I became a wanderer on the face of the earth, and Clara, who had no clue whatever to the motive of my departure, and was constantly expecting my return, felt herself bound to obey my injunctions, and neither seek to penetrate the mystery herself nor allow any one else to do it. She therefore

never mentioned the circumstance in her letters to her family; and the first news that reached them of my unaccountable disappearance, was in that which announced my wife's death. She had unhappily confided her situation to no one; and a woman from the village, summoned in haste when the extremity came, was the only aid she had.

Whether from want of skill or from Clara's previous state of mental suffering remains uncertain; but mother and child both perished; and, I confess, when my confidential agent, who alone was acquainted with my address, communicated the event to me, I looked on it as the best possible termination to a frightful tragedy.

Years elapsed; Elfdale was odious to me; I would have sold it, but it was entailed. England was odious to me—I may say the whole world was odious to me; but of all creatures in it the Wellwoods were the most so; from my earliest years they had been the real source of all my misery. But for them I might have had a happy childhood, if my father's heart had not been turned to stone by the criminality of Sir Ralph and my mother; how different might every thing have been with me through life! How well I understand his hatred of them! Oh! if he had but confided in me! And, ah! if I had but died believing myself only a victim and not a criminal!

On Lady Wellwood and her son's arrival at Elfdale, they found Clara and her infant buried, and the secret that was to account for my extraordinary absence was buried with them. Lady W—— was sure that her unfortunate daughter had never had a suspicion that she was anything but Sir Ralph's niece; and although she almost suspected that my strange disappearance was in some way connected with the old calumny about my mother, it was neither possible, nor now, she thought, worth while to attempt clearing it up.

Long years afterwards, when Lady Wellwood was dead and Sir Ralph was married and living at Staughton, one day a foreigner presented himself at the back-door and requested to speak with him. On being admitted he said he was a courier by profession, and that he had been requested to deliver a box, which he had brought with him, into the hands of the baronet. The person who sent it was now dead—he had also been a courier, of the name of Rosetti—beyond this the bearer knew nothing.

On opening the box a full narration of the above circumstances was found in the handwriting of the late Sir Ralph, together with letters corroborating the statements he made respecting the birth of Clara and the innocence of my mother, whose picture an accurate copy in little of the one at Elfdale, was also found there,—that picture which, perhaps, in the flurry of the moment, and to avert further questions, Lady Wellwood had told Clara was the picture of her mother. The nurse who went to London with Rose and Emily was the mother of Phibbs, the gardener. She knew the truth, and her silence had been bought by Lady Wellwood. This woman was now dead, but her son still lived. He had never quitted Elfdale, and though a very old man, was working

there when, on the occasion of this news reaching me, I returned to England.

When I questioned him he confirmed the whole statement, and assured me that aware of my enmity to him, and foreseeing that sooner or later the report of my mother's guilt would reach me, he had hoped to appease my ill-will and win my favour by revealing the truths, but that I had cut off the opportunity myself by my conduct towards him on the morning after my return, and by my subsequent disappearance from the spot.

Now, how much of my misery and the misery of those connected with me was due to adverse fate, and how much to my own mistaken line of conduct, it is difficult to say; but of this I am sure that had I been treated with kindness and affection in my childhood, the faults of my character, which I fear were in some degree innate, might have been modified; and certain it is, that if my father, instead of shutting up his secrets and his sorrows in his own breast, had made me his confidant, he would himself have found sympathy and consolations, and I should have escaped a life of needless suffering and never-dying remorse.

SPIRIT-RAPPING MADE EASY.

No. II.

THE CORNHILL NARRATIVE AND THE PERFORMANCES OF MR. HOME. BY KATERFELTO.

(Concluded from page 494.)

I now come to the performances of Mr. Home himself, which are conceived to be so conclusive by Mr. Howitt and the whole Spiritualist fraternity.

If Mr. Home will meet some half dozen persons (myself included), to be named by the Editor of this *Magazine*, and, under the conditions which they will prescribe, as essential to a full and fair examination, will prevail on the Spirits to manifest themselves more clearly, or if, under such conditions, they will even repeat the effects mentioned in the "Cornhill" narrative, I will, if I fail in accounting for the phenomena on some known laws of nature, at once admit Mr. Home's pretensions as a Medium of the Spirit world. If he will not accept this challenge, or, if professedly accepting it, he or the Spirits (I treat them as synonymous) decline the manifestations required for an adequate test, I shall maintain my right to regard him as a clever charlatan. On such occasions as these the avowal of one's convictions is of far more importance than politeness to individuals; and I proceed in this spirit to perform a public duty.

The representations of Mr. Home himself, as to his relations with the Spirit world, I esteem of no consequence, and I put them aside. Whether he claims or disclaims a mastery of the "secrets of the grave" is perfectly immaterial to the question on which I propose to meet him. This question is a very short, or, at least, a very plain one. Is Mr. Home himself a conscious and controlling agent in the effects produced, and are the manifestations of the so-called Spirits the tricks and devices of his own ingenuity? Is he, in short, a conjuror, without the candour to avow his function? If so, he may tell us that he "is thoroughly impassive in these matters, and that, whatever happens, happens from causes over which he has

not the slightest influence;" but his statement is merely a part of his jugglery, and the writer of the "Cornhill" narrative is begging the entire question when he terms it "unreserved," as if it were true. If Mr. Home is really a conjuror, it is not only a *resurrection* but a denial of the very basis and essence of the truth which it is our business to seek out and ascertain. As an answer to a charge, it is equivalent to a plea of "Not Guilty," but as evidence to disprove the charge, it is frivolous and immaterial.

It is hardly more to the purpose to discuss Mr. Home's personal appearance, or the ease and playfulness of his manner, or his apparent respectability. We can hardly expect him to cultivate the airs of a Cagliostro, if he professes to be none, while we give him credit for tact in a superior degree, when we admit the eminence to which he has attained as a Medium. His demeanour may be the effect of adroitness or sincerity, of conscious power or of conscious innocence. All that we can say upon this head is, that his demeanour alone does not convict him. As it is equally insufficient to procure his acquittal, we may dismiss it from our minds as of no more weight than his representations.

If he would favour us with a *séance*, we should have the best means of forming a conclusive opinion as to the value of both of these. In the meantime we confine ourselves to the description of his performances in the "Cornhill Magazine," and judge, hypothetically, what these amount to.

Inasmuch as these performances were accompanied by devices obviously adapted to conceal the particular agencies employed, I conceive that they should be viewed with suspicion from the very outset. This is the proper mood in which to approach their consideration. Speculation as to motives or inferences from demanour, and still less the statements of Mr. Home himself, should be brushed away as so much *dust* which is simply calculated to mislead us.

When we come to the substantial allegations of the narrative, I find that the writer describes the *séance* as commencing about nine o'clock in the evening in a spacious drawing-room, no matter where. The company consisted of eight or nine ladies and gentlemen who took their seats at a round table in the centre of the room. In other parts of the room there were sofas and ottomans, and between the centre table and three windows, which filled up one side of the room, there was a large sofa. The windows were draped with thick curtains and protected by *spring blinds*. The space in front of the centre window was *unoccupied*; but the windows on the right and left were filled by geranium stands. The reader is invited to observe the words I have italicised, for they indicate circumstances of considerable importance in the exhibitions which followed. We have a right to assume that Mr. Home was already acquainted with the furniture of the apartment and with the manner in which it was disposed. At all events, there was nothing to prevent him from taking a full survey of its capabilities before the *séance* actually commenced. For whether he has the appearance of a Cagliostro or the reverse, or is easy, or stiff, or candid, or reserved, there can be no doubt that the nature of his function, interpret it as we will,

must develop the power of prompt and accurate observation.

The writer passes over some preliminary vibrations and implied performances by the table as of very subordinate interest. At all events, they may have served as requisite preliminaries, and may have prepared the *mood* of the spectators for the greater marvels to follow. I infer that they were directly instrumental, in a further sense, in arranging the spectators in the very position which suited the subsequent requirements of Mr. Home. If we reflect for a moment we shall see the obvious objection to his placing the spectators at the outset in the position they afterwards assumed. Had he asked, of his own wish or desire, that none of them would sit *with his back to the window*, the request would have sounded singularly suspicious, and might have aroused the vigilance of some one or other present. It is really a great point to assign to the spirits not only a share in the performance of the tricks themselves, but to call in their aid in arranging the spectators, as I infer, from the following sentence, was done on this occasion.

Thus, the writer says, that "from the unmistakable indications, conveyed in different forms, the table was finally removed to the centre window displacing the sofa, which was wheeled away. *The deep space between the table and the window was unoccupied*, but the rest of the circle was closely packed."

My readers will again observe the part of the arrangement on which I lay stress, because, as I infer, it was absolutely essential that no person should be directly facing the side of the room from which I have reason to suppose that a chief phenomenon subsequently emanated. We are further told that "some sheets of white paper, and two or three lead pencils, an accordion, a small hand-bell, and a few flowers, were placed on the table." Then "sundry communications took place," and "at length an intimation was received, through the usual channel of correspondence, that the lights must be *extinguished*."

Of course, for the more elaborate class of tricks which can only be performed by some such means as I am about to describe, it is important that the room should be as obscure as possible. The writer of the "Cornhill" narrative himself admits as much in his very brief comment on the intimation received from the table. "As this direction is understood to be given only when *unusual* manifestations are about to be made, it was followed by an interval of anxious suspense. There were lights on the walls, mantelpiece, and console-table, and the process of putting them out seemed tedious. When the last was extinguished a dead silence ensued, in which the tick of a watch could be heard." I must confess to a passing contempt for the spirits who can do nothing *unusual* till all the candles are put out, and I assume this is a reason why they have not as yet ventured on any exhibitions in a public capacity. Moreover, I cannot conceive a more accommodating audience for a conjuror's devices, nor indeed a much more ridiculous spectacle, than a company of ladies and gentlemen, prepared for something out of the common,

sitting exactly as the exhibitor himself has disposed them, credulous, if not already half-convinced, in a state of breathless expectation, squeezed together in the dark.

If my readers will really let their minds dwell on this combination for a moment, and if it does not tickle them, they must be deficient in a sense of humour.

"We must now," says the writer, "have been in utter darkness, but for the pale light that came in through the window, and the flickering glare thrown fitfully over a distant part of the room by a fire which was rapidly sinking in the grate. We could see, but could scarcely distinguish, our hands upon the table. A festoon of dull gleaming forms round the circle represented what we knew to be our hands. An occasional ray from the window, now and then, revealed the lazy surface of the white sheets" (we presume this means, of the paper) "and the misty bulk of the accordion. We knew where these were placed, and could discover them with the slightest assistance from the grey cold light of a watery sky. The stillness of expectation that ensued during the first few minutes of that visible darkness, was so profound, that, for all the sounds of life that were heard, it might have been an empty chamber. The table and the window, and the space between the table and the window, engrossed all eyes. It was in that direction everybody instinctively looked for a revelation," and thus, when even the instincts of the audience were in tune, there commenced the series of revelations which I am about to describe.

It is material to observe that, as we are told some time afterwards, Mr. Home himself was seated *next the window*.

"Presently the tassel of the cord of the spring-blind began to tremble. We could see it plainly against the sky, and attention being drawn to the circumstance, every eye was upon the tassel. Slowly, and apparently with caution, or difficulty, the blind began to descend; the cord was evidently being drawn, but the force applied to pull down the blind seemed feeble and uncertain. It succeeded, however, at last, and the room was thrown into deeper darkness than before." The instrument by which this was affected was probably a strong pair of lazy-tongs, such as these in figs. 16 and 17, inserted at the side and

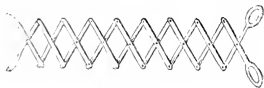


Fig. 16.

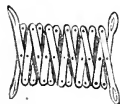


Fig. 17.

under cover of the "thick curtains with which the windows were draped." I say, "inserted at the side," because it is perfectly obvious, from the *trembling* of the tassel, that it was not

employed to pull down the blind, for directly it was so employed it would tremble no longer. We are further informed that the blind was also raised as well as pulled down several times, a feat more quickly manageable, since, as we have observed, it was a spring-blind; and nothing would be easier than to pull the tassel of the spring which hung behind the curtains. The writer remarks the difficulty with which the blind descended, but he does not say as much with respect to its ascent. He then adds a candid and very significant statement, that, "capricious as the movement appeared, the ultimate object seemed to be to *diminish the light*."

The writer intimates that their vision was becoming accustomed to the previous gloom, and forms of things were growing palpable, although they could see nothing distinctly. But after the light had been diminished (the spirits being apparently particularly solicitous on this point), "a whisper passed round the table about hands having been seen or felt." . . . "Unable," says the writer, "to answer for what happened to others, I will speak only of what I observed myself. *The table cover was drawn over my knees as it was with the others;*" in short the most convenient means was taken to preclude the detection of the agencies about to operate beneath the table. The writer then says that he distinctly felt a *twitch*, several times repeated, at his knee. "It was the sensation of a boy's hand, partly scratching, partly striking and pulling me in play. It went away. Others described the same sensation; and the celerity with which it frolicked, like Puck, under the table, now at one side and now at another, was surprising." The surprise, however, vanishes at once, if we ascribe these twitches, scratches, blows, pinches, and gambols to their obvious source—a pair of lazy-tongs worked by some person present, and in all probability by Mr. Home himself.

Let us first of all mark the obscurity in which practically his movements were shrouded. "Through the semi-darkness his head was dimly visible against the curtains, and his hands might be seen in a *faint white heap* before him." That is to say, they were probably held one over the other, and there would be no visible diminution of the white heap if one of them were withdrawn,—at all events no diminution that could be detected at a sessions of inquiring spirits restricted to observations in a room so effectually darkened. If Mr. Home could extract his under hand, he could work the lazy-tongs beneath the table, especially as the table cover was so conveniently disposed as to cover even the knees of the easy inquisitors. I make the inference that the lazytongs were at all events employed by some one, and that Mr. Home was not operating by means of his feet, like his sister Mediums described in my former paper. All the circumstances mentioned here point unequivocally to the employment of this instrument. Some such construction as this in Figs. 18 and 19, would produce the *twitches* and the *pulling*; the *scratching* would be produced by its attempt to get a hold of smooth surfaces, as for example where the trousers were strained over the knees, &c.; the

striking would result from the blow given by the end of the tongs when it was suddenly shot out in

Fig. 18.

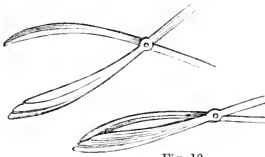


Fig. 19.

search of objects to grasp. It might feel like a "boy's hand," or a girl's hand, or an old woman's hand, to anybody who speculated, with the least tendency to give licence to his imagination. Moreover, no hands or feet could compete with it in the "celerity with which it frolicked, like Puck, under the table, now at one side, now at another." It would have been impossible to shift the feet or the hands, so as to attain this celerity without a derangement of the body, of which the contiguous sitters would have been sensible. Therefore I have not the slightest doubt that the lazy-tongs was the source of these phenomena, especially when I find the necessity for their employment, which arose at a subsequent stage of the performance, and to which I shall advert when I mount to that higher stage of the great Cornhill Mystery.

It will be observed that the writer was on the point of identifying this instrument to his own satisfaction; but if he just stopped short of that, he has identified it to mine. He states that soon after the twitching, scraping process, &c., "what seemed to be a large hand came under the table cover, and with the fingers clustered to a point, raised it between me and the table." As it was "under the table cover," the impression as to its fingers must have been somewhat conjectural, especially as these same fingers were "clustered to a point." The writer evinces the uncertainty of his impression as to its nature, for he states that he was somewhat eager to satisfy his curiosity. "I seized it," he adds, "felt it very sensibly, but it went out like air in my grasp. I know of no analogy in connection with the sense of touch by which I could make the nature of that feeling intelligible. It was as palpable as any soft substance, velvet or pulp, and at the touch it seemed as solid; but pressure reduced it to air." The surface velvety-feel could be easily produced by various kinds of covering, while its evaporation in the writer's grasp may be as easily accounted for. Assuming that he seized the two ends when they were in some degree open, as thus in Fig. 20, if they were instantly closed and with-

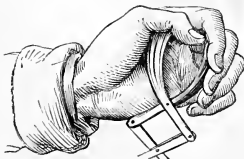


Fig. 20.

drawn, the pressure of his hand would appear to reduce them to air.

"Whither were they vanished? Into the air; and what seemed corporeal, melted as breath into the wind—*would they had staid!*" we exclaim in the words of Macbeth, and then we could have given the reader their exact length and true dimensions, and told him whether they were covered with terry velvet or cautehoue.

It is highly probable that the hand-bell, taken under the table from the hand of a person who held it there, which was rung at different points, and then returned (still under the table), was operated on by the same instrument. The hand of Mr. Home, which still remained on the table, could easily agitate the surface of the table-cloth, so as to cause the white sheets of paper to move, and gradually disappear over the edge of the table into the blank space beneath the window; and if it was there that they lay, any further movements of Mr. Home, who sat next the window, would equally account for their "creasing and crumpling on the floor" for a considerable time afterwards; and they could be returned in like manner. So, also, flowers could be grasped and distributed, with the assistance of the lazy-tongs, or disengaged hand, to any person in the circle. "The substance of what seemed a hand, with white, long, and delicate fingers, rose slowly in the darkness, and, bending over a flower, suddenly vanished with it. . . . The flowers were distributed in the manner in which they had been removed; a hand, of which the laubent gleam was visible, slowly ascending from beneath the cover, and placing the flower in the hand for which it was intended." The same instrument could snip the geranium blossoms in the adjoining window, and toss them among the company. In all this there is nothing extraordinary—nothing half so strange as the inference seemingly suggested, that the spirits are unable to make presents to their favourites, unless the materials are provided at mortal cost, and are in tolerably close proximity to the recipients.

I infer that in the next place the accordion also disappeared by the very same agency. "It was as black as pitch," says the writer, "but we could just make out 'a dark mass' rising awkwardly above the edge of the table, and clumsily emitting a sound as it passed over into the space beneath. A quarter of an hour afterwards we heard the accordion beginning to play where it lay on the ground." The accordion was lying "in a narrow space which would not admit of its being drawn out with the requisite freedom to the full extent;" whence I assume that it did not falsify the principles of its construction by any performance of its own, but that something else was heard, of which in the dark, and with the help of the imagination, judiciously directed towards the place where it lay, the helpless accordion obtained all the credit. There is an instrument termed a mouth-harmonicon, of which a representation appears over-leaf, in fig. 21, and which is, in fact, the musical principle of an accordion, to which the mouth plays the part of bellows, with the increased powers of modulation belonging to the mouth by nature. This

I assume was the instrument which executed the exquisite music described by the narrator,

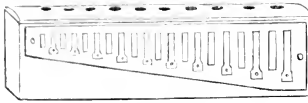


Fig. 21.

and which was so far beyond the compass of a stolid leather bellows.

The air was wild, and full of strange transitions; with a wail of the most pathetic sweetness running through it. The execution was no less remarkable for its delicacy than its power. When the notes swelled in some of the bold passages, the sound rolled through the room with an astounding reverberation; then, gently subsiding, sank into a strain of divine tenderness. But it was the close that touched the hearts, and drew the tears of the listeners. Milton dreamt of this wondrous termination when he wrote of "linked sweetness long drawn out." By what art the accordion was made to yield that dying note, let practical musicians determine. Our ears, that heard it, had never before been visited by "a sound so fine." It continued diminishing and diminishing, and stretching far away into distance and darkness, until the attenuated thread of sound became so exquisite that it was impossible at last to fix the moment when it ceased.

Of course, where the vanishing point was so extremely fine, it is difficult to interpose appropriately, "Bravo, month-harmonicon!" but I am not inclined to leave it to "practical musicians" to inquire if an accordion can yield that dying note. I have little doubt that a month-harmonicon deserved all the praise, and was really employed for these peculiar effects, more especially as during Mr. Home's "aerial passage" it was subsequently heard from a distant corner of the room, while there is no evidence that the accordion was not still lying in the place beneath the table, to which it had descended, as I infer, by Mr. Home's own agency.

My view does not in the least exclude the presumption that the accordion itself was a remarkable instrument. On the contrary, it possessed an internal mechanical capacity of motion, if not of sound, since it subsequently performed, or seemed to perform, in the full light, while held by the narrator and others who were present. It was even difficult to hold, a self-acting accordion being, as I infer, a far more athletic instrument than its self-performing relative a musical snuffbox. If I had myself encountered such an eccentric self-willed instrument, I should have greatly desired to *impound* it for careful examination. Mr. Howitt would refer me to Plato, and Zoroaster, to Moses and Mrs. Marshall, to rebuke my incredulity; but in answer to all such rapid generalities, I persist in giving to any one, who may witness a similar phenomenon, this significant piece of advice,—"Impound that accordion."

I now come to the great superlative feat of all, the ascent and aerial passage of Mr. Home; and this is so important, that I am solicitous not to lose a word of the writer's description, and extract it that we may see just what it amounts to.

Mr. Home was seated next to the window. Through the semi-darkness his head was dimly visible against

the curtains, and his hands might be seen in a faint white heap before him. Presently he said in a quiet voice, "My chair is moving—I am off the ground—don't notice me—talk of something else," or words to that effect. It was very difficult to restrain the curiosity not unmixed with a more serious feeling, which these few words awakened; but we talked incoherently enough, upon some indifferent topic. I was sitting nearly opposite to Mr. Home, and I saw his hands disappear from the table, and his head vanish into the deep shadow beyond. In a moment or two more he spoke again. This time his voice was in the air above our heads. He had risen from his chair to a height of four or five feet from the ground. As he ascended higher he described his position, which at first was perpendicular, and afterwards became horizontal. He said he felt as if he had been turned in the gentlest manner, as a child is turned in the arms of a nurse. In a moment or two more, he told us that he was going to pass across the window, against the grey silvery light of which he would be visible. We watched in profound stillness, and saw his figure pass from one side of the window to the other, feet foremost, lying horizontally in the air. He spoke to us as he passed, and told us that he would turn the reverse way, and recross the window; which he did. His own tranquil confidence in the safety of what seemed from below a situation of the most novel peril, gave confidence to everybody else; but, with the strongest nerves, it was impossible not to be conscious of a certain sensation of fear or awe. He hovered round the circle for several minutes, and passed this time perpendicularly over our heads. I heard his voice behind me in the air, and felt something lightly brush my chair. It was his foot, which he gave me leave to touch. Turning to the spot where it was on the top of the chair, I placed my hand gently upon it, when he uttered a cry of pain, and the foot was withdrawn quickly, with a palpable shudder. It was evidently not resting on the chair, but floating; and it sprang from the touch as a bird would. He now passed over to the farthest extremity of the room, and we could judge by his voice of the altitude and distance he had attained. He had reached the ceiling, upon which he made a slight mark, and soon afterwards descended and resumed his place at the table. An incident which occurred during this aerial passage, and imparted a strange solemnity to it, was that the accordion, which we supposed to be on the ground under the window close to us, played a strain of wild pathos in the air, from the most distant corner of the room.

It is to be observed that the writer throughout speaks of this feat as really accomplished.

"Mr. Home had risen from his chair four or five feet . . . he ascended higher . . . we saw his figure pass the window . . . he *did* recross it . . . he hovered round and passed over us . . . his foot was evidently floating . . . he reached the ceiling . . . he afterwards *descended*, and resumed his place at the table." The spiritualists who quote this narrative quote it invariably in this sense, as if there was conclusive evidence that Home actually floated about the room. But if we examine the narrative we shall find that this is merely vague inference; and a very brief examination will show what the facts really amount to.

In the first place, there is no evidence that the corporeal Home was actually *seen* in the air at any time. His *figure* was seen passing and repassing the window, and even his figure was seen nowhere else. His foot was felt in the air at about the height of the narrator's chair. His voice was

heard in the air, or *seemed* to be heard in the air in different places. From all this I can make certain inferences as to his devices, but I do not arrive at the conclusion that he actually floated, still less that he did so by the assistance of spirits, whose function it was to chair him, like the candidate at an election.

The first inference I make is that he is a very adroit ventriloquist, aware especially of the chief source of ventriloquial effect, the art of directing the expectations of his audience to look for certain sounds in certain directions and places. "I am off the ground," he exclaims, that is, ascending into the air; and in a moment or two, "his voice *was* in the air above our heads." He told us that he should pass the window, and accordingly, "he spoke to us," or seemed to speak to us from the appointed situation. "We could judge by his voice of the altitude and distance he had attained." Let us rather say that imagination assented to his statements when he had previously given an intimation where he desired it to be supposed he would be; for, let me observe, it is extremely difficult to judge of a man's situation in a room, by his voice only. It would scarcely be fainter if he were near the ceiling than if he were standing on the ground. Let my readers, who doubt this, mount a set of library steps, and ascertain it by experiment. In fact ventriloquial effects will be found to be generally false when they are tested by any true criterion of comparison. Ventriloquists almost always exaggerate nature, especially as a means of indicating distance; and they make up the illusion by prompting their audiences to imagine the effects they fail themselves to represent completely; as any one may see any night of his life in the case of Herr Von Joel, who persists in looking and inducing his audience to look for his "leetle singing lark," up in the ceiling of Evans's supper room.

With the assistance of this sort of prompting, it is really extraordinary what ventriloquists can accomplish, and the extent to which they can affect a sympathising audience. Even savages possess this power, and I will cite an instance, described by Capt. Lyons, in which he found a performer as skilful as Mr. Home among the Esquimaux of Igloodik. The whole narrative is so much to the purpose, and so clearly suggestive, that I extract it entire, as a means of comparison and a very opportune assistance to our judgment.

"This personage," says Captain Lyons, of the Esquimaux Home, "was cunning and intelligent, and whether professionally or from his skill in the chase—but, perhaps, from both reasons—was considered by all the tribe as a man of importance. As I invariably paid great deference to his opinion on all subjects connected with his calling, he freely communicated to me his superior knowledge, and did not scruple to allow of my being present at his interviews with *Tornga*, or his patron spirit. In consequence of this, I took an early opportunity of requesting my friend to exhibit his skill in my cabin. His old wife was with him, and, by much flattery and an accidental display of a glittering knife and some beads, she assisted me in obtaining my request. *All light excluded*, our sorcerer began chanting to his wife with great vehemence, and she, in return, answered by singing the *Amna-Arja*, which was not discontinued during the whole ceremony. As far as I

could hear, he afterwards began turning himself rapidly round, and in a loud powerful voice vociferated for *Tornga* with great impatience, at the same time blowing and snorting like a walrus. His noise, impatience, and agitation increased every moment; and he at length seated himself on the deck, varying his tones and making a rustling with his clothes. Suddenly the voice *seemed* smothered, and was so managed as to sound as if retreating beneath the deck, each moment becoming more distant, and ultimately giving the *idea* of being many feet below the cabin, when it ceased entirely. His wife now, in answer to my questions, informed me very seriously that he had dived, and that he would send up *Tornga*. Accordingly, in about *half a minute*, a distant blowing was heard very slowly approaching, and a voice which differed from that at first heard was at times mingled with the blowing, until at length both sounds became indistinct, and the old woman informed me that *Tornga* was come to answer my questions. I accordingly asked several questions of the spirit, to each of which inquiries I received an answer by two loud claps on the deck—which I was given to understand were favourable.

A very hollow yet powerful voice—certainly much different from the tones of Toolmak—now chanted for some time, and a strange jumble of hisses, growls, shouts, and gobbling like a turkey succeeded in rapid order.

The old woman sang with increased energy; and, as I took it for granted that all this was intended to astonish the *Kabloona*, I cried repeatedly that I was *very much afraid*. *This, as I expected*, added fuel to the fire, until the poor immortal, exhausted by its own might, asked leave to retire.

The voice gradually *sunk* from our hearing as at first, and a very indistinct hissing succeeded; in its advance it sounded like the tones produced by the wind on the bass chords of the *Eolian-harp*. This was soon changed to a rapid hiss like that of a rocket, and Toolmak, with a yell, announced his return. I had held my breath at the first distant hissing, and twice exhausted myself, yet our conjurer did not once respire, and even his returning and powerful yell was uttered without a previous stop or inspiration of air.

Light being admitted, our wizard was, as might be expected, in a *profuse perspiration*, and certainly much exhausted by his exertions, which had continued for at least half an hour. We now observed a couple of bunches, each consisting of two stripes of white deer-skin, and a long piece of sinew attached to the back of his coat. These we had not observed before, and were informed they were sewn on by *Tornga* while he was *below*.

The reader will perceive that Toolmak had great natural capacities similar to those which I ascribe to Mr. Home, and that, with a few lessons from the latter gentleman, he might also have floated about, as Mediums can float, with a "tranquil confidence" in their aerial capacities, inversely proportioned to the darkness of the atmosphere. I have yet, however, to account for the *appearance* of Mr. Home himself, seen to cross and re-cross the drawing-room window-blind, as in fig. 22; but I will, first of all, quote a letter from Dr. Gully, who was present at this very identical séance, and who, in a letter to the "*Morning Star*," exhausts his theory of the artistic contrivances capable of producing this extraordinary spectacle. "Only consider," says the ingenious Doctor, "that here is a man, between ten and eleven stone in weight, floating about the room for many minutes—in the tomb-like silence which prevailed, broken only by his

voice coming from different quarters of the room, according to his then position—is it probable, is it possible, that any machinery could be devised—not to speak of its being set up and previously

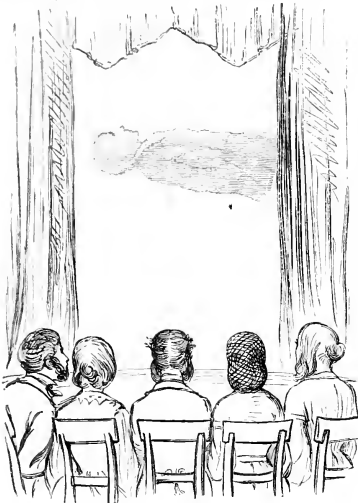


Fig. 22.

made ready in a room, which was fixed upon as the place of meeting only five minutes before we entered it—capable of carrying such a weight about without the slightest sound of any description? Or suppose, as has been suggested, that he bestrode an inflated balloon, could a balloon have been introduced inflated large enough to hold in mid-air such a weight? Or could it have been inflated with hydrogen gas without being detected by ears, eyes, or nose?"

As this exhausts the list of Dr. Gully's hypotheses, and as I have no desire to shock such a sincere believer, I say at once that I lay no stress on machinery or inflated balloons. I do not think it likely even that Mr. Home sent past the window an inflated dummy of gold-beater's skin to represent himself, as many more wary persons have a tendency to suppose. I do not think so for a couple of reasons, either of which is quite sufficient. In the first place, though Mediums must run unusual risks whenever they favour us with unusual performances, it would be too much to risk the ludicrous discovery of a great dummy figure from the sputter of a chance lucifer match or the sudden flash of a concealed lantern. Such a dummy would be liable to a prod with a stick, which would evaporate his hydrogen, and be a "home-thrust" indeed. And, secondly, there is no occasion whatever to encounter this risk; for the effect witnessed on this particular occasion can be produced, by a little compact portable magic-lantern, with the simple addition of one phantasmagoria slide.

As to the disc of the lantern it may be reduced to any shape or figure we please, and nothing

would be easier than to make its subdued light correspond exactly with the dimensions and tone of the window-blind on which its shadows are projected. We all know how the black shadows of the phantasmagoria appear to stand out from the surface on which they are displayed into the very centre of a room, and thus we obtain a body—apparently an actual corporeal substance—passing above heads which are mystified by the assistance of a little ventriloquism. A single slide is sufficient, for we have only to insert that slide the reverse way, and the Home who crossed, will then re-cross the blind with undiminished effectiveness.

Fig. 23.

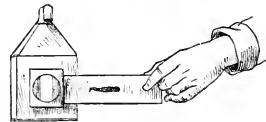
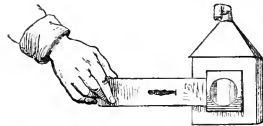


Fig. 24.

We now see why there was no one sitting so as to face the wall opposite the window, and why the sofa was displaced to procure this arrangement. Mr. Home's foot was doubtless touched by the narrator under some such circumstances as these:—



Fig. 25.

"It was withdrawn quickly, with a palpable shudder" at his imminent risk of detection; while as to his "slight mark" upon the ceiling, this could easily have been made by the lazy-tongs.

After this mystification obtained on such very cheap terms, it is easy enough to induce the audience to hear "the tread of spirits with velvet steps across the floor;" and by means of further ventriloquism "the ear catches the plaintive murmur of the departed child whispering a tender cry of 'Mother!' through the darkness." A

circle of Pundits so completely puzzled might be permitted even to hear the bottled sounds of the Bells of Solomon's Temple, which were proffered for sale to the faithful in the middle ages. For my own part, I see, hear, and understand only this much, that Mr. Home is a very clever ventriloquist, a superior player on the mouth-harmonicon; that he possesses an accordion, probably self-acting, a magic-lantern, a lazy-tongs, much assurance, an accomplice or two—perhaps many of them in

various quarters—a large circle of accommodating dupes, and of candid, half-doubting, half-credulous spectators, and that he has been too leniently treated by our friends of the "Cornhill Magazine," who have missed their chance of detecting an ingenious charlatan.

[From the communications already received on the subject of these articles, and from those yet expected, it may be perceived to refer to the subject in some future number. On this point, should occasion arise, our readers will not be disappointed.—
ED. USCE A WEEK.]

A HEAD OF HAIR FOR SALE.



"BUT, Monsieur, it is very little."

"I confess it, mademoiselle, the sum I offer is very insignificant."

"See, monsieur, my hair is a good colour (it was a dainty rich brown), and it is very long (the perruquier's mouth watered, for she unbound it, and it fell below her waist). Surely, monsieur, you will give me more than thirty francs?"

"On my word, mademoiselle, I could not offer you a sou more. Your hair is very beautiful, I admit, but in effect the article is a complete drug at present. Trade is dull, very dull, and I know not when I should have use for it. Keep it,

mademoiselle, until the times improve. And besides, it is a pity that you should part with it as all."

(The perruquier saw that the poor fish was ravenous, and he had hardly need to play his meagre bait. The rogue wished to appear indifferent, but he had at that moment in hand a commission from an aged child of fashion who would have given a year's income for a natural flow of hair like that of the deprecating daughter of need.)

"Ah, well, monsieur! you are very hard, but I must take the sum you offer."

There was only a thin partition between us and the bureau in which the bargain was being concluded, and we could tell by the sharp click of the perruquier's scissors that the purchase was being consummated. The light entered the shop obliquely, and through the thinly veiled window of the bureau we could see the shorn lamb grasp the pittance with eager hands, while she hastily adjusted her bonnet, and with a challenging look in the glass, murmured in a low but distinct voice, as if to herself, "but I am still pretty."

"And so you are," thought we, as we inwardly exclaimed, "may Heaven temper its winds to your condition, poor child!" and took up our small purchase, and followed her. There was something in her manner and her meagre gentility of dress, which told us that she was on an errand of self-sacrifice, and may the guardian angels of poverty forgive the curiosity which tracked their protégée to her holy of holies.

It was a long walk, but her pace never flagged. Starting from the Avenue de Marigny, threading rapidly the crowded pavements of the Faubourg Sainte Honoré, passing over the Champs Elysées with a single glance at the luxurious equipages thronging the avenue up the Rue de Chaillot, and through the dingy streets leading to Passy, she at length entered a house which appeared as though it had long been a victim of the Court of Chancery. Against the dust-ridden and blistered door-post we saw carelessly lounging a card, which seemed as though itself was growing sallow with long deferred hope, inscribed with the words "*apartements meublés.*" It was a shallow pretext, but we rang the bell and our summons was deliberately answered by a portress, whose ancient limbs seemed grating with the rust of years and inaction. She was an antique gem, was this concierge, and we thought if everything in the establishment were *en suite*, there must be a very vegetative sort of life going on there. Her sabots were of the heaviest, her blue woollen stockings of the most darned variety possible, her linsey-woolsey petticoat of the curtest, reaching barely to her calf, which was of the stoutest; her serge apron of the bluest, her neckerchief of the yellowest, her cap of the loftiest—mounting guard over her face—and her nose of the shortest; but there was a beam of good nature on her broad, wrinkled face, and we felt conscience, the Nemesis of rascality, nudging us, as we thought what unfounded hopes we were raising in her bosom.

"You have apartments to let, I believe."

"Yes, will monsieur condescend to enter?"

"Thank you (the Rubicon passed). On what floor are they?"

"*Au troisième*, monsieur, and they are very comfortable. We are quiet here, monsieur, although not far from the resort of fashion, but we do not claim to be of the *beau monde*. Alas! no, we are not people of fashion, although our last tenant was a gentleman of position, for he had been valet to a great Duke."

Monsieur was overpowered with regret, but he was a professional man in search of a première, and was afraid the ascent of three pair of stairs

would be too fatiguing to his patients. He was charmed with the air of quiet comfort around him (Heaven forgive the flattering falsehood!); but he saw that it was impossible. However, would madame allow him to rest, and procure him a little wine?

The old lady's garrulity came to a painful check; but with native tact she merely expressed her regret, and replied that monsieur was perfectly welcome to rest as long as he pleased. She had a little grandchild in attendance upon a sick lodger *au quatrième*, who would be delighted to fetch monsieur some wine.

Monsieur was all gratitude, and now that the ice was broken, he ventured to ask if the young lady who had just entered was a locataire.

"Oh! mademoiselle Marie, yes, monsieur. Her mother is the sick lodger of whom I have spoken. She is sick to the death, but mademoiselle is a good girl, a brave girl, though Heaven only knows how the poor thing bears it. The Virgin must hear her prayers, and carries the poor child through her struggles."

The wine had now arrived and assisted in mellowing our plot. Madame Justine would have a small glass (we did not fear its strength, and poured her out a tumbler), and it gave more freedom to her tongue.

"Stay, *mon chou*," said she to her grandchild, "how is madame this evening?"

The little "cabbage" eyed the franc piece we gave her with a glance of intense satisfaction, and replied: "Madame is worse, grandmère. She is excited, too; oh! so excited with Mademoiselle Marie."

"Is it so, poor child, and why is she so excited?"

"Only because mademoiselle has had her hair cut; but it is no shorter than mine." The little "cabbage" was polled as close as a child in a Dutch picture).

We saw that the time had come for making a clean breast of it, so we detailed to Madame Justine what we had witnessed in the perruquier's shop, and hoped that madame would point out any way in which a friend could serve her lodgers. Madame Justine had grown loquacious under the stimulus of our faithful ally, the *Médoc*, but she seemed rather suspicious of our motives, and it required some explanation to reassure her.

"Monsieur," said she, "is very good, but mademoiselle and her mother are very proud. They would starve before they would receive charity from a stranger."

"Are they so proud that they would reject the sympathy of a friend? Is there no way of aiding them without wounding their self-respect?"

"They are dead to those who should receive their love, and they shrink from the pity of strangers. Listen, monsieur, and you shall know their history." Justine then gave us the following narration.

Marie's father was an only child, and of a good family, and was educated for a physician. He was sent to Paris to study his profession; and, like many other young men under similar circumstances, he became gay in his living. "But,"

said Justine, "he committed what would have been in any case a folly, and was in him a madness. He formed a connection with an actress, and eventually married her, and his family discarded him. He was mad, very mad, for he knew only enough of medicine to obtain a subordinate place with a surgeon, and they had need of all their romance to make their realities tolerable. Madame, however, was faithful, and Marie was born to them. Soon after this event monsieur died, his last moments being made bitter by the reflection that he was leaving his wife and child the prey of poverty, and Madame supported herself and child by the sale of fancy needlework, and giving lessons in music. She had offers of engagements at the theatres, but she refused them, and fought on single-handed against her destiny. She had a hard struggle with the world, poor lady, but she held her ground until about six months since, when she was put *hors de combat*, the doctors say,⁵ with consumption, and is following her husband at the quick step. Mademoiselle Marie is eighteen, and is a good girl, oh! a brave girl. She has stepped into the gap left by her prostrate mother, and monsieur *le propriétaire* is very forbearing; but I fear the poor child is nearly beaten in the double struggle with her heart and body. For you must know, monsieur, that Marie has a little affair. She is the fiancée of a *sous officier*, who is now struggling with death before Sebastopol. He has been honourably mentioned and decorated for his bravery, but since a long time Marie has only heard that he is in hospital with Crimean fever, and the poor child's anxiety is touching when she speaks of him."

Perhaps memory brought Justine a whiff of one of her own "little affairs," out of a graveyard of the past, for a big tear at this stage of her narrative, went rolling bodily into the uplifted wine-glass, and before she could recover herself, the little "cabbage" came running down stairs in a state of great terror.

"What is the matter, *mon chou*? Is madame worse?"

"O, grandmère, she is in agonies! and mademoiselle wishes to have a doctor."

We offered our services, and followed the "little cabbage" up stairs, and in the few moments that we waited for the acceptance of our services, we had time to take a survey of the apartment. It was naked in the extreme; but the few articles of furniture were arranged with so much taste and neatness, as almost to give it an air of comfort; and a bouquet of common flowers which Justine had that morning brought from the market of the Madeleine was placed in a vase in a window. The partition between the two rooms was very thin, and we could hear the feeble voice of the sick lady.

"Great God! is everything gone, my child, that you should sacrifice your beautiful hair?"

"It is no sacrifice, my dear mother, and it will be stronger than ever before you will be able to walk out with me."

As we entered, Marie looked at us as if striving to recall our features, and then whispered to her mother, that a doctor was in attendance. We

passed over to the bedside of the sick lady, and saw that Marie was right. Her hair *would be* stronger than ever, before her mother would be able to walk out with her.

The poor lady seemed exhausted by recent exertion; but in a short time she rallied, and murmured,—“I feel it is too late, my darling; may heaven repay your devotion!”

Marie looked at us inquiringly. We took the sick woman's hand, and felt that the pulse beat feebly. Her mind began to wander in a light and unconnected manner, and her eyes were growing dull, and dallying with vacuity. We saw that the patient was suffering from the reaction of her late excitement; but we were conscious that a few hours more would hand her over to the grave, and we could only give her a little stimulant. Marie's eyes intuitively read our verdict, and we saw the big tears rapidly chasing each other down her cheeks, while she gently smoothed the sufferer's pillow, and whispered words of hope, which it cost her agonies to affect.

After a little while the poor lady seemed a little to revive, and Marie became almost importunate with her tender offices; but she was interrupted by the entrance of the "little cabbage," who stole quietly into the room, and whispered a few words to Marie.

"Tell monsieur," said the latter, "that we cannot see him now. Will he call again?"

"Grandmère has told him that madame is very ill, but he says that his business is urgent," replied the cabbage.

The conversation was carried on in a whisper, but madame caught the purport. Her eyes brightened with a feverish brilliance, and she said in a voice, strong for her—

"What is that, my child? Let monsieur enter—who knows?" The last two words were uttered in a lower tone than the rest, as though they were the result of some thought flashing across her mind.

We stood passive. For although we knew the irruption of an urgent visitor was a matter of serious apprehension, we were aware that the duration of the poor lady's existence could at worst be affected by but a few hours, and we met the glance of Marie with a silent assent. The "little cabbage" disappeared, and in a few moments returned, ushering in a tall man, far gone in years, whose demeanour stamped him as belonging to the higher ranks of society. He was clothed in deep mourning, and his face, which must have been handsome in his youth, was expressive of considerable haughtiness, overlaid and softened by the traces of painful suffering. We offered to withdraw, but Marie wished us to remain, and the stranger did not object. As he moved across the room to the bedside of madame, we whispered her perilous condition, and Marie looked up from her mother's side imploringly.

"Mama is very ill, monsieur," said she.

"I am grieved to hear it," rejoined the stranger, in a low tremulous voice, not unusual.

At the sound of his voice, madame, who had fallen into an attitude of rest, made an effort to raise herself upon her arms, and looked steadfastly into his face as if seeking to recall something from

the past. The stranger observed the effort, and spoke again in his low nervous tone—

“Madame does not know me.”

“I have not that pleasure, monsieur,” said she, with apparent diffidence of her memory.

“You are Madame St. Auliere; and this,” pointing to Marie, “is your child.”

“You are right, monsieur. What then?”

“It is also my name,” he replied, and he paused, as if waiting for the effect, or to master his feelings.

Madame’s eyes lighted up as if by the kindling of an inward fire. A superhuman effort of will gave her momentary strength, and with almost a groan she raised herself in her bed, and, looking fixedly at the stranger, exclaimed—

“I see, it is true, you are the father of my husband—”

“And I am come to ask that the past may be forgotten, and to offer my regrets and my assistance. Will you accept them, and allow me to take up my duties as a parent?”

There was something like a glow of happiness on the flushed face of madame as she glanced towards Marie, and rejoined—

“Be it so, for his child’s sake. For me it comes too late. We have struggled long, and you have been very hard, monsieur.”

“My son was disobedient, and I was proud, but I am humbled; for I am left alone, and have long sought my lost child. Let those of us that remain, speak only of the future.”

These words were broken in their utterance, and it was evident that the speaker was suffering from violent emotion. Marie sat listening to the dialogue without uttering a word. Her face reflected the pleasure felt by her mother at this late reconciliation; but it was veiled and darkened by the anxiety she felt for her dying parent. Her arms were tenderly twined round her mother like a vine around the decayed tree which the next gale shall lay prostrate. She gazed wistfully in her mother’s face, and once almost fancied that the new hopes which had dawned upon their prospects had imparted fresh vitality to the sinking frame within her arms, but the illusion was only transitory. Mortality had gathered its supporters together for one last grand struggle with the champion of immortality, and the victory remained with the powers of the spirit world. Ere her grandfather had done speaking, Marie felt a shiver pass through the frame of her mother, which was the precursor of death. Her arms were suddenly called upon for additional support, and she gazed with a terrified look upon the bloodless cheeks and closed eyes of her mother, and then silently appealed to us. We saw that the sufferer had ceased to suffer; and that the angels were about to lead home another fugitive from its earthly prison, and we unwound the poor girl’s arms from the almost breathless clasp.

The patient was soon beyond the reach of worldly ministrations. Her pulse ceased to indicate the presence of life, and the brightest mirror would have passed unstained over her mouth. She was gone, and we retired from the presence of the grief that was too holy to be witnessed by a stranger.

When we descended, we found Justine all anxiety regarding the patient and her visitor. She scanned our features with an almost ludicrous mixture of curiosity and earnestness, and, with a volubility considerably accelerated by the remnant of our second bottle of wine, her questions followed each other with the haste of a flock of sheep, with a dog at their heels.

“Was madame better? Was monsieur, the visitor, an old friend? Did mademoiselle comfort herself tranquilly?”

We answered the first question in its order of precedence, and a single expression took possession of her face.

“Great God? and is it so, monsieur? And mademoiselle—?”

“Is with her grandfather,” we rejoined.

“Did monsieur say ‘her grandfather?’”

We replied in the affirmative.

“I see; Heaven is at length mindful of its own. Then monsieur will care for her, and the shorn lamb shall not be driven out into the wilderness,” exclaimed Justine.

We promised to call next day to inquire after Marie, and we kept our word. The wrinkles in Justine’s cheeks seemed to have very recently been the channels of an unwonted flow of water, which, in subsiding, had left the usual tide-marks on the banks. Mademoiselle, said she, had passed a wretched night. She had been desolate, inconsolable; but monsieur, *son grandpère*, was prodigal of his sympathy, and the poor child was growing more reconciled to her loss.

“After the funeral,” said Justine, “they will retire to the chateau of monsieur, where Marie is to take the place of her deceased grandmère in the household. But I know not how long this arrangement will last,” continued she, “for events crowd in rather thickly at present. Marie has received by this day’s post a letter from her affianced, who is recovered, and about to return home to establish his health. He is a captain of his regiment now, and will not quietly submit to see his favourite conscript becoming the follower of another.”

A few days subsequently we received a handsome mourning ring from Marie’s grandfather, accompanied by a note containing warm, but unearned thanks from herself, and we have treasured both until now, as mementos of one of the most painful incidents in our professional career.

‘TRAINS AND TRAMWAYS.

THE aristocracy of Marylebone have rushed to the rescue, and the projected train is off the line for the present. Lord Portman heads the onslaught in defence of vested rights, though the inhabitant householders of Gloucester Place, Portman Square, acknowledge “that private interest must yield to public convenience when a clear case is made out.”

Lord Portman and his clients are quite right in defending themselves from injury; and we may go further than that, and add that they ought to have compensation for any proven injury—as in the case of railways—which may occur from benefitting the public. Only, they must not be compensated first, and discover afterwards that

the supposed injury has put their property at a premium, as has been the case with many railways.

Now, what are the public advantages to be obtained—we will not say by tramways—but by some system of road improvement which shall enable the public to ride in a better class of carriages as a matter of convenience? First, a saving of 75 per cent. in the cost of haulage, and 50 per cent. in drivers and conductors, putting that extra profit into the pockets of the proprietors. Or—Secondly, extending the sphere of riding to a far larger class of the population, and all this without in any way interfering with the public convenience as regards other vehicles or foot passengers.

What are the objections made?

1. That Mr. Train's system will make a nuisance by reason of monster omnibuses.

Not proven; inasmuch as one omnibus is less nuisance than two. But, in truth, Mr. Train's specific system is neither more nor less than a very bad class of railway, with a very heavy railway carriage on it, drawn by horses instead of an engine. It is likely to prove a nuisance only by means of mechanical inefficiency.

2. That the streets chosen are not wide enough to permit the railway carriage to pass along the centre, while leaving way enough on each side for the passage of other carriages.

If this be so, the result would be mischievous, aggravating its mechanical deficiencies.

3. That the present small omnibuses "run at such a pace, and at such a rate of charge, as to meet the requirements of all classes." They who make this statement are probably good easy people who never experienced the curse of Robert Burns "making a guinea do the work of five pounds." If the poor could ride three miles for a penny instead of twopence, they would express a very strong opinion on this matter, and claim to be better judges than the richer classes in the matter of their especial vehicular conveyance.

No one with a sense of justice will say that the wealthy classes should be deprived without reason of their ease and convenience; but one thing is quite clear. The whole of the streets, save some portion of the parks, and the special reservations of the Duke of Bedford and others, are open to every kind of vehicle, and the omnibuses select those streets where a sufficient number of customers are to be picked up along the line of route. Baker Street, of course, comes under this category.

Now, of all noisy vehicles, an omnibus is about the worst. It is a contrivance to create noise; and the process of noise creation, jumping from stone to stone, produces a mass of dust in dry weather, and mud in wet weather. Whether as regards noise, or dust, or dirt, Mr. Train's carriage running on a rail would be comparatively noiseless, and free from all dirt nuisance; and were the experiment tried with the omnibuses one day, and the rail carriage next, it is very certain that the inhabitants, if polled, would give their suffrages in favour of the latter; the difference would be as great as that between wood pavement and stone pavement, though subject to disadvantages of other kinds.

Mr. Train's system is unquestionably a clumsy

one, but it is not on that ground that the objections are made against it. It is simply because they do not understand it that persons raise objections against it. If the objectors once understood the theory and principle of traction, their objections would cease. It is the roughness of a road of stone in blocks or Macadam that causes the noise and vibration. To this the objectors will probably reply that all railways are noisy and vibrative. But a railway carriage moving at seven miles per hour is comparatively noiseless and free from vibration. It is the question of speed: the rough road at a slow speed is as noisy as a smoother road at higher speed. This may be experienced by riding in an omnibus over the smooth granite trams in Bread Street when Cheap-side pavement is taken up.

How many of the readers of this paper will get these facts into their brains, that a smooth road is a less nuisance than a rough one, and that an ordinary omnibus would lose half its noisome qualities by running on a smooth surface, and save half the cost of horse flesh and human labour? Perhaps five per cent. of my readers will realise this in their minds, and then throw down the paper and think no more of it. The ninety-five others will go on believing that a street railway is a nuisance—until they see it realised.

The first move towards success will be to coin some new word, eschewing the words "rail" and "tram" altogether, and getting some rolling Greek phrases that will set up new ideas, purging these ninety-five brains of all the perilous stuff therein gathered. The next move will be to get a lecturer to visit all the parishes with a model apparatus to demonstrate the practical fact of the superiority of a smooth surface, whether for passengers, for horses, for proprietors, or for paving-boards; after that, a special piece of ground should be selected for a six months' trial. No other process can get over the prevailing prejudices. And it is to be feared that the imperfect contrivances, introduced by Mr. Train, will rather retard than forward this most important question of transit. People will assume that all systems must necessarily be imperfect, because one has been imported which is capable of further improvement.

W. B. A.

A CASKET OF RINGS.

Amelius told me 'twas all about a little ring,
A ring the princess threw away, and I took up.
JOHN FORD.

It may well be a matter of surprise and wonder that Sir Thomas Browne, whose searching wit and lively fancy found quincunxes lavishly scattered everywhere by the providence or caprice of nature, never took in hand the still richer theme of a Ring. He might have charmed contemporaries and posterity alike, by employing on a congenial topic his quaint imagination and his learned diction, whilst he displayed his subtle mind and his extensive reading. He might have directed our attention to the stars of heaven and the worms of earth, and showed us rings encircling both. He might have pointed to the persons of savage and civilised man, to the tails of serpents and apes, to the necks of birds, to the skins of

one of the most ferocious and one of the most gentle animals which inhabit the wilds of Africa, to the green sward, to the leaves of trees. He might have enlarged upon the manifold uses of the ring in human societies—either simply as an ornament to the person, or as a means of authenticating the owner's will and wish; or as coin passing from hand to hand in commercial dealings; or as a significant symbol in momentous proceedings; or as an amulet averting disease and misfortune; or as an aid in divining the unrolled, unwritten secrets of the future. He might have entertained us with an account of the marvellous properties which superstition in various ages ascribed to rings, and he might have noticed the changes in shape and mode of wearing which, as personal ornaments, they have undergone at the fickle will of fashion. As a physician, doubtless, he wore a ring in compliance with the precepts of Hippocrates and Galen; and, after describing it, he might have agreeably indulged his discursive intellect in digressions as to the metal of which it was composed, the precious stone which adorned it, or the inscription which compressed within a few letters a lucid truth or a dark mystery.

Far be from us the presumption of attempting what the learned humourist left undone. Yet there can be no harm, perhaps, if we offer a contribution in the manner of a *mémoire pour servir* for the use of the future historian, to be honourably mentioned, or silently passed by in his luminous pages, as our humble performance may deserve. And the subject well demands its own historian; for within the magic circle of a little ring how many things of deep importance to the whole human race have been performed; out of its diminutive compass how much of weal and woe to individuals has issued!

Associations connected with rings crowd into the memory from history, from fiction, from art. The costly ring of Polycrates, that was as little to be got rid of as his destiny; Rogero's, in the "Orlando Furioso;" Abdaldar's, which when cast into the gulf, "A skinny hand came up, and caught it as it fell, and peals of devilish laughter shook the cave;"* Borgia's poisoned ring; Camilla and Gil Blas; Boccaccio's story of the three rings, told by the Jew to the Mahometan, which has been thought to shadow the doubts of a sceptic; the unseemly wager between Posthumus and Iachimo, when the former staked his wife's honour and a jewelled ring "dear as his finger;" Isabella, disposing of her wedding-ring, described in a passage of "The Fatal Marriage," which when read by the amiable Sophia Western, the book dropped from her hand, and a shower of tears ran down into her bosom; the antique ring of massive gold "with a cameo most beautifully executed, bearing the head of Cleopatra," presented as a peace-offering to the Antiquary by his nephew; the ruby ring which Charles II., disguised as a gipsy woman, dropped into Alice Lee's pitcher;† and a thousand others of more or less celebrity. But to indulge in general allusions will conduce little to the amusement or instruction of the reader, and with these objects in view we must treat the matter with greater particularity.

* Thalaba (book v.).

† Woodstock.

The early history of the ring, like that of all important things, is involved in obscurity; but we can readily believe that the rude pleasure received by the eyes from bright and glittering objects would induce the primitive denizens of the earth to construct ornamental appendages of an annular form as soon as they had acquired sufficient skill to cut stone or cast metal. Tubal Cain was the earliest artificer in brass or iron; and Bezaleel, the son of Uri, the first maker of rings on record. Rings are mentioned in the "Odyssey." It was a condition imposed by Penelope on her importunate suitors, that they should shoot an arrow from the bow of the absent Ulysses through twelve rings, alternately of silver and brass, placed in a line. This task they were unable to perform; but when the wandering chief, returning in disguise, drew the cord, his shaft flashed through them all. Pliny refers to the practice of wearing rings, more than once, and after alluding to the labours undertaken with the view of extracting metal from the bowels of the earth, and precious stones from their bed, he exclaims, "How many hands are harassed that a single member of the hand may look gay!"

Amongst the oldest rings in existence may be mentioned that of Cheops, the builder of the Great Pyramid, which was found in a tomb near that stupendous erection. It is of gold, with hieroglyphics.* Various rings with Runic inscriptions have been found both in this country and in Scandinavia. They are now safely deposited in museums, and some of them have been dissertated upon by our antiquarians.

Many ancient rings have been preserved, and have at length found their way into the cabinets of collectors, on account of their reputed power to guard their wearers from harm—a power residing more perhaps in the stone than in the setting. According to an Eastern writer, the precious stones are all influential in their several ways: thus, the diamond cures madness, and soothes vain fears; the ruby dispels melancholy bodings, and ensures honourable place; the emerald prevents ill dreams, and cures the palsy; the sapphire averts the operation of enchantments; and the turquoise enlivens the eye, and heals the bite of poisonous reptiles. The Persian name of the turquoise is "Father of Isaac." Now it will be remembered, that the ring Shylock had from Leah when he was a bachelor, was set with this stone: the ring that he declared he would not have exchanged for a wilderness of monkeys, when he heard how his daughter, after her elopement, had given it for one. Are we to suppose that the turquoise was by tradition a stone peculiarly Jewish? It does not, however, appear to have been set in any one of the four rows of stones which composed Aaron's mysterious breast-plate. From a passage in one of Donne's poems, it seems that it told the state of the wearer's health by changing colour:

As a compassionate turquoise that doth tell,
By looking pale, the wearer is not well.

And Ben Jonson, when describing some parasites of Sejanus, says that they were accustomed to

* "Englishwoman in Egypt."

Observe him as his watch observes his clock,
And true as turquoise in the dear lord's ring,
Look well or ill with him.

The ring given to Camball, by his sister Canace (Faëry Queen, book iv.), had not only the virtue of staunching wounds, but of restoring the weariness of the spirit and the wasting of the bodily powers in battle :

Through working of the stone therein y-set.

When the murder of Andrew of Hungary, husband of Joanna Queen of Naples, had been resolved upon, the deed was effected in this wise : the royal couple being absent from their capital on a hunting expedition, it was reported that despatches had arrived from Naples which required instant attention ; and when allured by the false intelligence from his apartment into the corridor, he was attacked by the assassins. But as they believed that a ring given him by his mother was a talisman against death by sword or poison, they tied a silken cord round his neck, and completed the work of strangulation by pushing him out of the window.

Various other curious properties have been attributed to rings, either by the credulous fancy of the populace, or the creative fancy of poets. Everyone has heard of Gyges, King of Lydia, who had a ring which was said to possess the virtue of rendering him invisible when he turned it in his hand, without depriving him of the power of seeing others. In later days, there was a tradition that one Keddie, a tailor, found in a cavern in the hill of Kinnoul, near Perth, a ring possessing a similar property to that of Gyges. This gothic version of the classic tale is told by Sir Walter Scott, in a note to his "Fair Maid of Perth." In the story of the Tartar king, "Cambuscan bold," it is related that when the monarch was sitting at a feast on the anniversary of his birthday, a knight came riding into the hall on a steed of brass,

Upon his thombe he had of gold a ring ;

which he brought along with a mirror to Canace, the king's daughter, from the King of Arabia and Inde. She was told that the virtue of this "queinte ring" when borne on her thumb, or carried in her purse, consisted in enabling her to understand the language of birds, to reply in a manner intelligible to them, and to know the medicinal powers of all plants.* In Wilhelm Meister's Travels, the story of the New Melusina relates how the daughter of Eckwald, king of the dwarfs, waxed by virtue of a monstrous ring, that lay in the royal treasury, to the full dimensions of a mortal. It took four-and-twenty dwarfs to lift it ; but it no more than fitted her finger when she had attained the stature of a mortal. The same ring had had the opposite property of transforming a man to the size of a pigmy, as the garrulous barber experienced who had the fortune to become Melusina's husband. An instance of the supernatural powers popularly reputed to belong to particular rings may be found in Fletcher's "Loyal Subject,"—a play first performed about 1618. A ring is represented as given by the

Duke of Muscovia to Alinda, his sister's waiting-maid ; the posy was, "The jewel's set within." Alinda smiles on receiving it, from thinking "what strange spells these rings have, and how they work with some." Afterwards, she affects to feel its influence, and exclaims, "Sure there's a witchcraft in this ring !" We may quit this part of the subject by reminding the classical scholar that the Greeks had a scheme of divination by rings enchanted, or constructed after some position of the stars ; and this they called *Δακτυλομαντεία*.

From the earliest times of which we have any record, the ring was held emblematic of power and authority. We hear of honourable place being conferred by the simple gift of a ring, just as the British Chancellor receives his appointment by the mere delivery of the Great Seal. Alexander the Macedonian, when stretched on his death-bed, drew the ring from his finger, and gave it to Perdicas ; thereby intimating, it is thought, that he bequeathed his vast empire to that General, and appointed him his successor. Perdicas conceived that his title would be fortified by another ring, for he married Alexander's sister, Cleopatra. His competitors, however, were too strong for him ; and, after he had been ruined in fortune, he was assassinated in his tent by his own officers. Who took possession of Alexander's ring, history does not inform us. It is well known that the Roman knights wore a gold ring, presented to them at the public expense. It is an instance of the humanity or the dissimulation of Julius Cæsar, that when the Egyptians, after the battle of Pharsalia, brought to him Pompey's head and ring (he was a knight) Cæsar wept. Perhaps he recollected with tenderness the intimacy of their former friendship ; perhaps he was suddenly struck by the idea of the instability of human grandeur ; perhaps he thought the act would tell upon his soldiers. When a Roman slave received his liberty, his master bestowed upon him a white robe, a cap, and a ring. In a curious account of the Ceremonies and Services at the English Court in the time of Henry VIII., printed from an ancient manuscript in the Antiquarian Repertory, there are some directions as to the proceedings in the creation of a prince. "The prince shall be brought in and presented before the kinge in his estat, in the abit of a prince, between two dukes, before him his sword borne by a duke or an erle, on the left side the ringe. The kinge shall first put upon him his sword, after the ringe on the left finger." A ring formed part of the peculiar attire of the Roman bishops ; and in our own church it still appears at the ceremonies which take place on the occasion of an episcopal investment. The privilege of wearing a ring became an object of ambition to haughty abbots, who witnessed with an ill grace any marks of superior dignity on the persons of others. In the records of the abbey of Glastonbury, there is a grant from Pope Alexander VI. to the abbot, of the right to wear a mitre and a ring ; and the muniment room of other monasteries could show similar documents.

How the ring came to be used at the celebration of the marriage rite does not clearly appear, but it is believed that at first it formed no part of

* Chaucer, "Squire's Tale."

the actual ceremony, being merely one of the *sponsalia*, gifts made to many persons at the time of entering into a solemn engagement as a testimony of the contract. It may be remarked that, among the Romans, a ring was frequently handed over by way of earnest at the closing of a bargain. One of the most singular marriage-contracts in which the ring was introduced was that annual alliance of the city of Venice to the sea, which dated from the year 1176. On Ascension Day in every year the Doge sailed in his splendid galley—the Bucentaur—into the Adriatic amongst the palaces that had their origin in dirt and seaweed, and let a ring fall into the water, whilst he pronounced the words “Desponsamus te, Mare, in signum veri perpetuæ dominii.” Alas! the presumption of man that dares to speak of the lastingness of aught belonging to him, most of all when the possession he boasts of is dominion!

Connected with this ceremony we may refer to the fresco-painting executed by the Bellini for the Hall of Council in the Doge’s palace, in one of which the Doge Grimani was represented in the act of receiving from the Pope the gold ring to be used in his espousal of the Adriatic. We may recall this picture the more appropriately since, like the observance it was designed to commemorate, it is transferred into the list of things that were: it was destroyed by fire in 1577.

It is a flat truism to say that of all earthly things, fortune excepted, fashion has had the widest reign, and taken to herself the greatest privilege of fickleness. Could it be expected that the ring would escape her influence? Not only have rings been worn on fingers of the hand, but on the wrists, arms and ankles, in the nose and ears; not only have they been made of metal, but of glass, stone, wood, ivory; and, in short, of every substance which can be shaped into the annular form. Rings in the nose were once worn by the Israelitish women, but are now confined to savages and pigs. We have been more reconciled to the sight of rings in the ears of men (it is a common custom amongst the lower classes on the continent to wear them thus) since we learned that our own Shakspeare adopted the fashion; at least if the accuracy of the portrait once belonging to Lord Ellesmere may be trusted. At all events this mode of wearing rings was common amongst the gallants of Shakspeare’s day. When Master Matthew (Every Man in his Humour, 1596) was in straits for money, he offered to pawn the jewel in his ear. The thumb at some periods has been adorned with a ring. We think there is a story of a Roman lady who was wont to slip one of her husband’s rings upon her wrist and wear it as a bracelet.

In the early part of the last century it is stated in the British Apollo, to have been the custom to place the ring in the ceremony of marriage upon the fourth finger, but afterwards to wear it on the thumb.

“Multis hoc modis, ut cætera omnia, luxuria variavit, gemmas addendo exquisiti fulgoris, censuque opimo digitos onerando sicut dicemus in gemmarum volumine, mox et effigies varias celando, ut alibi ars, alibi sententia esset in pretio.” Such is the elegant language of Pliny, and

he proceeds to detail some of the modes of wearing that, the various shapes of which he had summarily alluded to. The Gauls and Britons, he says, placed the ornament on the middle finger, whereas, in his day at Rome, that was the only finger on which it was not carried. In the seventeenth century a fashion prevailed in England of having a skull cut on the stone, a mode dictated by the same feeling, one would think, that induces a tobacco-smoker to have the bowl of his hookah carved in the shape of a grinning caput mortuum. Among the whimsical figures to which the countenance of the pedant Holofernes is likened by the merry lords in “Love’s Labour Lost,” is a death’s face in a ring. He is going to deliver a grave speech in an assumed character before the Princess and her court, and being repeatedly interrupted, he declares he will not be put out of countenance by them. Because, says Biron, thou hast no face. What is this? replies the unlucky schoolmaster, pointing to that part of his person which answered to the visage of other people, and immediately a bushel of derisive similitudes was showered upon him.

Young, in a passage, condemning the frivolous pursuits of life in the presence of its awful realities, represents man as attired—

In all the fruitless fopperies of life,
And raffling for the Death’s head on the ring.

Many (said Robinson, Bishop of Bangor, in one of his sermons) carry death on their fingers when he is never nigh their hearts. A ring made of two entwined, and hence called gimmel ring (gemellus, a twin), was at one time in use, as we are reminded by a passage here and there in our old plays. Thus, in Beaumont and Fletcher’s “Beggars Bush”—

Hub. Sure I should know that gimmel.

Jac. ’Tis certain he—I had forgot my ring, too.

There is an allusion now and then occurring amongst the writers of that period which we do not altogether understand. When a damsel was crossed in love we find her straightway employed in making rings of rushes. The tailor’s daughter, in the “Two Noble Kinsmen,” is an instance; and again we are told that Phædria, whilst in her boat busy with “vaine toys,” devised some “gaudy girlonds” and “rings of rushes.”—(Æsop Queen, Book ii, 77.) The usage no longer obtains with us of engraving an inscription on the ring, but formerly it was not complete unless it had its *posy*, a word which was probably derived from *ποίησις*, a poetical maxim. Old Udal spells it *poyssee*, which brings it very near the Greek word.

The composition of an apt motto was deemed no dishonourable task by the great wits of a by-gone age, and their pens seemed to have been guided by a rule something like that given by Sir Toby to his friend Sir Andrew for the composition of his challenge. “Be brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention.” When Jacques and Orlando met in the forest—neither of them in the humour for wordy politeness—such was the epigrammatic pithiness of

Orlando's sentences that the world-sick courtier surmises he had been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and had conned his answers out of rings! The weeping maiden, in Shakspeare's "Lovers' Complaint," is seen tearing letters in the extremity of her grief, and we are told that she

Cracked many a ring of posied gold and bone.

The practice of thus inscribing rings was a widely-extended one. It obtains at this day amongst the Chinese, with whom the single word "Patience" is a favourite motto.

But the ring has not always been merely an ornament or a plaything; it has had its uses, and has frequently performed notable service. Its use, as a signet, dates from very early times, and in that character it is often mentioned in the narratives of the Bible. Cicero has the expression—"imprimere sigilla annulo." The Pope has a ring which is called the Fisherman's ring, because it bears the representation of Peter as a fisherman. It is used to seal the Papal briefs—instruments of less importance than bulls. When the Pope dies the Cardinal Chamberlain breaks the ring, and the city of Rome presents the succeeding occupant of St. Peter's chair with a new one. The peculiar authenticity ascribed to impressions of signets has led to their being often employed to effect a sinister purpose both in real life and in fiction. The atrocious violence to which the virtuous wife of a Roman senator fell a victim was accomplished, it will be remembered, by the Emperor Valentinian, by means of her husband's signet ring.

Another use of rings was, as we have already hinted, in the way of money. Ancient ring-money found in various parts of the island, may be seen in the British Museum: and bronze rings used for a similar purpose have been disinterred in Ireland.

Antiquarians are of opinion that large rings of gold, occasionally dug up in Scandinavia, were used at the ceremony of administering an oath.

Some persons have been known to carry poison secreted under the stone: Demosthenes is said to have been one of them, so that he had always a means of terminating his existence in that which seemed to others nothing but an innocent ornament.

As gifts and marks of affection, rings have figured largely in the intercourse of society. If a monarch desires to express his acknowledgments for the politeness of his inferiors, he thinks he does it most suitably by the gift of a diamond ring. If a lover wishes to intimate the strength or purity and endlessness of affection for his mistress, and at the same time to prefigure the knot which he hopes will hereafter bind them together, is it not all done by the present of a ring?

Fair sweet, if you desire to know,
And would the meaning understand,
Wherefore on you I do bestow
This ring of gold with heart in hand,
Read these few lines that are behind,
And there my meaning you shall find.*

How often has a ring been intended to typify

* A sonnetta from a collection of poems principally by Thomas Delony, printed 1607.

the lasting force of a friendship the frailty of which a few months exposed. Amongst the Latin poems of Buchanan are some lines on a ring set with a diamond, presented by Queen Elizabeth to her dear cousin Mary Queen of Scots. The spotless lustre of the stone and its adamantine hardness, however, betokened something very different from the feelings which were meant to be expressed, or the qualities meant to be imaged, and the aspirations with which the poem concluded in the name of the ring—if Fate ordains that it should link each to the other with a chain as of adamant never to be broken by the attacks of envy, hatred, malice or time, then would it be the happiest, the most celebrated, and the most estimable of jewels—proved as fallacious as any human desire, as baseless as any human prophecy, has ever been. One of the large pictures in the Luxembourg Palace (from which we may obtain an excellent idea of the modern French school of High Art) should be mentioned as representing an episode in history in which the ring was an actor. Every one knows that Francis I. fell into the hands of the Emperor Charles V. at the battle of Pavia, and was kept a prisoner for some months in Spain. Subsequently, Charles, being desirous of visiting his Flemish dominions, asked permission of Francis to pass through his kingdom, which was granted. On his road he was entertained at Fontainebleau with great splendour. Some of the king's friends exhorted him to take this opportunity of retaliating upon the emperor by seizing his person, and amongst them was the Duchess d'Etampes. Charles being conscious of his dangerous position, thought it prudent to gain the woman over to his interests by some species of bribe. One day, when preparing to wash his hands before seating himself at table, he drew from his finger a ring of great value, and purposely let it fall near the duchess, who picked it up from the floor and presented it to the owner. "No, madame," said he, "the ring is in a hand too beautiful for me to take it again." The trick answered its purpose; but the duchess was not the only one with whom Charles had to contend. When the Court jester—"a fellow wise enough to play the fool, a practice," says Viola, "as full of labour as a wise man's art"—laid a list of fools before the king, it was found to be headed with the emperor's name as being fool enough to put himself into the clutches of his adversary.

"But," said Francis, "if I allow him to pass free, what then?"

"Why, then," said the jester, "I shall strike out his name and write yours in its place."

We have seen that the ring is present at the most important act which a man performs in his course from the cradle to the grave. It appears once more at the last scene of all. This time, however, it is tricked with black, and glitters not with jewels, its sole ornament being a short and mournful admonition. Those who are acquainted with the history of the Spectator's country knight (and who is not?) will remember that he left rings by his will for every one in the club.

Amongst our collection of annular curiosities we must not omit to mention that a diminutive watch has sometimes taken the place of the jewel

in a ring. George III. was presented by a London watchmaker with a ring thus ornamented. The watch was less than a silver twopence, and, though it had no fewer than one hundred and twenty-five several parts, it weighed only seven grains more than five pennyweights. Charles V. of Germany and James I. of England had rings ornamented in a similar manner, and in the museum at Dresden is to be seen a ring set with a minute horologe.

Amongst the accumulations of elegant and fantastic shapes into which stone and precious metal are found carved in the cabinets of princes or in national museums may often be seen rings whose claim to preservation is that they have been worn by some illustrious departed. In the public library at Wolfenbüttel are Luther's marriage and doctor's rings; and Prince Metternich's museum at Königswart contains the rings of Matthæus Corvinus and John Sobieski.

A few miscellaneous references to art, verbal and pictorial, where this ornament is introduced being given we shall cease to task the reader's patience. In the hands of a true artist it is a powerful instrument in telling his story or heightening its effect. When Hogarth wished to expose the wretched passion of avarice in an old man who had bartered away the happiness of his daughter for an alliance with a titled spendthrift, he painted him drawing off the ring from her fingers as she lay in the extremity of death. To shift the scene—Dante deemed not fully appalled the hand of the woman, to whom he offered the

precious incense of his verse, without a ring on one of the tender fingers. And in Suckling's gay lines on a wedding he must needs exhibit to us the slender delicacy of the bride's hand by telling us that—

Her finger was so small the ring
Would not stay on which they did bring,
It was too wide a peck.

In Massinger's "Great Duke of Florence" we see Sanazarro, a prisoner in a lonely chamber of a country mansion, conveying to the Duchess of Urbino, who was in love with him, a notice of his condition and a petition that she would intercede for his liberation, by writing on a pane of glass with a ring which she had given him, and flinging it at her feet. Remember the astonishment of the poor fisherman and his wife when Undine left their cottage for a moment and came back with two costly rings, one of which she gave to the storm-bewildered knight Sir Huldbrand, and kept the other herself.

We must now shut down the lid upon the contents of our little casket, which have been collected and arranged for the inspection of our friends in the hope that it would afford them pleasure to see grouped together some of the

jewels
That on the stretched forefinger of all time
Sparkle for ever.

Our fair readers especially will appreciate the purpose to which little Dan Cupid is putting the ring in our tailpiece.



NOW, AND THEN.

Birds are singing on bush and tree,
Singing a thousand loves and joys;
Once, it was music sweet to me,
Now, it seemeth only noise.

Ah! life's music fled with him!

Roses are blooming—once they were
Fairest of wonders that Nature weaves;
Now their perfume makes faint the air,

And, to me, they are just—red leaves.
Ah! life's beauty faded with him!

Daylight dies, and the stars arise,
Not as of old with hope-giving light;
Then, they looked loving, like human eyes,
Now, they are pitiless, cold, and bright.

Ah! the brightest star has set!

ANNA HAGEDON.

LAST WEEK.

THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

CAN it be true that we are really back in those times when the Emperors of Russia and Austria, and the King of Prussia, were represented in old engravings as embracing each other, and vowing eternal fidelity to the sublime principle that the nations of the earth were created for the use of kings? Even so far back as the year 1815, either the free air of England or the prudence of Lord Castlereagh had sufficient force to prevent the Prince Regent from joining such an alliance as this. On the continent of Europe, Prince Metternich and Madame Krüdener, and the Prussian diplomatists, and the statesmen of the Restoration in Paris were allowed to have things their own way, and for fifteen long years the heavings of the great earthquake were checked. The constitutions promised to the German nations were withheld, and in their place the Diet at Frankfort—that last expression of German pedantry and ever-meddling tyranny—was established as an actual institution. The Russian Emperor carried out in practice his dream of universal freedom by rivetting the last links of the chains on the unfortunate Poles. Francis of Austria, acting no doubt under the advice of Metternich, deprived the estates of his various provinces of the last remains of self-government, and constituted himself the sole and irresponsible inquisitor and regulator of his empire. Recent events in Hungary, and in Lombardy more particularly, are the best illustrations of the value of this system of blind and elaborate tyranny. France was thrown back into the hands of the religious congregations, and that statesman best pleased his royal master who contrived to defraud the French nation of some portion of the liberty which had been promised to them upon the fall of Napoleon Bonaparte and the restoration of the old traditional dynasty. Old Marshal Soult might have been seen in those days walking in a religious procession, with a huge wax taper in his hand, and all but intoning those set forms of French adjuration, which are more in harmony with the energy of camps than with the solemnities of the church. Louis XVIII. was wheeled about from his chamber to his carriage in a chair of marvellous construction, and quoted scraps of Horace, now at his brother, and now at his people. The most French thing in France, in those times, was the immortal song of Béranger, who contrived that his countrymen should forget the edge, and remember only the glitter of the imperial sword. After all, expedition for expedition—one of Napoleon's little *promenades militaires* to Berlin or Vienna, was at least more flattering to the French love of glory than the wretched saunter from the Bidassoa to Cadiz. Battle for battle, Austerlitz or Jena, was well worth the day of the Trocadero. However, thus it was that kings and princes went on in those Lethæan times, which passed away, in all appearance, so calmly between the last struggle at Waterloo, and the three days of Barricades, when the old Epicurean philosopher of Hartwell had passed away, and a king equally despotic at heart, but a far less shrewd observer of the times blundered in his stead.

But these fifteen years of pause and hesitation were intelligible after those other twenty-five years of fire and sword. The nations of Europe were weary of revolutions, and camp-life, and captured cities, and the misery, and the splendour of an epoch when war was looked upon as the predominant affair of human life. In no country did this feeling so strongly prevail as in France. In the year 1814, when Napoleon had concluded his last campaign but one at Fontainebleau, the exhaustion of the country was so great, that on Sunday evenings when the villagers of France collected under their trees for their usual sports, the young maidens were obliged to dance together for want of partners. The youths who should have courted them in country fashion, and have led them to the altar, were sleeping their last sleep under the snows of Russia, or their bones were bleaching under the strong sun of Spain. France was fairly wearied out with the effort of a quarter of a century, and before all things had to recover a male population strong enough to re-assert the prerogative of the French name. Throughout Germany the hatred against France had been so intense, and the joy at having driven the invader back to his own side of the Rhine so great, that the nations were willing enough to trust to the promises of their princes, and to bide their time. Our fathers in England had enough to do in those evil days. Our statesmen were but too well inclined to take a lesson from the great continental professors of the art of tyranny. Lords Eldon and Sidmouth were not very fervent partisans of the development of liberal ideas. The harvests were bad. Strange theories about making bread dear that poverty-stricken men might have plenty of it were afloat. There was a general and eager craving for a reform of our political institutions. There was antagonism between bigoted Attorneys-General and reckless pamphleteers, and a general astonishment at the magnitude of our public burdens. In those days men had not formed a just estimate of what the British people could accomplish, so their ingenuity and their industry were not obstructed by unwise laws. However, there was enough to be done at home without looking about for fresh causes of offence. The Holy Alliance might be sneered at and jeered at, but no Englishman of sound mind dreamt of raising fresh subsidies, and enlisting more soldiers to combat a principle which might very fairly be left to work out its own destruction. We had intervened in the affairs of the continent to our hearts' content. Of Metternich and Eldon, and the ideas they represented, there is an end.

From 1830 to 1848 the march of political affairs, was different. Europe was taught practically that there might be revolution without anarchy. It had been the policy of the old statesmen who had reestablished order in Europe, in other words, who had worked out its liberation from the military despotism of France, to establish it as a recognised axiom, that any resistance to constituted authority was but the commencement of fresh troubles upon the model of 1790. When the intelligence reached London, now a little more than thirty years ago, that fresh barricades had been erected in Paris, and that the people had obtained a vic-

tory over the Court and the army, people talked of the inauguration of a fresh Reign of Terror. We were to have Danton, Marat, Robespierre over again, and Fouquier-Tinville, and the death-cart, and the guillotine, and the insane chorus of revolutionary *trials usés*, singing their *co-ira, co-ira* song, with dry lips, and eyes greedy of blood. Very wise old gentlemen in the clubs of St. James's Street prophesied that what had been would be again, and that the "fell demon of revolution" once aroused, would run his course. Not much came of it. In place of the Committee of Public Safety and the Directory, and what not, we had that luxurious monarchy of July which began with one job and ended with another. Belgium followed the example of France, and certainly Europe has little cause to complain of troubles which have their origin in Brussels, save in so far as the circuspect and constitutional widower acts as the over-zealous tool of the German Courts in their negotiations with Great Britain. Unconsciously, King Leopold, hackneyed as he is in the ways of courts and diplomatists, may very possibly have been helping forward a great calamity. He has ruled his own little kingdom to admiration, but out of Belgium he has been the dynastic agent of the German sovereigns. Were it not that even now the German nations have but a scant idea of political liberty, we might contrast their conduct in 1848-49, very unfavourably with that of the Italians in the years 1859-60. The Italians have proved that they are more ready to make sacrifices of life and property than the Germans were twelve years ago, and yet the Germans affect to look down upon them as an inferior race. Italy will yet be a nation, and will occupy a grand place at the council table of Europe, before Germany has arrived at the conclusion that a union of despotism and pedantry is not the best possible form of government. But even in Germany what a change since 1830; and since 1815! From the Baltic to the Alps, and from the Rhine to the Russian borders it is no longer possible that men can be ruled upon the old system. In those lands the thinkers are a patient, metaphysical race enough, but even they can scarcely be stirred again to do battle for the old war-cries. They have been tricked and derided by their rulers too often; matchless as their forbearance is, it is worn thread-bare. It is not possible that they could be induced to make any fresh sacrifices for the perpetuation of principles which, however sacred in the eyes of their rulers, can scarcely be said to affect their own interests in any other than an injurious sense.

The other day the Emperor of Austria met his brother of Russia, and his brother of Prussia, at Warsaw; but what was the story which he had to tell? Of the two fairest provinces of his empire, one had just been torn from him by the fortune of war; the other was all but in open revolt. Such was the end of the policy of Metternich and Felix Schwarzenberg, and of the good old principles of "*Thorough*," as applied to Austrian affairs. Even the sturdy mountaineers of the Tyrol, who had been a bye-word in Europe for their blind attachment to the House of Hapsburgh, have at last given way. The discontent is universal—the finances of the empire well-nigh exhausted—the

fresh conscriptions more and more intolerable from day to day. It is clear that Francis Joseph of Austria could not bring much strength to the confederacy. Then for the young Russian, the military might of his empire was exhausted in the Crimea, and in the weary death-marches of his regiments from one extremity of the Russian dominions to the other. Above all, the prestige of what our journalists used to call the Russian Colossus was quite overthrown. One of the most important—perhaps the most important result of the Crimean war—was to dispel all illusions upon that point. We can now tell accurately enough what force the Russians would be able to bring into the field beyond their own frontiers—what would be their resources for transport—how they would be armed—and how nourished—and, above all, upon what financial basis their operations must repose. Prussia, no doubt, remains intact, but she has suffered most grievously in character since her refusal to share in the honours and perils of the great European war of 1854-56. We cannot refuse to take into serious account the action of a Government which can bring so many disciplined troops into the field; but it may be said with perfect truth that, beyond the borders of that disjointed kingdom, not a single pulse in Europe throbs quicker, or harder, at the mention of the Prussian name. They have stood alone—so let them stand; if they are to fall alone, so let them fall. They would not stretch out a finger, nor risk a thaler, to help us in the hour of our need, so that henceforward in our dealings with them we shall only be guided by that prudent regard to our own interests, which, after all, is perhaps the basis of all wise action in human affairs. The Prussians have done much of late to make their name odious in the ears of Englishmen. One word upon this.

It is impossible to speak in terms of very high admiration of the conduct of many of our countrymen when they are taking their pleasure on the continent of Europe. Had it pleased any foreign gentleman—had it pleased the police of any foreign country to seize a peccant Briton who had been misconducting himself in any way during his European travels—Englishmen at home would have been the first to say, "By all means! The fellow is rightly served."

Let our own countrymen, however, bear their fair share of blame; or rather, let others bear their burdens as well as they. But the insolence of your French or German tourist travelling upon the continent of Europe is to the full upon a par with that of the Englishman. He is as aggressive upon the steamer or railway—as noisy and selfish at the hotel—more prying, more punctilious than your regular John Bull, with his plaid shooting-coat, and felt hat. However, to accuse others is not to free our own people from blame. If an English traveller had really misconducted himself in a railway carriage, we should have rejoiced to have seen him duly punished, even although all the French and German travellers of the same season had set him the example. But what was the truth of this wretched affair at Bonn, the other day? A railway train stops at the Bonn station; an

English traveller leaves his place in a railway carriage for a moment, and when he returns he finds it occupied by a German. He asks as well as he can for his seat, but his remonstrances are treated with contempt. Finally, he proceeds to eject the intruder from his seat. Such is the story as it is related, and of course it is impossible in strictness to justify the act of a man who takes the law into his own hands, in place of calling in the aid of the railway officials either in Germany or elsewhere. Our countryman is dragged off to gaol; in point of fact from one gaol to another; he is silenced when he endeavours to justify himself, and to throw the blame upon the intruder. The magistrate, in deciding upon the affair, in place of confining himself to the circumstances of the case, indulges in a tirade of vulgar abuse against England and the English; the substance of which was, that we were distinguished above all other nations for "shamelessness and black-guardism."

It is more than probable if any English magistrate had spoken in the same way from the justice-seat about the subjects of any foreign prince, that his dismissal from the office for which he had evinced his unfitnes would have been the instant result. Not so in Prussia. Although the Englishman aggrieved was a gentleman by station, and therefore a very unlikely person to have misconducted himself upon a public railway; and although he was attached to the court of our Queen, and therefore, as one would have supposed, he might have obtained a hearing at Berlin, all justice was denied. The act of the provincial magistrate was endorsed by his superiors, and the journals throughout the country were forbidden to speak of the transaction otherwise than by lending their assistance to abuse our countrymen. This, however, was not all. Even after this insult to a gentleman who was particularly attached to her service—and after this slur upon the nation of which she is the sovereign, Queen Victoria left our shores upon a visit to her daughter. Will it be believed, that when the Royal yacht which had been appointed to await the British Queen had reached Mayence, a parcel of raggamuffin custom-house and police officers actually offered to board her, in order to ascertain if there were any contraband goods in the boxes and cabins of the British Sovereign and her suite? The officer in command very properly refused to admit them on board—he would have deserved to have been pitched into the Rhine had he done otherwise—and told our Prussian friends that he was quite prepared to use force to resist their intrusion, if necessary. Whatever their true feeling may have been, the Prussian custom-house people shrank from absolutely attempting to board the Royal yacht by force, and telegraphed for orders to the upper powers. With unwonted courtesy, an order was sent back, granting immunity from search to the yacht which had conveyed the Queen of England upon a visit to the Prussian Court. Never in the history of nations will a record be found of such a coarse and unprovoked outrage upon the proprieties and decencies of public life. Never perhaps, until the Prussians led the way, was one sovereign, upon a visit to

another, made the subject of such an insult. Talk of the feelings of the French towards Englishmen! Louis Philippe, or Louis Napoleon, would have scorned to use the meanest servant in the suite of a Sovereign who was honouring his court with a visit, in the manner in which these Prussians have handled our Queen. It is only a nation committed to a selfish isolation which could make, to say the least, such a very great mistake.

But what is the meaning and what has been the result of this Warsaw meeting of the other day? What has come of this last attempt to replace the European system upon the basis of the old Holy Alliance of 1815? The question concerns us nearly, not only because such an alliance would infallibly lead to political complications in which England must be involved, but because it is said that Lord John Russell has in some measure given in his adhesion to Prussia. So great was the effect of the courtly solemnities recently enacted in Germany, even upon the mind of a man who has been matured in the free air of the British House of Commons. The fact seems incredible, yet it is certainly true, that the scolding letter of the Prussian Minister to the Sardinian Court was forwarded, if not composed, after the interview with the British Minister of Foreign Affairs. Now if there be one point in the political life of Great Britain in the year 1860 more clear than another, it is the total estrangement of ideas between ourselves and the rulers of Germany. They have failed us in the hour of our need, and their system of government—even granting that it is the wisest and best for the nations which dwell between the Rhine and the Russian Frontiers, the Baltic and the Alps—is so totally different from our own, that it cannot command our sympathy, nor even our adhesion. When we turn from the governments to the people, we find that we are cordially detested even by those whom we would gladly have assisted by all means in our power. When Felix Schwarzenberg was in power in Austria, and that is but twelve years ago, an Englishman was treated like a mad dog whenever he showed himself in the Austrian dominions. Not only was a chance traveller exposed to all the vexations and annoyances which could be inflicted upon him by the Custom House officers and the police, but he was even tabooed in the society of Vienna. English ladies, who were so unfortunate as to be engaged as governesses in that capital—aye, even English nurserymaids—were summarily discharged from their situations. Truly, when the apprehensions of Europe were recently aroused by the military ambition of the French Emperor, there was a slight renewal of familiarity—not of cordial relations—between the statesmen of Austria and Great Britain; but even of this there is an end. As soon as it was clear that the dislocation of the Austrian empire in the Italian peninsula was regarded in these islands with universal complacency, the Austrian Court turned from us once more, and, so far naturally enough, sought for sympathy and assistance in more congenial quarters. Hence the attempt to renew the old relations with the Cabinet of St. Petersburg. The instincts of despotism have re-united those whom the pressure of actual warfare had separated for the moment.

It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that the name of England is acceptable even to the Austrian people. Oppressed, and dissatisfied with their rulers as they are, they have ever a bad word and an unkindly thought for us. To a certain extent this is intelligible in South Germany, inasmuch as the loss of the Italian provinces must be a subject of deep mortification even to those who wish ill to the Government. Had the Rebellion of 1798 been successful in Ireland, and had meetings been held at Vienna at the time for the purpose of expressing the sympathy of the Austrian people with the heroic efforts of the Irish people—had there been a shilling subscription for Arthur O'Connor or Lord Edward Fitzgerald, we should not have liked it ourselves. This consideration, however it explains, does not do away with the fact. "*Idem velle, idem nolle, ea demum firma amicitia.*"—the maxim is as true in political, as in private life. As long as the necessities, real or supposed, of Austrian statesmanship involve the oppression of Venetia and Hungary, and a renewal of the attempts against the independence of the Italian Peninsula, Austria and Great Britain must remain asunder. In days to come, this unhappy state of affairs may be changed,—for your Southern German, unlike his Northern brother, is a good fellow. The pulses of human life beat strong in him. He is not that hybrid mixture of a military martinet and a small college Don which constitutes the Prussian ideal of a man. His mind is not muddled and emasculated with bad beer, and worse metaphysics. He dwells in Vienna, not in Laputa. In South Germany you find men and women who can dance, and sing, hunt and shoot—make love, and amuse themselves like human beings. Given "a man," as the basis of sound calculation, you may look for a result—but what can be expected from a formula in uniform? If the Italian affairs were settled; if a certain degree of liberty were granted to the various provinces of the Austrian empire; and if the ambition of Austrian statesmen were directed to the Danubian banks, in place of the Italian Peninsula, we might still hope for a renewal of the old cordiality. Many a day, however, must pass ere we can look for such a result as this, and until then we must be content to remain under the ban of the Empire.

With the northern Germans, however, we have nothing but a cold Protestantism in common. In the absence of political sympathies we have no personal attraction towards them—nor they towards us. It is indeed true that, in this country, we do not trouble our heads much about them, but whenever we do cast a glance at Berlin, we find these worthy Prussian friends and allies of ours hotly engaged in the abuse of England and things English. You will find there even amongst statesmen and writers, who should be a little more enlightened than the mass of their countrymen—a profound ignorance of political economy, and a firm belief that England is carrying out a deep design against the independence of Europe by means of her Manchester calicoes and Birmingham tea-trays. Much as they dread France they dislike England even more. The recent occurrences on the Rhine are straws to show which way the wind

blows. Now, why should we trouble ourselves further, save upon grounds connected with our own security about such people? What is it to us if Germany is mortified at the loss of her Italian provinces? All bugbears and mere shadow-dances apart, which one of all the continental sovereigns has been the truest ally to us? Have we received sympathy and assistance from Germany, from Russia, or from France? All nations must take it as a fact that their real consideration and weight in the political scale depends upon themselves, not upon a momentary alliance here, or a chance friendship there. We cannot escape the common fate. Let us then give up, once for all, the visionary and ridiculous idea of backing-up either the military ambition of France or the Holy Alliance of the Three Powers.

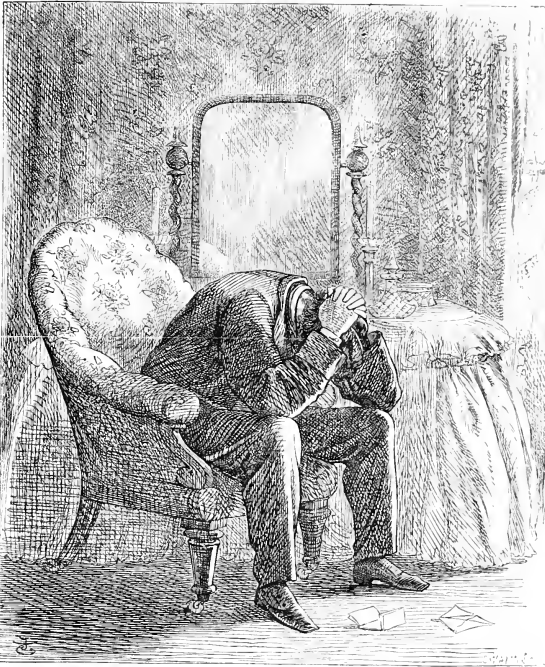
Nothing so dangerous, or so fatal to ourselves could happen as to be involved in hostilities on the continent of Europe. We may be very sure that 60,000,000 of Germans, and 35,000,000 of Frenchmen can scarcely carry out serious plans for cutting each other's throats for a period of years without so weakening themselves, as to leave that power which abstains from taking a share in the conflict, in a very formidable position when all is done. If we are to have war sooner or later, as the Old Duke used to say, by all means let it be later. In any case let us keep clear of political entanglements which would involve us in difficulties with the sovereign who stood by us in the Crimea for the sake of the Three Sovereigns, one of whom was our actual enemy, another our cold friend, the third,—how shall we describe the relation between Prussia and England during the struggle in the Baltic and the Black Sea?

Garibaldi, who has done such great things gave to the world last week a short letter, in which he seemed to shadow out the idea of a great European confederation with France at the head of it. It is needless to say that to such a system, as far as England is concerned, Englishmen would never subscribe. Most probably the great Italian leader looks at the policy of Europe, for the moment, under the influence of his strong detestation of the German name. Hatred of Germany lies at the bottom of the idea. As far as he, or indeed any Italian is concerned, it is not to be wondered at if such be the predominant thought.

The oppression exercised under the First Empire by the French is clean forgotten, because half a century or thereabouts has intervened since it was swept away. Read the historians, however, and the liberal writers of the period, and you will find that the name of France found as little favour with the Italians of that day as the name of Germany now. With such suggestions Englishmen have nothing to do. Taught by the experience of many years, we are but too painfully aware that from actual intervention in favour of any people little advantage is to be expected; but, on the other hand, an annual obligation to pay 28,000,000*l.* is the cost of our past interference in favour of crowned heads. Finally, if ever we could be brought to act once more in concert with any of the European sovereigns, we altogether decline to become members of the new—Holy Alliance.

THE SILVER CORD.

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS.



CHAPTER I.

"FOUR," remarked St. Mary of the Strand, successor to the tall Maypole that once overlooked what is now the pleasantest, and handsomest, and most English street in London.

The vibration of the Saint's voice had by no means ceased from out of the ears of the passers-by, with an honourable promptitude, and a delicate anxiety not to put the country under the obligation of receiving more service than she had bargained for, groups of gentlemen of all ages and sizes came pouring out at the gate of Somerset House. One might have thought that they had been listening for the summons, and had prepared themselves to obey it on the instant. In the old days, that church did not collect the saints of Drury Lane so rapidly as it now called forth the clerks of the Civil Service.

But not among the early ones at the gate was Mr. Arthur Lygon.

He heard the last stroke of the bell, and the single note with which the little black clock on his mantelpiece ratified the announcement, before he closed the large volume in which he was making entries from some half-printed, half-written papers

by his side; and he proceeded to arrange all his documents with the precision of a man who intends to resume an interrupted duty, and who knows the value of order and of time. He was exact, but not the least fidgety—a man, happily married, seldom becomes a fidget at five-and-thirty.

Nor did Arthur Lygon at once take up his hat and depart. A handsome man, happily married, seldom loses, at the age of thirty-five, his bachelor habit of paying some attention to appearances; and Mr. Lygon went to the other end of his comfortable, double-sashed apartment—exclusively his own—brushed his wavy dark brown hair, washed his aristocratic hands, and gave himself that good-natured look-over which a man who has no objectionable vanity, but has the laudable desire to be as presentable as he conveniently can, usually performs before re-joining society. King Henry the Fifth, when courting, vowed that he had never looked in the glass for the love of anything he saw there; and the vows of kings—and emperors—are always truthful; but all of us have not the regal faculty of self-abnegation. Arthur Lygon, finishing his arrangements with a touch at his rather effective brown whiskers, saw, and was perfectly

content to see in the glass the reflection of a set of intellectual features, somewhat of the Grecian type, but manifesting much power of decision, despite the good-tempered expression which they habitually wore. He perceived also that the person thus reflected was rather slight, but well made, and a little above the average height, and that his dress was in accordance with the fashion of the day, with a little more lightness and colour about it than one usually sees in the costume of a man of business. Lygon was a good looking, well-dressed man, and if he had been previously unaware of the fact, he had been told it, with other things of a pleasant character, in one of a highly complimentary series of sketches called *Our Civilians*, which were appearing in a pictorial paper devoted to the immortalising British Worthies of various degrees of worthiness.

In the memoir annexed to the likeness of the civilian in question it was stated, with perfect accuracy, that Mr. Arthur Lygon had entered the Plaudit Office when young, had risen, by his own merits, to a responsible and lucrative situation, was much liked by his comrades, and much respected by his superiors, and was in every respect a valuable public servant. It was further stated, in classical language, that he had given hostages to society, a process that was explained to mean that he had married Laura, third daughter of Archibald Vernon of Liphthwaite, in the county of Surrey, and had three children. Society, therefore, had only to purchase the respectable journal containing the sketches of *Our Civilians*, in order to avoid betraying any ignorance upon so important a matter as the social position of Mr. Arthur Lygon, of the Plaudit Office; and if it were in his destiny to distinguish himself in after-time, and to join the legislative assembly of his country, here were materials ready at hand for the Parliamentary Handbooks—one is glad to be able to supply some vindication of the biographical zeal of the present age.

Arthur Lygon, before leaving his room, tore away from the Almanac the one-day face that stared in his own, and he thus treated the day as at an end. This operation left next day's date visible, and it was Thursday, June 17, 185—.

Of this date, however, there was no need to remind him, as a neat square packet on his table testified. The Thursday was the birthday of his little girl, Clara, and the packet contained a handsome picture-book, which he had bought for her some days back, and which had just come to him with the small lady's name elegantly imprinted thereon in golden letters. Lygon did not leave even trifles to the last minute, and moreover did not consider it a trifle to bring out an additional sparkle in his child's eye, or a second scream of pleasure from her merry rosy mouth.

He walked westward, and having nearly a couple of hours between the time and his dinner hour, he had ample leisure to make the walk to Brompton an agreeable lounge. And the man who cannot lounge in comfort and delectation along the Strand on a fine day is simply a fool. If that eternal New Zealander can spare time from his ridiculous efforts to keep his own and his father's land from the land-jobbers, and will come over

here before the arch is ruined and ready for him, he may be really well educated by a few walks up and down our great thoroughfare. "To have loved her was a liberal education," was exquisitely written of a lady of old. If a tolerably practical *curriculum*, with a dash of sentiment and poetry in it, were wanted, it might be difficult to prescribe better than in the words "Walk the Strand."

Lygon, of course, walked it as an *habitué* walks. He noted some new machine, approved it as useful, or smiled at it as a bit of quackery. He glanced over the Parian sculptures and the painted plates, and very properly remembered that he owed Laura a present—which he would continue to owe her. He stopped for a moment before the maps, and refreshed his memory as to the distance from Calcutta to Canton—there was talk about China, just then, at the dinner-tables. He looked at the jewellery, and wondered how such a number of jewel shops could find customers enough, and also whether there would ever be any new patterns worth stopping to look at. He not only paused at the book-shops; but, half-adhering to the old faith that you may buy bargains there, and that the vendors do not know the value of books better than you do, he examined a good many of the labels with the usual result; namely, confirmation of the new faith, that if you want a good thing you must pay a good price for it. He regarded the windows set out with minerals, and felt half-tempted to torment his second boy, Frederick, with a toy that is warranted to teach geology in a week; but fatherly feeling prevailed, and he passed on. He scarcely looked at some huge play-bills, because they had not been changed for two months, and Laura had seen and duly shuddered at the *Muelstrom*, and the screams as the ship went down, in that awful drama. He noticed all the print-shops, and resisted all the temptations that worn plates and cheap frames could offer, as well as the less easily resisted temptation of some German engravings of the higher class—for the Strand baits for all fish. And except that he bought a little gold pencil-case, to be given to Clara by her mamma, on the morrow, and recollected Walter's request for a new knife, Mr. Lygon reached Trafalgar Square without much detriment to his worldly means.

"Only half-past five," he said, as he reached his own pleasant house in Gurdon Terrace.

Walter, a high-spirited, dark-eyed boy, of ten years old, heard his father's latch-key, and was in a moment tearing down the stairs with that cataract rush peculiar to the species.

"Ah! papa," he cried, throwing his arms round Mr. Lygon's neck. "Got my knife?" he added, proceeding almost in the same breath from affection to business.

"Knife?" repeated his father, pretending to be unconscious of the boy's meaning. "Knife, my boy?"

"Yes, knife my boy," returned Walter, for when was a child deceived by a loving voice? "You've got it, you know you have."

"Well, whether I have got it or not, you might let me come into the room," said his father, entering a little apartment on the left of the hall. The room was conventionally described in the house as

"papa's," and as matter of course, therefore, crowded with everybody else's litter, and where papa could seldom find anything of his.

"I wish I might have one seat in my own room," said Mr. Lygon, affecting to grumble, and sweeping the pieces of a dissected puzzle of Joseph and his Brethren from the chair that seemed least choked up. "I told you, Master Walter, to see that the puzzle was put back into the box when done with."

"Well, it's Fred's fault, papa," replied Walter, of course.

"Oh, certainly," said Mr. Lygon, seating himself.

He was going to make Walter pick up the pieces, before entering into further discussion, but the boy's eager look at the waistcoat-pocket in which he supposed his new treasure to be, was almost affecting, and his father could not be hard-hearted.

"Now, about this knife," he began gravely; but the boy's arm was round Mr. Lygon's neck in a moment.

"Yes, about the knife—out with it, papa."

"Just you please to stay a moment, Master Walter. This makes the fifth knife since Christmas, and that won't do."

"No, pa, only the fourth."

"Fifth, I tell you. There was the nice buck-horn one that your uncle Charles gave you."

"Nice one! Pretty niceness! Why, I broke it the very same afternoon."

"And whose fault was that, your uncle's?"

"Yes, it was. He ought to have given me a stronger one. Why, didn't you tell me I ought to make a boat, and didn't the blade fly away as I was cutting one?"

"I did not tell you to cut boats with a pen-knife. But I remember I then bought you a beauty, white handle and three blades, sir."

"Yes, that *was* a beauty. I hope you've bought me another like it."

"Indeed, no. But where did that go to?"

"Well, there was a hole in my pocket, and I suppose it went through that."

"Your mamma gave you another."

"Oh, a girl's thing! little bits of blades no bigger than that," showing a thumb-nail that might have been cleaner. "I gave it to Lizzie Park, the day we went on the water, and she gave me a gimblet, for good luck."

"And where did the young lady get a gimblet, pray?"

"Out of her papa's box of tools, I suppose. I've got it in my pocket now."

"Then please to take it out of your pocket, and put it in a proper place. Now, Master Walter, about number four? Did you not take my own desk knife, from this very inkstand?"

"Oh, ah!" returned Walter, convicted but not convinced. "I don't call *that* a knife."

"What do you call it—a fork?"

"No," said Walter, with one of those spirts of laughter that reward you for saying something utterly ridiculous to a child. "But you can't call that a knife—it don't shut."

It was now his father's turn to laugh, and to hand over the brown Wharcliffe he had brought down. Walter was more than delighted—all the

advantages of the beautiful lost white knife, with the manly character of the brown handle—perfect. He gave his father a violent hug, and a kiss which, hastily directed anywhere, fell on the parent's ear, and then the boy dashed off, proclaiming that he must show his prize to mamma.

"Mamma is dressing for dinner," his father cried after him. "She don't want you."

"Oh, she always wants me," was the answering shout, as Walter tore up the stairs three at a time.

Mr. Lygon looked into the dining-room. The table was laid for three, as usual—for himself and Mrs. Lygon, and for Miss Clara, who was permitted to complete the party, though an early dinner with her school-boy brothers, Walter and Fred, made her attendance almost honorary. But papa liked to see his little lady at the dinner-table, and Mrs. Lygon had a curious and unfeminine habit of complying with all his whims.

His wife's portrait, a rather large oil-painting, hung over the mantelpiece, and his eye caught a card put between the painting and the frame.

"I wonder who did *that*," said Mr. Lygon, discontent. "I have said a dozen times that I will not have things stuck there." And he took out the offensive card, and looked at it.

"Mr. Ernest Adair," he read. "I don't know the name, do I? Ernest Adair—no—I've heard of Robin, but Laura knows, I suppose." And as the making even so slight an alteration as the removing a card from a picture will often cause you to look earnestly at the work itself, though it has hung before you for years, Arthur Lygon paused for a moment or two and gazed on the likeness of his wife.

A beautiful face, with a mass of dark hair in clustered curls,—a forehead lower than painters care to draw, except those painters who comprehend that the best type of womanhood is not found with the traditional high brow,—an expression of stillness, perhaps verging on sternness, and something that spoke of troubles confronted, perhaps of sufferings endured. And yet the face was loveable, and the violet eyes were tender. For the rest, a delicate throat, a white full shoulder, and rounded and graceful arms. The figure was seated, and in one of the faultless hands—almost too small—was a rosary of golden beads.

"She is handsomer now than she was then," said the husband, with a determined expression, as if of defiance to all who might doubt whether the mother of three children could excel in beauty a lovely-looking girl of nineteen.

"She is, though," he added, with an affirmation which, as there was a happy smile on his lips, and a world of affection in his heart, was not, let us hope, laid to his charge. "In the first place, she is happier, and—"

He left the room, and the next minute his little Clara bounded into his arms, fit not with as much energy as her brother's, with quite as much delight, and as her luxuriant hair, dark as her mother's, shaded his face, she murmured her words of fondness.

"Dear, dear papa," she said, kissing him over and over again.

And no sooner was she dismissed, than there

was another scene of love, on the next landing, where Frederick was lying in wait for his father, and pounced upon him with boisterous affection. It is a monotonous story, but a happy one.

"Been to school in those splendid clothes, Fred?"

"Half-holiday, Wednesday, papa."

"Ah, so it is. And where have you been? To the Zoological Gardens?"

"No, we *were* going there with mamma, but a gentleman came, and so mamma was obliged to send us out for a walk by ourselves, me and Clara."

"Who was that, Fred?"

"I don't know him. I saw him just for a minute. He was an ugly-looking fellow."

"Hush, sir, you mustn't call names, and, above all, never use them to people who come to see us, because that is worse than rude, it's unkind. I suppose you thought him ugly because he kept you from going to the beasts."

"Well, you take us on Sunday?" said Fred, declining the discussion.

"We'll hear what mamma says," replied Mr. Lygon, going to his dressing-room.

When he came out again, he gave a rap at the bed-room door as he passed, and crying, "Six, mother," descended to the drawing-room, where he found Walter, who was breathing on his new blades, watching the breath-damp evaporate, and tenderly wiping the steel with the corner of a table-cover. He had conscience enough, however, to feel that this last proceeding was exceptionable, and with one of those irresistibly sly looks which disarm remonstrance, he pocketed the knife, and began to hang on to his father's well-knit arm, and raise himself from the ground by his hands.

"There, my boy, a little of that will do on a hot day," said Mr. Lygon, laughingly swinging him away. "What did mamma say to the present?"

"She didn't call me to come in, so I couldn't show it her."

"And how is Eutropius?"

"Oh, he's very well, thank you," said Walter; "and so's Numa Pompilius who was very bilious and Aeneas Martius who wore moustachios, and all the rest of 'em. Shall I tell mamma to come down?" he added, as if not particularly eager to undergo a classical examination.

"If you like."

In a quarter of a minute he was knocking very loudly at the bed-room door. Apparently the summons was without effect, for it was repeated with additional pertinacity.

"Mamma won't answer me," said Walter, coming back to the room rather discomfited.

"Have you been doing anything rude, or wrong?" said Mr. Lygon.

"No, indeed, papa," said Walter, whose face was truthfulness itself. "We had quite a game, me and ma, when I came in from school, racing round the dining-room table, and kissing one another."

"Can she be unwell?" said Mr. Lygon, running up-stairs.

No answer was given to his knock, or voice, and he tried the door. It was not fastened, and he partly opened it and spoke again. No answer, and he entered. No wife was there.

"Why, she must have gone down-stairs, Walter, before I came from my room," said the father, laughing at the boy, who had followed him up-stairs.

Walter did not laugh in return. He looked grave for a moment, and then dashed down-stairs with even greater celerity, if possible, than was his wont. It did not take that earnest searcher many seconds to fly into every room in the lower part of the house, and he returned to his father, who was adjusting some prints on the bed-room walls.

"Mamma's not down-stairs."

Is there any sort of instinct which warns a loving creature of a sorrow at hand—a sorrow in which the dearly loved one is implicated?

"Look up-stairs," said his father, promptly, and noticing a sudden pallor on the child's face.

Walter sprang away on the instant; but before he was on the topmost stair his father held in his hand the key of the mystery. Lygon's eye had fallen on an ivory box on a small table. The box was open, and a letter addressed to himself was placed upright in it, placed as with intention that his notice should be attracted by the paper.

His wife had written the direction, but the note he took from the envelope was not in the graceful though irregular hand he loved so well. It was a man's writing.

But he opened the note calmly enough—why should he not have done so?—we do not live in a world of melodrama, and a married lady living at Brompton may be suddenly called away from her home without any necessity for her husband's being alarmed. Her sister has been taken ill, and the doctor has sent a hasty line of summons, or Mr. Vernon—

But it is *not* her father's small writing—it is a stranger's hand.

"*Laura Vernon has no choice, and must obey the call which removes her. All pursuit or inquiry will be in vain. But silence may be rewarded.*"

That was all. And the last five words were written in a hurried hand, and as if unwillingly, and were blotted, as if they had been added at the last moment.

"Laura Vernon."

Arthur Lygon's heart had long since ceased to throb at the sight or sound of that name. From the day when an agitated bride had exchanged it for another, and he had clasped her to that heart in the earnestness of as true a love as a woman may desire, the girl-name's power of magic had been surrendered to another word of charming. To read the old word, and in a stranger's writing, and as the opening of that strange message, was a thing to do in the wild yet calm madness of a dream, but there—there—in the bedroom of the house, with all the common-place comfort of an orderly household around him, the very summons to dinner about to be given, the children—

"She is not up-stairs, papa."

"Mamma has gone out," said Mr. Lygon, as calmly as he had ever spoken. "Go down-stairs,

Walter, and stay with Clara and Frederick until I come down."

He closed and locked the door.

In life, it were base to take advantage of one who is suddenly roused from sleep. Let the same generosity be observed in telling his story; and while a kind, good, happy man awakens from his happiness, it may be to remain neither good nor kind, let us turn away, in decent humanity, and leave him, unwatched, to shudder into comprehension of what has come to him—come to him on the day which, but three hours ago, he treated as ended. Let us leave him to his waking.

CHAPTER II.

To the simple question, "How far is Liphthwaite from the railway-station?" the reply, "That depends upon circumstances," would seem to savour of the simplicity for which a less gentle name might be found by practical or impatient inquirers. Consigning these to the mystifications of the respected Quaker, whose monthly Quadrilateral is so efficient a defence of our towns and cities against invasion by the traveller, we will presently vindicate a reply which appears to be no answer.

The people of Liphthwaite were always rather proud of their clean, cheerful little town, but their pride received an accession which became almost dangerous, when their new and beautiful neighbour, Lady Charrington, on her return from her wedding tour in Scotland, declared to Sir Frederick, as he was showing her about the little borough of which she was to become the friend, patroness, and star, that Liphthwaite reminded her of Edinburgh. Sir Frederick was still in that honeymoonlight which silvers everything for a happy and admiring young husband, yet his astonishment at this speech made him pull the ponies in with such a jerk that they nearly backed the basket-chair into the shop of the chief bookseller, round which two or three gentlemen were lounging—they lounged a good deal at Liphthwaite.

One of the group, a tall, elderly, black-frock-coated gentleman, with a shrewd but still a kindly expression in his well-marked face, and with some humour in his smile, stepped forward to offer assistance, but the well-trained ponies were thoroughly in hand, and stood almost motionless as Sir Frederick greeted his friend.

"How do you do, Mr. Berry?" he said. "Home again, you see."

"We are all very glad to welcome you back, Sir Frederick, after so long an absence."

"But here is my excuse for my absence," replied the proud and happy husband. "Mr. Berry, Helen—a very old friend."

Mr. Berry thought, as he looked at her sunshiny face, that her husband had a right to be proud; and a few minutes afterwards, when her pleasant voice had been heard, the elder gentleman made up his mind that the younger was going to be happy. There is an old proverb in those parts, advising a man to choose a wife by the ear and not by the eye. Sir Frederick had done better, and chosen by both.

"I must tell Mr. Berry, my love," said Sir Frederick, "how it was we nearly ran over him."

"Yes, and tell me too," said the young wife, laughing. "What in the world were you about?"

"Lady Charrington has found out that our poor little Liphthwaite is like Edinburgh. Ought we not to be vain? Do you know Edinburgh, Berry?"

"Yes, tolerably well. It is the most picturesque city in the world, and I have seen most of the fine cities, I believe."

"I am to be taken to see them all," said Lady Charrington; "that is an engagement. But in the meantime I declare that my notion is not so ridiculous as to make it right to pull off the poor ponies' heads. Mr. Berry shall decide."

"Well, let him. Only as he was the Town Clerk of Liphthwaite before he gave up law and settled in the pretty place I'll show you presently, he will be prejudiced in favour of his borough."

"You see there is something in what I say," she answered, merrily, "or you would not be begging the judge to be impartial. But see. Here we are in a handsome street of new houses, and nice shops, and over there, running parallel with this, is that dear, queer, quaint, dirty old street—what did you call it, Fred?"

"Moggrums."

"It is a hideous name," Mr. Berry said, "and we have been half a dozen times going to change it for something more euphonious—only it has been found difficult to agree upon the new title. So we comfort ourselves by explaining to strangers that Moggrums is a corruption from the Latin, and that the Romans, when they settled here, called the place *Morogesium*—I do not believe that there ever was such a name, or that the Romans were here at all, and Lady Charrington must help us to a new name which we shall all like, and we will get rid of the fable."

"No, no," said Lady Charrington, "keep everything old. I love everything that is old. And now please to look again. That beautiful hill, with the dear heather on it—it is not very high, after what we have been seeing, but it stands on the left, in just the situation as regards the town as Arthur's Seat does to Edinburgh, and then on the other hill on our right are those ruins—they may stand for the Castle."

"They are the ruins of a castle, Lady Charrington, and there is a perfectly untrustworthy story of King John's having held a court there, and I am sorry to say that an irreverent inhabitant of Liphthwaite deposited in our museum some teeth found on the hill, with a label suggesting that they were some of the Jews' teeth which that Sovereign, you know, used to draw when he wanted money."

"And you have a museum, too? I must come and see it."

"And there's a museum in Edinburgh," laughed Sir Frederick, "so there's another likeness for you. Well, we'll get on home. Mr. Berry, I need not tell you how glad we shall be to see you at the Abbey—I don't mean morning calls, and all that, but come whenever you feel inclined. The pictures are there, the books are there, the coins are there, and we are there; and I don't think my father's dear old friend and mine wants more said to him."

"A great deal more," said Lady Charrington,

instantly speaking kindly on seeing that her husband felt kindly, "and he must come to the Abbey for me to say it to him."

And so they parted; but the Edinburgh notion, which of course Mr. Berry mentioned to his friends, was stereotyped in the Liphwaite mind from that hour, and was duly set forth to all visitors—except Scottish ones. If it help the reader to comprehend somewhat of the features of our borough, the happy-hearted bride did not speak in vain. But we will fill up the outline a little.

Liphwaite is in the leafy county of Surrey, and among all the pleasant little towns in pleasant England there is probably not one whose founders chose a better site. It stands in a valley bounded on the eastern side by a high ridge of well-defined hills of considerable height. Portions and strips of these are cultivated, and other sections of the hill-sides wear a close clothing of firs, which crown the very top, while the larger parts, and especially the bolder and the terminating heights, are wild common, studded with green knolls, and garnished with the purple heather. To penetrate from the open breezy hill-top into the winding glades of the little forests, and to refresh the eyes in the quiet shade, and to listen to the sheep-bell and the mill-splash, and then to emerge into the full light, and look out upon the broad prospect of a highly-cultured country, spotted here and there with villages, to which the eye is guided by the little spire or tower, is no great achievement in the way of sight-seeing; but that unheroic ramble, if undertaken in the heroic spirit of patience and thankfulness, will not be unrewarded.

To return into Liphwaite, in which it is desirable that a reader should feel himself at home, be it added that, although it possesses, as Lady Charrington has said, but two principal streets, lying nearly parallel, the one, old and irregular, and inhabited chiefly by the humbler class of our population (we were 4871 at the census of 1851), and the other built in more modern fashion, and containing some good shops, and many well-looking private houses, including our best and dearest hotel, the Barbel, those streets are connected, chiefly towards the two extremities, by several small and tortuous lanes, and these straggle out to various lengths from the town, some of them extending their broken lines of squalid white cottages nearly half a mile into the green fields, while others are brought up short, either by a stern red-brick house, which establishes itself as a sort of sentinel to prohibit further advance, or, more ignobly, by the darkening carcasses of unfinished buildings, whose originators have had to be reminded by certain Commissioners of a text about building without counting the cost. The outskirts of Liphwaite, indeed, on the castle end, are not the portion of the town on which our pride, before mentioned, chiefly perches itself. What we do pique ourselves upon is, first, our noble old church, to which the Reformers did very little harm, and the churchwardens have done very little more, and where there is a wooden font of unequalled ugliness, which we would not change for alabaster sculptured by Baron Marochetti. Secondly, we are proud of our Town Hall, which is hideous

in point of architecture, and odious in point of accommodation, but in which King Charles II. was entertained to dinner, and made a joke which we loyally suppose that the mayor of the day was too frightened to recollect accurately, as it is so exceedingly stupid that we do not much care to repeat it. Thirdly, we are proud of a statue of Queen Anne, in white marble, to which some Hindoos, who were in the town in 1821, actually prostrated themselves, being suddenly struck by the extraordinary likeness of the work to one of their own frightful idols. And, lastly, we are proud of our prosperous literary institute, our very solvent gas works, our handsome workhouse, our increasing museum (to which a nobleman who cares nothing for zoology has generously given all his late father's collection of stuffed animals,) our respectable Independent, Methodist, Baptist, and Unitarian chapels, and of our latest improvement of all, a drinking fountain, erected by our neighbour, Mr. Andover, who has done so many kind things for Liphwaite (where there are a good many electors) that we form our own notions of his views for his eldest son, said to be a good speaker at the Union.

Now, to justify the answer about the distance from the railway station, and at the same time to let the reader see a little into the character of the excellent Mr. Berry (of whom more will be heard in the course of the story), suppose we let him state the case in a way to which he was rather partial.

"When my nephew, Horace Armstrong, who is in the War Office, was visiting me here, two years ago," said the old gentleman, "I introduced him to most of my friends, and as he was a handsome, talkative, good-natured young fellow, who dressed very well, and made himself acceptable to the ladies, he enjoyed himself much, and left me alone a great deal, for which I was obliged to him. There were two families, in particular, by whom Mr. Horace was very much welcomed. These were next-door neighbours. Mr. Oliphant who succeeded to my business, has a series of daughters, all more or less pretty, and willing to be appreciated by a young gentleman; and Mrs. Penson, widow of the East India captain, has another series with the same qualifications. These girls are all fast friends till further notice, and Horace Armstrong, introduced among them, became an extraordinary favourite. In fact the silly things made a perfect pet and idol of him, and as he had not the least objection to be so treated by a cluster of pretty merry girls, his time passed very happily. He got his holiday extended, and when his country could do without him no longer, he contrived to persuade me to buy him a month's railway ticket, and let him stay at Liphwaite, and run up to town every morning. It was the summer, to be sure, and it is a good thing for girls to get up early and take walks, and they have a right to walk which way they like. So there could be no objection to the Misses Oliphant and the Misses Penson discovering that their pleasantest walk was one which always took my elegant nephew to an 8-45 train. They used to walk him round Spence's Gardens, down Love Lane into the fields, across the mill-stream, and

under the hill, and so through the Ghost Copse to the road that leads to the station. At that time he always assured me that the walk was nothing, that it could be done in a quarter of an hour, and easily in twenty minutes. Now I know every stone on the road, and the walk is one of two miles and a quarter.

"Well, sir, one year ago, my beloved nephew, Horace, came down again. The pretty Oliphants and the pretty Pensons were just ready to begin to pet him as ever; but the pet himself was in no mood for such attentions. He scarcely went near them, and when he had to go to London, he took the shortest cut that I could show him. Even this walk, which I can do in five-and-twenty minutes, he used to declare to be most weary and tedious; and he used to abuse the turns in the road for being so far off, and curse the poor monotonous palls for being so many—a fellow never seemed to have got past them—and vent the other wise and manly sentiments which a discontented young fellow lavishes upon inanimate objects when he is out of humour. The fact was, that he had become desperately smitten with the sister of a fellow War-Office-man, and being moreover in debt, he suddenly found his debts intolerable, as preventing his settlement in life. You may easily guess what he wanted out of uncle, but uncle means to make Mr. Horace wait a bit. Meantime, he used to declare that the walk to the station was one of an hour and three-quarters, and the ugliest walk in all England. Now that is quite untrue, as you can see Hadbury Hill all the way; and for the winter, you are under the interlacing trees, to say nothing of our river, the Burde, which when at all swollen by rains is a handsome stream, over which you cross in your way to the rail."

With some of these localities you will become well acquainted before we conclude our narrative, and there is one other place in Liphthwaite to which it may be well to conduct you, that you may know it again when the time to revisit it arrives. This is the house of Mr. Berry himself. It stands upon some land once belonging to a client of his (such foundations to lawyers' houses are not infrequent), land which lies on a gentle slope a little way out of Liphthwaite, at the hill end of the town. From the lawn in front of the house we look upon Hadbury Hill, and see all the fine effects which the sun, either by his presence or his absence, loves to call up on mountain scenery, and even on such modest likeness to mountain scenery as our bold hills present. The town is entirely shut out from our view by a belt of trees on the right, and they form part of a semi-circle which protects the side and rear of the house, and extends downwards until stopped, somewhat abruptly, by a little clear quick stream of water (Mr. Berry's boundary), which ultimately finds its way into the Burde. To the left the view is open, the most prominent object being the dark thick woods by which the Abbey, Sir Frederick Charrington's seat, is surrounded, and on the horizon are the Alster Hills, between which, in clear weather, the host can make out the sea, and his visitors say they can. The house itself, which is called Cromwell Lodge (in memory of a relative whose legacy enabled the owner to build it) is

what the old gentleman himself describes as a "mild" specimen of modern Gothic.

"Fools," says Mr. Berry, "according to the proverb, build houses, and wise men live in them; but perhaps it means that a man grows wise after he has had to live for any time in a house he has been fool enough to build. If he does not—with the aid of his architect, of his servants, and his wife—he is unteachable indeed. I shall not say what this little place cost me, or anything about the trouble I had in persuading my friend, Mr. Gurgoyle, that I had better *not* add a new wing, and throw out a music-room, or anything about the servants I have discharged for wrenching my registers, burning my bath-pipe, and nailing up my ventilators. Nor will I say anything about the meek but persevering murmurs of Mrs. Berry, who has never been so happy in her neat, new rooms, with their gilding and all the rest of it, as she was in the old house in Liphthwaite, where she had a deep dark cupboard at every turn, and—nay, let me do her woman's heart better justice—where those whom it did not please God to spare us, used to race and riot till the fatal month—the cholera month—which opened upon us as the parents of three loving children, and went out with the day on which we laid the last baby in Liphthwaite churchyard. I have never complained to poor Marion that she is not happy in the pleasant home I have given her.

"My friend Gurgoyle," resumed the old gentleman, after a pause, "was not profound in his art, but then I did not know enough of architecture to warrant my interference, and I did know enough of the world to be sure that if I interfered I should make matters worse, especially as regarded the expenditure. So he had his own way, and though the windows are not exactly the right thing, I can see out of them capitally; and though the porch is said to be very objectionable, I can sit there with much comfort in the evening; and as for the chimneys, if they had been more like what Mr. Pugin, or Mr. Slater would have approved, I dare say they would have smoked just as badly as they did until we made their ugliness uglier by our tin tubes and cowls. The house is well enough, and nobody finds fault with my comfortable dining-room on the left, or I may say, with anything that is set upon my bright old table, which I bought when I married. Nor does anybody, except poor Mrs. Berry, dislike my pretty drawing-room on the right, with its view of the Hill. There is my library beyond the dining-room, and I have some good books there, and a few rare ones—also, some coins, especially the Cæsars in gold, and a fair English series—but nothing very remarkable. There is a fine collection at the Abbey, but Sir Frederick knows only that it *is* fine—his father and I used to wrangle about a coin as stubbornly as the deceased heathens for whom it was struck could have done, when making some of their Pagan bargains. Sir Charles Charrington was a singular old man, and very clever, though he did not know so much of coins as he imagined."

And thus much for our pleasant town of Liphthwaite.

(To be continued.)

THE BAKER.

HIS HEALTH.

WILLIAM COBBETT was gone before we heard the rising of the storm which has since raged so furiously against the adulteration of our food and drink; yet no one has written more strongly than Cobbett against baker's bread. I own that my heart warms to his descriptions of the cottager's wife at her bread-board and oven. He would have had everybody, even the day-labourer's wife, brew at home also; and there is something fascinating in his eloquence on behalf of meals of home-made bread, fat bacon, and beer, in contrast with the potatoes he so abhorred, and wishy-washy tea. He declared that the consumption of fuel in boiling potatoes and making tea was more than a set-off against the bacon and beer. Though he was unjust to the potato, from being unaware of its eminently nutritious quality when properly used, he was no doubt right about the value of a more varied diet, and in his estimate of really good bread, beer, and bacon. Where he was wrong in his advice was in neglecting the economy of time and labour. He would have set fifty cottagers' wives brewing, with their fifty sets of utensils, and at a cost of fifty days' labour, when they might get their beer more cheaply as to money, and without any expenditure of time, at the brewery. If there is any question as to the quality, I should say that for one housewife who makes better beer than the brewery there are a score who make worse. The uncertainty is a great drawback on both beer and bread that are made at home. On the whole, the economy of division of employments is sure to prevail; so that there was little use in opposing it, even in Cobbett's day; but yet we may be permitted to think it a pleasant sight, in town or country, when we enter a humble kitchen just as the steaming leaves are cooling on the clean dresser.

It is also pleasant to country housekeepers to see the relish with which London guests take to the home-made loaf,—cutting bit after bit, after they have done, and excusing themselves by the goodness of the bread. Even in the houses where this pleasant sight is seen, however, there is sometimes a reverse. The next cook that comes may not succeed well with her bread, either from want of practice or want of skill. Then there is the difficulty about yeast,—still recurring, after all the advice that has been shed abroad upon it. Then there is the varying quality of the flour, and of the weather. There are few houses in which a batch of bad bread is never seen. Considering this, and the defective education of girls in household matters, and the new modes of female industry among the working-classes, it is not surprising that the professional bakers do by far the greater part of the bread-making in all societies; and if they are more or less superseded, it will not be by a return to the old article of home-made bread, but by the increasing use of machinery. Meantime, the craft is an important one for numbers in other ways. There are twelve thousand bakers in London alone.

I can just remember the case of the bakers in the miserable days of bad bread after the harvests

of the early years of the century. I will not nauseate my readers by telling them what some of the bread in those days was like, when the sound old wheat was all consumed, and the soft, sticky flour from the new crop was the only thing that could be had. The large towns were particularly afflicted, and none more so than Birmingham. Some monied men believed that, by forming themselves into a company, they could provide better bread, because they could command better wheat, and grind it themselves. They succeeded in supplying good bread at the same cost as the bad, and of course they were popular with the buyers; but the millers and bakers were furious. They organised a strong persecution against the company, and at last, in 1809, induced the authorities to prosecute the directors in the name of the crown.

The public were aware that it was a curious sign of the times, and they watched the result very anxiously. The charge was that the company—an illegal institution—was injuring the interests of the millers and bakers. The verdict of the jury was undeniably true, and highly offensive to both parties. They declared that the object of the company was good—that the town was much benefited by its operations—that it commanded resources which were out of the reach of the trade generally, and that the millers and bakers had suffered by the competition. The millers and bakers had the best of it for some years after this; but there are now some half-dozen great mills at Birmingham, in public and private hands, sending out flour and bread in a way too potential to be interfered with. We are not likely to hear of Queen Victoria prosecuting any bread-making association, on the ground of its injuring the bakers. It seems strange now that such a thing could have been done in the name of her grandfather.

We may well doubt whether there are fewer bakers employed in consequence of the introduction of larger capital and new machinery into the trade. There is not only the increased number of bread-eaters to be considered, but the diminution in the quantity of home-made bread. The new census will soon tell us how many millers and bakers there are in the United Kingdom; and meantime we are informed, as I have said, that there are twelve thousand bakers in London alone. The class is thus a large one, and their welfare is a matter of deep social concern.

The ill-health of the class is a well-established fact. The miller's cough is a too familiar sound in the neighbourhood of any old-fashioned mill, and in the family of almost every baker. If any of us remember what it was in childhood to play in or about a windmill, to sit on the steps, to watch the tremendous sails in a wind, and keep timidly away from them when not a breath was stirring,—to hear the whizz of the grain in the hopper, and sneeze in the mealy atmosphere, and play among the sacks, and laugh at the miller's powdery appearance, we must remember the miller's cough. He may well cough, for he is breathing dust all the time he is at work. The dust of flour is not so bad as that of needles and razor-blades, nor of the stone-cutter's work;

but it forms a paste in the lungs and air-passages, which brings on deadly disease at last. The miller early begins to wheeze; and too commonly he spits blood, after a few years, and dies consumptive. His skin is clogged in the same way; and unless he is extremely careful to relieve it by frequent washing, he is subject to the inflammatory complaints which are caused by a loaded skin. Nobody knows more of the symptoms of asthma and consumption than the widows of the millers of twenty or thirty years ago. One of the greatest facts in the history of steam-flour mills is that they have put a stop to this sickness and mortality. Such a draught is made, and it is so directed, as to carry up the meal dust, in covered ways, and to throw it out into the upper air.

This particular danger is shared by the bakers: and it is only one of many; so that, as a body, they must be very unhealthy. Are they not visibly so? If we think over the bakers we have known, or observe them in their shops, or when distributing the bread, we shall find that they are a pale-faced, flabby, anxious-looking race. They are a nervous set of men, too, owing to the irregularity and deficiency of their sleep, as well as to their uneasy condition of body. From the accounts given by themselves and their friends of their liabilities, it might seem wonderful that any bakers are to be hired, but that we know there is no occupation, however unwholesome or disgusting, that is not pursued, almost as eagerly as the most agreeable. In some crafts the pay is in proportion to the risk or the noisomeness. It is not so with the bakers; and this is clear evidence that there is no lack of hands, however serious are the disadvantages of the employment.

A dozen years ago these disadvantages engaged so much attention that efforts were made (which have since been renewed) to obtain legislative protection for the health of bakers. We should have had cause for shame if the attempt had succeeded; but we need not be sorry that it was made, because it has stimulated the master-bakers to do their best for the welfare of their journeymen; it has taught the men that they must not look to the legislature for a kind of protection which they ought not to need, and which could never be secured by Act of Parliament; and it has afforded assurance to all thoughtful persons that the time is at hand when improvements in art will cure many mischiefs not otherwise curable. As the millers are now relieved of the deadly evil of meal dust, the bakers will be relieved of the causes of their bad health and early death. As there are plenty of healthy bakers in bread mills at this moment, we may be sure that there will not long be in private establishments 31 per cent. of journeymen bakers spitting blood, or 80 per cent. ailing in the chest in one way or another.

What, then, is the baker's state of health? What is his chance of life? What ought he to do in his particular circumstances?

The tables of Friendly Societies tell us that the bakers stand fifth on their lists. There are four trades that are more sickly, and nineteen that are less so. During the period of relief in sickness, in other words, from 20 to 70 years of age, the bakers claim for 178 weeks of sickness;

that is, nearly three years and a half of such illness as renders them unable to work. The very most burdensome class is that of the potters, who are ill for 333 weeks of the same period; and the best are the clerks and schoolmasters, who claim for 48 weeks, or less than a year. But these figures do not show the full strength of the case. The clerks and schoolmasters are, in large proportion, living at nearly or quite the end of the term; whereas the potters were, for the most part, dead in a few years from the outset, and the bakers disappear, on an average, before the middle of the term. Those who live for 10 years of the time have fewer weeks of chargeable sickness; and those who live 30 have more; and the computation made is the average; but if the term were not from 20 to 70, but from 20 to 50, the bad case of the potters and bakers would be seen to be very much worse than it now appears.

The bakers do not suffer from fever so much as several other trades. Fever invariably proceeds from bad air; and bad air cannot therefore be the most prominent grievance of the bakers, though we hear much of the closeness and bad smells of the places in which they work. There was naturally a good deal of exaggeration and partiality in the reports made on behalf of the journeymen at first; and it is probable that the employers have been roused to do their best for their men. At all events, here is the fact that fever does not prevail among them: and we have the testimony of medical officers of health who have examined the London bakehouses, to the good ventilation of most of them, and the really admirable management of many in this respect, and to the readiness and anxiety of the master-bakers to consider the health of their men. If the men were equally wise, there would be such a contrast between healthy and unhealthy bakehouses, that no legislation would be demanded by the most superficial or ignorant friend of the bakers.

Their particular liability is to diseases of the chest. The men grow hoarse; they lose voice; they become short of breath; they spit blood, and die consumptive. They suffer extremes of temperature, and have ailments from that cause. They carry heavy weights when exhausted with labour; and they work at night, and have cruelly long hours; and hence the nervous diseases which attend protracted wakefulness. It was a striking fact to foreigners, as well as to many people at home, that while the London builders were striking for ten hours' wages for nine hours' work, the bakers were agitating for twelve hours' work—which was a reduction very startling to the masters. Under the circumstances, nobody can be surprised that the chance of life is so low as it is. The average life of a journeyman baker ends at 42: some say at 40. They do not talk, as the steel-grinders do, of a short life and a merry one. It may be that they are apt to seek, like the needle-pointers and razor-grinders, a pernicious solace under the depression of ill-health; but they are a less reckless and audacious order of craftsmen; and one cannot but wonder why they choose that trade, if they are really convinced that it is the lot of the baker to die at 42.

Next—what can be done under the circumstances?

We may answer this question by looking at what *has* been done.

A dozen years ago, the main article of our food was made in the most disgusting places in London and other large towns, and in the most disgusting manner that could be conceived of in a civilised country. People keep away from shambles, lest what they would see there should come back upon their imaginations at dinner time: but it would have been worse to visit a bakehouse, because, while the state of things is no less disagreeable, it has always been unnecessary, and therefore more revolting than anything that occurs in the shambles. When I was a little child, the nursemaid made a call on some relations, on our return from a walk. It was not for the first time; and I always betook myself to a sawpit behind the house to watch the men at work, while the maid finished her gossip. On this occasion a gate was open, and I strayed into the next yard, which was a butcher's; and there I saw the early part of the cutting up of a beast, only just killed, and still reeking. The sight made a deep impression; and I believe my mother was surprised to find me in possession of some anatomical facts not usually known to little children. I dared not tell what I had seen; for I was pulled roughly away from the gate, and desired never to speak of "the dead cow:" but even that terrible picture is less repulsive than a visit to a certain order of bakehouses would have been a dozen years ago. I will not describe nastiness which has disappeared. Let it suffice that the nuisances which belong to the basement of houses were to be found in the bakehouses, because the bakehouse was in the basement. There were foul smells and rats, as well as excessive heat and crickets. There was so little light that the men lived in glaring gaslight. There was so little air that they were heavy, sick, and stupid, and had to go up into the air before they could eat. If we consider what such places must have been like when crowded with men toiling at such work as kneading dough, we need look no further.

Except on the premises of the lower orders—the "cheap and nasty" order of bakers—matters are arranged very differently now. The officers of health tell us that the nuisances are turned away from the bakehouses; that every corner is clean, the walls whitened, the utensils in a proper state; and the food and sleeping places of the men such as ought to content them. We know something of the humility required of rich men's servants in London, as to their bedrooms—how they are put among the black beetles in underground closets, in the height of the season, or all the year round; for, where there are kitchen fires, it is always the season for black beetles. In comparison with many a powdered footman's bed-closet, the sleeping places of the journeyman bakers are desirable chambers. This is better than the feverish napping on the board, or in the troughs, which used to be the practice. Moreover, the employers are, generally speaking, anxious to learn how they can improve the condition of their men, and willing to act on the suggestions of competent advisers.

Still, as the health of bakers continues bad, in comparison with most other people's, there must be much that is wrong. There certainly is.

It is an enormous evil that most bakehouses are under ground. The reason of this is, we are told, that the requisite space cannot be had above ground, except at a cost which the sale of bread will not repay. If this is true, we need not the ghosts of all the bakers who have died of bad air and heat to tell us that bread-making by machinery will drive out the old method. The Americans have told us the secret of how cheap bread may become when made by machinery on an extensive scale; and the steam-bakers can afford to have premises above ground if the old bakers cannot. Some bake-houses we have in yards, behind the dwellings; and there the lot of the journeymen is comparatively easy.

If there can be a worse evil than bad air, joined with extreme heat and perpetual gaslight, it is excessive work; and the long hours of the bakers are probably the worst known in the whole circuit of trades.

London must be supplied with hot rolls and new bread by hundreds of cart-loads early every morning, and every noon, and every evening. The journeyman baker, who had gone home wearied and exhausted, at five in the afternoon, must be called from his bed when other people are going to theirs, before he has got half his sleep out. He must be at his work by eleven o'clock; and there he is, under the gas, and amidst the floating flour which makes the air thick. There he is to be till five the next evening—sometimes till six or seven—with only snatches of sleep and eating, from an hour and a half to three hours, in all that time. The work is all hard—the mixing, the kneading, the baking, and the carrying out—which some of the men have to do.

It may be thought that the air of the streets must be refreshing after the night among the ovens below ground; and so, no doubt, it often is: but there are the chances of wind and weather, dangerous to an over-heated man who has been at work all night: and there is the weight he has to carry,—sometimes amounting to 1 cwt. Then, back to the troughs and ovens, to make another batch for the evening demand; and another carrying round before he can go home to his tea and bed, for a mere four hours' rest.

If this is overwork on Mondays and Tuesdays, what is it between Thursdays and Sundays! The complaint of the men is that, in a great number of cases, the interval is not allowed on Friday evenings, and sometimes not on Saturdays: that is, they work from eleven on Thursday nights to the Saturday night, or even Sunday morning. It is incomprehensible how they stand this. Nothing can justify such a demand being made on them, or their agreeing, on any terms, to such a demand. To save his country from an invasion, or to rescue fellow-beings from perishing under an avalanche, or in a coalpit, a man may meritoriously work at that rate when occasion arises; but not to provide hot and new bread to London tables, from week to week, for 17s. a-week. Not that there is any use in requesting London or any other town to go without fresh bread. No good comes of efforts

to turn aside the regular stream of business. The remedy is of another kind. Machinery, and methods by which bread is made more rapidly, will put an end to overwork as destructive as the toil on a Louisiana sugar-plantation, where the overseer tells you it answers better to "use up" so many "hands" per season than to reduce the production.

These are the two main evils which too often subsist where all the rest have been got rid of. Not always; for there are master-bakers who have managed to reduce the hours of work without losing their custom. It is for the trade at large to consider whether they can do this, or whether they will retire from the contest with machinery. The most unlikely thing of all is that they can go on in their present way of conducting their business.

So much for the masters. Now, what can the men do?

It is for them to say whether they do the best they can for their health. When their turn comes for an hour or two's sleep, do they go at once to their proper bed, and get into it undressed and washed? or do they fling themselves down on the nearest place that will hold them, among the fumes of yeast, and the heat or the draughts which are common in bakehouses? Do they give themselves the best chance for an appetite by taking nothing between meals, according to the practice of educated and well-mannered people; or do they drink between meals, to support their strength, as they say?

When work is over, do they go straight home, to a wholesome tea and bed? or do they turn into the public-house, and game and quarrel, and drink till the night hour comes round? If their order has not the best character for sobriety, and frugality, and good-temper, there is great excuse for them, from the irritated condition of brain which their mode of life establishes: but no degree of allowance can lessen the misfortune. There are such people as elderly bakers, and even healthy bakers; and this shows that the men, to a certain extent, hold their lot in their own hands. The masters are perfectly justified in pointing out a man, here and there, who has sense and prudence in the management of himself, and a good wife to make his home the pleasantest and most restful place he can go to, and in bidding us observe that the baker's lot need not be a bad one; while, again, the men are perfectly justified in pointing to the bad health and the moral infirmities of their order, as an evidence that there must be something essentially wrong in the conditions of their occupation.

We shall all come round to machinery, I doubt not. Surely the journeymen bakers, who have appealed to parliament and the public for protection, will not quarrel with redress because it is brought by machinery. By doing so, they would forfeit the sympathy which has caused already much improvement in their lot. They will not, indeed, have any choice in the matter, now that the fact has become known that the "steam bakeries" in the American cities afford prime bread at 6*d.* which is here 7*d.* or 7½*d.*, though, supposing flour to be at the same price, every other requisite

is cheaper in London than at New York. Dear as labour is there, and all tools and materials, the cheapness of machinery and steam, in comparison with the long labour of the human arm and the oven-fires, enables the American bakers to sell cheaper bread.

It appears that the tax paid by London alone in the form of the needless penny on the sixpence, is above five millions of not dollars, but pounds, sterling per annum. Why should London go on paying this,—not to do anybody any good, but to send hundreds of poor men to the grave every year? We must remember that, including the men's families, 25,000 persons have their lot bound up with that of the journeymen bakers of London.

There would be a very small reduction of numbers in the trade, and little or no reduction of wages. The machinery is of a kind which does not supersede human attendance, while doing the most laborious part of the work. The most important circumstance is the saving of time. If the most laborious processes are got through in one-fifth of the time at present required, there is an end of the long hours. If the baking is still done in the night, the men are not toiling all the day too.

It is a mistake to suppose that bread made by machinery must be of a kind that the public does not like. Because the bread made at the Dock-head mills has no yeast in it, it does not follow that American and Birmingham bread cannot be fermented. The Birmingham people like what Londoners call bitter bread, and consider London bread insipid: yet both kinds are made in "steam bakeries," as the Americans call the mills. Neither is it true that such machinery must be on a large scale, so as to drive all but wealthy capitalists out of the trade. The bread-making on board the Great Eastern may be considered to be on a large scale: and so may that in such institutions as Greenwich Hospital, Aldershot Camp, and our prisons and workhouses and hospitals: but in much smaller establishments than these the mixing and kneading is done by mechanical means; and, as the newspapers have lately told us, there are small bakehouses in London where it answers as well in proportion to make a dozen loaves in this way as a thousand. Putting all these things together, can there be a doubt that the journeyman baker's grievances are coming to an end, by a better means than an Act of Parliament, which would be turned into ridicule by events as soon as it was passed? There will not be a speedy end—if an end at all—to home-made bread; but the kneading will not long be done by the cook's stout arm. There will not probably be a speedy end to fermented bread; but men will not be wanted to work twenty or forty hours at a stretch to produce it. There will not be a speedy end to private bakehouses, unless the masters show themselves to be less sensible than they are supposed to be. If they were to attempt to go on causing their men to die at forty-two, they must be pushed aside by companies or individuals more fit to be employers of labour: but there is no reason for supposing them to be, as a class, either so foolish or so heartless. As soon as they see how, they will be doing what is

best for everybody, in the great work of supplying the staff of life.

In the interval, the men may do much for themselves by cleanliness, prudence, and self-control. Pure and orderly habits of body and of life, a good home, and an attachment to it rather than to excitements elsewhere, are the best precaution against the worst evils of the baker's craft, and the only remedy for such ills as have not yet been got rid of. Let us hope that some bakers of the existing generation—some, perhaps, whom we know—may live to make us such bread as at present without the present sacrifice of health and comfort. Their best friends are much mistaken if a baker of threescore years and ten will be a stranger spectacle to the next generation than a greyheaded clerk or wheelwright—those very durable members of Friendly Societies! When that happens, the image of men kneading for hours together in an underground hothouse will be regarded as a barbaric picture of the customs of the antique world. HARRIET MARTINEAU.

OUR SECOND LINE OF DEFENCES.

NO. I.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain wave,
Her home is on the deep.

So sang Thomas Campbell, just at the close of the last century, when men's minds were full of the achievements of Howe, and Jervis, and Duncan, and Nelson, and so singing he merely embodied the national sentiment and expounded the national faith. Nor has the sentiment been altered or the faith been shaken from his days down to ours. The descendants of the old Sea Kings show still—as ever—the quality of the blood which runs in their veins, as clearly and unmistakably as their nearest continental neighbours exhibit in their sterner admixture of fierceness and levity their mixed derivation from the Frank and the Gaul.

And in one sense it is as true now as it was then, that England's true defence is her fleet. In 1805 the presence of our fleet in the Channel effectually prevented the execution of that vast project of invasion for which Napoleon I. only asked for eight-and-forty hours of clear Channel; nor in the teeth of such a Channel fleet as we could now muster is it likely that any other Napoleon would be disposed to attempt a similar manœuvre. But in some other respects the times are changed.

In the first place, steam has revolutionised naval warfare altogether. Things which were not possible for sailing ships are every-day affairs with steam vessels. There can be no more blockades. Concentration on a given point at a given time may now be made almost matter of certainty. Any accidental circumstance which might draw off or disperse, for however short a time, a Channel fleet, would readily be seized upon by even a moderately skilful adversary as an opportunity for throwing a force on our shores, and, when once there, the "roaring guns" would be powerless to "teach them" any sort of useful lesson.

The enormous improvement in our artillery since the days of the old 32's and the 24-pounder carronades, and the "long 18's," furnishes another serious element in the calculation; in short, it is

not that our Channel fleet has ceased to be the national defence of our shores, but that it has become the *first* line only of those defences, and that it has become necessary to throw up a second line inside.

Of natural fortifications, in the shape of cliffs and rocks, we have plenty; and it might occur to a few innocent folks that the simplest process might be to fill up all interstices between these with a good substantial wall like that of China. The practicability of such a scheme may be deduced from the single fact, that in the 750 miles of coast between the Humber and Penzance, there is an aggregate of no less than 300 on which a landing can be effected by an enemy. In short, to fortify the whole coast round is of course out of the question, and it has been wisely enough, therefore, determined to confine the present operations to the effectual protection of vital points.

The first of these are obviously our dockyards and arsenals. They supply the sinews of our first line of defence, for the efficiency of which it is essential that it should be supported by a line of places where damaged ships can be repaired, and new ones fitted out. Moreover, no one can doubt that any invading enemy possessed of the average amount of brains would make first for our dockyards, in order by their destruction to cripple our first line of defence, as well as endeavour to impair our naval prestige. That these are already provided with certain defences, which have grown up around them in the course of years, is as true as that the same sort of improvements which have rendered a second efficient line of defence essential, have at the same time impaired the efficiency of the existing materials for that line. Many of the old works have been condemned as "obsolete," and "in a state of decay." We have heard of a fort not a hundred miles from the mouth of the Thames, from the guns of which it has long been dangerous to fire even a salute. Add the fact that competent authority has decided that practicable range for bombardment cannot now be estimated at less than 8000 yards* (more than four and a half miles), and here are sufficient reasons at once for a general rearrangement of our second line. We will add two other vital points.

The dockyard, arsenal, manufactories, and dépôt at Woolwich, the sole depository throughout the country for some of our most important *matériel*, stand in some respects in an attitude of marked isolation from all other similar establishments, and present features which we have no need here to discuss, except to remark that they are utterly undefended by any system of fortification whatever.

The metropolis naturally claims some attention, too, of a peculiar nature. A successful rush upon it, with the enormous consequent commercial loss, has been shown to be one of the greatest national disasters that could by possibility occur.

The readiest highway to Woolwich, Deptford, and London, is of course the Thames, whilst a road to Chatham, our greatest naval establishment in the eastern part of the country, is furnished by the Medway.

* As these lines are passing through the press, there come news of experiments made with the Lynam Thomas gun, which is reported to have pitched a 170 lb. shot 10,000 yards (nearly five miles and two-thirds).

How these two great highways are protected against the inroad of an invading force at the present moment; how it is proposed to strengthen and complete the existing defences, we propose now to lay before our readers.

We should premise that the works now in progress have been undertaken in pursuance of the recommendations of a report presented to the last session of Parliament by the Commissioners appointed to consider the defences of the kingdom. In order to form an idea of the state of protection afforded to the Thames and Medway by their present defences, and of the nature of resistance which could be offered by them to an invading force, we must place ourselves on board some ship forming part of the attacking squadron. We must suppose our squadron to have succeeded in threading the intricate mazework of shoals lying eastward of the Nore, in spite of the removal of buoys (which would, of course, be one of the first steps taken by the Trinity House in case of a war), and to have with equal success run the gauntlet of a fleet of floating batteries, of small draught of water, navigating among those dangerous shoals under the guidance of officers well acquainted with their intricacies, and to have entered on the scene of our illustration abreast of the Nore Light. Let us pause a moment to consider our position. In front of us lie the two estuaries—of the Thames and Medway—divided from each other by a peninsula, the neck of which is about five miles in width, and which measures about twelve miles in length, being, moreover, extended towards us for all purposes of navigation at least a mile and a half further by the accumulation of sand and mud, which is always found at the confluence of rivers. On our right lies the Essex coast, the nearest point being Shoeburyness, famous for its artillery practice-ground along the sands, as well as for a substantial work which may be used either for practice or defence. On our left is the western half of the Isle of Sheppey, separated from the mainland by the Swale, with Minster heights (B), (so called from the remains of the noble old Minster which crown them), next a dead level of a mile or so in width, and then the town, fortifications, and dockyard of Sheerness (A), which stands at the extreme north-western point of the island.

The actual distance from shore to shore, measured from Garrison Point—the north-west corner of Sheerness—across to Shoeburyness, is five miles and a quarter. But here again, for all purposes of navigation, the Channel is wonderfully narrowed. With that into the Medway we shall deal presently. As for the entrance into the Thames, a number of shoals and sands, extending a mile from shore on the north, and as far as the Nore Sand on the south, reduce it to an extreme width of a mile and three quarters. The vessels shown in the illustration are taking the ordinary course for the Thames, which brings them within about three miles of the seaward batteries of Sheerness, and consequently rather more than two miles from any works at Shoeburyness. Now, it is true, that what our sailors of Nelson's days used to speak of with supreme contempt as "playing at long balls," has in our days been brought to a wonderful pitch of perfection—8000 yards, as we have already noticed,

having been fixed for outside bombarding distance—and there can be no doubt that if the batteries at Sheerness and works on the opposite shore were all heavily armed with rifled-cannon, capable of pitching their projectiles to such a distance, an advancing fleet would be seriously harassed by their fire. As, however, the Commissioners do not appear to have thought this worth taking into calculation, but rather to have relied on the operations of the floating batteries at this point, we will continue our course up the river. Leaving one division of our squadron, to whose evolutions we shall presently return, to force their way into the Medway as they may, we proceed to enter the first grand sweep or bend of the River Thames, known as Sea Reach, passing in succession on our right Southend, with its mile and a quarter of pier, Canvey Island, famous for wild-fowl sport, and the terminus of the Thames Haven Railway, where Cockneys embark for Margate; and on the left the Isle of Grain, and a long marsh district, crowned by the high land white cliff and the beautiful old dilapidated church of Cliffe—or, as some will have it, Cloveshoe—of ancient ecclesiastical fame. So far we have been allowed to proceed quietly enough, uninterrupted by any of those massive towers of granite, with foundations under water, and tier upon tier of casemated guns, which barred even the eccentric Admiral Napier from Cronstadt and St. Petersburg; and merely remembering that something of the sort, but done in iron, had been very largely recommended to the notice of the citizens of London by sundry marvellous prints hanging in the shop windows, and representing what looked like an enormous bell standing mouth downwards in the water somewhere about the Nore, and punched full of holes, out of which the muzzles of guns innumerable were dealing death and destruction all round among a hostile fleet of alarming dimensions. However, it is time to be serious, for we have now rounded into the next Reach of the river—the Lower Hope—and a round shot from that battery at the bottom of the Reach on the right has just struck the water ahead of us, sending up a column of spray twenty feet high, and is now ricocheting away past us finely. This is the Coalhouse Point Battery (I), and mounts seventeen guns; and, as we open the Reach more, a second on the opposite shore, about a mile further on, opens on us besides. This is the Shornemead Battery (I), and mounts thirteen guns, both raking us completely as we come up the Reach. The Commissioners, however, we find, though commending the admirable position of these works, do not consider them strong enough, and have recommended the strengthening of that on Coalhouse Point by the addition of a powerful battery in extension of the existing one, bringing the principal part of its fire to bear down the river and across the Channel, but having some guns also bearing up the river in the direction of Gravesend. The opposite battery is also to be subject to the same species of improvement, and considerably enlarged in connection with a line of works, of which more hereafter; whilst a third fort (I) is recommended nearly opposite Coalhouse Point—that is, about a mile and a quarter nearer to us than Shornemead Battery—and under the care of



A. Sheerness B. Minster Heligtes; C. Iso of Grain works; D. Oakham Ness works; E. Chatham Lines; F. F. New Chain of Fots; G. Tilbury Fort; H. Gravesend Fort; I. I. Coddhouse Point and Shornmeat works; K. Slough.

this formidable trilateral, which will, when completed, mount in all, as we gather, as many as 150 heavy guns, is to be placed one of those formidable booms, of the difficulty of dealing with which we have had some experience.

We will, however, suppose the prowess of our squadron to have burst this last obstacle, run the gauntlet of, or silenced the three sets of forts, and rounded the point. We are now in the third or Gravesend Reach, and are hardly clear of Shornehead Battery when we are opened on simultaneously by old Tilbury Fort, of famous memory (G), as well as by a fort nearly opposite at Gravesend (H), and the existence of which, (though tolerably well known to the yachtsmen who frequent Wates's Hotel—it has another name now, we believe, but we love to stick to the old one), is hardly suspected by most of the thousands who every summer pay their regular visit to the Paradise of Cockneys. Tilbury affords a fire of thirty-two heavy guns down and across the river, and the opposite fort of fifteen guns; and these are now to be so arranged for crossing fire with those guns of the two batteries we have last past, and which were spoken of as bearing up the river, that in passing up Gravesend Reach we have to run the gauntlet of a double cross fire, in shape like the letter X, as may be seen on reference to the illustration, placing our advancing squadron in almost as uncomfortable a situation as wicked Bishop Hatto's, when the rats poured in on him

From the right and the left, from behind and before.

To complete all, a second boom is to extend—in war time only, of course, like the first, and then fitted with a moveable opening for the passage of friendly vessels—across the river from fort to fort, immediately under the guns of both.

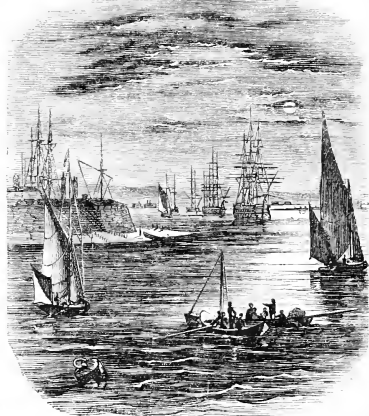
So much for the defences of the Thames properly so called. With the defences, or rather no defences, of Woolwich, we have nothing to do in this paper; moreover, we have got to the limit of our engraving, and that settles the matter.

We now return to the division of our fleet, which we left approaching the entrance of the Medway.

It will of course be observed, both from our illustration and from any map, that Sheerness stands sentry over the entrance of this river. Not only do the shores contract as they approach the mouth, but the shoals before alluded to still further narrow the practicable channel to 730 yards at low water, whilst their position on the left or western bank of the river combines with that of others, further out to sea, in setting the navigable channel well over to the Sheppey; and we are thus driven to the unpleasant conclusion that, in endeavouring to carry our point, we shall be obliged first of all to steer past and nearly parallel with the whole seaward face of the defences at a distance of less than 600 yards, and then round Garrison Point, even nearer than that. However, it is clear we must manage to capture, destroy, or pass the sentry before we can hope to do anything towards attaining our end. There are other works, too, on the opposite shore, of which more anon.

To bombard the dockyard and arsenal not only

would be a great point gained in the way of a heavy blow and great discouragement to the garrison, but would inflict a serious loss on the nation generally, as it seems to us; and it must be a great encouragement therefore to our, or any, invading force to find that the floating batteries once passed, there is no protection for Sheerness from bombardment. We are told it could not be protected by permanent fortifications, except at an expense in the shape of deep sea forts, after the fashion of Cronstadt, which it is impossible to recommend; but it is very frankly added that the dockyard and arsenal are not worth protection. *Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.* How happy the Sheerness folks must feel in their exposed and remarkably attractive position!



Garrison Point.

Well, it appears we can bombard the place when we like. We will therefore postpone the consideration of that business, and turn our attention to the fortifications. They look formidable enough. The north line shows something like half a mile of very serious looking batteries, terminating at Garrison Point in a still more ugly bastion mounting a double tier of guns. This, we are informed, is to be still further strengthened by a powerful casemated battery; whilst another, about half a mile further up the river, just where the land defences come down to the river bank, is to co-operate in commanding the anchorage. To complete the tour of the fortifications, we find the whole landward side enclosed by the usual arrangement of angular Chinese-puzzle-looking walls and ditches known among the initiated as "bastions" and "curtains," through which you pass out into the country, whenever you want an excursion, by means of gates and roads placed sideways and edgeways, and any way but straight, and by ricketty wooden bridges with chains, over which it is hardly necessary to be requested "not to drive fast."

On the opposite side of the river, standing in

mud and in water alternately, according to the tide, is an isolated round tower, looking much as though it had strayed from the fortifications, lost its way, and got stuck in the mud; the three heavy guns mounted on its summit bear both down our channel of approach and on the anchorage which is just round Garrison Point. This tower, however, being no more considered sufficient for its duty than its bulkier neighbour over the way, is to be enclosed by another of these casemated batteries, supported by a second on shore close behind it, and whose guns will rake the channel of approach, the whole being again supported by a fort, perched on the only hill in a low straggling bit of ground forming the left or western shore of the mouth of the Medway, and known as the Isle of Grain, and which, in co-operation with another new fort placed on the first rising ground in the peninsula, and which will be by-and-by noticed more fully, is to warn off all intruders on this—to an enemy—most attractive isle.

Such, then, are the formidable materials of the apparatus intended to hinder our approach to the entrance of the Medway. Before, therefore, addressing ourselves to the attempt on so hazardous a pass, let us see if we cannot manage some assistance or diversion landward. It would be possible, it is true, to throw a force—if the floating batteries would allow us—on the shore eastward of the Sheerness batteries, just where the ground begins to rise, and just where the shore of Sheppey vanishes out of our engraving; but there is but little water except for a short period at high tide; and the landing of artillery, without which the attack would be useless, would be attended with much risk and difficulty: it would be better to pass round the east coast of the island, and use the Swale as a canal for bringing up at any rate the guns and other stores. From the two ferries there are good roads, one of which is shown in our illustration, and both uniting, pass round under the Minster heights, and find their way across the flat country to Sheerness. Here, however, both the Commissioners and Nature combine to baffle an advance; for the former recommend the erection of a strong fort and two auxiliary towers on the heights which command the road, whilst the level of the flat land in question is such, that on opening a sluice in command of the Sheerness garrison, the whole of the country, from the Medway to the Thames, can be inundated, and Sheerness isolated in a sheet of water.

Supposing, then, our advancing squadron to determine at all hazards to try and force the passage, it would be raked in front as it steered down the channel of approach by the guns of the tower in the mud and its surrounding covered battery, as well as by those of the battery on the shore of the Isle of Grain, the whole seaward face of the north line pouring in a tremendous flanking fire all the while. Supposing it to pass through this *feu d'enfer*, as it rounded the point, gun after gun of each tier of the bastioned work, as well as of the new fortification, would be brought to bear; and as the squadron reached the anchorage, the new battery at the angle of the landward fortifications, and the fort on the Isle of Grain, would

add their quota and place it in the centre of five distinct points of fierce assault.

It is just possible, however, that so tremendous a pounding as this might be endured, and that the expedition might continue its course up the river. In the first, or Saltpan Reach, it would have a little breathing time; but as it turned into the second, known by the quaint name of Ket Hole Reach, it would be saluted with some unmistakable symptoms of a further and most formidable opposition. The channel here narrows to little more than half a mile: the point of the isolated land projecting on the right in our illustration is called Oakham Ness (D). On this point and on the opposite shore two strong forts are to be erected, whose guns shall fire at once down and across the river, concentrating a heavy fire on the advancing squadron; and as soon as these two works shall have been connected by a boom, the Commissioners think that Chatham will be well protected from attack by the Medway.

Still, as in the case of Sheerness, there remains to be seen what opportunity an invading force has of combining a land attack with that by the river; in other words how Chatham, the *bât* of the Medway expedition, is protected landward. It seems admitted that, in this case, there really is something worth protection from bombardment. A building-yard for men-of-war, of very considerable importance, and under process of enlargement at this moment, whilst improvements also in hand in the navigation of the river will still further add to its importance; an arsenal with its usual concomitants, large military barracks and hospitals,—all these seem worth no little attention: so, it appears, thought our immediate ancestors for a century and a half back, as the present works date from 1710, and subsequently. We are informed, too, of another circumstance in connection with what may be called the landward view of the matter, for the same, or very similar, strategical reasons which induced Bishop Gundulph to build that massy Norman keep on the banks of the Medway at Rochester, which remains to this day like a huge tombstone to the memory of feudalism, still exist in all their force. Chatham and Rochester lie on the high road from the continent to London. An enemy who had landed near Deal, and was advancing on the metropolis, must attack Chatham before he could cross the river (as there is not another bridge but that at Rochester for miles higher up), or make a considerable detour by Maidstone, and leave so important a garrison in his rear. These military reasons for the importance of Chatham, we think, will be comprehensible; there are others connected with its position relatively to the great chain of chalk hills which strike through Kent and Surrey—that huge natural fortification against southern invasion—not so easily understood of the people, and which shall therefore be let alone.

Chatham is a place much visited by sightseers; its "lines,"—even poor Tom Hood's Mrs. Higginbottom saw them quite plainly, "with the clothes drying on them,"—are or were famous in guide-books; and most people therefore are more or less aware that the dockyard—with its building-sheds, timber-yards, gun-wharf, stores, &c. &c.—lie along

the east bank of the river for about a mile, and at the foot of a steep hill, on the sides of which are perched the barracks, hospital, military church, and other buildings of Brompton; and that it is along the crest of this hill that the "lines" run (E) dipping to the water on each side; and few who have passed into the lines from the Chatham side, will have forgotten that perilous draw-bridge over the deep yawning fosse, and the unpleasant-looking guns pointing out of ominous embrasures, and ready to make a clean sweep of every or anything which might come within their range.

It will also be remembered that, just above the dockyard, the Medway begins writhing about in its course like an eel in convulsions, taking a sudden sweep to N.W., and then an equally sharp one, S.W., and again a third, S., and thus forming the peninsula on which Rochester stands; and some may go on so far as to recollect that the heights occupied by the lines sink very abruptly to the Dover Road, and rise with equal abruptness on the other side, leaving a chasm which is filled by the straggling dirty town of Chatham. A strong fort (Fort Pitt) overhangs this last town, and a chain of works in an unfinished condition stretches thence down to the river, south of Rochester, with the intention of isolating the peninsula on which that city stands.

Chatham lines proper are about a mile and a quarter in length; but a direct line drawn from the northern commencement of these lines to the western termination of those behind Rochester measures quite two miles and a half,—formidable lines one would think—but not, it appears, judged sufficient for the protection of Chatham dockyard in these days, and for the reasons to be mentioned immediately.

No mention has been made, by the way, of certain ancient and decrepit works lying a little further down the river than the dockyard, because they are formally condemned as "obsolete and in a state of decay," and one of them only, Upnor Castle, possesses any interest, and that historical. It appears there are three directions in which an advance may be made on Chatham. The first from the east, by an enemy advancing from the direction of Dover, along the ridge on the left of our illustration, and on which Gillingham Church stands. On this side the celebrated lines are seen to be open to easy capture by escalade; a discovery which has not improbably been gradually forced on the attention of the authorities by the numerous sham attacks which have taken place here during the last few years. Nature, however, has on this side placed the site of the dockyard out of danger of bombardment, by hiding it behind the heights we have before alluded to. This seems reasonably comprehensible, for though a boy may throw one ball over a high wall—or a hundred for that matter—the chances are strong that not one in fifty hits what it is aimed at. Military engineers in like manner, it appears, never bombard what they cannot see, though it be a dockyard a mile long and a quarter wide, and the distance of which, from the mortar-batteries could be accurately measured on the maps—however, far be it from us civilians to quarrel with military wisdom. A

little further on, through the chasm of which we spoke, as the bed of dirty Chatham, a clear view of the dockyard is obtained.

The second attack might be made from the opposite bank of the Medway, and would come from an enemy advancing from the direction of London or the south-coast. On this side the dockyard is completely open, with nothing but the river in front of it.

The third attack would be made by an enemy coming from the northward, who had contrived to land somewhere on the south-coast of the Thames, between the fortifications in Lower Hope and those on the Isle of Grain.

A bold system of defences has been devised for protection against the two first attacks,—it is nothing less than a fresh set of lines altogether,—we are speaking as civilians, and not using the word in its military acceptation.

It is shown in our engraving (FF, &c.), and will be observed to consist of a string of no less than ten new forts, to be connected, as we gather, by other works, beginning near Gillingham Church, a mile outside the Chatham lines, enclosing these as well as those behind Rochester, descending to the Medway half a mile higher up than the present lines, resuming on the opposite bank, and stretching right across the neck of the peninsula, between the Thames and Medway, until they join the works at Shornemead.

For defence against the northern attack, reliance is principally placed upon the natural difficulties of the spot referred to for the necessary landing. One scarcely ever meets with any one who has been there, and our engraving is inevitably on too small a scale to convey any idea of it beyond that it is a tract of very flat marshy country, with plenty of mud between its shore and the navigable channel of the Thames. A more dreary or difficult place for the landing of an army with siege-artillery can be hardly conceived. The engravings of the disastrous attack on the Peiho forts will furnish some notion of the acres upon acres of oozy slimy mud, bare, except for a short period of each tide, and intersected by a few streams and creeks, with contents like pea-soup, which form its natural boundary riverward. The river wall surmounted, a vast extent of perfectly flat marshy country is found intersected by a few dykes and a net-work of drains. Osier-beds and sluices;—here and there a shed for the cattle, which are seen roving about by thousands as on a prairie, are almost the only objects which relieve the monotony, with the exception perhaps of the coast-guard station, which looks like a Cayenne for the transportation of refractory coast-guardsmen; or of an occasional farm-house, equally like a place of voluntary exile chosen by a man disgusted with life and strongly bent on justifiable suicide.

When it is added that the whole of this expanse can be laid under water at short notice, it is not surprising to find that a fort—a self-defensible one—perched on a species of hillock at Slough (K), where the land begins to rise out of the marsh, will be sufficient to allay all fears in this quarter. We should add, that it was to this Slough fort we alluded when speaking of the

defences on the Isle of Grain; of course it will add the support of those fortifications to its natural duty of standing sentry over the acres of marsh and mud.

MY ADVENTURES WITH A PASSPORT IN RUSSIA.

PART. I. SHOWING HOW I GOT IT.

It is one of the hardest things in the world to form a just estimate of a foreign country. We seldom see other nations fully, and still more rarely judge impartially of what we do see: such is the temptation to under-rate and over-rate, according to our own special tendency. When we remember the contradictory representations we daily hear and read of the countries in our own immediate neighbourhood, modesty may well restrain us from pronouncing any dogmatic opinion on those which are physically, intellectually, and morally, more remote. In the case of such a country as Russia, the difficulty amounts almost to an impossibility. Hence we have had two diametrically opposite representations of that empire; both false, because both one-sided and exaggerated. According to one set of writers, Russia is a paradise; according to another set, it is a sort of pandemonium. If you believe the one, the late Emperor Nicholas was an angel; if you believe the other, he was little better than a devil. He was neither: he certainly had not an angelic appearance; but, often as I have seen him, I never could detect any signs of the opposite physiognomy in his countenance.

I confess I am not surprised at these contradictory accounts. Russia is, in itself, a land of contradictions. The proverb, that extremes meet, might have originated there. The Russian empire is too large and diversified to be characterised by a single epithet. It includes a larger number of distinct races blended together than any other country in the world: it is the home of almost unnumbered tribes, bound together by the tie of a common government, but separated from each other in every other respect. There you may see, in one nation, all the grades of civilisation, from the most primitive barbarism to the highest refinement.

Even the climate ranges from the most oppressive heat to the most insufferable cold, because its territory extends from the Frozen Ocean almost to the Torrid Zone. Nay, on the same spot, I have seen the thermometer rising to a hundred degrees in the shade, in summer, and becoming useless—through the freezing of the quicksilver—in winter. But even this is not all: I have experienced the extremes of heat and cold on the same day. Travelling once in an open carriage from Siberia to St. Petersburg, one evening in June, after a hot summer day, I was soaked through with the rain; during the succeeding night, my wet clothes froze on my body, and were gently thawed by the next morning's sun; and, by the time 4 P.M. came round again, I was so boiled as to envy a duckling in a pond. The same contradictory elements exist in the manners, habits, and institutions of Russia. I once saw a clever Russian thief pick a pocket with one hand, and cross himself in prayer with the other.

In attempting to account for these incongruities,

we must not lose sight of the fact that Russia is a hybrid; a cross-breed between the east and the west; related to both, yet distinguished from each. This has been its traditional character for ages; but, in modern times, influences have been brought to bear upon it, which have still further complicated its original contrariety. The old Slavonic stock was already the most oriental of all the European races, in habits and tendencies, as well as in geographical position. But the eruption of the Mongol and Tartar hordes, in the thirteenth century, tended to a further isolation of Russia from the rest of Europe: and, though the successors of Tchinggis Khan did not long retain their conquest, they left their footprints upon the nation; and, to this day, you may read upon every page of the national character of Russia, "Tchinggis Khan, his mark."

To make the national discrepancies still more glaring, Peter the Great violently forced back the current of the national life into the westward channel; and his policy has been carried out by his successors, who have artificially imposed an occidental civilisation upon a people whose oriental tendencies are constantly at work. We have too much lost sight of this consideration in our estimate of Russia. We have judged a semi-Asiatic people by a European standard. We expected to see a horse; and, lo! we find it is but a mule; and we express our disappointment in looks of contempt and words of scorn. The fault is our own; we disqualify ourselves from admiring what is really good, by comparing it with what is good in a different order of things. We might have known that the animal was a mule; and, when we have once cheerfully recognised that fact, we may see that even the mule has beauties and good qualities of its own.

This oriental tendency may be detected in every department of Russian thought and life. One of its most striking developments is to be seen in the jealousy with which all foreigners are regarded. The Russians cannot get rid of the impression that you must have some sinister end in view in visiting their country.

An Englishman can scarcely form an idea of the petty annoyances to which a foreigner is subjected on his arrival at St. Petersburg. He is first required to give, in writing, a long and circumstantial declaration on a variety of subjects: he has then to undergo a personal examination at the bureau of the secret police; and woe be to him if he falter, or make a single false step, or say anything that seems inconsistent with his written, and perhaps forgotten, declaration. If his examination prove satisfactory to the police, he will receive a passport at the foreign-office. This precious passport system, now happily abolished by the other northern powers, is carried to absurd lengths in Russia; indeed, if you wished to invent a practical burlesque on the principle of passports, you could not do better than adopt the Russian plan of surveillance. You cannot legally enter a town, or sleep at an inn, or even spend a night at a friend's house, without a passport. You cannot change your residence, even if you were going to live next door, without first sending your passport to the police-office.

To an Englishman, accustomed to move as freely as the air he breathes, without any one daring to ask his business, under fear of being sent about his own business, the passport system is one of the greatest nuisances in existence.

The Russian passport, in addition to the owner's name, address, profession, and so forth, contains a minute description of his personal appearance. Sometimes, in this description, curious mistakes are made. A passport, which I had in St. Petersburg, some time ago, depicted me in terms which led to unpleasant consequences. It so happened, that seven years after I originally received it, I had occasion to return to Russia. I took my passage by the steamer which plies between London and Cronstadt; but we had not lost sight of the shores of England, before I remembered that I had not provided myself with a new passport, and I knew very well that, without it, I could gain no admission into Russia, except as a suspected personage. The next few days were anxious ones for me. At first, the weather being rough and stormy, a touch of sea-sickness made it a matter of supreme indifference to me whether I had a duly attested label or not; but as the weather cleared up, and my mind cleared up with it, I became thoroughly awake to the awkward scrape in which my forgetfulness had placed me. I spoke to no one about it; I kept the secret locked up in my own bosom. But, after much inward musing, I fixed upon a line of action. We were to stay some hours at Copenhagen on our way, and I resolved to spend those hours in an attempt to procure a posthumous passport there.

Unfortunately it was six o'clock in the morning when we landed at Copenhagen, and the captain of our steamer distinctly forewarned us all that he would start precisely at ten. I had only four hours to work in—and so early in the morning, too! I hired the first car I saw, and, promissing the driver a double fare, ordered him to gallop off to the English embassy. I had become acquainted with the Secretary of Legation during a former visit to Copenhagen; but the Ambassador, the late Sir Henry Wynn, who had been in England at that time, unfortunately I had never seen. My great hope was, of course, in the secretary. What was my dismay when I found that he was not at home! I inquired for Sir Henry, and ascertained, for my consolation, that he was at that moment comfortably dreaming of diplomacy in all the luxury of eider-down quilts, and would not be visible till nine o'clock. Off to the Russian embassy, to see if early rising is a virtue universally abjured in the diplomatic world! Alas, I found that his Russian Excellency was as comfortably preserved from the toil of office as his brother of England. The only hope left to sustain my patience was, that the Russian Excellency would be visible an hour earlier than the English. Full of gratitude to the Russian diplomatic world for being a-head of the English in the virtue of early rising, but otherwise in no very pleasant frame of mind, I went to renew my acquaintance with Thorwaldsen's celebrated group of statues, the Christ and the Twelve Apostles. The sublime composure, the serene majesty of the Christ (in which, by-the-bye, Thorwaldsen's own magnifi-

cent head is reproduced), with the Divine promise inscribed above,—“Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest”;—did certainly calm my angry feelings, and made me heartily ashamed of giving way to petty annoyances. I left the church in a sènfèr frame of mind than I had entered it, and better fitted patiently to bear whatever might be my lot.

As it turned out there was enough to endure: two of my precious four hours were gone; and I had not yet advanced a single step towards obtaining the indispensable passport, and only two short hours remained before the steamer would start positively for Cronstadt, and I should perhaps be left behind.

The clock was striking eight when I re-entered the Russian Embassy. As I was sitting in the reception-room, a shabby-looking man, robed in a dirty old dressing-gown, passed by me and entered a room.

“Why did you not speak to his Excellency?” asked an attendant.

“Is that the ambassador?”

“Of course it is; what did you expect?”

I could scarcely realise it. I knew that the baron was one of the most accomplished diplomats of Russia, a thorough classical scholar, a master of most of the modern languages, and the idol of the drawing-room; and, accustomed though I was to the negligence of a Russian *déshabillé*, I could scarcely imagine that the shabby-looking old gentleman, whom I had seen, was really the elegant and polished representative of majesty. So much for judging by outward appearance. When the baron re-appeared, I scrutinised him more closely; a massive projecting brow, thick, bushy eyebrows, stern piercing grey eyes, and a most hard and resolute mouth and chin, gave no small indication of intellectual power, and, at the same time, proclaimed that that power was under the control of a stern and relentless will.

When I had explained my business, he severely and almost angrily asked me, why I troubled *him* about a passport.

“Go to the office,” he added, “and give it to one of the clerks; he will see that it is properly *visé*.”

“Ah, but, your excellency, I have no passport,” said I, seeing that my only chance was to be perfectly frank with him.

“What do you mean?”

“The fact is, I forgot to procure one in England.”

“And you have the impudence to come here and expect me to give you one, without knowing anything about you!”

I frankly told him my history.

“And you expect to palm off that plausible tale on *me*!” he said. “It sounds very pretty; but I would recommend you to go on the stage—*there* is a sphere for your talents! A very likely story! An Englishman, coming to Russia, which the press of his country is every day crying down as the most despotic and restrictive country in the world, actually *forgets* his passport! A very likely story, indeed! I know why you have no

passport!—*you could not get one, sir,*—you are too well known to our agents.”

“Indeed?”

“Yes, indeed. You Englishmen fancy that we know nothing about you. The fact is, we know more about you than you do yourselves: we have our agents in England, who know more of your affairs than you imagine. It is an important part of my duty to prevent improper persons from entering Russia; and how am I to know that you are not an improper person?—indeed, you look very much like one.”

Up to this time I had been perfectly cool; but at this point I was roused into uttering some strong expressions, which I had cause to repent afterwards. I had forgotten that (as will soon be seen) I was still in the ambassador's power. Leaving him under a strong feeling of irritation, I proceeded to the English Embassy, and had an interview with Sir Henry Wynn. I was delighted to find a frank, bluff, fine old English gentleman, who heartily expressed his wish to help a fellow-countryman to the utmost of his power. Still, he was rather incredulous at first, and made the same objections to my story, though in politer terms, as the Russian minister had done.

“Of course I don't mean to doubt your word, sir; but your story is strange—very strange;” was the substance of his comment. When I alluded to the Secretary of Legation, he said: “It is very strange and very unfortunate that the only gentleman you know at the Embassy should happen to be the very man that is away.”

However, I succeeded at last in convincing him that I was no impostor, and that my statement, however strange, was true. Forthwith I received a passport; nay, the dear old gentleman was so very kind as to fill up the form in his own handwriting. Perhaps you suppose that my difficulties were now over. Far from it: they had only commenced. I had to go back to the Russian Embassy to have my passport counter-signed; and this was the necessary process which I had forgotten in the warmth of my indignation. How to face his Russian Excellency again? that was the question. There was no help for it; so, putting a bold face on the matter, I went to the office. A clerk disappeared with my passport: and, in his absence, my solitary reflections were anything but pleasant. After the scene which had taken place that morning, it was but a forlorn hope to expect that I should be more favourably received now. I remember distinctly that there was a clock in the office, which, in the death-like stillness, worried me by so deliberately ticking off my precious moments. I looked up at the dial: it was close upon ten o'clock. In a few minutes the steamer would be gone. Presently, the clerk returned, and told me that the Baron wanted to see me himself. “Oho!” thought I, “in this case, even such a simple thing as the *visé* of a passport cannot be managed by a clerk.”

When I entered the room where the ambassador sat, I found him conversing in an undertone with a gentleman whom I supposed to be his secretary. I was the subject of their conversation; and they evidently did not intend that I should understand what they said, for they chose the Russ to talk

in. Now, though an Englishman by race, I was born in the Russian empire, and the Russian tongue was familiar to me from my childhood; was, indeed, something like a second mother-tongue. So I understood every word they said.

“It is very curious,” said his excellency: “if the English Ambassador had not known him, he surely would not have given him such a passport as this; and yet, if the fellow had known the ambassador, he would not have been fool enough to come here first this morning.”

I could not gainsay the logic; it was evidently a deep mystery to the ambassadorial intellect. Unable to solve the mystery, he looked up, and, fixing his stern searching eyes on me, seemed as if he would read me through and through. I met his eye without quailing before it. Clever diplomatist as he was, I felt that I had checked him; and the consciousness gave me assurance and strength. For a few moments, the scrutinising looks that passed between us seemed likely to merge into a battle of eyes. Thanks to a singular power I have of keeping my eyes open without flinching, I gained the victory in this preliminary skirmish. Finding that he could not frown me down, the Baron proceeded to question me; and the diplomatic fencing commenced in right earnest.

“Are you acquainted with Sir Henry Wynn?” he asked.

Now I knew, from his conversation with the secretary, which way that question tended; and, feeling that it was dangerous, I resolved to parry it.

“Your Excellency has already informed me,” I said, “that you know more about us than we do ourselves: you surely need not apply to me for such a paltry piece of information; about a matter, too, relating not to England, about which you know so much from your agents, but to Copenhagen, which lies under your Excellency's own eyes.”

“If you know Sir Henry Wynn, why did you apply to me for a passport this morning, instead of going to *him* at once?”

“Your Excellency must pardon me for presuming to correct you: I did not tell you that I knew Sir Henry; I merely left it to your Excellency's universal knowledge.” Not that I could not satisfactorily answer his question; but I began to feel a sort of malicious pleasure in teasing him; and, moreover, by irritating him, I hoped to divert his attention from the original question which was so dangerous.

“Answer my question, sir! Why did you not go first to Sir Henry?”

“Aha!” thought I, “I have gained my object: his Excellency has forgotten the most dangerous and most important part of the question.” Aloud I said: “Simply because your Excellency happens to be an earlier riser than Sir Henry; and the steamer by which I came was to have sailed at ten o'clock.”

After some more passes between us, in which I twitted him again, and more than once, about his universal knowledge—and this time not merely because I was amused at his official sensitiveness, but because I thought that that was the way in which I could the soonest bring the interview to a close—the ambassador gave up the cross-exami-

nation—as if owning himself foiled for once by the simplicity of a true story.

“I can make nothing of the fellow,” he said in Russ, turning to the secretary: “what to do?”

“I don’t see what you can do but *visa* the passport; I scarcely think it advisable to dishonour the English ambassador’s pass except in extreme cases.”

“This is an extreme case.”

“Scarcely: your Excellency has no proof.”

“But there is strong suspicion.”

“Exactly; and therefore I would affix the *private mark of suspicion* to the passport.”

Accordingly, my passport was countersigned and returned to me; and I hurried back to the

steamer. I found it still at the quay, puffing and snorting, and evidently waiting for me. It was with inexpressible satisfaction and relief that I stepped again on deck, and received the congratulations of the captain and my fellow-passengers, to whom I told my story by way of apology for detaining them beyond the proper time. So far I had triumphed; but I had overheard enough to make me dubious of the final result. “The private mark of suspicion!”—those terribly mysterious words kept haunting me all the way to Cronstadt. How much might they imply? I knew that they portended something unpleasant: I afterwards ascertained that they might involve Siberia and the *knout*. I examined the passport



at leisure, and tried to detect the private mark of suspicion. I could see nothing. It might be in the form of one of the letters; or it might be in the flourish at the end of the Baron’s signature. I studied the document as I have never studied any similar document before or since. But at last I gave up the attempt in despair.

PART II. SHOWING WHAT BECAME OF IT.

WHEN we arrived off Cronstadt, a number of Russian gentlemen came on board the steamer to examine our passports. I was summoned into the saloon, where I found the Board of Examiners sitting in solemn conclave, with an old naval officer at their head. Now it so happened, by one of those freaks of fortune, or, rather, one of those appointments of Providence, which seem so strange

to us mortals, that I subsequently became well acquainted with the president of the Board; and he afterwards gave me a piece of information which it is necessary for my readers to possess at this stage, in order that they may understand the really perilous position in which I stood. It seems, that, just about that time, some attempts had been made to assassinate the late Emperor Nicholas; and, in consequence of those attempts, the secret police were more than usual on the alert. Moreover, they had just been informed by their agents in London that some desperate Poles, who had dodged Nicholas during his visit to England in 1844, but had been kept at bay by the admirable precautions of the English police, were about to proceed to St. Petersburg for the express

purpose of murdering the Czar. These Poles, whether real or suppositious, had applied for passports in London; but (to make the ease against me blacker) being well known to the Russian agents, and having thus been foiled in their attempts, they were expected to proceed to some intermediate foreign port—such as Hamburg or Copenhagen—and try to procure some passports there. My ease seemed to tally with this description so completely, that the reader will at once perceive my danger. Only a week before we arrived at Cronstadt, a man had come by steamer from Hamburg, and had been taken up on suspicion; being unable to clear himself, he was thrown into prison; and, after describing his case to me, the old president subsequently added, very significantly and mysteriously, “and where he is now—God knows.”

When I entered the saloon for examination, I found the Board engaged in a learned discussion on my name. I have the misfortune to possess a very long and uncommon family designation, which, as far as I know, is shared by only two other families in England; and the unfamiliar sound at once increased the suspicions and provoked the criticisms of my scrutineers. Happily, the debate was in Russ; and I inwardly chuckled over the advantage which my knowledge of that language gave me.

“Who ever heard of such a name in England?” said one of the Board, who evidently prided himself on his supposed knowledge of the English. “If it had been *‘Shmeed,’* or *‘Vellians,’*—but *‘—!’*” and he repeated my name, torturing it most abominably in the pronunciation.

“Have any of you, gentlemen, ever heard of an English name like that?” asked the old president.

“No!” was the universal response.

“Mr. Interpreter,” continued the president, addressing an Englishman, or pseudo-Englishman, beside him, “ask the captain of the steamer” (who was standing behind) “if he knows any other Englishman of that name; but mind you put the question in a whisper, that the man may not overhear you.”

The mysterious whisper took place, while I had considerable difficulty in maintaining due control over my risible faculties; and at length the interpreter said aloud, in Russ, that the captain knew no other Englishman of that name, and had never heard it before he saw me on board.

“It can’t be an English name,” said one.

“It must be an assumed name,” added another.

“You mean because he wished to conceal his real name,” said the English scholar.

“Now gentlemen,” resumed the president, “look at the man himself; does he *look* like an Englishman?”

“No!” shouted the commissioners in a chorus.

“Look at him well: what does he look like?”

“A Pole!” cried all, at once.

“Woe is me!” thought I: “this is becoming serious.”

“Mr. Interpreter, ask the captain aloud if he has any Poles on board; and, while he is asking the question, you, gentlemen, fix your eyes upon the man, and see if he blencheth.”

Thus kindly forewarned, I screwed up my nerves, not to refrain from starting, but to keep my countenance. The question was asked; some half-a-dozen pairs of eyes were sternly fixed on me; I am not sure, but I believe, that I looked tolerably unconcerned.

“He does not blench,” said one.

“Mr. Interpreter,” continued the president, “ask the man if he has ever been in Poland.”

“Yes, I have,” was my answer.

“Does he speak Polish?”

“No.”

“Does he speak Russ?” would, I thought, be the next question: but the wisecracs never thought of that question which might have perilled my position.

After several other questions had been asked and answered, the Board began to deliberate on my case; and, as they never dreamt that I knew Russ, they suffered me to remain and overhear a debate so interesting and important to myself. They were unanimous in thinking, that it was a very suspicious case indeed; but, when they came to consider what they should do to me, they fortunately differed in their opinions. The majority seemed inclined to adopt the severest measures, and send me off to prison, as they had sent the Pole the week before; and, in that case, my fate might have resembled his; and I might never have returned to this country to record my adventures. But there was a minority who thought that course too premature and harsh, and wished to transfer me to the Minister of the Secret Police at Saint Petersburg. Seeing that the violent party were likely to win the day, and not being ambitious to share the Pole’s fate, I thought it high time to make myself heard. I took advantage of a sea-sonable moment to ask Mr. Interpreter, if the Board wanted my presence any longer.

“I don’t know that they will let you off at all,” he replied, with all the pomp and importance he could assume.

“What do you mean, sir?”

“Why, it seems that yours is a very suspicious case; and the majority of the examiners think of ordering you to prison,” he replied, seeming to take a petty delight in trying to frighten me.

“Indeed!” I said: “then will you be good enough to interpret what I say to the Board; word for word, mind you.”

The Interpreter at once saw the false position in which he had placed himself, and wished to shuffle out of it. But I held him to his duty, and persisted in my demand to address the Board. By this time, their attention was drawn toward us; and I proceeded:—

“Gentlemen, the Interpreter tells me, that you think of sending me to prison.”

My words were not faithfully rendered; they were modified so as to soften the guilt of the Interpreter’s presumption and imprudence. Still, as he gave the substance of what I had said, I took no notice of his gloss, and proceeded to draw their attention to the fact, that my passport was in the English ambassador’s own handwriting. Perceiving that this seemingly insignificant circumstance had (as, from my knowledge of Russian nature, I had anticipated) made a deep impression on them,

I went on to clinch the nail by telling them, that it was useless to frighten me by threats of imprisonment; because I was well known to some of the leading English residents (in Saint Petersburg), who were expecting my arrival, and would be sure to make inquiries. This settled the matter; and they transferred me at once to the Chief of the Secret Police at Saint Petersburg.

I was out of danger, but by no means out of the way of annoyance. I was put under police surveillance; and my passport was withheld for many days. Day after day I had to dance attendance on the Foreign Office, and the Secret Police Office; I was driven backward and forward, like a shuttlecock, from the one to the other.

At the Foreign Office, I was examined by a gentleman who was an adept at the task. It would be useless to record all the questions and answers which passed between us; but the conclusion of my interview with him is worthy of detailed recital.

"Were you ever in Russia before?" he asked.

"Yes."

"How long ago?"

"It is seven years since I left Russia."

At a sign from my examiner, an attendant left the room: and, while I was answering some other questions, he returned with a paper in his hand.

"Here is your old passport."

I was perfectly amazed. Not more than a minute or two could have elapsed since I said that I had left Russia seven years before. During these seven years, hundreds of thousands of travellers must have come and gone, and hundreds of thousands of passports been deposited at the Foreign Office; and, yet, at a minute's notice, the officials could lay their hand on the passport that was wanted. The whole thing seemed done by magic. Such is the perfection to which the passport system has been carried in Russia. With the exception of a few criminals, or reputed criminals, who have eluded justice, the Russian Government could say where every individual Russian is at this moment. It is the triumph of oriental despotism.

"How is this?" said my examiner, after turning over the leaves of my old passport. "You now call yourself 'John Knox ——' but, in your old passport, you are called 'John Edward ——' an alias? Eh?"

For the moment, I was dumfounded; I could not imagine how such a mistake could have crept in: and, from a sinister smile, which played on my tormentor's countenance, I concluded that he took my silence to be a confession of guilt. But, happily, a bright idea suddenly flashed across my mind. A Russian frequently signs his father's baptismal name (after his own), with the affix "ov," which means "son of;" thus, in applying for a passport seven years before, I might have subscribed myself "*John Edwardov*," (*John, son of Edward*); and the Russian copyist might easily make a mistake, and set my name down as "*John Edward*" in the body of the passport. This I suggested to the examiner.

"Never fear," said the imperturbable functionary. "The truth will come out: you must have signed your name yourself at the end of the passport. Here it is—'*John Edwardov*.'"

"Thank God, it is all right," thought I, breathing more freely; for, in the suspicious circumstances in which I stood, the most insignificant atom of evidence for or against me acquired a fictitious importance.

"Ah! but here is a more material discrepancy," continued the relentless functionary: "the description given of you in your old passport does not at all correspond with your present appearance."

"Seven years necessarily make a great change in a man's appearance."

"Yes, but not such a change as this: I cannot recognise your portrait in this description. Listen. 'Face round'—I call your face decidedly long: 'Hair, red'—your hair is nearly black. 'Complexion, fair'—your complexion is what I should call dark. 'Chin, smooth and round'—it is true your whiskers may have begun to flourish since, but your chin could scarcely have lengthened so much in so short a space of time."

I was utterly dismayed. I do not know that I had ever read that striking description of my person before.

"I met with a severe accident a few years ago," I gasped out. "It injured my health, and I dare say I do not look quite the same as I did before the accident."

"And has that accident dyed your hair as well?"

"It must have been a mistake of the person who filled up the passport."

"Ordinarily I do not notice such discrepancies," said the stern and merciless official: "but, when there are other suspicious circumstances, they become important elements in the decision; and, as yours is too serious a case to be left to my discretion, I must transfer you to the Chief of the Secret Police."

The Chief of the Secret Police was then no less a man than the celebrated Count Orlov; the favourite of the late Emperor Nicholas, and the Chief Plenipotentiary of Russia at the Paris Conference which terminated the Crimean war. He was the man, to whom Nicholas is reported to have said, in one of his saddened moods, "There is only one honest man in Russia:" and, while the favourite was bowing his acknowledgment of the supposed compliment, never for a moment doubting, that *he*, the immaculate Orlov, was the "one honest man," whose presence the clear-sighted autocrat recognised and rejoiced in, Nicholas dispelled the illusion by quietly adding—"and that is *myself*." Yet I knew very well that no one had greater influence over Nicholas; and that, next to the Czar himself, no one had so much power in Russia. This was the formidable personage, with whom I was about to be brought into such close contact; and, under the awkward-looking circumstances which surrounded me, I confess that I shrank from the ordeal. I resolved to be perfectly frank with him; and I believe it was my frankness that saved me.

My interview with the Chief of the Secret Police was of the most exciting character. At first my worst suspicions seemed about to be realised. Count Orlov gazed at me, and sounded me in the most searching and inquisitive manner. He questioned and cross-questioned me severely:

he turned me inside out, and outside in again ; and, if I had faltered for a moment ; if I had equivocated in the slightest degree ; if I had made a single statement that was untrue ; he would have detected me. But he could not discover a single flaw in my statement : and, when he had finally released me from my painful position, I left him with a higher opinion of his character than I had previously entertained, and a more intense detestation of the system which required a man of such superior attainments to inflict petty tortures, and, to make unworthy inquiries into the purposes and intentions of a stranger who conducted himself fairly and openly.

But, long before I had done with Count Orlov, and, therefore, long before I had obtained my passport, I had become thoroughly sick and tired of the spies, who, I felt, were upon my track wherever I went. I could not walk into the streets without some one dogging my steps ; I could not sit down to a meal without some curious eyes watching my movements ; I could not retire to my bed-room without some one standing as sentinel outside the door,—it was horrible ! The very air seemed to be oppressive and stifling. In those few days of police surveillance, I learnt to sympathise with the feelings which drove poor Tasso to madness. At last, I could endure it no longer ; I could not resist the desire to give them the slip for one day ; just for one sweet day of liberty. I consulted a friend ; and he told me that I could easily do it by spending the day at Cronstadt. It was true I could not legally go there without a passport ; but it was customary for the English residents, instead of showing their passports to lay down a piece of money, at the ticket office. This practical mode of thwarting the obnoxious spies of the Secret Police by a bribe had become so universal and so successful that it was quite possible to escape detection, so I resolved to take my friend's advice.

Early the following morning I went to the quay, put down the *honorarium* instead of the passport, together with the fare, at the ticket office, and took my place, undetected as I thought, on board the steamer which plies between St. Petersburg and Cronstadt. It was a glorious morning in June, and I was in the high spirits. The sense of relief, the consciousness of liberty, was exquisitely sweet, clouded though it was by a fancy, for one moment, that a pair of eyes, belonging to a somewhat official-looking gentleman in plain clothes, were fixed upon me rather suspiciously ; but I resolved to shake off this gloomy impression, and, in spite of all the police in Russia, to enjoy myself for the day. And I did. I spent the day in examining the famous fortifications of Cronstadt, which Sir Charles Napier was to have taken in a week, but which, I believe (though not a military man), the united forces of England and France could not have captured in a year. In the afternoon, I was at the pier in good time for the last steamer to St. Petersburg. I put down the small bribe again instead of the passport, but, to my dismay, the clerk would not receive it.

"You must show me your passport," he growled.

"But is it not usual for gentlemen to lay down a coin instead of the passport?"

"I have nothing to do with that ; I cannot let you pass without a passport."

"I have not one with me."

"Where is it?"

"At the Foreign Office at St. Petersburg."

"Then you can't pass."

"What am I to do? Can I write for it?"

"Certainly not ; you must apply for it personally ; otherwise, you'll never get it."

"Then I will go and apply for it in person."

"You will not be allowed to return to St. Petersburg without a passport."

"What am I to do, then?"

"I don't know."

Now, as I saw other gentlemen admitted without passports, I came to the conclusion that I was a marked man. I was regularly caught in a trap. But how to get out of it? It was evident I could not get back to St. Petersburg, so I resolved to take it coolly, to sleep comfortably at an inn that night, and in the morning, perhaps, some mouse might be found that would kindly nibble through the cords of the net in which I was caught. I went to the English hotel and ordered a dinner and a bed. As I was sitting at dinner, sipping my wine with that feeling of independence which, as an Englishman, I naturally felt at "mine inn," a waiter approached me with—

"Did you order a bed here, sir?"

"Yes, I did."

"Would you be so good as to give me your passport, sir?"

"What do you want with my passport?"

"We must show it at the Police Office."

"What! can I not sleep at an inn without showing my passport?"

"Certainly not, sir ; it is against the law."

"I have no passport with me."

"Oh, then, you cannot sleep here, sir."

After repeating the experiment at another inn, with precisely the same result, I was obliged, as a last resource, to walk out into the streets. It was so light and bright, under that northern sky, that it looked all night as if the sun had just set ; and I felt jolly enough, and could scarcely regret that I had been obliged to turn out. But, about two o'clock, I met a policeman, who asked me what I was doing in the streets at that time of night, when honest folks were in bed. This courteous question I answered in the Quaker fashion, by asking him what was his opinion of his own honesty, as he was in the same predicament with myself.

"Show me your passport," was the only reply he condescended to give.

"Confound the passport!" thought I. "These infernal spies will imprison me at last."

"Well, where is your passport?"

"I have none with me."

"Then you cannot walk the streets at this time of night without a passport."

"What am I to do? I cannot go to an inn, because they won't let me *in* without a passport ; I cannot go home, because they won't let me *out* without a passport ; and now you say I must not

walk the streets without a passport; where am I to go?"

"I don't know."

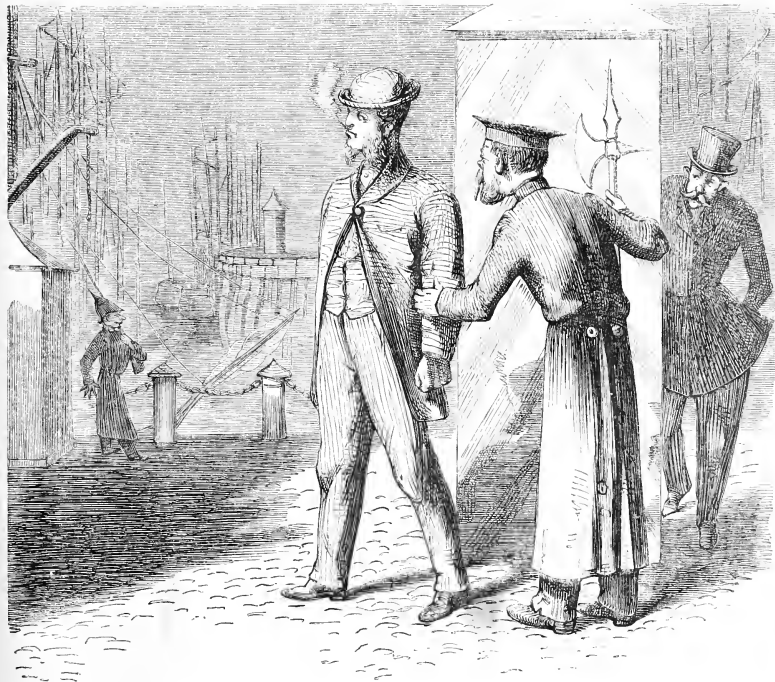
"May I go and throw myself into the sea, off yonder pier, without a passport?"

"Oh, yes; you may do *that*."

That is about the only thing one can do without a passport in Russia. The result of it all was, that I surrendered myself to the worthy Minister of Justice (or injustice), and was actually conveyed to St. Petersburg under the care of that very pair of eyes which had looked so suspicious on board the steamer. I afterwards discovered that those prying

eyes had never lost sight of me throughout the day; they had dogged me from fort to fort, from inn to inn, from street to street, and were never taken off from their guard over my innocent head till they had seen me safe and sound in St. Petersburg. Many thanks for their loving watchfulness and care.

When I look back on these adventures with a passport in Russia, I cannot but feel how they served, after all the annoyance, to enhance the blessings and value of a free country. The passport system in Russia is a relic of Oriental barbarism; a badge of slavery; a sign that the Rus-



sians can call neither body nor soul their own, but must have them ticketed and labelled with their owner's name. "Alexander II., Autocrat of all the Russias, passport No. 5471." It was all very well for our ancestor Gurth the swineherd and the slave to endure; but free-born men, living in a free country, will never bend their necks to wear a collar. The passport is another sort of ticket-of-leave, and the system is one equally associated with villainy and corruption and much public inconvenience. To submit to the ignominy of carrying a label about you, certifying who you are, as if you word were not enough; to be obliged to show this ticket to every little pettifogging functionary, who may choose to de-

mand it; to be liable to a cross-examination by said functionary on every little minutia every time he happens to have a grudge against you, or fancies that you have not bribed him liberally enough; this is a degradation to which none but a convicted criminal ought to be subjected. I have been in almost every country in Europe, but I have seen no country where the brand is burnt in so deeply as in Russia. When I last returned home from the North; when I trod once more upon the free English soil, and breathed once more the free English air, I felt a weight taken off my soul; I experienced a sense of returning strength and manhood; and I thanked God that my home is in glorious Old England!

LAST WEEK.

It is the fashion to say that the day of great men is at an end, and people discuss the subject much as follows. There is such a uniformity of education and of opportunity, that there is very little to distinguish A. from B. Hero-worship expired with the newspaper and the railway. In order that it may exist there must be a dim shadowy background. Men fall prostrate before a cloud; but where all is clear and palpable to the senses, they handle, they criticise, they discuss, they doubt. Hence the reverence for the heroes of antiquity. Imagine the Right Honourable Pericles, member for the Hymettus Burghs, to be well dissected from day to day in the "Clerkenwell Courier," as the clear-sighted editor could dissect him when a War Peloponnesian, or other, was in progress, which the great statesman did not conduct exactly in conformity with the views of that eminent publicist. Fancy Demosthenes on the wrong side, or indeed on the right one, and how, to the eyes of party men, those roaring sentences, which we were all taught to admire in our youth, would degenerate into "miserable stuff," "nisi-prius pleading," "catchpenny trash," and so forth. The man lived and spoke two thousand years and more ago. The human race have ceased to care about Philip of Macedon and his doings. Indeed the only remains now of what was once deemed so important are a few Klephts owning a doubtful allegiance to a Bavarian Kinglet (who was it lived at Munich when Demosthenes wore wig and gown?), and the tirades of eloquent abuse with which young gentlemen, struggling for First Classes, are so familiar. If our Own Correspondent had accompanied Julius Cæsar during his wars in Gaul, and Mr. Reuter had helped us hour by hour to the very latest intelligence of his doings amongst the Belge and others, how some amongst us would have cried him up as a "fine energetic fellow," a "soldier to the back-bone;" but how the peace-party would have groaned over him, and dubbed him a monster in human form, a cat-o'-nine-tails in the right hand of Destiny! How his fame would have gone up and down exactly as he was fortunate or unfortunate in his operations. *Excelsior* is the motto of the bubble; it must soar upwards, and upwards still. Let it pause for a moment in its flight, and all that remains of its iridescence and its glory is a drop or two of soap and water, not over clean.

Such is the fashion of talk about modern greatness—or rather about the possibility of greatness in modern times. There is some truth and some untruth about the theory. That it can scarcely be altogether true would appear from the fact that there are three or four names just now which are uppermost in the minds of all, and the bearers of these famous names really are what the old Greek hexameter men would have called shepherds of the people. There is Joseph Garibaldi for one. Who will say that the days of hero-worship are gone by when we read of the homage paid to that great chief? Aspiring young men! the real trouble is not so much to get your greatness acknowledged as fairly to earn the acknowledgment by noble deeds enacted for the good of others, without

selfish motive. It may well be that in very few cases the homage of the human race will be paid in so immediate and palpable a form as it now is to that great Italian leader. It is not allowed to every man to put on a red jersey—to conquer a kingdom—and to give it away for the greater happiness of all concerned within six months. Men, however, may be great in other ways. No doubt Michael Faraday in his laboratory—just on the eve, or on the morrow, of a great discovery—receives his reward as well as Joseph Garibaldi at the conclusion of a well-fought day. After all, the *evvivas*, and the laurel crowns, and the triumphal arches do not count for much. The thought that he has been the instrument in the hands of Providence to put an end to so much misery, must be that which makes such a man as Garibaldi feel happy in himself. There is something about his ways of going on which makes his detractors appear ridiculous. Even Dr. Paul Cullen squirts dirty water at him with an uncertain hand. The Papal people, who are rather adepts at cursing than otherwise, can't get their curses to hold water when they curse Garibaldi. As you read the bead-roll of mediæval abuse, and the curses come rumbling out like potatoes out of a sack, you feel that they are quite out of place. It is Dr. Slop cursing Obadiah in his vitals, and in all the acts of his life, because he has tied a string round a bag in too complete a manner. Joseph Garibaldi is not "iniquitous," "impure," "the enemy of God and man," because he dislikes Cardinal Antonelli, and would much prefer that Pio Nono should take up his residence somewhere else than at Rome. Garibaldi has been attacked in a far less virulent manner, and in a much more wholesome spirit by public writers in our own country. Of this there is no great reason to complain, because he has been handled just as any great Englishman would have been handled who was—that is the usual phrase—"occupying a prominent position in public life."

We do criticise the acts of our leaders in this country in a very unsparing way, and well is it for them and for us all that this is done, so that we may not fall into the senilities and amilities of hero-worship. But never in our time has this *amende honorable* been so quickly paid as in the case of Joseph Garibaldi. On Monday he was a kind of crazy buccaneer for going to Sicily. On Tuesday he was the remarkable man whose story was like an Arabian tale. On Wednesday our great thinkers wagged their fingers at him, after the fashion of the witches in *Macbeth*, for thinking of an attempt upon the mainland. The Sicilian rocket was to fall down by mere gravitation as the Neapolitan stick. On Thursday, the "remarkable-man theory" was brought to light once more. His acts stultified prophecy, and defied criticism. Dobbs admitted his error. On Friday it appeared that Dobbs was right after all. Garibaldi, who was at best a splendid partisan leader—a fact which Dobbs was free to admit—had attempted a bit of statesmanship—really now! Worse still, he was about to fight a battle against regular troops, and the result was not only to the ingenious Dobbs, but to every dear old gentleman in the Senior United Service Club, but a foregone

conclusion. On Saturday the great battle was not only greatly fought, but greatly won. Garibaldi was a great General. Dobbs had put his *visa* on him. It was all right until Garibaldi's first reverse, when his English friend would have turned upon him, and denounced him as an impostor. Yes, Garibaldi had proved to Dobbs's satisfaction that he could set a squadron in the field; but let him still beware of statesmanship.

Well—well, Arthur Wellesley, after his Peninsula and Waterloo, was dubbed by the late Daniel O'Connell a "stunted corporal," but he survived it. On Sunday poor Garibaldi had committed a great error, he had thrown himself into the arms of Mazzini, or Mazzini had thrown himself into his arms—in point of fact, something was wrong about the embraces; and Dobbs, admitting all the while that Garibaldi had about him the makings of a great general, was more and more convinced that as a statesman he was weak, shallow, and incompetent. On Monday it turned out that Garibaldi, who had had some small business on hand (while Dobbs was dining out in London), such as meeting a regular army with his hasty levies, coming to an understanding with the Sardinian Government, maintaining the requisite attitude against Lamoricière, whilst Lamoricière still existed as a political and military entity, had really not done so very badly. He had had a very difficult game to play at Naples whilst engaged with the enemy in front, and had only spare minutes to play it in. He had, however, contrived to keep now one ball, now another, in the air until the moment had arrived for decisive action; when, lo! he was found to have done the very thing which Dobbs himself had pointed out as the only proper course—namely, handed the southern portion of the Italian peninsula and the island of Sicily, which by his wisdom and his courage he had all but purged of the Bourbons and their adherents, over to Victor Emmanuel. True to the declaration of the last ten years of his life, Garibaldi still believed that the best chances of independence and safety for his country lay in the union of all the provinces under one sceptre. Dobbs withdrew the epithet of Massaniello—and was appeased.

Has not this been the tone of a certain portion of English society towards Garibaldi during the last few months? No great harm is intended, but the habit of English political life is to drag down all men to the intellectual level of the speakers or writers. They weigh them in their own scales, and measure them with their own rules. On the whole, it is well. They have more to learn from Garibaldi, than Garibaldi from them—and they will accept the teaching in the long run. Have we not lived through a period when the present premier of England was known as "Cupid," and the mere mention of his name provoked a smile or a sneer? Now, the reason why this mention has been made of Garibaldi is, that although very wise people tell us that the day of hero-worship is gone by for ever, it would appear that just now the whole action of Europe turns upon the decisions of half-a-dozen men, and Garibaldi is one of them. Indeed, until he had announced his positive decision of handing over the Kingdom of

the Two Sicilies at once to Victor Emmanuel he may be said to have been the foremost amongst these marking men. What has he been about last week? To relate what these half-dozen men have been doing for the last seven days, would be the shortest method of giving a true chronicle of the week.

Just now Garibaldi has taken Capua. In Southern Italy his task is well-nigh completed. It is said that when this is fairly accomplished, he will return to his little island of Caserta, and put off dignity—at least as much of it as beardless would care about—more easily than he put it on. There are not wanting rumours that when the Italian matter is finished, he meditates an expedition into Hungary. The notice of this movement, indicated to the troops under General Türr's orders, seems ominous enough—and yet one should guess, that if the disaffection amongst the Hungarian soldiers in the Austrian service be as profound as it is said to be, both the Hungarian and the Italian question will receive a more pacific solution. The theory of the financial men is, that Austria is at the present moment prepared to bargain away and sell Venetia for a suitable consideration. The Austrian authorities appear to be shooting the Hungarian gunners at Venice for spiking the guns which they should turn against Caesar's foes.

This preliminary matter of Garibaldi's once disposed of, Europe falls back into its normal state—which state now appears to be one of dependence upon the resolutions to be adopted by the French Emperor. Now, what is this man about?—he who wears the shoes of stillness, and who bears the sword of sharpness, like the hero of the Fairy Tale! To be sure, last week, he has been drafting a few more battalions to Rome, and has managed matters so effectually, that if it were thought desirable to dislodge them from that illustrious city of ruins and recollections, the task would not be a very easy one. This, however, has ostensibly been the smallest of what our French neighbours call the Imperial pre-occupations during the last week. Louis Napoleon, during that brief section of time, has had the good sense to close with Mr. Whitworth. He has put our own tardy government to shame, and secured for himself means of offence and defence superior to our own. Besides this, Louis Napoleon has thrown himself into the theory of the currency, and is about to appear before the eyes of Europe as the great Banker of the world. If the intelligence be true—and it appears to be true—and if the announcement is not a mere blind—a golden shield held before the breasts of his soldiers—it is well. Europe, just now, has more to gain from peace than from war.

But if Louis Napoleon takes to banking in good earnest, Lord Overstone had best look to himself. The pound sterling—that Fetish of the "well regulated" English mind—is in imminent danger. Beware the Ides of March—or rather, the Second of December! Our ledgers are exposed to a *coup-d'état*. The financial may be more potent than the military arm after all; and the French Emperor, who seems to have given up the idea of attempting a disembarkation upon our coasts, may

reach Capel Court by double entry after all. The workings of the company popularly known as the "*Crédit Mobilier*," may give some clue to the fashion of the Imperial thought upon such subjects. CREDIT, if we mistake not, is to be the keystone of the system, without those precautionary reserves which the late Sir Robert Peel would have deemed indispensable for the success of his financial operations. This matter should be regarded seriously. The announcement of it is the most important event of LAST WEEK. Europe may have somewhat to dread from France gorged with prosperity—but still more from desperate and bankrupt France.

Pounds, shillings, and pence—or rather francs and centimes—apart, what has Louis Napoleon been about for the last seven days? He has been endeavouring to restore harmony between himself and the Parisian workmen irritated with the high price of lodgings and the dearness of tobacco. He has been marking his definitive rupture with the *parti prêtre* which has served his turn, and may now be cast aside, or at least reduced to obedience. The fag-ends of cigars, and the broken fragments of pipes, which have been cast by the workmen on the path where he takes his usual walk, have produced more effect upon the mind of Louis Napoleon than the headless arrows of the Ultramontane clergy.

To the workmen the Emperor deigns to explain his tobacco policy, and there is little doubt that if the explanation does not suffice to conjure away the storm of cigar-ends and broken pipes, Louis Napoleon will give way. He is too wise a ruler to drive men desperate by putting out their pipes. Obstinate old George III. lost his North American provinces for a pound of tea; Louis Napoleon will not put his crown in danger for an ounce of tobacco. For the priests he has a different word. Cromwell could not have taken a higher tone with a High-Church bishop of his day than the French Emperor now does with his recalcitrant clergy. They must follow as he leads, or—! The English Protector gave the Irish malcontents in his time the choice between emigration to Connaught, or to a point which lay still further south—and this is much the tone adopted last week by Louis Napoleon with his protesting bishops. The day of genuflections and pilgrimages in company with the graceful Eugénie to the shrines of the Breton peasant is at an end. Louis Napoleon now leaves the Holy Father exposed to the full force of circumstances, and what he calls the inevitable logic of facts. Well, just now the "inevitable logic" means the occupation of the late Papal territory—save the patrimony of St. Peter—by the national troops. It means the presence of an overwhelming French force in Rome and the patrimony of St. Peter itself. It means a bankrupt exchequer, and the benefit of the act—or worse—for Pio Nono ere the coming winter is at an end.

So far of Joseph Garibaldi and Louis Napoleon: let us not lose sight of our own First Minister, and his doings, during the LAST WEEK. Lord Palmerston is as much the expression of the aspirations and wishes of English society, at the latter end of the nineteenth century, as Garibaldi is of struggling—and now well-nigh triumphant—Italy,

or Louis Napoleon of France, weary of revolutions and loving glory well, but money still more. Time was when these islands were ruled by the great revolution families or the Whig connection. Then George III. and the younger Pitt, with their batches of new peers, had it all their own way. Then the Radicals and Reformers practically ruled over us for a term of years, and great lords and great statesmen, and all who aimed at the peer's coronet, and the seals of office, were compelled to pay court to the populace. These were the palmy days for political adventurers. There has come, at last, a time when Englishmen are weary of these things, or, more properly speaking, are content with what has been gained, and do not care for revolution principles or quintessence of Whiggery, or great Tory Peers, or High Prerogative Attorney-Generals, or Demagogues, or the Five Points of the Charter. See, last session, what a failure resulted from the attempt to galvanise the dead movement of 1831-32 into fresh life. Times are changed. It is idle to look in July for last winter's snow, or to water apple-trees in December with hot water, after the fashion of Triptolemus Yellowly, in search of a second crop. Lord Palmerston is the man who has had the wisdom to discern how English society is to be ruled during the current decennial period.

In the absence of all strong political passions and feelings, the statesman who is a good-humoured embodiment of the public opinion of his country is our appropriate chief. When we are not running crazy about a war, or engaged in mad speculation, the characteristic of English society is common sense. Lord Palmerston is common sense personified. He knows how to deal with men, and therefore men like to deal with him. He is neither a fanatic nor a sceptic in religion; he will hold his own against the Court, when need is, and yet maintain the authority of the Crown; he is touchy, and perhaps a trifle too well inclined to parade the British Lion in his dealings with foreign powers—in our very hearts we are all inclined to give that noble animal an airing now and then. He is *not* too great an orator. In the year 1860 we would no more consent to be ruled by a great orator, than by an eminent tragedian. Although he every now and then falls into the mistake of treating a political adversary with something very much like contempt in the House of Commons,—as a set-off, when addressing himself to the country—he has all the exquisite tact of Scarlett when "going to a jury." Nobody knows better than Lord Palmerston the value of a sandwich composed of two commonplaces and a bad joke. This style of oratory is not great, but it suits us just now. Then there is the genial humour of the man when out of harness. Despite of his seventy and odd years—and what dull people call the cares of State—the English Premier is as ready for an afternoon's rabbit-shooting as a great schoolboy. With all this he is in very truth a statesman of great experience—of close discernment—of high administrative ability—and a lover of his country. Lord Palmerston's Yorkshire progress, with a cheerful word, and a cordial grasp of the hand for all who came across him, may fairly be reckoned amongst the events of LAST WEEK.

THE SILVER CORD.

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS.



CHAPTER III.

WHEN a Frenchman's wife disappears (if the fact is likely to be known among his friends) he selects his seconds, and practises his thrust in tierce. When the same misfortune happens to an American, he fills his pockets with revolvers, and bides his time. When an Englishman is so unhappy as to find his castle left unto him desolate, he consults his solicitor.

Let it be distinctly understood at the outset of our narrative, that Arthur Lygon, shocked, staggering, bewildered, was loyal and true to the woman whom he loved. For not one moment did the husband of Laura admit to his heart a single thought that accused her honour and his own. The first idea that would occur to most men, surrounded by such circumstances as those described in our opening chapter, would be, not unnaturally, that conjugal relations between the wife and the husband were over for ever and ever. That first idea would have been the very last for Arthur Lygon, or, rather, it never arose to him at all. After a long and wearying night, during which every possibility that his brain could suggest as

the cause of the sorrow that had come upon him presented itself with sickening iteration, until the gradually deadening faculty refused to be driven along the dreary paths of conjecture, and the bright dawn found him pale, nervous, and agitated, Lygon's true heart was still brave and firm enough to resist, unconsciously, the entrance of any base thought. His wife had encountered some fearful misfortune, and to rescue her, and restore her to the home whence she had been lured, or forced, or driven by some agency which it was his to trace and punish—that was Arthur Lygon's business. And when, after that terrible night-watch, he stood at his opened window, and cooled his forehead in the soft air of the summer morning, he had no angry words to utter, no sighs for his own tribulation, no reproaches against an undeserved destiny to pour out, after the fashion of heroes who are suddenly grieved or wronged. His one thought was for the delivery of Laura from the unknown enemy. A most unpicturesque, ineffective hero, indeed, and one upon whom such a chance of melting pathos and of fiery declamation was wan-

tonly wasted, but you must take him as he is. The loss is mine. I mourn for the eloquence that he might have launched into the night, the vows which he might have called on the rising sun to attest and register. In lieu of such a record, I have to do the humblest duty, that of telling the exact truth. Miserable and disturbed, he waited for the day, and when the morning was somewhat advanced, he bathed, dressed, and left his room as calmly, to outward appearances, as he had done on the preceding day.

With prompt resolve that there should be no shadow of suspicion in his household, Mr. Lygon had, within an hour from receiving the mysterious message, gone down-stairs, and in the presence of the children, but not addressing the falsehood to them—we are strange creatures—had informed a servant that a very dear friend of himself and of Mrs. Lygon lay at the point of death in Herefordshire, and that she had most properly hurried off in hope to be in time to see the departing lady. He managed, as if accidentally, to drop into the explanation a word or two implying that the dying friend was rich, thus certain to convey an impression which would be at once acceptable to domestics, for whom the information was intended. He trusted that in five minutes they would be cunningly nodding their heads in approval of their mistress's cleverness in looking after the interests of her family; and he was not deceived. He even went through the ceremony of the dinner, and his silence and thoughtfulness were easily accounted for by his servants. It had been cruel work, however, to contend against the chatter of the children.

"Has the lady ever been here, papa?" demanded Frederick. "Do we know her?"

"No, no, dear."

"Have I seen her?" asked Walter, who, as the eldest, deemed that his prolonged experience had probably embraced the acquaintance in question.

"No, Walter. But we'll not talk about it any more, dears. The loss of one whom we love is a very sad thing, and at present we do not know what it may please God should happen. So we will not speak any more about it until we hear from mamma."

And, as may easily be supposed, the few hours during which it was necessary to support appearances seemed anything but few or brief to Arthur Lygon; but they passed. His children's last kisses were warm upon his cheek when he once more locked himself into the room in which a happy father had, on three anxious, happy days, presented a newly-born child, for the kiss of a pale but smiling mother—of her who had left him, and all of them.

When Mr. Lygon, accompanied by little Clara, proud of being her father's companion, and almost prouder of being placed in charge of carpet-bag and cloaks, reached Liphthwaite, he drove straight to the house of Mr. Berry, but found that the latter had taken his pony and ridden across to the Abbey. Mrs. Berry had gone into the town, but the servant, who knew Mr. Lygon well, and was rapturous at the sight of the little girl of whom much had been heard, but who had never visited the place where her beautiful mother had been

married, was as ready with the hospitality of Cromwell Lodge as the owners could have been. Lunch was to be ready in ten minutes, and an early dinner should be got for Miss Clara, and, in the meantime, would she have some strawberries and cream after the journey?

"Thanks, Hester, thanks. But, no, we will not have anything at present. We'll leave our things, and take a walk. I want to show my little girl the Hill and the view, and when we come back, I dare say that your master or mistress will have returned."

Hester made another struggle to administer refreshment of some kind.

"Indeed she does not want anything," said Mr. Lygon. "It is but two hours since we breakfasted. Look here, Hester, I see the great telescope is still sticking out at the library window."

"Master is never tired of looking through that, sir, and finding out all that goes on up the Hill."

"Well, if he comes in before we return, tell him to look there for us. Now, Clara, darling."

"But let me just cut a paper of sandwiches for Miss Clara," pleaded Hester. "The air up there gives people such an appetite, if we might guess, master says, by the awful great baskets they take up with 'em."

"We shall be all the readier for lunch, Hester, thank you," said Mr. Lygon, leading Clara away with him.

The child was delighted with the walk, with the little tree-bridge over the clear water, in which she actually saw a fish, and with the ascent of the height, and her merry chatter rattled out unceasingly. She was never much at a loss for talk, but the best orators are aided by accidents, and when Miss Clara's discourse was helped by such sparkling incidents as the scramble of a real squirrel up a tree close to her, by the vision of a little snake writhing across the path, and the meeting a boy with a hedgehog, which he presented to her in the kindest and unthoughtful manner, and which she carried a good way, to the extreme detriment of her prettily-fitting little green gloves (when releasing it being utterly out of the question with her, her father transferred it to his pocket), it may easily be imagined that her voice was very busy with the echoes of our hill.

"Oh! if mamma could only see this lovely place," she exclaimed, as they turned out of some shade, stood on the rocky edge, and saw the rich country below flooded with the sunshine of a summer noon.

"My child, she knows every bit of this hill, and all round it, as well as I do, and better."

And indeed it was true, for it was around, and about, and over the hill that Laura Vernon had guided Arthur Lygon in the happy days when he was persuading her to let him be her guide over the Hill of Difficulty called Life.

"Oh! I wish she was here."

"So do I, love," said Mr. Lygon, in a voice which he endeavoured, not very successfully, to make a cheerful one.

They followed to its end a path which was about two-thirds up the hill, and which, winding through a thick shade, terminated on an open, on

which the bright white light shone in all its power. Here Lygon stopped, pointed out to Clara a few of the points in the landscape, and then told her to wander about, if she liked, as he would lie down, and look at something he had to read.

"Don't go too far from me, and keep out of the sun, darling. Call out to me, if you miss your way."

"But you will take care of the poor little hedgehog, papa?"

"All care, dear."

And the happy child departed on her exploration, singing gaily, and with her head full of hedgehogs, squirrels, snakes, caves, and all the wonders of the new world into which she had been brought.

* * * * *

"Papa! papa!"

It was, however, only a cry of delight and excitement that roused him from his own thoughts. A few steps brought him where he could see her, above him.

And a prettier little fairy of the forest had not been seen on the old hill. In a setting of green leaves, her light dress stood out like some strange new flower, and as her dark hair fell over her shoulders—the hat on the ground was much too full of wild-flowers, coloured stones, and other treasures, to be at all available for its ordinary purpose—and stirred in the slight breezes, her bright face, flushed with heat and delight, quite glowed while she stood intently watching some object below. Even her father's troubled eye could not fail to note her rare beauty.

"I see the house, I see the telescope!" she cried, "and a gentleman at the door is waving a handkerchief at me."

And she waved her own in return, with infinite energy, and her eyes sparkled as she perceived that her fairy signal was recognised.

They returned to the lodge, and found not only Mr. Berry but his wife, and were heartily welcomed by the former, and were received with all proper and decorous attention by the latter.

"But how shabby to come without Laura," said Mr. Berry. "Clara, how could you let papa leave mamma behind?"

"But mamma has gone into the country herself, so we couldn't bring her," explained Clara.

Foreseeing the question, Mr. Lygon had prepared himself with the reply. Mr. and Mrs. Berry had known his wife from girlhood, and the half explanation which Lygon had made at home would, he felt, be hardly sufficient for the Berrys, who were tolerably well acquainted with the names, at least, of all her intimate friends. He had come down to give his full confidence to Mr. Berry, but had not the slightest intention of entrusting it to the solicitor's wife, whom indeed he loved not.

"Yes," said Mr. Lygon, promptly—perhaps a little more promptly than would have been quite natural had there been no secret to keep. "Poor Mrs. Cateaton—did you not meet her at our house, Mrs. Berry, when you came to town the year before last—"

"I do not seem to remember the name," said

Mrs. Berry, looking him very straight in the face with her cold, light, but not very clear eyes.

Mrs. Berry was some ten or twelve years younger than her husband. In earlier life she had seemed passably pretty, when seen in a group of young girls, a sort of partnership which, to a careless eye, invests all the members of the firm with shares in the personal advantages of each. But when an observer, drawing back from the party, calmly and silently limited the partnership, and assigned to each young lady her own portion of the united assets, he did not make much of the contributions of Marion Wagstaffe. Against a pleasant though cold smile, a clear blonde complexion, rather a good figure, white, but not small hands, a readiness of speech, some neatness in language, and perfect self-composure, which one might transfer to the wrong side of the account by calling it self-complacency, the accountant had to set the light eyes that have been mentioned, and to add that they were objectionably watchful, and never in repose. He had also to note that the voice which proceeded from those unsympathetic-looking lips was, though clear, liable to become too high for a sensitive ear, and though this would have been of no consequence, had the habitual utterances been kindly, he would have remarked that Miss Wagstaffe's *forte* was in retort, and that even in the lightest conversation her share was usually the detection of a friend's ignorance, or the correction of a friend's English. Marion was tall, and height is a merit in its way; but not especially so when one avails oneself of it as a tower of espial, and rejoices in the ability to look down with undue ease upon the misdoings of a shorter world;—and so did Marion Wagstaffe use those extra inches. Certainly she was not an amiable girl, but, dressing well, smiling readily, and keeping her light braided hair very neat, she somehow took her place among amiable girls, and used to be invited a good deal by people who would scarcely have cared to say that they liked her. She could not sing, but had grappled determinately with the keyboard, and what mechanical labour can attain there, Marion had seized, and marked the time with commendable precision when she played quadrilles—everybody has some virtue.

This was the account as it would have been made up, errors excepted, when she was two-and-twenty. In completing it, to be rendered at the date of our story, the age had to be doubled, and important additions had to be made. Among them was her having become possessed of about four hundred a year in her own right (by the bequest of a distant relative, who was most anxious to leave her property not only away from her near relations, but in a quarter whence it was morally certain that no weakness would send back a shilling to the baffled expectants), and her having secured the hand of the prosperous solicitor of Liphthwaite. How Edward Allingham Berry was induced to marry a woman who was certainly about as unlike himself in character as possible, it is not for me to try to explain. He was rich, and therefore the addition of riches might have been an aid in bringing about the union. But he was a thoughtful man, and could scarcely have admired her shallow smartness; a kindly man, and could

not but dislike her incessant antagonism; a sincere man (attorneyism deducted), and must have been annoyed by her mysteries and reticences. However, they married, and it is just to say that the unamiable woman became a most foolishly indulgent and devoted mother, and that the blow which took her children from her was more terribly felt than the world believed that Marion Berry could feel. Nevertheless, it did not soften her, though it went well nigh to crush her. The cold smile was almost as ready on the thin lips as of old. Such was the person who was looking at Mr. Lygon, and waiting further explanation of Mrs. Lygon's absence from London.

"Why, papa," broke in Clara, "you told Walter that the lady had never been at our house."

"No, no, dear," said Mr. Lygon, calmly. "I told him that he did not know her. But I thought, Mrs. Berry, that you had met Mrs. Cateaton. What put that into my head? However, she is exceedingly—dangerously—ill, and she telegraphed for Laura to go down and see her."

"What part of the country?"

"Herefordshire."

"My aunt Empson comes from Herefordshire. She will be here in the course of the afternoon, and perhaps knows the lady. What—"

"Ah!" said Lygon, quickly, for he wanted, of course, to ask a question just here instead of answering one. "What part of the country does your aunt come from?"

Did he expect to win the trick? Mrs. Berry suspected nothing, but habit induced her always to take every conversational advantage.

"Why," she said, "—um—dear me—tst—tst—I hope that I am not losing my memory as well as my eyesight—what *is* the place called? I shall be able to tell you in a minute. What is the name of Mrs. Cateaton's place—that may bring it to me?"

"Long Edgecombe," said Mr. Lygon, who thought an invented name was safer than a real one.

"I don't remember that name; but we'll look at the map presently, and that will remind me of aunt's place."

"Meantime we'll have some lunch," said Mr. Berry. "You can't think how glad I am to see you, Arthur. And one word's as good as a hundred—we're not going to have a fly-a-way visit from you this time, especially as you have brought Miss to see her mamma's country. To-day we'll have a chat and a ramble, but to-morrow we'll give her a long drive, perhaps to Bingley, and Saturday we'll talk about by and by. Lord Annobury's grounds are open on Saturdays, but I'm afraid not the house, and that's the best part of the sight—but I'll ascertain."

And over these and other of the kindly schemings of a host who is delighted to see his guests, Mr. Berry talked during the luncheon.

"Do you like leaving your house to the care of servants only?" said Mrs. Berry. She did not mean to be inhospitable, but it was in her nature to take the least pleasant view of everything.

"One would rather not, of course," replied Mr.

Lygon. "But Price is quite a person to trust at need."

"But there was no need for you to leave until Mrs. Lygon came back."

"Civil speech, my dear," said Mr. Berry, "considering that Arthur left town to come to us."

"I don't imagine that Mr. Lygon suspects me of intending to be uncivil, Edward," said Mrs. Berry, putting on the grievance-look which some women assume with such promptness. "I suppose that he would have too much self-respect to visit where the lady of the house was capable of anything of the kind."

"Well, take some wine with him, then," said Mr. Berry, laughing, "and show him that you are very glad to see him."

"I am taking bitter ale, as you know I always do in the morning, Mr. Berry, but Mr. Lygon wants no assurance that he is welcome."

"Then he shall take wine with me," said Mr. Berry. "Your health, Arthur, and the missus's, and yours, Miss Clara, and may you make as pretty and good a woman as mamma."

"As good and as pretty, I should have said," observed Mrs. Berry, "if it had been necessary to say anything about prettiness at all. May you be a good girl, Clara, as far as any of us can be said to be good, and never mind about the looks."

And Mrs. Berry sipped at her bitter mixture. Those may call it ale who have no national feelings, no love of national traditions, and no sense of the responsibilities of language, but there is one pen that shall never so disgrace its Mother Goose.

"Never mind about the looks!" repeated Mr. Berry, cheerily. "But I do mind about the looks, and I mind about them a great deal. I hate ugly people, and I always used to like them to be on the other side of a case in which I was engaged. One made out one's costs with such gusto when one thought what a hideous face the enemy would twist over a good bouncing item."

"Mr. Lygon knows best," said Mrs. Berry; "but if I had a child of that age in the room I should desire her to go and walk in the garden rather than hear such teaching."

Clara's eyes turned to her father's, and they exchanged that look of love and confidence, that all but suppressed smile, which mean perfect mutual understanding, and leave little need for words.

"Not a bad notion, though," said Mr. Berry, "as we seem to have done lunch. Let us all go and look at the garden. Take another glass of the Madeira, first, Arthur. You may trust it."

It might not appear to an ordinary observer to be of much consequence whether Mrs. Berry became freckled or not, but as that person herself entertained a different opinion, and saw fit to go away and provide herself with a brown hat and a blue sun-shade, she afforded Arthur Lygon an opportunity of saying a word or two, in an undertone, to Mr. Berry.

"Of course," replied his friend.

"It is very rude to whisper in company, papa," said Clara, laughing saucily.

"So it is," said Mrs. Berry, re-entering, duly

protected against the sun. "I am glad the little girls are taught good manners in these days."

They went out into the garden, and Mr. Berry, in directing Clara to the path that led to the strawberry-beds, performed a clever manoeuvre, for the child went skimming away like a glad bird to the place he pointed out, and Mrs. Berry, in accordance with her nature, immediately followed the child to prevent her unrestrained enjoyment. Yet Mrs. Berry had been a mother, and, as has been said, a doting one.

"I am here to consult you," said Arthur Lygon, hurriedly, the moment her sharp ears were out of range, "upon a sad affair. How can we speak without interruption?"

"Easily. But a word. Not an affair of your own?"

"Indeed, yes."

The elder man touched his friend's hand for a second only.

"You want to telegraph to town," he said. "I'll drive you over to Marfield, as it is just as well that our Liphthwaite gossips—you understand."

They walked to the strawberries, at which Clara had made her first dash with all the delight of a child who had never seen such things, except in dishes, and to whom, therefore, the red fruit, lurking under the leaves, seemed downright treasures—jewels.

"Come off the mould, dear," Mrs. Berry was crying to her, "and come off at once, or you will stain your frock."

"Let her stain it," said Mr. Berry, deprecatingly.

"That Mrs. Lygon may infer, even if she should not say, that I am incompetent to take the charge of a child for a single day. I am obliged to you, Mr. Berry."

"Mrs. Lygon has not to form her opinion of you after all these years, my dear."

"If she happen to have formed a good one, I prefer that she should retain it, Mr. Berry."

"All right, my dear. But look here. Which of the horses had I better have put to the chaise? For here is Lygon, like all the Londoners I ever knew, no sooner gets out of town than he wants to be sending a message back, and so I must drive him to Marfield. There's a telegraph station there."

"But why not telegraph from Liphthwaite?" replied Mrs. Berry.

"Why," replied Mr. Berry, artfully, "you put me on my guard there, with what you said about Thomas Letts being fool enough to let his young wife come into the office and learn things, and how that business of Wendale's got wind. A message to Somerset House may not exactly concern little Mrs. Letts."

"I am glad that a hint I take the liberty of giving may, sometimes, be worth attention," said Mrs. Berry, immediately dispatching a gardener to order the chaise.

"I would go with you," said she, "only aunt is coming over."

Arthur Lygon felt more kindly towards that relative than he had done when her name was first mentioned. He hoped to see the lady on his return. Clara would stay, and say so.

Clara did not look exactly delighted at the idea of being left with Mrs. Berry, but was much too good a child to show discontent. In a few minutes more the gentlemen had driven off.

"That's not the way to Marfield," said Mrs. Berry, watching the chaise as it turned to the right, at the cross road, instead of keeping on straight, up Bolk's Hill. That was an oversight of Mr. Berry's, who was so anxious to hear what Arthur had to say, that he hurried on to Rinceley Common, the place he had mentally decided on for their conversation.

They were speedily at the Common, a wide, wild-looking, high-lying expanse, studded with gorse patches; and here Mr. Berry pulled up.

"We could as easily have shut ourselves up in the library, you know, but then it would have been known that we had been shut up for a talk," he said.

They left the chaise, and the horse, accustomed to such intervals of work, set himself quietly to graze.

"Now, my dear Arthur, what is it?"

CHAP. IV.

MUCH as Arthur Lygon had to tell, it needed but few words to tell it, and it was told.

Mr. Berry looked at him earnestly, sorrowfully, for a few moments.

"You have told me all?" he asked.

"All," replied Lygon.

"And why have you told it me?"

"Why?" returned Arthur. "Are you surprised that in such a sorrow I should come to consult the oldest and the best friend I have in the world?"

"No," said Berry, "I am not surprised, and if the word were not out of place on such an occasion, I would say that I am gratified. At all events you do what is both natural and wise. Of course I accept your confidence, and of course I will do my best for you. But now go on."

"I do not understand. I have given you every detail."

"Of Laura's flight, yes. But come, be a man. You *must* speak out, if any good is to be done."

"But I have no more to say," said Lygon, surprised, and a little impatiently. "I repeat that I don't understand you. Ask me any question."

"That is just what I am doing, but you evade my question."

"I evade a question! Put it again."

"Why did Mrs. Lygon leave your home?"

"My God," said Arthur, "is not that the mystery which you must help me to solve?"

"I repeat, be a man, Arthur. Come."

"I swear," said Lygon, "that your meaning is a mystery to me."

"Arthur," said Mr. Berry, "it is not kind of you to force me to use words that even hint at shame. But if you will have it so, tell me. Do you believe that Mrs. Lygon left your house with a lover, or to join one?"

The young husband turned a ghastly white, and he felt his limbs tremble under him at the presence of the foul phantom which these words had called up. But he confronted the phantom only

to denounce it as a lie, and to trample through it on the instant. Another moment, and his eyes flashed with an honest anger, and the paleness had utterly disappeared, face and brow speaking as plainly as the eyes.

"I am answered," said Mr. Berry.

"Take an answer in words, though," said Arthur Lygon, in a hoarse voice. "If—" His friend interrupted him.

"Let no idle words pass between us," said Mr. Berry, gravely. "We have bitterness enough to deal with. You would say that the idea I ventured to raise came before you for the first time, and is so false, so abhorrent to your nature, that nothing but your feeling that I did not speak in levity, but as an old man who would serve a young friend, prevented your striking me down upon this grass."

"Something of that," said Arthur, recovering himself. "Not the violent thought you would suggest—but—well, Berry, it is a wickedness to have spoken the words of her—in connection with her name."

"It is," said Mr. Berry, "and I feel it as deeply as you can do. But you forced me to put that wicked question by evading a more harmless one. You will not continue to do so."

"Berry, you speak as if you thought I were keeping back something which I ought to say."

"So you are."

"Ask for it, and hear it."

"If I put it again, it will be in words that may offend you."

"Nothing that does not affect her can offend me—nothing from you can or shall." And he held out his hand.

"A good woman," said Mr. Berry, retaining his hold on Lygon's hand, "does not leave her husband's home for any fault of her own. In that case, if she leaves it, the fault must be his."

Arthur Lygon looked the other full and fairly in the face.

"I answer your look," said Mr. Berry. "I have seen a good deal of the world—both sides of it—and knowing how lightly people can absolve themselves from offences of their own, you will pardon me if I push my question. You have done nothing to drive Laura from her home?"

"I!" repeated Arthur. "I, who love her better than my life, and only ask to spend my life in making hers happy! I drive her away! Are you mad?"

"I believe all you say," said the old lawyer. "But you need not be told that women have strange ideas, and that matters which we pass over as trifles sometimes determine their whole lives. You have nearly satisfied me, and yet I should like you to tell me, in plain English, one thing."

"I beg of you—ask it."

"You are a handsome man—you were a favourite with women—I do not believe that you would deliberately do wrong; but has anything survived from the old days, or is there any momentary folly that can have reached Laura's ears?"

"On my honour,—no. On my honour,—no. And if it sounds foolishly when I say that not only do I love her heartily and thoroughly, but that she seems to me so incalculably superior, both in mind and body, to anything I have seen since my marriage, I can't help that. I swear to you that you have got the truth."

"And I am right glad to get it. That is enough, my dear Arthur. And now the ground is clear, in one sense, though the making it so increases our difficulties ten-fold. Husband and wife being alike without fault as regards one another, and yet being separated, we approach a mystery. I suppose we shall break into it, but we must see."

"Remember, I have nothing else in life to live for," said Arthur, passionately.

"Yes, you have, Arthur, much. Even if the mystery should baffle you to your dying hour, you have that child beyond the hill, and two other children in London to live for, besides your duty."

"A cold word, that," said Arthur, "and you must believe it very potent with me, when you, just now, imputed to me that I could be false to the best woman in the whole world for the sake of some wretched intrigue. But we will not talk of that now. Answer me, Berry, for my head has been in one whirl, and only the necessity of hypocrisy has kept me straight—answer me, what is the first thing that occurs to you as the key to this accursed mystery?"

"You must give me time."

"No, but your first thought? Don't refuse it. If you could know what kind of night I have spent, madly plunging my hand into darkness, as it were, to try to grapple with a belief, with an idea, you would not refuse it."

"I have not a definite answer to make. I could, perhaps, say something; but it would, in all probability, be wrong, and to lead you astray, at such a moment, would be a sin. Yet—stay. I might be raising another horror, in simply telling you to dispel one idea which perhaps has not come across you. Tell me, Arthur—and do not think me fencing with your question—have you, yourself, settled, or tried to settle, upon any conviction?"

Arthur Lygon again turned pale.

"One thought," he said, in a low voice, "came whispering near me in the darkness, and would not be driven away. It is not my thought, but it would come, and return, though I cursed it off. Mind, and for God's sake remember, the thought is not mine, nor is there the slightest foundation for it in this world. I scarcely dare repeat it."

Mr. Berry gazed earnestly into the pale agitated face, and in answer to his reiterated demand he saw the lips of Arthur Lygon form themselves for the utterance of one expected word.

"Do not say it," said Berry.

"It has crossed your mind, too, then?" gasped Arthur, his face becoming still ghastlier.

"No."

"Ah!" said Lygon, the tears almost forcing their way to his eyes, "then you have another solution."

"Do not press me, that is a kind fellow, until

I shall tell you that I am ready to speak. At present, and suddenly collecting all the reminiscences I can, and without time to marshal them, or to weigh their value, I think I may say—and I am really striving to use words that shall be as indefinite as I can make them—I think I may say that there are conjectures which we are bound to exhaust before we dare——”

“Stop,” said Arthur Lygon, “you have used a word which you would not use lightly—reminiscences. Are they connected with my life or hers? You can answer that without consideration.”

“Yours,” said Mr. Berry, quickly.

It was an untruth. The word on which Lygon had fixed, his friend had used unadvisedly. And before the last question was put, such thoughts came, darkening, around the memories which Berry spoke of, that he feared, without more cautious preparation, to let Lygon enter the circle. He judged it safer to exclude him by that single word of reply, which, however, should have been

“Hers.”

“Mine?” said Lygon. “The weight that you would take from my mind, if you could show that anything in *my* life had been the spring of this. I should enter so cheerfully, or at least so courageously, upon the quest which we have now to begin.”

“In defiance of those words of warning in the parting note?”

“They are not her words. And if they were, they must have been forced from her by some strange and damnable cheat. While I speak—a light! Has some one lied to her in the spirit of what you were imputing just now?”

“Would Laura endure *any* charge against her husband—at least without laying her hand in his, and asking whether he dared retain it.”

“You are right, and my thought wrongs her,” said Arthur, slowly.

His lingering utterance did not escape the notice of his friend, who, however, made no remark upon it, then.

“You must give me time, I repeat,” said Mr. Berry. “A day is not now of consequence, as you allowed the first hours to pass without taking any active steps.”

“Would you have had me treat her as a criminal,” asked Arthur, “have had her described to the police, and notice given to stop her at the sea-ports, and on the railways?”

“You have not done it,” said Mr. Berry, “and as it is now too late, we need not consider what a husband might have been justified in doing. Such steps as you have taken seem very prudent, as there is nothing for any one to say against Mrs. Lygon, did she return to-morrow.”

“If she return to-morrow ten years, no one shall say a word against her,” said Arthur.

“I am a hard old lawyer,” said Berry, touched; “but I think I believe that love like that felt by you is too true to be ultimately unrewarded. Yes, I believe that you will be delivered out of this misery.”

“I pray that I may,” said Lygon, “for it is indeed a misery hard to be borne.”

(To be continued.)

THE MONTHS.

NOVEMBER.

ONE of the grand distinctions between townspeople and country-people is that town-folk have a positive dislike of certain seasons of the year, while rural folk never dream of such a thing. The familiar abuse of the month of November comes from Londoners mainly; and, for the rest, it may be traced to dwellers in streets. They have not opportunity in the short days to get into the country, and see what the woods are like, or even the highways, during the month which connects autumn and winter. People who ride, and have spirit enough to leave the sloppy streets, and go forth from under the low-hanging fog and smoke which hide the top of the church-spire, will always bear testimony to the rewards which the courageous walker gathers from rural objects in November as in every other month. Squires, farmers, and labourers, ought to know most of the inconveniences and irksomeness of bad weather and short days; yet it does not occur to them to hate the month on account of these things; it has its own advantages and pleasures, and for these the country population is not ungrateful.

We have got rid of the old prejudice about November being favourable to suicide. Our modern registration has proved to us that that imputation is false; the number of suicides in November being less than in almost any month of the year. When the notion grew up, men were not such good physiologists as they are now. They were not aware that suicide does not ensue from low spirits alone, but from a state of brain which may occasion low spirits, but is quite distinct from them. There are seasons of the year which, by affecting the circulation, and consequently the digestive and nervous systems, provoke to suicide much more than gloomy weather and short days can do. There is less self-murder in this month than in some of the brightest of the year.

The gloom in London is certainly both inconvenient and dispiriting. I do not remember that I cared much about it when I lived there: but now, when on occasion I alight from the train on a November morning, and find the railway officials attended everywhere by a cloud of their own breath, and poking about with a lantern, or appearing and disappearing in a yellow fog, I do wonder how half a million of families in London streets can keep up their cheerfulness. In the shops, indeed, the people behind the counter are smiling, as usual, amidst the gaslights which are burning on till noon. The most anxious persons visible are perhaps the cab and omnibus drivers, who have, in addition to the regular care of driving, to peer forward into the fog, in blind apprehension of what may be coming. There is something dismal in reading or working by lamplight at home at midday, or in poring over one's book at the window to avoid the necessity. If the fog should at length suddenly clear off, and show the parks overhung by the pale blue sky of autumn, and their almost leafless trees touched by the level rays of the setting sun, the Londoner may form some idea of what November is in the country.

We have mists in the mornings, of course; and the girls come in from their early morning walk,

exhilarated by the exercise, but without having seen anything beyond the width of the road, or the height of their own heads. While we are at breakfast, we see the fog becoming whiter and thinner, till it breaks into portions, and begins to open and rise. Here we see the profile of a tree, and there a whole shrub with some marigold or lingering dahlia beside it. Then a pencil of yellow rays makes an emerald path across the grass, and lights up the ivy on the toolhouse wall. Then the clearance goes on rapidly, and the last

wreaths are wafted away, to shine like white fleecies in the pale blue sky.

On such days we make sure of our ramble early. We know the value of the first half of the month by our almost invariable experience of the change in the middle of it. We reckon on nothing in the way of weather after Martinmas (the 11th), and we seldom pass the 15th without losing the sunshine.

As for what we see, it is a sort of ripening and extension of what we saw in October. The



thrushes and greenfinches are busy among the hips and haws; but the birds' nests are becoming visible in every hedge, as the winds carry off the last yellow leaves. There, where the little blue or white or brown eggs were so snugly hidden in the foliage, and the henbird sat so close and still, the nest is now exposed to all eyes—perhaps hanging in shreds from the thorns, and deserted. Now and then, if there is a prodigious bustle among the birds at their meal, or an agitation among the fieldfares that have settled down on

the fallow beyond, we know what to look for; and there, wheeling or swooping, is the hawk—hungry, and bold accordingly. The small creatures are almost all gone into winter quarters. The fieldmice are snug at home in their larders. We have too much reason to know where the rats are. The squirrels are less and less seen, except in the warmest noon hour. The frogs have gone to bed for the winter in the mud at the bottom of the ponds, and the badger in some hole in the bank, and the hedgehog in some dry hollow.

This absence of so many old acquaintance reminds us that we shall see the bat no more this year. It is hanging head downwards from the rafter of some barn or belfry, wrapped in its skinny wing. The snails and slugs have burrowed underground, and there are only two or three moths remaining. The moles are digging nests as fast as their clumsy ways permit. We begin to make much of the robin as he perches on the garden paling of every cottage we pass. He is still somewhat shy; but, before a month is over, he will be at our window, in a very confiding mood.

Some remnants of beauty hang round these cottages still. The Pyraeantha makes a bright display of red berries beside the windows; and in the warmest corner, between the porch and the wall, one is sure to see either the last dahlia of the year, or a tall hollyhock. The China rose will show blooms till the snow comes, or after, for we have often seen a bud or bloom drooping under its burden of snow, and even (as I remember happened once) frozen into a glass dish in the drawing-room, and looking in no way the worse for its cold captivity. There is one sunny cottage where we look for trails of the *Tropaeolum canariense*, on the front of the porch, among the ivy, long after it has gone to tatters elsewhere. The greatest profusion I have seen of that beautiful climber was on a porch near Bolton Abbey; and the latest is within a walk of my own house. These precious last flowers of the season endure into November, in sheltered nooks, even when frosts have blackened whole regiments of dahlias by the middle of September in exposed situations, in the same way that a tree may offer a theme to a moralising Lake poet, weeks after townsfolk suppose it a settled matter that every leaf in England that can fall has fallen. The late tourist who thinks October, and on into November, the best time for the dales, knows what it is to come upon one of those nooks in Borrowdale, or on the side of Scafell, in which the wind seems never to stir, and where the birch or the ash or sycamore retains its leaves till something happens to push them off. The voices and the tread of travellers may do it; so the artist begs them to pass on quietly, and leave him to sketch the form and seize the colouring, and put the remarkable date below.

My girls have not admitted that the sketching season is over. They want to study the ramifications of the wood, knowing that without this they can no more draw trees than the figure-painter can draw his personages without having studied the anatomy of the human frame. One object in our noon walks, therefore, is to find the best hedge-row timber, and the finest single trees and groups that the woods afford. There are snug lanes and warm woodpaths where one may sit still for half an hour with impunity. Yet, how the shelter of the woods is gone! And with it, how much of their motion! And how the sound is changed! When the trees were in full leaf, opposing large masses to the winds, and swaying before the pressure with a sweeping roar, the hoarse tumult was wholly unlike the vibrating rise and fall of sound occasioned by the passage of the winds through unbending trees. It takes a much stronger gust

to shake the forest trees now than in midsummer; and the music is less like the sweeping waves upon a shingly beach than the sea-organ which thrills one's heartstrings when a squall overtakes a tight-rigged ship in the Atlantic. Pinewoods alone are constant to their winter music throughout the year. Every breeze that touches them strongly enough in any season wakens up millions of fairy harps, which, united, set the air trembling with the most moving harmony that Nature affords. Except in the north of Scotland, there is scarcely enough of pine forest for us to understand what this music may amount to; but travellers in the Carolinas or in Canada, or in Norway, or in the Baltic provinces of Russia, will bear out all that poets can say of the harp music of Nature's orchestra.

While one daughter makes a study of a bare ash (for the oak she must wait till the spring buds push off the crisp russet leaves), the other dashes down upon paper the colouring of an ivy-clad trunk of an elm. It is, to be sure, a wonderful picture—the vivid green of the ivy leaf seen from behind, and the glitter of its front surface; the various browns of the stem; the russet fern growing out of the emerald moss in the fork; the grey tufts of withered weeds, and the red and yellow ground—these make a gay picture of gloomy November. The yew is another capital subject; but it is one of the commonest—its berries in relief against the dark foliage tempting the brush of the young artist as irresistibly as the beaks of hungry birds.

The most picturesque figure we meet in these rambles is, beyond all question, the ratecatcher. Jane has never quite got over the start given her by one of the brotherhood one afternoon, when, in the remotest part of a green lane, she was sitting wholly engrossed with her sketch. A heavy finger on her arm made her look up; and there stood the tall, brawny old fellow, looking down upon her with an exceedingly disagreeable grin. He had come up so softly on the grass, and had kept his dog so quiet, that he was like an apparition. She hoped he would pass on: but he had evidently no such intention. He pulled out of a dozen pockets as many rats, bloody about the muzzles, and opened out his store of gossip of the neighbourhood, laying his finger on her arm at every emphatic point. Her pencils were soon put by, and she was on her way to the nearest end of the lane, her new friend turning back with her, as if for the pleasure of conversation. She walked as fast as her beating heart would allow, while he, with his swinging stride, was perpetually on the point of getting before her. How she wished he would go forward! But he wanted to learn from her who lived here or there, and whether there were only ladies in yonder house, and whether the gentlemen in another were travelling or at home. I suspect he was amusing himself with the supposed fears of a young lady living in a lone house; for she evaded all his attempts to learn where she lived. She made a call in the village to escape him; but, just as she was turning in at the home gate in the dusk, her picturesque friend appeared at her elbow—wallet, dog, broad-brimmed, crooked hat and all, with rats on his arm and a straw in

his mouth. He sent by her his compliments to me, and he would call to-morrow to see if I wanted his skill. He did call, and we had the strange scene of the driving of the rats from out of stack and barn; and also, I believe, the ordinary conclusion—of a sly reinstatement of a pair or two, to make work for a future occasion.

This is the worst season of the year for the nerves of timorous people living in the country. The refuse of the hop-picking class, and of the imported reapers, the intemperate and unthrifty, desperate at meeting winter without resources, are dangerous, if at all, in these dark long nights, when fogs shroud evil-doers. It was in this month that a tenant of mine, living in the midst of his fields, far away from any acquaintance that he could depend upon, entertained a very remarkable guest for an hour one night. His wife is subject to embarrassing visits from sturdy beggars when he is known to be absent; and, as he has had experience enough of vagrants, sleeping in his hay or among his pigs, to have formed habits of great caution, he looks well to the bolts of his hay-house window, not relishing the idea of finding the ashes of a pipe, and the marks of men's figures on the hay in the morning; and he admits no strangers at night, except to an outhouse which contains nothing combustible but straw to lie on. One evening, a woman uncommonly tall, with a baby under her cloak, begged for shelter,—mere shelter, as she had bread with her. She was shown the outhouse, and professed herself grateful. When the farmer and his wife were moving to go up to bed, and the one servant was already asleep in her closet which opened upon the kitchen, the woman knocked. She wanted nothing that would give any trouble; merely to be allowed to lie down before the fire till the morning, when she would be off at daybreak. The farmer did not much like it, nor did his wife; but the flood of a mother's eloquence about her baby's need of warmth overwhelmed them. They let her come in, and make herself a bed of the matting on the floor. An hour after, the servant was awakened by a slight sound, and saw, through the crevice of her door, the tall woman get up, throw her baby down on the brick-floor with astounding violence, strip off cloak and petticoat, and appear as an armed man. He never once looked towards the closet, having no idea of any one being there, but softly drew back the bolts of the door, stepped out, and began a low whistle. Quick as thought the girl was after him, shut and bolted the door; and alarmed her master. It would have been too rash to follow the guest: so there was a popping of guns from the windows, and a lighting up of the house. The cloak was kept with care, as possible evidence. The baby was a bunch of straw.

Far worse than the burglary which is the dread of lone households, is the incendiarism which has sprung up in modern times. Rick-burning was scarcely heard of in the old days of tinder-box and dark lantern. It became a fashionable crime thirty years ago: and we have never since felt so safe as we were before. I well remember the November in which the practice had become a nightly one in the agricultural counties. I was

an active and zealous lad at that time, delighted to carry out my father's pleasure as a magistrate, and never tired of cantering about the district, with watch and ward, hints to the magistrates, and news of suspicious appearances. Nothing could induce me to go to bed till I had accompanied my father and the servants through our own and neighbouring stackyards, searching for skulks, wires, vitriol, lucifers, phosphorus, and all abnormal appearances. I was up and looking out, several times in the night: and I once saw the actual kindling of the fire, not many yards off. It was about one in the morning. I had looked and listened for some time, and was just about to turn from the window when I observed a tiny blue spark,—I could not tell exactly where: for it was pitch dark everywhere else. In a moment, before I could think or move, the blue flame ran along the ridge of a stack, and spread over it; and then burst out into a yellow blaze. We were on the spot in the shortest possible time. I stumbled over a wire: but we found nobody, and could make no impression on the fire. The insurance offices have never liked farmers' custom since, high as were the terms offered for the insurance of farm products and stock; and tramps have sunk lower than ever in rural opinion.

Nobody can wonder at this who considers what the diffusion of lucifer matches now is, and how impossible it is to teach caution to ignorant and barbaric people. How many villages are there in which lucifers are kept out of the reach of children? We read occasionally of infants dying from sucking lucifers. Arrived at the next stage, that of delight at making a flame, children will put forth all their little cunning and strength to get hold of a box of matches. This way happened the great Woodford fire, in August of last year, which destroyed food to the amount of many thousand pounds:—dairy-houses and stables, stores of agricultural implements, coach-houses, farm-house, and a row of cottages. This way happened the great Willingham fire, in September of last year, when a hamlet of cottages, a farm and its produce, and property worth 10,000*l.* were destroyed by the folly of a child, who struck a lucifer-match for sport, and threw it down among the straw of a stackyard. Thus happen the fires which follow the movements of tramps, who are like the children for recklessness. They lie down on straw to smoke themselves to sleep, and drop the pipe when they begin to snore. Having crept into the hay for the night, they indulge in a pipe at day-break, and start without looking whether they have dropped any hot ashes. If I admitted November to be a gloomy month, it would be on the ground of rural incendiarism, more than any other. In truth, I have seen too much of it; and I doubt whether all the efforts of my family and neighbours are of much avail in lessening the danger. We set an example of dispersing our produce over our land, instead of collecting it into yards where every stack almost touches its neighbour; and of keeping a good supply of water, and wet mortar always accessible; and of taking the same care of lucifer matches that we should of poison; and of inspiring children with a wholesome awe of striking fire. Still, we often

see a baby clutching at the matches which boys of five or seven are flourishing about, without regard to time or place. With fire insurance offices losing their profits by the act of one five-year-old child, one would think the case pretty clear and strong; yet there is no village which has not a soft, slatternly mother, or a reckless father, who will leave everything to the chance of their children doing no mischief.

While this danger has increased, another has died out. There will hardly be any more fires from the old Powder-plot. It was a serious grievance,—that 5th of November celebration,—in all the country towns and villages, up to a few years ago. The farmer had perhaps no greater trial of temper throughout the year; and the shop-keeper and country-gentleman required all their amiability to get through the first week in November. I am speaking of the Protestant citizens. As for the Catholics, they must have been saints to bear it. Every dry branch that could be abstracted from any tree; every gate that could be got off its hinges; hurdles from the fold, benches from the park; any stray stool, or shutter, or crate, or half-door from a shop; hen-coops, knife-boards, pails, washing-tubs,—whatever could be got hold of that would burn, was sure to disappear, and be no more seen till it was detected flaming away in the middle of the bonfire.

The Protestant washerwoman and grocer and farmer, were to be pitied; but how can the wrongs of the Catholic squire and his schoolmaster, and agents, be described! They were despoiled of their property, which was burned before their faces in insult to their religion. Their neighbours took this to heart some time before the celebration was generally discountenanced; and we, for our part, abolished Guy and all his works several years since. As the rustics and the children did not know what they meant by their Guy, there was no making them understand why he should come to an end to their detriment; and to secure the neighbourhood against discontent, and against "bone fires" on the sly, we turned the 5th of November into a Thanksgiving Day, something like that of New England. Everybody gives liberally, under the sense of relief common to Protestants and Catholics. We have a short service in church and chapel in the morning; a dinner for the labourers; wrestling-matches, and a dance in the squire's big barn. The people who were most at sea about Guy can comprehend a thanksgiving and rejoicing for the fruits of the earth.

In the mountain districts of the country, the 5th of November fires were certainly a pretty sight, kindling and flaming on the crests or spurs of the hills, showing the outlines of the woods, and still glowing red when all the black figures in the front of them were gone home to bed; but there is probably no town in England, and no parish in any county, which does not rejoice that the vindictive service is dropped out of the church ritual, and the insulting triumph over fellow Christians hushed in the better temper which Time brings round.

The other old-fashioned celebration which marks November—Lord Mayor's Day—is of little interest

beyond London; and there everybody knows more about it than any country-cousin can tell. Within nineteen years the day has been distinguished by a truly national interest. As the birthday of the heir to the throne, the 9th of November is welcomed over a far broader area than even the United Kingdom. There are fifty colonies, planted down all over the globe, which have the same interest in the anniversary that we have. Last year, everybody in all those settlements was rejoicing that the Prince had prosperously reached the age of capacity for reigning. In two years more there will be congratulations on the privilege which he shares with every man in the nation,—the attainment of his actual majority. Last year, the blessing was more to the nation than to himself;—we were saved from the danger of a rule by proxy, which can never be insignificant, however (as in this case) improbable. The event of 1862 will be the more important to the Prince, as to be a man among men must ever be the highest privilege to a true man. Meantime, the Lord Mayor's ancient festival derives new brightness from its implication with the destinies of the Prince of Wales.

As soon as play is done, people have to go to work again. London, called "empty," up to the close of last month, is reviving,—beginning to give dinners, to attend the theatres, to organise the means of living and enjoying, for the multitude who will flock hither for "the season." The press feels the load of the new books of the season. The fishmongers are bespeaking ice for their cellars. The shopkeepers are exhibiting furs and warm garments. The milliners are engaging their "hands" for the crushing work of the coming months, before taking their final flight of the year to Paris, to study the fashions. The lawyers are in their haunts again. The parsons mount their pulpits, cured of their special "sore throat" for the time, by having stretched their limbs, instead of their voices, in stout exercise at home and abroad. The physicians, who stole away to avoid becoming patients, have come home openly, and are being fast forgiven by their sick acquaintance for leaving them. On the whole, London may perhaps enjoy setting to work again almost as much as going forth to play.

Townfolk are much mistaken if they suppose that rural labour relaxes and almost stops because the year is declining. The notion was once true, perhaps. When Bishop Latimer's father was a farmer, the winter was a stoppage in the life of the husbandman, as it was in that of the fisherman. Though our ancestors ate much more fish than we do, the fishermen laid up their boats and gear in November, and settled down in their chimney-corner for the winter;—not wholly at play, perhaps, for they could make nets and prepare lines; but not dreaming of braving wind and weather in their calling. This must have been, I should think, after the return shoals of herrings—the November shoals—had gone by.

It was much the same in the farm-houses when the great work of killing and salting meat for the coming half-year was achieved. There was little to do in the farmyards and stalls in times when cattle could not be kept alive through the winter,

for want of fodder. The couple of cows, a team of horses, for which hay and straw might be mustered, were about all that had to be tended,—except, of course, poultry. The other beasts—kine and swine—were disposed of in salting-tubs; and when the beef and bacon were under smoke or in the rack, there was little more to do, unless with the flail.

So much the more was done by the fire-side, where a hundred things were made which we go to shops for now.

There may be more of these domestic handicrafts in farm-houses even yet than is supposed by people who live among shops. Let us see what the November work is in old-fashioned rural districts.

St. Martin's summer is a marked season there;—the few days of fine, calm weather which usually occur about Martinmas. It is a mistake to confound this with "the Indian summer" of North America, as is so often done. We often read of "the Indian summer" as consisting of weeks of weather like our Martinmas; whereas, as everybody knows who has passed a "fall" in the United States, the Indian summer lasts three or four days, and no more.

The cause of the phenomenon is not understood, remarkable as are the appearances. The stillness of the atmosphere is profound. The nut falling in the wood, the tread of the squirrel on the dead leaves, the splash of the wild-duck in the pool, seem like loud interruptions of the silence of Nature. The sunshine is mild,—even dim; for a haze hangs over the whole country, so marked that the supposition was, to the last moment, entertained that the fires of the Indians in the forest and prairies were the cause of the whole phenomenon. It was wonderful that it should occur, every year, quite punctually, and last four days; but this was the popular explanation of the warmth and the haze till the Indians were gone far away, and the apparent smoke hung everywhere, as before, in the absence of fires to account for it.

The inhabitants do not use their Indian summer as we do our St. Martin's. They give themselves up to the delicious languor that it induces, and loiter in the low and late sunshine, seeing the golden cob fall from the graceful maize-plant, and watching the latest flights of wild-fowl in the upper air, and catching the red and yellow leaves as they flutter to the ground. We, in our precious ten days of fine weather, have much to do.

The most important work is planting. Our woodmen and gardeners say that they will answer for ninety-nine trees in a hundred (in ordinary seasons), planted at Martinmas, and for not one planted after Candlemas. Hollies, so difficult to move to their satisfaction, must above all be humoured in their requirements. So we meet waggons, and carts, and wheelbarrows, laden with young trees; and we hear the spade in new plantations, and in gardens, and on lawns, and are tempted on all hands by the beguiling spectacle of planting. We all like to lend a hand, either in shifting the new tree to its place, upholding it, disposing or sousing the roots, earthing it up with dry soil, or staking it, to keep it upright under any

attack of wind. Then, the felling must get on while the weather favours; and it is important to build up the wood stacks, or secure the peat, before the rains come. The sheep must be turned out upon the turnips, and the ewes sheltered, and the bees brought in under winter cover. Lawns and fine pastures must be manured now, or half the benefit will be lost; so, while the ant-hills are levelled, and every drain and channel in the meadows is cleared out, the dung-cart and the load of crushed bones are coming along the lanes. Every foot of ground vacated by any garden crop must be trenched before wet weather; and all made manure must be not the less attended to. All the leaves that can be collected by the women and children living within hail must be heaped up in some place where they can be properly treated for next year's manuring: and all compost, or material intended for it, must be saved from being washed away by the expected rains.

Last month's rains having set the water-mills going, and the winter demands for straw being always severe, the threshing does not wait for bad weather, and the grain goes to the mill as soon as somebody tells that the great wheel is turning. The gardeners are giving the final pruning to the fruit-trees; and the households who love their orchard are clearing the stems of moss, and washing or coating them with lime and soot. There are early peas to be sown; and there is celery to be earthed up, and broccoli to be preserved; and dahlia roots must be taken up, and the beds deeply dug and manured. If we wish to open the new year with the promise of hyacinths, we must pot them now, and put them into the dark for six weeks, with a slight watering once a fortnight. By New Year's Day they will be sprouting well, and before January is over they will be in bloom. This seems to be plentiful occupation for the few short days of Saint Martin's summer, which is also far from being faithful in its attendance. But there is one more work which ought not to be delayed.

There are few neighbourhoods in which the labourers are so certain of subsistence during the winter as not to need the special care of the richer residents. The ordinary, and the best, way of exercising this care is by providing seasonal work. Now, therefore, is the time when engineers and landscape gardeners, or landowners who have a taste of their own, or think they have, are busy in settling the details of alterations and improvements in public and private property. November usually sees the beginning of changes and embellishments which will benefit generations to come. Pleasant as it is to watch old women and children busy in sweeping and clearing the grass-plats and walks, it is more so to see the stout labourers shouldering their tools, in the dawn of morning, cheerful in the prospect of a winter's employment on the new drive in the park, or the squire's new plantation, or the cut which is to make road or stream more available for public use. Within the house there is as much for busy hands to do. When the cry of the stag is heard from the deer-park, and the gobble of the turkeys, and the screech of the peacock from the paddock and lawn, the dismal last squeal of the porker comes from

the piggery. It is the season of sausage-making and black-puddings (for those who like them), and pork pies (which everybody likes), and for the curing of hams and bacon. The cook's office is rather a dignified one this month. There are the very last preserves—apple jelly, for one—to be made; and oysters in their many forms occupy her; and here, whether in soup, or boned, or jugged; and geese, with the concomitant giblet-pie or soup; and the delicious grayling which so many of our rivers yield; and the sprats which date from Lord Mayor's Day, and for the sake of which gentlemen will dine or sup in the kitchen, that the frying-pan may be within a second of their plates. These are among the dainties of November.

After these busy short days there are long evenings which are not idle. In cottages and in farmhouse kitchens, in old-fashioned districts, men are as busy as the women. They are mending their tools, or cobbling their shoes, or patching their waistcoats, or making tackle and traps for fish and rabbits, or weaving baskets or bee-hives, or making netting of wire or twine, or splitting rods for hoops; or, where there is room, making hurdles or hen-coops. This is a field where ingenuity and dexterity are sure to be duly honoured.

In other sitting-rooms, in parlours, and drawing-rooms, what is doing meanwhile?

It is a season for entering upon a course of study, of a language, or a science, or a period of history. It is the season for opening the annual domestic Shakspeare club; the weekly or fortnightly meeting which brings two or three neighbouring families together to read a play. No summer evening can put down by comparison the charms of the Shakspeare club, where there is no constraint, but enjoyments as diversified as the resources of the idol of the night. This is the season for music, and for a dance before bed-time, to send all warm and cheerful to their rest. It is also the season of some bitter storms, of gusty days and wild nights, and moaning blasts, and dashing floods. It has its evil and its good, like all the seasons of Nature and human life: but I think I have shown that it is a mere dwelling on the dark side of things to be always talking of this month as "gloomy November."

A RUN FOR A PLACE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the annual increase in the Civil Service Estimates, and the efforts which, we learn from "Punch," are being made in Dean's Yard to raise the examinations to the proper standard, the Service is not what it was. We use these words in the popular and depreciatory sense, with the conventional shake of the head as we write them, which our readers may have observed to be their usual accompaniment. The present system has a tendency to check the graceful benevolence of the Prime Minister; and is there any virtue which a liberal nation, like the English, could wish to see more strongly developed in that functionary? Snug berths are on the decrease. There is a mean and revolutionary idea becoming prevalent that men should work their way upwards; in fact, that it is better to enter the ship through the hawse-hole than by the cabin win-

dows. It has become more difficult now for a secretary of state to reward, with a quiet two thousand a-year, the Eton chum who stood point to his bowling, or the Christchurch man who kept on the same staircase, and helped him to screw in the dean. But some five-and-thirty years ago, such an exercise of benevolence was not only possible but practicable, and occasionally practised.

On a fine May morning, in the year 182—, Mr. Scenter was pacing the High Street of that large sea-port, Shortpond, with very rapid steps. He had not got more than a dozen yards down the left-hand side before he met Mr. Chaser. Now, Chaser was a man whom he knew so well, that he felt bound to stop and speak a word to him, though evidently chafing at the delay.

"Heard the news?" he inquired.

"No,—what is it?" replied Chaser.

"Filliter died at nine this morning."

"You don't say so."

And they nodded and passed on.

Now, be it known to our readers, that the lamented Filliter had been his Majesty's Inspector of Hampers and Comptroller of Carpet-bags in the good port of Shortpond. The duties connected with that office were admirably performed by subordinates with whom Filliter had the good sense not to interfere, feeling that he should probably obstruct public business if he did. He therefore limited his attendance at the Hamper and Carpet-bag office, appearing there only on the last day of each quarter, when he signed his salary-receipt for five hundred pounds.

Mr. Scenter walked on pretty rapidly until he reached the Blue Lion. A quarter of an hour afterwards he was rattling along the London road as fast as a postchaise-and-four could take him.

He had good reasons for his haste. He had had the honour of blacking the Prime Minister's boots in earlier days, as his fag at Eton, and the acquaintance had not been allowed to drop. When Lord C—— came in, it was clearly understood that something was to be done for Scenter. They had only been waiting for a vacancy to occur, which might be worth his acceptance. The office of Inspector of Hampers and Comptroller of Carpet-bags at Shortpond was the very thing. Pleasant visions floated in his brain as he lolled back in the chaise and enjoyed the exhilaration of rapid motion; for the post-boys had been made clearly to understand that their tip would depend on their pace.

It occurred to him that an additional two thousand a-year was the exact sum which, as he had frequently observed, would make him comfortable. When he reached the end of the first stage, he continued his meditations in the inn-yard, pacing up and down, as he waited for fresh horses.

He was still debating about a second hunter, and a pair of greys for Mrs. S——, thinking which purchase he should make first, when a second postchaise-and-four dashed into the yard, with horses a shade more blown than his own.

Out of this vehicle stepped Mr Chaser. Now Mr. Chaser's relations with the noble lord at the head of the government were not very dissimilar in their nature to Mr. Scenter's, as the latter gentleman now remembered.

If he had thought of it about an hour before in the High Street of Shortpond, it is possible that he would not have been so communicative on the subject of Filliter's death.

As the two men met, the first glance they exchanged told each the other's object.

"Of course we are bound on the same errand?" said Scenter.

"Then we may as well travel together," said Chaser. "The winner can pay the shot."

"By all means." So the bargain was made.

By the tacit consent of both parties the subject of the appointment was tabooed during their journey. After seventeen hours' posting, they arrived in London at half-past three A.M.

"Nothing to be done for the next four hours," said Scenter, "so I shall take a snooze. I shall be stirring pretty early in the morning, though."

"Perhaps it would be as well," replied Chaser; but whether this was intended to apply to the former or the latter part of his friend's observation, there was nothing to show.

So Mr. Scenter walked off to bed, giving the strictest orders to the boots to call him at six. Mr. Chaser waited in the coffee-room until his friend had retired, and then took a hackney-coach to Lord C——'s.

He found no difficulty in obtaining admittance, but when he said he must see Lord C—— immediately, it was quite another thing.

"His lordship did not come back from the house till past two, and I know he was very tired, and cannot possibly be disturbed."

"I must see him all the same," said the persevering Chaser, "and immediately too."

"Is it despatches, sir?"

"Of more importance than despatches," was the reply.

"Very sorry, sir, but it is quite impossible; it would be as much as my place is worth."

"How much is your place worth?" inquired Chaser with the most perfect coolness, for it was whispered that Lord C—— was not the best paymaster in the world.

To this query the domestic did not find a ready reply, so Chaser pushed two bank-notes into his hand, and passing him, charged up the staircase three steps at a time. The contemplation of the signature, "Abraham Newland," to which perhaps his eyes had not lately been accustomed, prevented the servant from stopping him.

Chaser soon found his way to Lord C——'s bedroom. That nobleman was aroused by his knock at the door.

"Who's there?"

"Alvanley Chaser."

"And what gives me the pleasure of seeing, or rather blinking at, Mr. Alvanley Chaser at this hour of the morning?"

"Filliter is dead."

"And who may Filliter be? or rather, I should say, what may Filliter have been?"

"Inspector of Hampers and Comptroller of Carpet-bags for Shortpond."

"I understand."

"May I have it?"

"Well, you are certainly the first in the field,

and I suppose if I wish to have my night's rest, I had better say 'yes,' at once."

Chaser turned to the pen and ink on the dressing-table and began to write.

"Won't you take my word?" said Lord C——.

"Why, you know between man and man I should prefer your word to anybody's; but, as a minister, I should like to have your signature to this."

Lord C—— laughed, and put his autograph to the formal promise Chaser had written out.

"And now I won't disturb you any longer."

"Thank you; come to breakfast."

"I shall be most happy. Adieu."

And Chaser returned to the hotel, gave orders that he should be called at eight, and went comfortably to bed.

Mr. Scenter arose at six in the morning. To tell the truth, notwithstanding the fatigue of his journey, he had not been able to sleep. At six then he arose, and arranged himself carefully for an interview with the great man. It is strange how careful men are upon these occasions, although, upon cross-examination, they would aver that their personal appearance could make no difference to the result of their application. On reflection, Scenter would have felt that his chance might have been strengthened, if he could have become an Eton boy once more; but that a round jacket and ink-stained trousers would scarcely become a corpulent gentleman with a bald head.

Nevertheless, during his drive to Lord C——'s, he was tormented by a hole in his glove, and anatomised the laziness of London hosiers, whose shops were not likely to be opened for some hours to come. He arrived at Lord C——'s at seven. He had the advantage of being known to the servants, for he had dined at the house more than once, when he was last in town. He was informed that Lord C—— would be down at half-past nine, and a douceur obtained the promise that he should be shown in before any one else.

This promise was faithfully kept. As Scenter waited in the library he was surprised that he saw nothing of his friend. He comforted himself with the reflection that the servants might possibly have kept him in the hall.

As the clock struck the half-hour he was ushered into Lord C——'s presence.

In a very few words he stated the fact of Filliter's death, and asked for the appointment.

"I am very sorry," replied Lord C——, "I should really have been very glad to have obliged you, but it is already promised."

"Promised!" said Scenter. "Why, he only died at nine o'clock yesterday morning."

"It is more than promised," replied Lord C——, "it is already given away. In fact, I have affixed my signature to the appointment."

"Then I will not detain you, my lord."

"You had better stay and have some breakfast."

Alas, Scenter did not feel equal to breakfast at that moment. Therefore he declined the invitation, unwisely, for he might have heard of something else; and there were many other appointments for which he was as fit as he was

for the control of the hampers and carpet-bags at Shortpond.

He departed sorrowfully. It is to be feared that if there was one crumb of comfort on which he allowed his imagination to feed, it was on the belief that Chaser had been equally unsuccessful.

Of this morsel he was destined soon to be deprived. As he descended the steps of the house he met Chaser coming up.

"It is no use," he said to that gentleman, "you are too late."

"For breakfast?" inquired Mr. Chaser.

"No, for the appointment; it has been given away."

"Yes, to me," observed Chaser, "at four this morning."

After this the conversation was not prolonged.
H.

NON SATIS.



'Tis not enough to see thee, like a star

That rises on our sight when eve is clear,
Which all may view—but all must view afar.

'Tis not enough to watch thee, as the moon

Gazes on earth with steadfast face, but ne'er
May voice with voice exchange and intertune.

'Tis not enough to meet thee as by chance

In lighted rooms, and feign a cold repose,—
Whereas I tremble to thy slightest glance.

'Tis not enough to cross thee in the glare

Of day, when serried friends thy path inclose,—
Content the sunlight of thy smile to share.

No! I am jealous of all senseless things

That near and touch thee—of the fluttering wind
That dallies round with fond, familiar wings,
And dares to kiss thine eyes and lift the tress

From thy blue temple;—of the jewel blind
Upon thy bosom pillow'd, passionless.

And I could rend the flower that thou dost pluck,

And drink its odour with thy nostrils fine,
And taste its honey which the bee did suck.

Oh! I could kill thy sleek caressing hound

That feels thy hand, and blameless may entwine
Thy feet, when'er he choose to bound.

For I would have thee, as the miser hoards
 His idol gold, lock'd close with ponderous key,
 In chest of brazen lands round elon hoards.
 I could not rest until with sails unfur'd
 I bore my treasure o'er the secret sea,
 To some oasis of the desert world.

Because I want thee ALL;—and nothing less
 Than thy *whole being* would my heart suffice,—
 Thee and thy love entire I must possess.
 No jot withheld,—no atom of thy love
 Passing the sphere of adamantin ice,
 Within whose vault we must in oneness move.

BERNI.

THE ROMANCE OF THE RANKS.

IF any one of our readers desires to acquaint himself with all the dreary formalities, drudgery, and minutiae of a soldier's life, he may consult at his leisure a volume called the "Queen's Regulations and Orders for the Army," a portly octavo, numbering some 450 pages. He will there learn that even in the piping times of peace, there are irksome duties, besides "standing for twelve hours together in the trenches up to the knees in cold water, or engaged for months together in long dangerous marches, harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day,—harassing others to-morrow; detached here, countermanded there; resting this night out upon his arms, beat up in his shirt the next, benumbed in his joints, perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on." He will also then find some excuse if a weary man takes his calumet, or throws himself on his camp-bed, and does not read quite as assiduously as his more fortunate brother citizens, especially when his only library consists of the few books which he can conveniently carry when subjected to frequent change of quarters, and his only additional resources are the meagre circulating library of a garrison town; whilst often, if on recruiting service, or detachment in some remote neighbourhood, he will be denied even those meagre means of relaxation.

There are, however, even in the volume which we have mentioned, a few amusing pages; they are headed "titles, badges, devices, mottoes and distinctions of regiments of cavalry, artillery, engineers, and infantry, to be borne on their standards and guidons, or on their regimental colour." A few remarks grounded on these interesting pages, and partly illustrated from Mr. Cannon's valuable, but still incomplete History of the British Army, will not be without their use, when the formation of depot battalions is tending rapidly to the weakening, and perhaps extinction of the old esprit de corps, which is to a regiment the foundation of its chivalry and well-doing. The blazon on its colours, the distinctive honours bestowed by the sovereign, and the old traditions give a life to individual regiments, which it would be perilous to its good to lose. It has been the policy of the military authorities to foster this spirit, by giving to particular corps a national distinction; as in the case of English regiments which carry the Lion-crest, the badge of the Order of the Garter, with its motto, or that of the sovereign; and in the instance of

Scotch regiments which bear the cross and motto of St. Andrew; just as the Irish regiments are distinguished by the Harp of old Erin, or the badge and motto of St. Patrick; and the Welch regiments are known by the Prince of Wales's plume and motto, or by the Dragon and Rising Sun of the principality: whilst in remembrance of the time when Hanover was an appanage of the British crown, the White Horse and motto of Brunswick have been in some instances retained.

Since the year 1782, county titles have been also borne by particular regiments, in remembrance of the places where they were first raised; although, subsequently, some of the original designations have been changed. The following counties are represented:—Bedford, Bucks, Dorset, Durham, Cornwall, Devon, Essex, Hants, Leicester, Lincoln, Northumberland, Monmouth, Notts, Huntingdon, Middlesex, Hertford, Norfolk, Gloucester, Rutland, Stafford, Wilts, Lancashire, York and Lancaster, York, Suffolk, Kent, Warwick, Westmoreland, Cumberland, Oxford, Northumberland, Worcester, Derby, Somerset, Northampton, Cambridge, Salop, Surrey, Hereford, Derby and the Borders. Several counties give name to more than one regiment, whilst York furnishes a still larger proportion. The titles of four of these corps, the Loyal Lincoln Volunteers, the Bucks and Stafford Volunteers, and the 82nd Prince of Wales's Volunteers, remind us of that magnificent force which within little more than a year has been raised in this country, where conscription and compulsory service are alike unknown. In Ireland, Connaught and County Down, and the town of Inniskilling; and in Scotland, Lanarkshire, Ross-shire, Argyllshire, Perthshire, the town of Coldstream, and the city of Edinburgh, still give names to regiments. The 26th are "Cameronians," and the 79th "Cameron Highlanders."

It was not until the year 1694, that a military board determined the relative rank of regiments in England by priority of formation: and in the case of Scotch or Irish corps, by the date of their being placed on the establishment of England. At a still later date, on July 1, 1751, a Royal warrant was issued requiring the regimental number to be embroidered upon the regimental colour, thus causing the previous inconvenient method, of designating a corps by the name of its commanding officer for the time being, to be abandoned.

The origin of particular corps is a subject of too great a length to be considered in the present paper; the mottoes and badges of some regiments are of historic, whilst others are of a still more special interest. The 1st Dragons are known by "Spectemur agendo;" and "Vestigia nulla retrorsum" the Coldstream Guards, "Nulli Secundus," used in the vernacular, "Second to None," by the 2nd Dragons in allusion to their position upon the Army List; the 16th Lancers have the apt words, "Aut cursu aut cominus armis!" the 15th Hussars give the modest promise of "Merebimur;" while the Scots' Fusilier Guards rejoice in the double motto of "En ferus hostis," and "Unita fortior;" the 2nd Infantry bear the words, "Pristinae virtutis memores," and "Vel exuviae triumphant." The former motto was won

by that regiment in 1703, at the siege of Tongres: their badge of the Paschal Lamb, the ensign of Portugal, was granted to it in honour of the Queen, Katharine of Braganza, in 1661, as they are known as the Queen's Royals; but it was perverted into a cruel slander when the regiment was commanded by Colonel Kirke, in 1685, when their popular designation of Kirke's lambs, was attributed to their presence at the "Bloody Assizes," of Judge Jeffreys. The "Quò fata vocant," of the 5th Fusiliers, took origin, probably, in a regimental order of merit, established in 1767. The "Antelope" of the 6th Foot, has been referred to the circumstance of their capture of a Spanish standard, at Saragossa, in 1710. The "Sphinx," of the 13th and other regiments, commemorates their share in the campaign in Egypt, in 1801. The 12th, 39th, and 56th, and other corps wear their "Castle and Key," with the motto "Montis Insignia Calpe,"—the Arms of Gibraltar, given by Henry IV, of Castile—for their heroic defence of the "Castle-Key" of the Mediterranean in 1783. The 39th received in 1757, the royal authority to adopt the motto "Primus in Indis," in 1757. The royal tiger of Hindostan appears on the colours of the 14th and 17th, as the reward of gallant service. The elephant appears also a badge. The "Firm" of the 36th dates back upwards of seventy years. The "Britannia" of the 9th Foot, confirmed to them in 1799, probably refers to their part in the war of the Spanish Succession. The 18th bear the Arms of Nassau in memory of their storming of Namur, in 1695, under the eyes of William of Orange; and the word "China," with "the Dragon," for their campaign in 1840-2. The "Green Dragon" of the 3rd Buffs, granted in 1707, has a different origin; it was one of the royal supporters of Queen Elizabeth, in whose reign the regiment was formed out of the loyal London citizens; and it still possesses the peculiar privilege of marching through the streets of the "City" with music playing and colours flying. When the 31st were embodied, the 3rd received the popular appellation of the "Old Buffs," by way of distinction to the "Young Buffs:" both, however, derived their name from their accoutrements of buffalo leather. The "Bold Fifth" is a sobriquet of long standing; they wore a red and white feather, and subsequently a white plume, in honour of their rout of the French Grenadiers, at Morne Fortune, in the West Indies, when their success was so complete that every man was able to furnish his cap with the white plumes of the enemy. The 87th have the proud distinction of the Eagle of the 8th French regiment of the Line, as it was the first taken in action during the Peninsular war, having been captured at Barossa, in 1811. The kettle-drums of the 3rd, or King's Own Light Dragoons were taken at Dettingen; and when the 34th Foot embarked for the Crimean war, they were compelled, out of courtesy to our Allies, to leave in store in England, their entire corps of brass drums, having taken them by a curious coincidence from the 34th French Infantry, at Arroyo dos Molinos. The King's Royal Irish, 8th Hussars, in 1715, were permitted to wear buff sword belts, suspended across the right shoulder, as a memorial of their rout of the Spanish

cavalry, at Almanza; they were also the well-known "Pepper's Dragoons," whom George I. sent to overawe the Jacobites at tory Oxford, while he gave a fine library to whiggish Cambridge,—a delicate distinction which provoked this witty epigram in reply to a Cambridge sarcasm:—

Our royal master saw with heedful eyes,
The wants of his two Universities.
Troops he to Oxford sent, as knowing why
That learned body wanted loyalty,
Books he to Cambridge gave, as well discerning
That that most loyal body wanted learning.

The 41st carry the Welsh motto, "Gwell angau na Chywilydd;" the 78th, the Gallic "Cuidich'n Rhi;" the 85th are known by "Aucto spleudore resurgo;" the Artillery and Engineers, by the words "Ubique," and "Quò fas et gloria ducunt;" and the amphibious Marine, by the well-chosen motto, "Per mare, per terras." The "Death's Head" and the motto, "Or glory," have been carried by the 12th Lancers since 1759, when Colonel Hale determined to compose the regiment of men of decided character, emulous of the gallantry of General Wolfe, whose death he had witnessed on the heights of Mount Abraham. The name of the "Carabineers," 6th Dragoon Guards, dates back to 1691. The 56th are popularly known as the Pompadours, as, when raised in 1756, their facings were originally puce, the favourite colour of the worthless Madame de Pompadour; and when their facings were changed, their colonel, failing to obtain "blue," the distinction of Royals, for the regiment, adopted purple as the nearest approach to it. The Royal Horse Guards are ordinarily known as "the Blues," from the colour of their uniform. It is an old mess-room joke and legend, that the tailors having used up all their scarlet cloth, were compelled to make up the deficiency in cuffs and collars, by fragments of various colours; and this was the origin, (so the veracious "oldster" assures the "youngster,") of the facings of the British Army. The 13th Light Dragoons were known from the colour of their facings as "the Green Dragoons," to which their motto, "Viret in aeternum" refers, and was confirmed in 1836, the green facings having been restored three years before. The 97th are known as "Celestials," from their sky-blue facings. The "Lincoln Green" of the 69th, is a subject of their pride. The dingy, and ill-assorted black-and-white worsted braid of the 50th, caused them to be known as the "Dirty Half-hundred." The sombre dress, blue-black and green tartan, worn by the companies raised for the protection of Edinburgh in 1730-2, was the origin of their name "Freicudian Dhu," the "Black Watch," in contradistinction to the scarlet of the Line, who were called "red soldiers,"—an appellation which was transferred to the 42nd Highlanders, who were formed out of their ranks in 1740. The 2nd Dragoon Guards, are known as the "Queen's Bays," from the fact of their being mounted on bay horses in 1767. The "Fighting 9th," were also called in the Peninsular war "the holy boys," from a sale of Bibles. The 57th, from their bravery at Albuera, were known as the "Die Hards:" the 62nd for their courage in America, were famous

as "the Springers." The Light Company of the 45th wear the distinctive mark of a red ball instead of green, the usual colour; in 1777, the Americans were so galled by their fire, that they vowed that they would give them no quarter, and the gallant fellows stained their feathers red to save their friends from suffering by any mistake. The 22nd wear a sprig of oak in their shakoos on the Queen's birthday, in memory of services rendered to George II. at Dettingen. The 28th wear the plate in front and at the back of their shakoos, in memory of their gallant defence in Egypt against a charge of cavalry in front and rear, and are known as "the Slashers," owing to their terrible use of the short swords, then worn by the infantry, during the American war. The 57th are called the "Faugh-a-ballagh Boys," from their famous faction-fight cry of "Fag-an-bealac," "clear the way," at Barossa.

The 14th Dragoons carry the "Prussian Eagle," as it was called in 1798, in honour of the Duchess of York, the Princess Royal of Prussia. The titles of "King's Own," "Queen's Own," "Royal," the "Prince of Wales's" (82nd and 10th Hussars), "the Princess Charlotte of Wales" (40th), the "Earl of Ulster's" (97th), the "Duke of Wellington's" (33rd), have all been won by

Most disastrous chances,

By moving accidents by flood and field,

By hair-breadth scapes the imminent deadly breach.

One curious circumstance is on record. We all know that regimental colours are consecrated, and generally find their last home in the aisles of a cathedral, or in the Hall of Chelsea: but in 1763, the colours of the 25th Regiment, then commanded by Lord W. Lennox, having been riddled with shot, at Minden, and hanging in mere strips from the staff, were interred in Newcastle-on-Tyne, with military honours. On the other hand, the standards captured at Culloden, were burnt by the common hangman.

A few more notes, and we must draw these sketches to a close; although we are tempted to dilate on pedigrees and achievements, and the succession of colonels of the various regiments. In 1572, troops of horse were called cornets; and companies of foot were styled ensigns. In the reign of Charles II. the junior officer of horse was known as a "cornet," and in 1679, a corporal of horse, saluted as a "brigadier." The dragoon derives his name from the Elizabethan fire-arm, called dragon, from the monster which figured on the muzzle; the Carabineers represent the Spanish Light Cavalry first mentioned, in 1579, as Carabins, possibly, from their use of the carbine—a weapon employed on board of the vessels called "carabs." The Scotch Fusiliers, now the 21st Foot, raised in 1678, were the first to take that name, which is one of French origin, denoting a weapon lighter than a musket: while the bayonet was invented at Bayonne about the same period. The helmet and the cuirass are the last relics of the old armour of our troops, since the gorget, a diminutive breastplate, has been discontinued; the sash, once worn round the waist, was designed to give means of removing the wounded officer to the rear: the aiguillette of the Cavalry represents the

cords with which they bound up their forage, and the cord on the belts of the Household Cavalry was once attached to the priming-horn of the bandolier. Scarlet was worn by the soldiers of Henry V.; green and white were the Tudor colours; in 1678, Evelyn describes Grenadiers (a French term) in piebald red and yellow: and it was only in the reign of Queen Anne that scarlet was definitely established. The officer's cockade of the time of the Georges has been removed to the hats of servants, and naval officers alone retain it. The serjeant no longer carries a halbert. The Prussian sugar-loaf cap, immortalised by Hogarth in the March to Finchley, is a costume of the past. Pigtales and pomatum, the three-cornered cocked-hat, gaiters, and docked horse-tails, have all happily followed the same example; while the Polish caps of our Lancers date back about forty years, and the bearskins of the Guards to the reign of George III. The three-tailed bag of black silk worn by the officers of the 23rd Fusiliers is, probably, a relic of the queue. The uniform of the present day is certainly more convenient and handsome than, if not so picturesque as that of an earlier period, and when stocks are unknown, shakoos made of an improved shape, and knapsacks better adjusted, we may, perhaps, believe it incapable of improvement.

Glorious, indeed, it is to read on the colours of our regiments the scrolls labelled with the names of hard-won fields, in every quarter of the globe; they are subjects for an honourable pride, and incentives to a generous emulation. Let us have examinations, and motives and necessity for study on the part of both candidates and actual officers, though we cannot fail to remember that many a gallant fellow, whom we remember incapable of application to books, down in the lowest form of old Winchester, did good service at Alma and Inkermann, and by an acquaintance with many sports has raised up a cheerful spirit amongst his men in the piping time of peace. A mere pedant in any class of life is a poor creature. We do not want "the gallant militarist that has the whole theorie of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger." The future battles of England will never be won by men who cannot "set a squadron in the field, nor know the division of a battle;" never by the mere successful competitor who achieves his superiority by force of memory, or the cram of a few months.

The bookish theorie

Wherein the toga'd Consuls can propose

As masterly as he; mere prattle, without practice,

Is all his soldiiership.

MACKENZIE E. C. WALCOTT.

THE GLOW-WORM.

AMONGST the several luminous insects of this country, the Glow-worm is undoubtedly the most interesting. Who that has walked along shady lanes, and in woodland scenery, where these insects abound, on a calm, warm summer's evening, but has been delighted with the effulgence of these creatures, sparkling like little stars of earth, and glowing like night-tapers with beauty? Shakespeare, with his wonderful knowledge of nature,

has not failed to observe that as morning approached, the light of the Glow-worm was extinguished—

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire.

The poet Waller also described the same fact. He supposes a man to have found a glow-worm for the first time, and thinks he has possessed himself of—

A moving diamond, a breathing stone ;
For life it had, and like those jewels shone :
He held it dear, 'till, by the springing day
Informed, he threw the worthless grub away.

But let us inquire a little into its natural history, and this will not be found without its interest. Some doubts have occurred as to the food of the glow-worm. From actual observation, it has been ascertained that its larvæ feed on snails, decayed worms, &c., and are decidedly carnivorous. Neither old nor young touch plants as food. The larvæ are very voracious in their habits ; but it is supposed that the perfect insect eats but little. If it does eat, it probably feeds on animal substance.

The female is without wings, and is far more luminous than the male. She may sometimes be found crawling up a blade of grass, to make herself more conspicuous, and in order—

To captivate her favourite fly,
And tempt the rover through the dark.

The males have wings, and may be seen hovering over the females in twilight. The male is a dusky, slender scarabeus. The females have the power of extinguishing or concealing their light : and Mr. White of Selborne thinks that they put it out altogether between eleven and twelve every night, and shine no more that evening. This wise provision of nature may probably be for the purpose of preventing their being preyed upon by nocturnal birds. Indeed, it has been supposed that nightingales feed on them ; and certainly the favourite haunts of these birds are often in localities where glow-worms abound. It may be mentioned that as soon as the female has deposited her eggs (which by the way shine in the dark), the light disappears in both sexes.

Persons who eat peaches, apricots, and other stoned fruit (and who does not ?) may often find a little centipede about an inch and a half, or two inches long, curled up in the centre of the fruit. This insect, if placed in a glass, and looked at when it is dark, will be found to be considerably luminous. Blumenbach asserts that another luminous insect gives such a strong light, that two of them placed in a glass, gave sufficient light to read by. The fire-flies of hot countries have wings, both male and female ; so that when they occur in great quantities, they exhibit a brilliant spectacle to the inhabitants. That pest of farmers, the wire-worm, is, we believe, luminous.

Messrs. Kirby and Spence give an interesting account of the *Blater noctuillus*, with which we will conclude this article. This insect has the luminous property in a very high degree. It is an inch long, and about one third of an inch broad. It gives out its principal light from two

transparent eye-like tubercles placed upon the thorax ; but it has also two luminous patches concealed under the wings, which are not visible except when the insect is flying, at which time it appears with fine brilliant gems of the most beautiful golden-blue lustre. In fact, the whole body is full of light, which is so considerable, that the smallest print may be read by moving one of these insects along the lines. In the West Indies, and particularly in St. Domingo, where they are very common, the natives employ these living lamps instead of candles, in performing their evening household occupations. Southey has introduced this insect in his "*Maaloc*," as furnishing the lamp by which Coatel rescued the British hero from the hands of the Mexican priests:—

She beckon'd and descend'd, and drew out
From underneath her vest a cage, or net
It rather might be call'd, so fine the twigs
Which knit it, where, confined, two fireflies gave
Their lustre. By that light did Maaloc first
Behold the features of his lovely guide.

EDWARD JESSE.

THE FAMOUS CITY OF PRAGUE.

THE ancient city of Prague is splendidly situated upon a hill overlooking the new town, with which it is connected by two bridges across the river Moldau, which divides these civic hemispheres as widely as Hyde Park separates the social worlds of Tyburnia and Belgravia ; for, though the imperial palace and the residence of the Cardinal Prince Primate of Bohemia are the most prominent edifices of the Hradschin, still the Emperor Ferliuand in the halls of his ancestors, and Prince Schwarzenburg in the saloons of the Archiepiscopal Palace, are as much deserted by the fashionables of the new town as though the interesting old stone-bridge and the new suspension-bridge did not exist, and the river formed an insuperable barrier to communication between the ancient and modern cities. But, though deserted by fashion, the objects of interest are a thousand-fold greater in the Hradschin than anything the Neu Stadt can offer — the lovers of novelty alone excepted. The cathedral forms a very prominent point for miles round. Situated in the main court of the palace, above which it towers, its pinnacle is seen at an immense distance by whatever road the capital is approached. The style of its architecture is that known in England by the name of the Early English : and, should it ever be completed, it will be one of the most worthy of notice of any of the great cathedrals of Europe. Though the chancel alone is in a finished state, it is amply large enough for every service of an archiepiscopal cathedral to a city of upwards of 180,000 inhabitants. There is a covered gallery communicating between the cathedral and the palace, to enable its inhabitants to attend Divine service without passing through the great court.

On the side of the cathedral, fronting the palace, is one of the most remarkable specimens of the early art of founding extant in Europe, and one which particularly excited the admiration of our great armorial antiquary, Sir Samuel Meyrick, in his visit to this city. It is a bronze equestrian statue

of St. George, of the eleventh century. The scale-armor and all the details of the horse-furniture are beautifully executed, and in as excellent preservation as though but recently delivered from the *atelier* of the artist.

The oldest part of the palace now standing was built by Charles IV., in the middle of the fourteenth century, though it was modernised in the sixteenth; the present fabric is of much more recent date. Its size appears truly gigantic to those accustomed to look only on the metropolitan residence of our own sovereign; but it is by no means too capacious for its several requirements, being not only intended as the abode of the various branches of the imperial family, but likewise containing under the same roof the different

salles appropriated for the meeting of the senate and the transaction of governmental duties. At the furthest end, overlooking the Moldau, are the Imperial Chapter of Canonesses, an order instituted by the benevolent Maria Theresa for indigent ladies of high descent, who under this institution enjoy privileges otherwise far beyond their reach. The abbess of this order must always be a member of the imperial family, and, upon her marriage or death, another archduchess must be appointed to succeed her by the Empress. But let not the reader suppose that because the lady president is styled an Abbess any severe monastic rules of seclusion are required. These ladies mix in the *beau monde*, as do the gayest of our own dames of fashion, dancing with a vigour rarely equalled by a London



The Bridge at Prague.

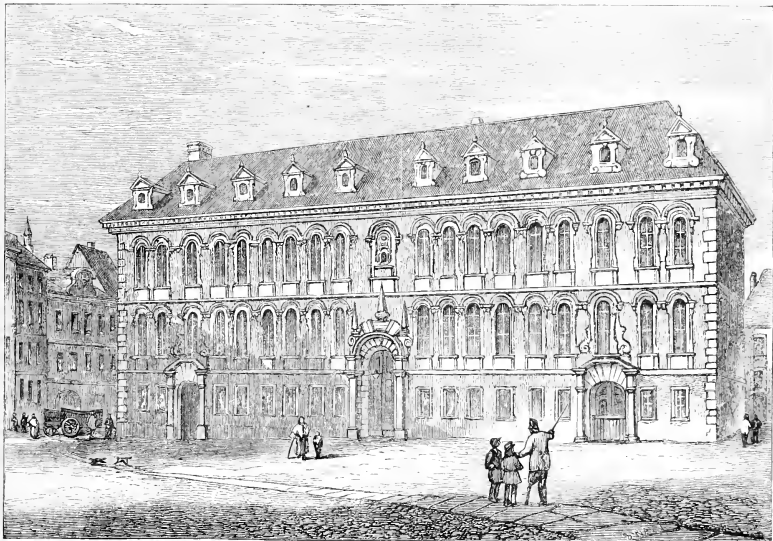
belle, or are to be seen nightly at the theatre in the box provided for them in the rules of their order, as laid down by their kind foundress: they never need a *chaperon*, as, whatever their age, once chanoinesses they cease to be mademoiselles, and if but seventeen they are styled "madame," and considered fit to be a *garde-dame* to any unmarried lady, however much their senior. Servants and equipages are at their disposal; they receive a trifling pension, and are free to marry if they please, but of course then cease to be chanoinesses. All that is required of these fortunate ladies is to attend chapel every morning; on certain occasions to appear before their Abbess in a particular costume, consisting of a black mantle and a Marie Stuart hat with long white lace veils pendant from the sides, most graceful and becoming to the

young and fair; and when in society of an *evening* to wear black dresses with the white order-ribbon, fringed with gold, under one arm and gathered on the opposite shoulder into a large knot, with a medallion-likeness of the Empress Maria Theresa pendant from the centre. That portion of the palace appropriated to the assembly of the senate bears date from the seventeenth century.

Leaving the palace, we pass the archiepiscopal residence, and stand in front of a very handsome pile of buildings forming an entire side of the Hradschin Platz, the property of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, inhabited solely by his agents, men of business, and their families, but which, judging from the present tide his affairs have taken, H.I.H. may, ere long, be happy to have set in order for his own use. Higher, upon

a hill, the culminating point of the city, are the convent and gardens of the White Monks, so called from their dress of white serge. The object of peculiar interest to strangers in this establishment is the magnificence of their library and collections of MSS. maps, charts, and globes. It possesses also some very valuable paintings, the merits of which are now much defaced from being daubed over with coarse reparations. The gardens are extensive, and open to the public, and command a fine view of the city, across the river, of the Neu Stadt, and far away to the heights beyond. At the time of the troubles, in 1848, these White Monks of Strahoff were looked on suspiciously by the government from their well-known leaning to the Czeck insurrection.

On descending the hill through the principal street the attention is often painfully drawn to the clanking of chains, and we find it proceeds from miserable beings who are employed in cutting wood for firing at the different houses—wood being the sole article of fuel consumed in Bohemia, where all rooms are heated by large china or iron stoves. The parti-coloured dress of these wretched beings—one half their persons clad in black, and the other half in yellow, the imperial colours—show them instantly to be convicts, if the chains confining their legs have not before revealed their position as felons. It is the government system, instead of confining prisoners in their cells, to employ them in various useful labours, and the most usual work is cutting wood



Wallenstein's House at Prague.

for the public, a policeman being in charge of each group while thus occupied.

Turning out of Nicholas Platz, a spot of much interest is shortly before us—the Wallenstein's Palace—once the abode of the renowned Wallenstein, and now in possession of his nearest descendants through the female line, that hero having left no son to perpetuate his glory and avenge his fate. "Put not your trust in Princes," everyone may well exclaim with King David, on remembering *what* was done and sacrificed for his sovereign by that noble man, and what was the treacherous end he met with by the decree of the monarch he had served so long and faithfully. His gallant charger, which shared with him so many dangers and glories, is stuffed and stands in a hall of this princely mansion, looking really life-like, so well is the skin preserved, and so true

the action. In a magnificent *salle* in the centre of the house are sometimes held the prettiest and most tastefully arranged flower-shows the writer has ever seen—turf and moss so artistically laid down in beds *over* flower-pots that they are entirely concealed from view, producing the effect of all the wonders and beauties of nature springing from and growing out of the ground itself—a deception which might advantageously be copied in our own country.

Count Irvin Nostitz's galleries of statues and paintings are also worth a visit before the traveller leaves the *Kleine Seite*. And, should the weather be very oppressive, an hour's lounge in the gardens of Prince Lobkowitz, under the chestnut groves, would agreeably complete his morning's expedition, though we should recommend him not finally to cross the bridge without taking a peep at the church and hospital of the Knights of St.

John, more generally known as the Knights of Malta, and the official residence of their Grand Master for Bohemia, which joins the church.

(To be continued.)

BLACK VENN.

CHAPTER I. NATURAL.

THE superb curve of the cliffs, east of the little borough town of Lyme Regis, describes an arc of about 30 miles in length terminating in the Bill of Portland. Some of these cliffs are 700 or 800 feet high. Their charmingly varied hues, commencing with the dark blue of the lias at Lyme Regis, broken by slips of verdure, and clefts producing deep shadows, succeeded by the oolitic yellow or orange crests of Shorncliff and Golden Cap, whose sides bear little copses of dark fir, interspersed with purple heather and golden gorse, reflect themselves in a calm sea with the brilliancy of the rainbow, giving an Italian effect to the scenery.

As our eye follows the curve of coast beyond, we notice the red cliffs which mark the situation of Bridport and the fishing village of Burton; and, subdued and harmonised by distance, the still receding heights beyond Abbotsbury fade away into an indefinite greenish blue, and terminate in the white rock of Portland, which lifts itself as a pale shadow in the far atmosphere.

We must add to our picture the bright blue waters of the Bay: these, sheltered from the east and north, and open only to the more genial influences (tempestuous though they sometimes be), of the south and west breezes, spread their wide expanse towards the bosom of the broad Atlantic unbroken by any intervening land; and whether tossed into wavelets flecked with innumerable white crests, or still and glassy with a mother-of-pearl iridescence on their surface, add the charm of incessant change to the exquisite colouring.

Standing on the verdant summit of Black Venn, one of the heights I have been describing, between Lyme and Charmouth, in the calm soft light of a summer sunset, a spectator, versed in the local records of the neighbourhood, finds an additional interest in the recollection that the sea and landscape, on which the eye now rests in admiration, presented the identical appearance in hue and outline to the Northern Sea Kings when, ten centuries ago, our Saxon progenitors watched from these heights the robber fleets, sweeping, beneath their bases, towards the adjacent village of Charmouth, and landing their fierce warriors with the raven standard unfurled, to ravage the interior with fire and sword.

Possessed of still greater interest is the reflection that at a much more remote epoch, while the earth was yet a desolate wilderness and man was as yet uncreated to inhabit, cultivate, and subdue, beneath and over these very cliffs, and amid the surrounding ooze, there swarmed countless multitudes of monstrous forms; giants in magnitude, and of great muscular development, endowed with the most fearful powers of destruction and rapacity; creatures whose very analogy is in some cases scarcely traceable at the present day, but who then held undisputed sway over that dreary region, the theatre of their internecine war, and ultimately their sepulchre.

The stony skeletons of these monsters, daily disinterred by the pickaxe of the workman, or the hammer of the geologist, attest the unquestionable facts of their animal organisation, even to minute details, details which have enabled us to establish conclusions respecting the condition of the world which they inhabited, as accurate as if we had ourselves been then in existence, with every faculty for observation and personal investigation. A series of inferences, the result of a train of masterly reasoning, supports these conclusions, and stamps with authenticity a very wonderful chapter in our readings from the book of Nature, of the goodness and superintending power of the Almighty Creator.

CHAPTER II. SUPERNATURAL.

BUT the glimmer of the revolving light on the distant Isle of Portland, and the brighter sparkle of the town lamps in the valley remind us of the necessity for our homeward journey, and we therefore commence our descent. The road we are taking towards the town from the hill on the Charmouth side is beautifully diversified; and the dark pine wood, which at some little distance borders it upon our right, calls up a reminiscence of so strange a character, that I think it worth presenting to the reader.

About six years ago I was coming to Lyme Regis by this very road from Charmouth, where I had been engaged until a late hour on professional business. It might have been about eleven o'clock as I reached the gap known by the name of the Devil's Bellows, a few hundred yards beyond which, is the crown of the hill overlooking a long strip of the undulating and winding road towards Lyme. Below this part of the road is the cliff called "Black Venn." The night was a bright summer moonlight, almost as clear as day.

From this point the road, with all its turns and hollows, can be seen for the distance of nearly half a mile; and the dark woods on the right which border it to some distance, and out of which it seems to take its rise, rendered its yellow line still more conspicuous by the contrast on such a night.

I had scarcely reached this point when I was startled by a loud but distant scream, or rather a succession of screams, of a peculiarly wild and wailing character.

As nearly as I could judge, the sounds came from the pine wood, at the extremity of the road. I stopped to listen, and strained my eyes in the direction from which the screams appeared to come; and there,—just where the road emerges from the darkness of the wood, I distinctly saw something white, gleaming and glancing in the moonlight, and evidently in ceaseless and violent motion. My first idea was that two persons, clothed in white, were struggling, as if engaged in a contest for life and death: but after gazing for a minute or two, I became aware that the figure or figures, whichever it might be, had subsided into *one*, and that *one* was rapidly moving towards *me*!

The screams were now incessant, resembling more the shrieks and howlings of a wild beast in

pain, than the tones of the human voice under any conceivable circumstances.

You will readily suppose that I could not withdraw my eyes from the strange white figure, which emitting these most fearful shrieks, was now swiftly traversing the road in my direction, first down the little hollow at the foot of the fir wood, then over the strip of level ground near the gate which leads to a foot path through fields into Lyme, and at length up the very acclivity on which I was standing.

I have often endeavoured to analyse the feelings I experienced on this occasion; but although much startled and surprised, I think the predominant sensation was that of curiosity at the un-

earthly sounds. If these hideous outcries uttered by the figure at a distance had startled and surprised me, the figure itself, as it approached, occasioned me still greater perplexity.

Imagine for yourself, in the clear moonlight, a spinning, whirling and shrieking creature, making swift progress, with motionless, outstretched arms like those of a huge white scare-crow, extended at right angles with the body. The figure was of a tall man's height, clothed in something which appeared to me like a gown or waggoner's frock, of white material, falling in one long droop to the ground! The extended arms were also of the same light colour.

The head of the figure I could not distinguish,



for (strange to say) the creature, of whatever nature it was, engaged in this nightly ramble, advanced in a series of whirls, so rapid as to defy my attempts, as it speeded past me, to catch even a glimpse of its features. It combined with this eccentric movement, so swift an onward progress, that, as nearly as I could judge, the whole space of time, from the moment when it first came in sight, to that in which it disappeared from my view, having traversed in that period a distance of at least half a mile, did not exceed a very few minutes. Its shrieks, as it passed close by me, keeping the centre of the road, were horrifying in the extreme; and rang in my ears long after it had disappeared in the direction of the Devil's Bellows.

I cannot say that I felt anything like what I should imagine would attend a supernatural mani-

festation. My sensations were chiefly those of surprise, and I had even prepared myself for the possibility of self-defence in case the figure, if human, should attack me, in what seemed the unrestrained outbreak of some ferocious and irreclaimable maniac! This idea flashed across my mind as the only possible solution; and I anticipated that, on the following day, I should find that the whole neighbourhood had been alarmed, and that, in some way or other, the mystery would be cleared up.

No such elucidation, however, took place; nor could I ever learn that any one but myself had been favoured with a manifestation of this frantic and fantastic apparition.

During the whole of the subsequent week I passed the time in a state of bewilderment. What

I had seen and heard was continually recurring to my mind, and I puzzled myself in vain to account for the apparition. All my consideration served only the more to perplex me. One of the circumstances which occasioned me the greatest surprise in my reflections on the matter was, that so far as I could discover, no one but myself had heard the startling cries, or seen the unearthly figure, the former having been first heard by me at the distance of nearly half a mile, and the latter having passed along the turnpike road, on a night as bright as midday, in the close vicinity of two well populated towns; and even the turnpike-house—though not visible from where I stood—was certainly not five minutes' sharp walking distant from the copse whence the figure at first appeared to emerge; while the shrieks and screams were loud enough to have been heard in that still night as far as the town itself. And yet no one had heard them!

As I mentioned the circumstance to everybody that I could get to listen to it, in the hope of finding some one who could throw some light on the matter, it is not surprising that several persons should have reminded me of the well-known circumstance that a waggoner had, some years before, had his brains dashed out when passing incautiously behind his load of timber, some of which projected beyond the waggon, and struck him on the head, and that this death occurred exactly at that spot on the road near the copse where the hideous figure I had seen first appeared to me.

Neither need it be doubted that many of these intelligent listeners left me with the full persuasion that I had seen the ghost of the unhappy waggoner dancing a supernatural polka, to an extempore air of his own composition, on the spot where he had left his brains.

One fact alone I obtained worth recording, which trivial as it may appear, and lightly as I then regarded it, will probably, to the philosophic reader, be found of some significance; and let any one who thinks it worth his while to follow me to the end of the story bear it in mind.

Among those to whom I mentioned the affair was the inspecting commander of the coast-guard on this station, a gentleman of much resolution and experience, with whom I had the pleasure of an acquaintance.

He heard my story with much interest, and remarked upon its singularity, adding, that, for some time past, he had observed a great reluctance on the part of his men to visit the stations on that beat; that they always applied to be sent in couples; and although he had not deemed it advisable to take notice of the fact, he had heard rumours of their having been terrified by unusual sights and sounds on those eastward cliffs. From the men, however, I could obtain nothing but evasive and unsatisfactory answers to my questions on the subject, and the result was that the mystery remained entirely unsolved.

CHAPTER III. HYPOTHETICAL.

COURTEOUS reader, we are now about to part company, and I would fain leave upon your mind the impression that the last twenty minutes have been passed in the society of an honest and

veracious narrator, to whom you may safely give implicit credence.

This character you say you are readily prepared to allow me, provided that I, on my part, and as a condition precedent, will prove myself worthy of the confidence reposed in me, by at once explaining fully and satisfactorily the circumstances I have related.

Alas! I regret to say that I am unable to secure my good character on these terms, for the simple reason that up to this moment no such full and sufficient explanation has been afforded me. But if you, most searching of cross-examiners, will proceed to inquire whether any idea has presented itself to my mind, by which so singular a phenomenon might possibly be brought within the compass of rationality, I will own that (oddly enough) after several months of perplexity a few words spoken by one whom, to the best of my knowledge, I had never before seen—whose voice I had never before heard, and shall in all probability never hear again, and with whose name I am unacquainted—threw suddenly a faint gleam over what had before been utterly obscure, and suggested the clue to a plausible solution of the problem. It might have been about seven or eight months after the event that I have related, that I was returning from the County Court at Axminster, late on a dark winter evening, and walking my horse up the hill which leads from that town to Hunter's Lodge, when I was suddenly accosted by a man who appeared to have overtaken me, and who, touching his hat, seemed desirous of entering into conversation.

After a few remarks, he said: "Would your honour like to buy some good brandy?" On this strange question being put to me, I stopped my horse, and turning to the man, said: "Do you know, my friend, that you are putting a question which may get you into difficulty? How do you know but that I am a policeman or an excise-man?"

To this the man replied that he knew I was neither the one nor the other; that he well knew who I was, and entertained no apprehension of risk in making the inquiry; then drawing nearer, and assuming a very confidential manner, he assured me I might rely on the article being of the best description without the least smack of sea water, and that he would be able to procure me any quantity I might wish for within a day or two; "For," added he, in conclusion, "we last week made a capital run just under Black Venn."

Dear reader: If this little episode does not furnish you, as it did me, with some elucidation both of the brainless Waggoner's Polka and of the nocturnal terrors which appear to have successfully scared the coast guard, your imagination is a less vivid one than I am willing to give you credit for possessing. For my own part, I will only add, that the mention of the singular name "Black Venn" (recalling, as it instantly did, the adventure of my moonlight walk), coupled with the accommodating proposal of my unknown friend, suggested to me the hypothesis, that the apparition was probably not a messenger from the spirit world, although in close connection with the world of *spirits*.

LAST WEEK.

THE Road murder at home, and the Italian question abroad under yet another of its many aspects,—such, in a word, are the points which remained mainly under discussion LAST WEEK. This autumn has been singularly barren of suggestions for the forthcoming session. There has not been a “recess” since the famous one of 1845, when the Irish famine was a-foot, and the announcement appeared in the “Times,” which fell like a shell in the camp of the Protectionists, during which we have not had something more than an inkling of what would happen when Parliament assembled. But now, what is there to be done, or what to be talked about? Of the Reform Bill there seems to be as absolute an end as though a revival of the settlement of 1831-2 had never been in contemplation. Mr. Bright may intend retirement from public life for aught the public have known of his proceedings during the last few months. Lord Derby, on the other hand, has been afflicted with severe illness—and it would almost seem as though ere long the marshal's *bâton* of the Conservative army would be within the grasp of the first comer. We have not even had the usual crop of autumnal speeches from honourable gentlemen who go down to their constituents to render up an account of their stewardships. Lord Palmerston, to be sure, has been making a memorable progress in the Northern counties, and conciliating to himself the good-will of all men with whom he came into contact. Lord Stanley has been propounding a lecture upon education, which contained a vast amount of good sense, and consequently gave considerable offence to the education doctors. This day week the Duke of Argyll delivered an address to the Associated Mechanics' Institute of Lancashire and Cheshire, upon the same subject. The inference as to the amount of political excitement in this country is obvious enough.

For it cannot be denied that, although the education of its children is amongst the most important affairs which can occupy the attention of a nation, here with us in England it is just the scapegoat which we drive into the wilderness when there is nothing better forthcoming. When there is nothing else to discuss—and not till then—we discuss what is called this great social problem. No doubt, as a nation, we have not discharged this particular duty to the full extent of our obligation. Whoever has practically concerned himself with the working out of any particular system which may have been established either in town or country, is soon, however, made painfully aware of the fact that the great hindrance to education in these islands is the necessity under which the children of the poor are placed of earning their own livelihood even from their earliest years. It is this which is the real stumbling-block in the way—far more than indifference—far more than religious bitterness, and the frenzies of sectarianism. The poor are well aware of the benefits which their children would derive from education, even of the most elementary kind, but as soon as the little hands can work, to work they must be set. As far as theological objections are concerned, the evil to a great extent works its own

cure. Father O'Toole objects to little Romanist Paddy's initiation in the “rudiments” in a mixed school. Of course that eminent divine is bound to provide him with “some” kind of learning in a sheepfold where Protestant wolves or ushers cannot break in and tamper with the purity of the young gentleman's faith. All this is as it must be, but the fact remains that our great statesmen never trouble themselves much about the education of the people as long as there is any other subject upon which they can fall out with their rivals.

In point of fact, the editors of our newspapers—until the Chinese letter of LAST WEEK—have been living upon the Italian news, the Syrian massacres, the Prince of Wales's visit to Canada and the States, and the desperate catalogue of murders with which we have been afflicted during the last few months. Beyond this we find them having recourse to blue-books, and old official returns, from which, in some fashion or another, the essence is extracted, and, when duly spiced and perfumed, it is served up as an entirely novel article.

The legend of the Irish Brigade was a piece of unexpected good fortune, and it was made the most of. Who could have anticipated that even Ireland would have gone into erape for the few Irishmen who were scathed by the hand of the foeman during that brief campaign of Lamoricière's? An ordinary cricket-match would have supplied well-nigh as numerous and as considerable a list of casualties; but for these *Te Deums* were sang, and holy men have waved their pots of incense in ecstasies of thanksgiving. It has indeed been suggested that all this incense-burning, and hymn-chanting, and scattering of laurel and cypress over half-a-dozen sprained ankles and contused knees must be taken to have represented nothing more than the extreme anxiety of the Irish Romanist Clergy to get the legion dispersed to their respective homes before they had time to marshal their grievances collectively before the faithful.

How desperate an awakening to those poor Irish peasants who were accustomed to regard the system of priestly government with what is called the “eye of faith,” must not that brief visit to the Pontifical States have proved! If the meanest hind of Tipperary or Clare could have had an idea of the condition of the Roman peasantry, and, possibly, still worse, of the poorer Roman citizens, he would have been well content to stay at home, with even the eventualities of another failure in the potato crop staring him in the face. But when to the ordinary and normal miseries of a Papal subject are added the discomforts and sufferings of a foreign mercenary hiring himself out to be drilled by Lamoricière,—to be justly execrated by the people, whom he was there to oppress,—and to be shot by Ciadini's men, unless his discretion should outstrip his valour, it is not to be wondered at if an Irish legionary wished himself back in the juiciest recess of a Kerry bog, rather than in a Roman garrison-town. These poor wretches must have had enough to tell, if their tongues had not been stopped in a very effective way by the Irish priests at their landing. Dr. Cullen has converted

the miserable runaways into heroes, if not to the satisfaction of Europe, at least in a manner which may serve the turn amongst their own Hibernian cognates and agnates. He has embalmed them as it were, and consigned them to the odour of sanctity; with what ill-grace would a mutiny arise amidst this noble army of martyrs! If they speak the truth, or even breathe a suggestion of the truth, they will not only become hateful to the particular Father O'Flaherty who directs public opinion in their own immediate neighbourhood, but they will make themselves supremely ridiculous. Now, whatever an Irishman's faults may be, he has at least a keen sense of the ludicrous. To fall from the high position of a glorious and sacred martyr *in posse*, who had gone forth to shed his blood for the true faith, to that of a discontented, scourged, and wretched recruit—the dupe of a priestly Sergeant Kite—is a consummation from which the majority of the Holy Band will probably shrink. Meanwhile they have done what they can to make the name of their country a bye-word in Europe.

Of the investigation which is now going on at Road under the auspices of Mr. Saunders, a county magistrate, there is little to be said, and that little not of a very favourable kind. The investigation will probably serve to put—or rather to keep—the murderers still more on their guard, and certainly from the manner in which it is conducted is not likely to throw much light upon the mystery. It is clear enough that when the first twenty-four hours after the murder were allowed to slip by without any progress towards the discovery of the real culprits, their chances of immunity increased from day to day almost in geometrical progression. The real policy then was one of inaction. The great point was to throw them off their guard; and this was the more advisable inasmuch as the number of persons upon whom the surveillance of the police should have been directed did not exceed six in all. As it is, the caution of these six persons has been constantly and continuously kept awake by one clumsy investigation after another. By this time they are perfectly aware that all they have to do is to adhere to the story that they were fast asleep from midnight, or thereabouts, on the fatal night, until six or seven A.M., and who is to prove that they were awake? There can be no danger in repeating this here, because it has been so often and so forcibly impressed upon the minds of all concerned, when they were examined before the magistrates as witnesses, or accused as suspected persons. As matters stand at present, there must be some miracle of imprudence, as in the case of that wretched creature Mullins, who deliberately tied the halter round his own neck, when he might have gone to his grave without molestation from human justice if he had not tried to make a secure position too secure. There is, of course, the chance that the fortitude of one of the parties to the deed—if indeed there were more than one—may give way. There is the chance that the knife with which the wounds were inflicted may turn up, or some rag or material clue to the murderer's horrid mystery.

Such a solution of the enigma, however, will

more probably be the result of chance than of any persevering effort to get upon the right track. The task of discovering the true actors in this dreadful tragedy should be intrusted to some one amongst the "detectives," who is as much superior to his fellows in the special faculty of "detection," as a good detective is superior in this respect to ordinary mortals. It would be necessary that such an one should fairly match his mind against the minds of the murderers; and that the shadow of his presence should be on them by day and by night, even when he was actually absent from them. He should incorporate himself as it were in their thoughts, so that sleeping or waking they should feel the Avenger was upon their track, and would not be balked of his prey. Sooner or later they must give way, and if women are "in it," as the phrase is, they must at length be wearied out, and seek relief from an acknowledgment of the crime. The clumsy disturbance, however, which Mr. Saunders is raising at Road cannot be productive of any favourable result.

There is little to be added to the article upon our relations with China, published three weeks ago in ONCE A WEEK, in consequence of the recent intelligence. That the Chinese would make a stout stand at the Taku Forts, but that they would be shelled and tormented out of them after a brief onset by the superior military skill and armaments of the Europeans, was obvious enough. We were not quite prepared for the desperate character of the resistance, for it certainly seems as though the Tartar soldiers fought upon this occasion, as soldiers owing allegiance to the Emperor of China never fought before. What might not be done with such men if they had the advantages of a good drill, a plentiful supply of Enfield rifles, and instruction how to use them! On the whole, we should rejoice that this is so, for all that we want with China and the Chinese is freedom of commercial intercourse, and security for as many of the Queen's subjects as may find it for their advantage to push their fortunes in that remote country. The stronger the government of China is, and the more capable Chinese troops are of holding their own consistently with this condition, the better for us. We, who want only to exchange the manufactures of the British Islands against the products of China, can have no desire to see this huge empire kept in a perpetual state of civil broil. Neither would it be for our profit that any other nation, Russia, or the United States, for example, should make territorial acquisitions in China.

China for the Chinese, and intercourse with China for all the world to the advantage of all parties concerned, is all that we desire. It seems to be doubted by those who have a good right to express an opinion upon such a point, if Lord Elgin and his French colleague in diplomacy have taken the best way to secure a permanent peace. It is said that they should have advanced to Peking, not at the head of a guard of honour, even though composed of European troops, but with so large a portion of the forces at their disposal, that even the stupidest of the Peking burghers must have awakened to the consciousness that the old Mandarin government had received a signal defeat,

and that the shadow of its power had passed away. The conclusion is perhaps premature, although it is not unnatural that the persons who have been the actual witnesses of previous diplomatic failures in the same quarter of the globe should be swift to anticipate a fresh blunder. The well-nigh universal impression LAST WEEK seems to have been that Lord Elgin would end by adding yet another to the many diplomatic failures which have distinguished our negotiations with the Chinese Court. A joint occupation with our French allies of the Taku Forts, or some other locality easy of access from the sea, and offering every facility for reaching Peking in a very brief space of time, should further difficulties occur, would seem to be the easiest method of obtaining security for the future; and of economising not only our own blood and treasure, but the ves and the money of our semi-barbarous opponents. Whatever the result of Lord Elgin's diplomatic efforts may be, it is quite clear that Sir Hope Grant, in the course of his stern negotiations with the defenders of the Taku Forts, has proved to conviction that the Armstrong gun is the most fearful and destructive weapon ever yet brought into the field. It seems, indeed, difficult to understand how two European armies, each possessed of a sufficient number of these guns, and with the skill to use them, could sustain each other's presence at all for a quarter of an hour, or even for a less period of time. It would be on a larger scale the story of two duellists, each armed with a first-rate duelling pistol—each hair trigger set—and each muzzle applied to the brow of each combatant. There would just be a little smoke—a flash—a report—and the end.

It is the fashion to say that as weapons of offence are constructed on more and more fatal principles, the chances of war will decrease. Some centuries have elapsed since our ancestors fought with bows and arrows, and drove chariots, armed with scythes, over their battle-fields—and we are now fighting with Enfield rifles and Armstrong guns. If we look at the history of Asia and Europe for the last few years, there does not appear to be any sensible diminution in the combative propensities of the human race. The Crimea—India—Lombardy, afford strange illustrations of the growth of the more benevolent feeling amongst the children of the great human family.

But when all is said that can be said of the Chinese news of LAST WEEK—of the Armstrong guns—of the Road murder—of the delay in our young Prince's return from beyond the Atlantic—of the follies of the Irish Brigade,—and other scraps and parcels of intelligence of more or less importance, every one knows that the chief point for our consideration is whether the Italian question is to receive a peaceful settlement, or whether Europe is to be plunged again into a series of hostilities. Of course, in our time, the nations of Europe cannot remain at war with one another for a quarter of a century. The fate of kingdoms and empires will be decided henceforward in short and bloody campaigns.

Now, the intelligence from Italy, of LAST WEEK, is of a doubtful complexion—not as far as sub-

stantive results are concerned—but if we look to the chances of a permanent solution of the question. The French Emperor has been fairly foiled in the game of stratagem. He has been as much outwitted by the Italians as he himself outwitted the dull young Emperor of Austria at Villafranca. His idea was that of a federal Italy, that is to say, of an Italy divided into various provinces, each one under the influence of petty jealousies and petty ambition. Of such a confederation the French Emperor, who had borne a large share in driving the Austrians out of Lombardy, and without whose help, indeed, such a result could never have been accomplished, was the natural protector and master. The suzerainty of Italy would have passed from Austria into French hands; at the same time Louis Napoleon would have maintained his pretension in the eyes of the European nations to be considered the liberator of that beautiful land. How all his schemes and projects have been dissipated into empty air by the fortitude, energy, and patriotism of the Italians, the world knows. Instead of a divided, helpless Italy—an Italy relying upon his protection from day to day to secure her against fresh aggression from Austria—Louis Napoleon now sees a country rising into strength and independence—next neighbour to France—and which, in a short time, will be in a condition to contest with her maritime dominion in the Mediterranean. If Italy is to be independent, he will demand material guarantees that her newly-won independence shall not be used against the ambition of France. At the same time the tone of all the European powers, when he insisted in so forcible a manner upon the surrender of Nice and Savoy as the price of the assistance he afforded the Italians during the Lombardy campaign, and of the threatening attitude which he still maintains against Austria, was not such as to encourage the supposition that they would stand by tamely, and witness fresh acquisitions of territory by France. There is his dilemma. A feeling is growing up in France—a feeling far beyond his control—that the existence of a great Mediterranean power, such as an independent Italy certainly would prove, is a fresh element in European diplomacy, and that of its future working, Frenchmen are unable to take accurate account. On the whole, it is exceedingly unlikely that united Italy, under the sceptre of Victor Emmanuel, or of that gracious young Prince Humbert, of whom we heard the other day, would consent to act as the satellite of France. In the first place, France and Italy would stand to each other in a false position. From the recent course of events France would be apt to make too great claims upon the gratitude of Italy; Italy might be disposed to deny her obligations, and to maintain that whatever Louis Napoleon had done for her was the result rather of state-policy than of any sentimental sympathy with the miseries of the Italians. In the next place, the Government of Italy will certainly be conducted on very different principles from those which are considered by the French Emperor as necessary for the security of his dynasty. When he seized the reigns of government with so forcible a hand some eight years ago, France—not unmindful of his past history—was shuddering at

what might happen if the Faubourgs were again to win the upper hand in Paris. France was sick of revolutions, and of the licentiousness of liberty. What she asked was to be guarded against the excesses of the popular principle. It was considered—let us travel back in thought to the beginning of the year 1853—that under the rule of Louis XVIII., of Charles X., and of Louis Philippe, the experiment of popular government had been fairly tried in France, and had resulted in a miserable failure. If the choice was to be between Anarchy and the Iron Hand, the deliberate choice of Frenchmen was in favour of the man who would ensure them against the results of 1792-93, and the possibilities of June, 1848. The rule of Louis Napoleon, which now partly rests upon habit and custom, in the first instance represented the apprehensions of the French nation in presence of an ascertained past and an unascertained future. If their Emperor, without increasing the financial burdens of the nation in too great a degree, can add a few more names to those which are already engraved on the triumphal arch at the *Barrière de l'Étoile*, so much the better. A purple rag and a successful tattoo are never very displeasing objects to a Frenchman's mind.

Compare the moral conditions under which Italy is winning her way to independence with those which actually obtain in France. In the first place, they are not the excesses of liberty, but the excesses of despotism which are ever present as the bugbears of the Italian mind. An Italian matron thinks of her boy laid low by an Austrian firing party at Ferrara; an Italian wife still mourns over her husband who was buried alive for years, without trial, in the dungeons of the priests at Rome, and whom she never saw again; an Italian daughter weeps for her father who lived to suffer with Peorio, but who did not survive to triumph with Garibaldi. These feelings are deeply engraved into the hearts of the Italian people. When the popular party gained the upper-hand at Rome, at Venice, at Milan, and, for a brief space, at Naples, with the exception of the assassination by the mob of a single ruffian at Parma, the other day, what is there to regret? No one would for a moment defend the murder of Rossi a bit more than he would defend the attempt made, some two years ago, by Felice Orsini against the life of the French Emperor; but when this took place the priests were yet in power, and Rome was not under a popular government. It might also be said that when the people had gained a momentary supremacy they were so constantly under fire, that they had not the time, or opportunity, even if they had had the intention, for massacre and plunder. This is beside the purpose of the argument. The fact remains that the Italians have not any traditions of the guillotine and of revolutionary frenzy to forget. They may aspire to liberty, for they have never abused it. We may feel reasonably certain that if the Austrian war-cloud is dissipated, and Italy becomes constituted into a kingdom, the government will be directed essentially upon constitutional maxims.

There will be the three forms of liberty which are essential to the well-being and growth of a nation; liberty of speech in Parliament, liberty of speech at the bar, liberty of printed speech, or in other words, liberty of the press. There is, on the one hand, a vast amount of intelligence scattered about amongst the urban population of Italy; and, on the other, quite a sufficient pressure of adverse circumstances to prevent the Italians from degenerating into a nation of babblers and dreamers. Now, when we see with what extreme impatience Louis Napoleon regards the freedom of debate and discussion in Belgium, a country of which he may covet the possession, but which does not directly thwart his schemes of ambition, it may not unfairly be inferred that he would not regard the development of liberty in the Italian peninsula with any peculiar satisfaction. May there not come a moment when Frenchmen may say, "After all, are we not as good as the Italians whom we have helped to redeem from slavery with our blood, and with our treasure? Are we not to the full as much worth as the Belgians, whose highest boast it is to be imperfect Frenchmen?" With a constitutional Italy upon one side of France, and a constitutional Belgium upon the other (to make no mention of the Kingdom of the Netherlands), Louis Napoleon could scarcely maintain his system of government, which necessarily involves the repression of all expression—if not of the pressure—of public opinion. Surely such phrases as those which embodied the noble protest made LAST WEEK by M. Berryer against the subjection of the French bar must find an echo in many a French heart. The government of Louis Napoleon and of Victor Emmanuel must certainly be conducted on different principles; and thus there arises a danger to the French Emperor, which would in the long run probably prove more fatal to him than any direct and material danger which he would incur from the entire and immediate liberation of Italy. At the present moment the belief is amongst many who make politics their trade, that he looks with an evil and grudging eye upon such an event as the complete independence of Italy, unless accompanied by a fresh cession of territory to France. The Genoese sailors would prove a far more useful addition to the navy, even than were the Savoyard soldiers to the army of France. These are men of very different mould to the hybrid mixture of soldier and sailor, which is warmed into a state of half efficiency by the rigour of the French law of maritime conscription. Your Genoese is a Jack Tar in the proper acceptation of the word, and would prove a very acceptable addition to the *cadres* of the French navy. Meanwhile Capua has fallen. Before these lines are published, the young ex-King of the Two Sicilies will probably have fled from Gaeta, and Victor Emmanuel and his advisers will be able to turn their attention to the northern region of the new kingdom of Italy, unless Louis Napoleon should transmit fresh orders to General Goyon at Rome. If Italy be independent in the long run, and without fresh territorial concession to France, Louis Napoleon will be what he has not often been—a dupe.

THE SILVER CORD.

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS.



CHAPTER V.

As if by tacit understanding, the friends spoke no more on the subject nearest their hearts. During the short drive back to the lodge, Arthur Lygon was mentally occupied in reviewing such incidents of his early life as he could upon the moment summon to his recollection, but, as usual, memory, often so unwelcomely pertinacious in voluntarily presenting her panorama, painted with pitiless exactness, would, when peremptorily called upon, yield up little but disjointed fragments, recurring again and again like the *agri somnia*. Nevertheless, his strong consciousness that there was nothing which he could in reason charge against himself as a wrong to his wife, afforded to Lygon an honest consolation, though that conviction in no degree tended to diminish the mystery that lay before him. It was perhaps for the best that Mr. Berry had guided the husband's thoughts in a given direction, and concentrated them, for the time at least, within a certain limit, for nothing perhaps is more prostrating to the courage of the mind than its being incessantly sent forth in pursuit of a phantom enemy. In the meantime, Mr. Berry's own thoughts had to pursue a far subtler and more dangerous track, and the manifestation which Arthur Lygon had made of an earnest and loyal faith in her whom he had lost, impressed his friend more and more

deeply each time he recurred to it with a sense of the terrible consequences that would attend a false step on the part of his adviser.

His adviser made one false step at the very threshold, for he permitted Mr. Lygon, unsupported, to encounter a lady whose suspicious and jealous nature had already made her half an enemy, and who needed but little provocation to become a determined though undeclared one. Mr. Berry set down Arthur at the porch, and drove round to the stables.

Clara was with Mrs. Berry in the dining-room, the little girl having, much to her unexpressed discontent, been withdrawn from the pleasures of the garden, and set down, in a half-darkened apartment, to amuse herself with the pictures in Fox's Book of Martyrs. Privately, Clara probably considered herself entitled to a place in the collection.

Mrs. Berry was about to rise and question Lygon as to what he had done, and get him to commit himself before Mr. Berry's arrival. Then it occurred to her to use a proxy to entrap him.

"There is your papa, Clara! Run and ask him whether he has sent off his message all right."

Too happy to escape the fires of Smithfield and their distorted occupants, Clara bounded away to her father, and asked the question.

"All right, love," returned Mr. Lygon, kissing her. "And what have you been doing?"

"O, nothing," replied Clara, in anything but a tone of pleasure.

"She said that you had particularly desired her, when on the hill, to keep out of the sun," said Mrs. Berry, as they entered, "and therefore I presumed that I should be acting in accordance with your wishes in detaining her in the house."

Poor Clara! She had little thought, when rattling out her hill experiences, before chilled down by Mrs. Berry and Mr. Fox, that her casual mention of her papa's hint was to be made a solemn justification for spoiling her afternoon. But this was one of Mrs. Berry's habitual unfairnesses to helpless persons. That form of cowardly unkindness is one of the earliest shocks which children undergo, and by no means the lightest. I am far from sure that the shabby woman who decoys a child up an alley and steals its shoes, does not deserve a month less at hard labour than her well-dressed sister who steals a child's confidences, and rolls them up into a stone to smite it.

"You found the person at the Marfield telegraph intelligent, I hope?" said Mrs. Berry, point-blank.

"I thought over the business again, during the drive," said Mr. Lygon, "and came to the conclusion that the message would do as well in a letter."

"Oh! then you did not go to Marfield," said Mrs. Berry. She would have liked to ascertain more, but time was precious. "Then I will get you the writing-case, so that the letter may be dispatched by our boy, who goes into Liplwaite at five o'clock."

She hastened from the room, and her knowledge of the localities enabled her to intercept Mr. Berry as he came from the stables.

"Oh! you here!" she said. "Why did not you let Sykes take the chaise round?"

"I didn't see Sykes."

"Mr. Lygon told Clara that he sent off his message all right," said Mrs. Berry.

"What was the good of his telling her that?" thought the lawyer; who, being out of business, was now opposed to all unnecessary falsifications. "Well, my dear," he said, "is it any such feat of genius to dispatch a telegraphic message?"

"I do not know why you cannot answer me without a sneer, Mr. Berry. Is there anything unreasonable in my being interested in what your friend does?"

"Quite the reverse, my dear," said her husband, endeavouring to come into the house. "Your attention is extremely hospitable, and I hope that your dinner, by-and-by, will be equally worthy of your estimable character."

Now, Mrs. Berry could with pleasure have fired a hot shot in reply to this, but as she would have gained nothing thereby, she reserved her fire, and only said—

"I dare say that the dinner will be satisfactory, Mr. Berry, and if I mentioned the telegraph, I suppose that after the intimation I ventured to give in reference to Mrs. Letts, my presumption is not unpardonable."

"My dear, your expenditure of syllables is

almost an extravagance," said Mr. Berry, coolly, making his way past her not very exuberant form, and going into the house.

She was not generous, but she would willingly have given a not very small sum of money to have obtained from Mr. Berry a distinct statement that the message had been dispatched. For during the absence of her husband and Mr. Lygon she had accidentally mentioned their errand to a tradesman to whom she had been speaking in the kitchen, and he had expressed regret that the gentlemen should have gone to Marfield, as the telegraph instrument there had been out of order for some days, and the people were coming from London to repair it on Saturday.

Not that Mr. Berry would have very much cared about being confronted with this kind of contradiction, for after an endeavour of some years to make her as frank and free-spoken as himself, and after many efforts to rout out all her nests and treasures of petty mysteries, and to let in the sunshine of perfect matrimonial trust and confidence, he had given up the game, allowing the thin lips to speak or be silent, as they pleased; and for his own part, he had dropped into the habit of telling her, as he said, "as much truth as was good for her."

But she would have had a good *casus belli* against Mr. Lygon, whom she was learning to regard with very unfriendly eyes. However, she had got something yet, to make him uncomfortable with.

Mrs. Berry returned to the room, bringing the writing-case.

"There, Mr. Lygon, now you can write your letter, and the boy shall wait for it."

"Confound the woman, boring," was Mr. Lygon's savage remark to himself—a set of words supposed to be about as often thought and as seldom uttered as any form of petition which has been devised for the use of man.

He dragged the note-paper before him, and was just going to write something, anything, to go off to town to a fellow employe,—it was less trouble than declining,—when the lady proceeded,

"And here, just direct this envelope for me. I must write a few words to Laura, assuring her that her little girl is all right and safe with me, and that the longer she stays the better. I forget what you called the place in Hertfordshire—Edgington, was it?"

She never forgot anything, and knew quite well that he had said Herefordshire and Long Edgecombe, but there was no trick here; it was simply that the lying woman was in the habit of lying plausibly.

"Thank you," said Mr. Lygon, kindly, while overflowing with sudden wrath and some apprehension at the proposed proceeding. "Yes, she will be glad to hear. And yet I hardly know whether you had better direct to the country, as there is a whole series of cross-posts, and there is no saying when she will get the letter."

"Well, it is only a penny, if it follows her back to London," said Mrs. Berry, "and the chance of her hearing is worth that. I have been a mother, Mr. Lygon, and I know what it is to have news of one's children in absence."

Arthur Lygon, in no respect softened by this

appeal, did not exactly see his way to parry the demand, and wrote upon the envelope, "Mrs. Lygon, Long Edgecombe, Herefordshire."

"Won't you put Mrs. Eatoncamp's name? We country people ke that done."

"Mrs. Eatoncamp?" replied Arthur. And it occurred to him, poor fellow, in his strait, that if he adopted that blunder, and the letter miscarried—

And he wrote "Mrs. Eatoncamp."

And if he had looked at Mrs. Berry at that moment, he would have seen a sudden light come into her light eyes. She knew well what name he had mentioned. And here he deliberately wrote another, one of her own supplying. Stop a moment! He and her husband had been whispering, for she had heard the child laughingly rebuke them. What did they whisper about? They started, at all events, saying they were going to Marfield, and the very next moment they drove off in another direction. Why did Mr. Lygon, who is foolishly confidential with that spoiled brat, tell her that his telegraph-message was all right, and why did Mr. Berry leave me to imagine they had sent? Now—he does not want a letter sent to his wife, and he puts a false name on it. That light which Arthur Lygon did not see in her light eyes was the flash of the powder on which the spark had fallen. "They are keeping a secret of some kind from me," said Mrs. Berry's thin lips, inaudibly. "Let me see how long they will keep it."

And it was not with the sweetest expression in her face that she left the room to write her letter, though her high voice became almost caressing as she bade Arthur make haste over his despatch, and she would say everything that was kind for him to Laura.

Into the library hastened Mrs. Berry, for she was a practical woman, and knew where to look for knowledge, which is the next best thing to having knowledge. A Gazetteer was open before her in a minute.

"No such place," she said, again looking at the envelope. "But then it may be a small place, not worth mentioning." You see, she wished for a conclusion, but did not jump at it, which shows that she would never have made a good interpreter of the prophecies.

"Looking out a very gigantic polysyllable for our discomfiture, my dear?" said Mr. Berry, who was at the window. "That's not the dictionary."

"I believe I know a dictionary as well as yourself," said his wife, repressing any more tart rejoinder. "But I never know where to find your books. Is there any book here that tells of small places, not important enough for maps and gazetteers?"

"There's Pigott," said Mr. Berry, "those large red volumes on your left. They mention every hole and corner in the kingdom. What county do you want?"

"Devonshire," said Mrs. Berry.

"Well, you'll see the name on the back," said her husband as he left the room.

No Long Edgecombe in Herefordshire, nor, though Mrs. Berry took the trouble to go quite

through the lists, was there among the Nobility, Gentry, or Clergy, such a name as Lygon had given her.

"They are playing tricks with me," said Mrs. Berry, feeling herself personally wronged, and trying a mental examination of the enemy's position, in order to see what could be done in the way of revenge.

Now, people who call themselves practical will probably say—

"I have no patience with the woman."

Now that is wrong, to begin with. We are bound to have patience with everybody, and especially with women.

"I should like to take her by the shoulders and—"

Stop again. That would be rude and coarse. The man who lays his hand upon a woman, save in— For shame! Must a player be called in with a clap-trap, to rebuke your violence?

"And say, 'Why, you meddling, spiteful old fool—'"

Exceptionable language, and one half of it unjust. Mrs. Berry was not five-and-forty, and was no fool.

"Your husband is a solicitor, and so is taken into people's confidence."

Mr. Berry has retired from practice, and has no more right to keep secrets from his wife than any other private gentleman.

"And what business have you to pry into his affairs?"

And you call yourself a practical person, and yet think that talking in that way to a shrewd, determined, venomous-minded woman of middle age will deter her from taking a course which I perceive by that recurrent light in her light eyes she intends to take, although at present she has no idea where it will lead her. Well, if it relieves your mind at this period of the history to say that you would like to shake Mrs. Berry by the shoulders, avail yourself of that relief. But be sure that her mind is made up for mischief, and a shake like that of the earthquake of Lisbon will never shake that resolve away from behind those light eyes.

Mrs. Berry took Arthur Lygon's letter from him—it was addressed to a friend in Somerset House, and she would have liked to open it, but there was but one kettle in the house, and that was in the kitchen, where the servants were too busy to be sent away while the lady should hold the letter in the steam. If he had sealed it, I think she would have kept it back for private examination, but as he had merely fastened it in the ordinary way, she let it go—the rather that as the boy was waiting, it was necessary to give him *one* letter, and she had no immediate intention of parting with Arthur's envelope. If she had performed upon the Somerset House letter the process which it is understood is very largely practised upon the epistolary literature of the time (and certainly the business of masters and mistresses is curiously familiar to their dependents in these days), the lady would have found only a scribbled request to a friend to order the double-sashed windows of the writer's office to be cleaned during his absence. That letter went, the writer

and the sender being mutually engaged in tricking each other. In very large machines there are very small wheels, and, mean as they are, the machinist who should leave them out might induce a crash among his grand works. And he who depicts the machine must show the little wheels as well as the rest, though it would be more dignified to draw only the majestic-moving pistons and the fiery fly-wheel.

Dinner passed over very quietly, and such conversation as arose was the result of effort. For Lygon, as may be imagined, was too full of his own great trouble, and was looking forward too eagerly to the revelation which Berry had promised him on the morrow, to have much animation to spare upon dinner-table commonplace, of the kind that would be acceptable to Mrs. Berry. That lady, whose wrath did not require nursing to keep it warm—an educated woman's qualifications for making herself detestable being of course superior to those of a Scottish she-peasant—was sufficiently angular, incisive, and observant during the meal, but did not betray any overt hostility to any one. Indeed Clara, who was permitted to join her elders, rather benefitted by the situation of affairs, for Mrs. Berry, who would ordinarily, and in pursuance of her favourite tactics, have done the child what discomfort she could in the way of maternally checking, and the withholding anything Clara might be supposed especially to desire, chose to be gracious and even playful with her, and bestowed extra jam with the omelette, and a double libation of cream and sugar with the strawberries. The little girl, however, was not old enough to square the account, and to allow a person whom she instinctively disliked to bribe herself into Clara's good graces, as you and I, being rational people do. Nay did, only last week, when you yourself said to me, as we walked down to the Club from old Pinchbeck's, that certainly Pinchbeck was a coarse old beast, and as great an old fool as ever didn't understand a good story, but his dinner was a first-rate one, and the wine out-and-out, and I agreed with you that we would speak to some of the Committee, and try to get him in, if we could. But if we were not wiser than children, where would be the use of growing up?

The evening hung sadly on hand, in spite of the loveliness of the soft summer evening. The four wandered about the gardens, but no laugh woke the stillness of the place, and even Clara, subdued, laid her hand in her father's, paced silently by his side, and restrained her desire to go and sit on the little tree-bridge, and see the water dance in the moonlight.

Mrs. Berry returned to the house, on hearing that a visitor was in the drawing-room.

When the gentlemen were summoned to tea, they found the mistress of the house, and the visitor. This was a somewhat malevolent-looking old lady in spectacles, who emitted a sort of grunt at Clara (as if the latter had done her some wrong in being so young, while the other was so old, a grievance a good deal felt by those who have made an unworthy use of life), and immediately told her to sit down and be quiet, the child having given no offence at all beyond what her presence

caused. On a small table lay open a map of Herefordshire.

"This is Aunt Empson, Mr. Lygon. This is Mr. Lygon, aunt dear, who married Laura Vernon, you remember her?"

"I remember her," grunted Aunt Empson. "She's grow'd older than when I know'd her. I hope she's grow'd more steadier."

"Mamma was always steady," was Clara's instant deliverance of reply.

Aunt Empson looked evilly at the speaker, and but that Clara was protected would probably have called her to approach, and then pinched her.

"Quite right to stand up for mamma," said Mr. Lygon, who would himself have liked to say something offensive to the impertinent old woman, but did not see a gentlemanly opening. He was in no mood, by this time, to bear gratuitous annoyance.

"But speaking of mamma," said Mrs. Berry, in a loud and playful voice, "where *is* she? For aunt is a Herefordshire woman, and does not recollect the name of Long Edcombe, and we can't find it in the map."

"No, really?" said Lygon, with a voice into which he certainly managed to throw an expression of extreme carelessness as to whether they could or could not. "Bad map, I suppose."

"A very good map, on the contrary," said Mrs. Berry.

"Then you don't look close enough, I suppose," returned Mr. Lygon, waxing still more angry at being tormented. "I can see it from here," he said, determined on a bold stroke, and half raising himself on the sofa to give a glance across at the map. "Let Aunt Empson wipe her spectacles, and then she'll see more steadier. Ha! ha!"

It would have been dreadfully rude—was—but consider the provocation, and what Arthur Lygon was thinking of, while the women set upon him. Mrs. Berry was either repulsed, or felt a moment's respect for the enemy. Only a moment's.

"Clara, dear, come here."

O, she was not going to pinch the child.

"What was the name," she said, taking Clara's hand, "what was the name of the lady whom papa said that mamma was gone to see? Do you remember?"

"O yes," said Clara, "I remember it, because it is a funny name. It's like saying you had eaten a cat—it's Mrs. Gateaton."

"So it is," said Mrs. Berry. "I fancied we were wrong, somehow. That was not the name you put on the envelope for me, Mr. Lygon."

"Nonsense," said Arthur Lygon. "I sincerely beg your pardon a thousand times, Mrs. Berry; but the idea of my making a mistake in the name is too absurd."

"I am positive that you wrote something else."

"Not likely," said Mr. Berry, who had a shadow of a suspicion that Arthur might have been doing something to throw the amiable Marion off the scent. "We never make mistakes in Somerset House, Arthur, do we?"

"We never allow them to be mistakes," said the official gentleman.

"Not even when they are put under your eyes?" said Mrs. Berry, suddenly throwing the

envelope across to Arthur Lygon, who of course saw, as he knew he should see, "Eatonecamp" upon it.

"So you didn't write," he said, with admirable coolness. "You thought a mother's eagerness to have a letter could wait another post. Ha! ha! Mrs. Berry. However, it's lucky, as I made that curious muddle of the name. I believe, however, that the letter would have found Mrs. Lygon, just as well."

"So do I," said Mrs. Berry, in a slow, low voice.

CHAPTER VI.

ARCHIBALD VERNON, the father of Mrs. Lygon, was pleasantly settled in Liphthwaite, when Arthur Lygon was introduced to the family in which he found his beautiful wife. Into the circumstances which induced Mr. Vernon to take up his abode in Liphthwaite, it is not necessary at the present time to enter with any minuteness; but in order to preclude any unnecessary suspicion of mystery, it should be explained that Archibald Vernon was one of those persons who conceive themselves to be entirely misunderstood and ill-treated by the world; but whom the world, on the contrary, insists on believing that it understands most thoroughly, and treats most naturally. Originally intended for the bar, young Mr. Vernon had made so many steps in the direction of the woollack as are comprised in being duly entered for the Great Legal Handicap, and in having his name fairly painted on the door of one of the Gray's Inn stalls in which some of the animals designed for that race undergo preliminary treatment. But he was very soon scratched. A cleverish lad, with a ready pen for endurable verse, and a still readier pencil for smart sketching, with a considerable amount of desultory reading, and a memory for the agreeable portions of such reading, with a fluent tongue, and much energy of manner, Vernon was held, among his kinsfolk, as a young fellow who would be sure to make his way. *Nil tetigit quod non ornavit*, was classically remarked, at the dinner on his twenty-first birthday, by an enthusiastic god-father who, to do him justice, had shown his faith in the youth's powers by never contributing, otherwise than by the most gracefully expressed wishes, to his advancement in the world. Vernon's own means were very limited, and this circumstance, fortunate indeed in so many thousand cases, might, by compelling him to avoid all the agreeable excursions from the direct road of life, and to pursue its safe and well-beaten track, have made him, in due time, the rising man whom he had been supposed to be. But, unluckily, just at the moment when various and harassing debts of no great amount, and a general sense of discomfort, discouragement, and want of purpose, were forcing the volatile Archibald Vernon into the conviction that he must buckle to honest work, and tramp away at the road in question, regardless of the fields and flowers right and left, that same godfather completed his career of neglected duties by an act of positive wrong to his god-son. The sponsor died, and left Vernon exactly enough, with the aid of his small patrimony, to live upon "like" a gentleman. This sum Vernon made the not

uncommon financial error of supposing an amount that enabled him to live "as" a gentleman, and the fatal difference involved in the little words was not revealed unto him until too late. The Gray's Inn stall was exchanged for handsome chambers, and by the time that these looked as delightfully as possible, that the pictures were finally and tastefully hung, that the pianoforte was in admirable tune, and that the oak and velvet furniture left nothing to be desired except the upholsterer's receipt, the susceptible Archibald discovered that to live as a gentleman meant to live with a lady, who, being his wife, could not be expected to live in chambers. So the pictures, pianoforte, oak and velvet, and Mrs. Vernon, were established in a charming house, not much too large, at Craven Hill. All went delightfully, for Emmeline Vernon was an accomplished musician, and Archibald was just of the calibre of mind that dotes on music, and it was the pleasantest occupation in the world to sit with his pretty wife till two or three in the day, singing duets, or hearing that divine thing of Mozart's, Vernon with his feet in slippers, elegantly worked by his bride, and in a velvet coat that gave the refined-looking man an appearance between that of an artist, and of an Italian nobleman, as beheld in ancient portraits. The children came with their usual celerity, and it was not until Emmeline grew rather cross and cold about playing Mozart after disagreeable interviews with traders, that Archibald Vernon once more began to think that he really must buckle to work.

But rough buckles are not readily fastened when one's muscles have been neglected. It is not agreeable to dwell on this part of Mr. Vernon's shifty history. Portions of it, prepared with a good deal of topographical exactness in regard to his various residences, are, I am sorry to say, still on record in the registry of an evilly odorous tribunal in the Rue Portugal. But who would willingly sketch the life of a family in the dispiriting and discreditable transition from comfort to need? Who cares to write or read of forestalled income, of unhonoured cheques, of humiliating obligations, of insincere promises extorted by pressing necessity, of harsh friends and callous creditors, of a wife compelled to make feminine appeals either for aid or for forbearance, and often to make both in vain, of children accustomed to see parents nervous at the knock or ring, to hear servants instructed in lying, and even, under sudden emergency, to utter the excusing or procrastinating falsehood at the bidding of parents, too eager to escape the momentary annoyance to remember the miserable lesson they were teaching? At times Vernon, heartily ashamed of his position, resolved to work himself into a worthier one, registered vows to do so, and walked out determined to do something in fulfilment; but what are a weak man's vows? Any discouragement damped his resolve within an hour of its being made; any temptation drew him away from the feeble scheme he had planned, and he returned home somewhat and deservedly less respectable in his own eyes than he had gone forth. At the same time, it would have been, for a stronger man, a hard fight that could set him right with the world, and we will not judge the variously

talented, versatile, helpless Vernon more severely than he deserves, and that implies no light sentence. His profession he had, of course, abandoned, but he had always delighted to dabble in literature, and in the days of his prosperity his essays were thought to have a sparkle, and his poems a passion, which it is charitable to suppose had disappeared from them in the days of his adversity, when he found it so difficult to get those merits recognised by paymasters. Still, he did something, and the least motion of a stream long retards its freezing. The small, slight, occasional efforts he made in literature preserved his mind from utter stagnation, and he obtained some, but infrequent remuneration, which aided him in maintaining a certain self-respect, and which confirmed him in the belief that circumstances only, and not his own weakness, had prevented his being one of the recognised leaders of the public mind. Let it be added in his favour, that even amid the daily grievances of his lot—as he termed it—the troubles outside his dwelling, and the troubles within, these last painfully increased by the want of help from a disappointed wife, whose good looks and good temper were deserting her, and who now played Mozart only on lodging-house pianos, and chiefly at times when he would have desired quiet—Archibald Vernon did not seek comfort at the hands of the Pottle Imp. His children never saw him in a condition in which—if he had a laugh to spare—it was not as true and fresh as their own.

I feel that perhaps I am treating him too indulgently, and in the interests of morality and society one ought to use stronger words against a man who was an idle and dishonest citizen, and who was the father of children to whom he did not do his duty. But as Lord North said when he, aware of his being about to resign, had his carriage ready at the House, while the Opposition had sent their vehicles away, "See what it is to be in the secret." If it had been my melancholy duty to finish Archibald Vernon's history by saying that he died in the Bench, or emigrated, a broken-hearted man, to Australia, (and was poisoned on the voyage by the ignorant surgeon of an emigrant vessel), I would have given him the full benefit of appropriate indignation. But, happening to know that his fortune was going to be re-established, I deem harsh language uncalled for. It is well to be quite sure that a man is quite ruined, before you stamp upon him.

But, not to be too civil to the indiscreet, he it said that there was another phase in Archibald Vernon's character. Unable to succeed in the world, he naturally made up his mind that the world was all wrong. And, weaving into something which it would only be trifling with words to call a system, a mixture of the practical warp and the sentimental web, he clothed himself with a garment which thenceforth became coat-of-mail to him against the shafts of vulgar common sense. He coupled the fact that John Brown is starving with cold, and the fact that Lady Clara Vere de Vere's Italian greyhound has a warm jacket, and with perfect ease deduced the conclusion that we want a revolution. He placed the splendid receipts of the Attorney-General (whom he ex-

plained to be the minister of a false and corrupt institution) on one side, and the paltry earnings of a curate ("who, apart from his creed," said Archibald, a sentimental unbeliever, "was labouring to do good, so far as he knew") on the other, and made the portentous balance on the lawyer's side prove incontestably that pikes were the things to reduce that balance. And it is hardly needful to say, that when in the newspaper which announced the decision of the committee that there was no evidence to connect Sir Lionel Squandercash with the proved bribery at the St. Brelade's election, there also appeared the Bow Street sentence which consigned the squalid Joe Nipps to prison for picking a pocket, Vernon wrote a song with more notes of exclamation than orthodox typography permits, and beginning "Ha! ermined Fiend!" poetically regardless of the circumstance that the police magistrates do not attire themselves in the spotless fur. All this sort of thing is done by many respectable men; some, I am happy to say, would be very much offended, if you thought them weak enough to do it for other than mercantile purposes; but Vernon, so far as he could be said to have a real conviction, believed that the world was a compound of sham, cruelty, and hypocrisy—and he told his children so.

Which paternal instruction might have been less deleterious, had it been accompanied with that teaching by which religious parents make it clear to their offspring that, however bad the world may be, it is decidedly none of our business to make it worse. But Archibald Vernon, like millions of other feeble persons, confounded priests with shrines, and rejected both; and as for poor Mrs. Vernon, her religious views were originally something to the effect that she always felt good in a cathedral when the organ was playing,—and the unfortunate lady, having been rather out of the way of cathedrals during her troubles, had not had much chance of cultivating her piety. She once bought two prayer-books with gilt corners and clasps, for the eldest girls, but a landlady detained one of them, in very small part of a claim for a broken loo-table, and in the other poor Mrs. Vernon put two sovereigns to send over to Archibald when in prison, as she thought the messenger was less likely to steal a parcel than an envelope with money, and the sacred volume was left in 7 in B. No other attempt, beyond an occasional impatient wonder why the girls could not go to church, instead of lying in their beds half Sunday reading novels, was made by Mrs. Vernon in a theological direction. Nor were the poor children more fortunate in a secular point of view. For among Archibald Vernon's sentimentalisms was one to this effect (I think he had stolen it from some German gentleman who was famous for demoralising the minds of his young lady correspondents), namely, that a child's heart was Heaven's flower-garden, and it was blasphemous for man to seek to lay it out his own way. This delightful aphorism Vernon was fond of quoting, especially when asked whether Beatrice, and Bertha, and Laura did not go to school. But I do not believe that he was entirely sincere in this matter, or that if he had been richer he would not have had good instruction for those three handsome, intelli-

gent, affectionate girls, whom, even in their uncareful state, it was impossible not to love. He taught them a little himself, and tried to teach them more; but between the comfortless irregularities and the actual troubles of home, and an entire want of support from his wife, who at times was moved even to deride what were praiseworthy efforts by the father, the domestic tutor was not very assiduous, or very successful. The girls grew on, and bloomed, and were loveable, but owed little to any outward or visible system of instruction. Was it ill or well for them, that when Laura, the third, was about twelve, their unhappy, petulant, negligent mother died? Emmeline Vernon was all that—and yet she was their mother, and the scale of frailties must be heavily weighted before it descends against that word. Well, or ill? Perhaps events may aid us in judging.

This, then, was the father of Mrs. Lygon. To complete his story, a few words will suffice. The death of Mrs. Vernon, after a trying illness, made more trying by privations and troubles, and by the unfortunate disposition of the sufferer, was scarcely felt as a blow by her husband, whose nature she had hardened, in no small degree, by her demonstrative unfitness to share the lot they had risked together. But before the mother was laid in the grave, two of her aunts, who had never forgiven her a marriage with an Atheist, Profligate, and Blasphemer (they were of Clapham, and Clapham has never been accused of inarticulateness, however little justice or charity may have to do with its utterances), saw that they could properly come forward to the rescue of their niece's children. On the solemn condition that Mr. Vernon should not interfere with the education of the children, or give them any of his infidel books to read, the Misses Judson would make the family a regular allowance, and pay the bills at a day-school. This point, however, was attained only by more determined obstinacy than Archibald had been credited with. Nothing—not even the solemn assurance of both the old ladies that his daughters were certainly going, Clapham mentioned where, but I had rather not—would induce him to part with his children, and a compromise was at length effected. He was asked whether he objected to reside in the country, to which he replied in the negative, adding, convincingly, from a pious poet whom it was rather strange that he should know:

“God made the country and man made the town.”

The Misses Judson requested him not to be profane during the brief time they should be together, and were rather offended than not on its being shown to them that the line was by Mr. Cowper, who wrote so many Olney Hymns. However, being in the forgiving way, they forgave this and other matters, or said they did, and, at all events, Mr. Vernon and his daughters were soon afterwards settled at Liphthwaite, one of whose Evangelical ministers was a Christian friend of the old ladies, and Beatrice, Bertha, and Laura were sent to a tolerably good school.

“Now, of instruction as well as of ignorance,” says the heathen writer, “there are various kinds.”

(To be continued.)

THE NEEDLEWOMAN.

HER HEALTH.

If my readers were at this moment to tell their thoughts, we should find them ready to turn away from the disagreeable and well-worn subject of Distressed Needlewomen, that class which has been the grief and shame of society from the day when Hood published the “Song of the Shirt.” We all grow weary of any hopeless prospect; and we may well think that everything that can be said about the poor needlewomen has been said many times over, through many years. But perhaps I am not going to say much of poor sempstresses; and perhaps, also, their condition is not the desperate and hopeless thing it was. Perhaps the topic of the health of women who sew may have some interest of another kind than that which makes us miserable.

Who are the needlewomen of our country?

I wish I could reply, all the women in the country. I should be heartily glad if there were no women, from the palace to the cottage, who were unable to cut out and make clothes, and to amuse their minds and gratify their taste by ornamental needlework. It is the unequal distribution of the art which causes so much misery in many ways among us, and which causes the art itself to deteriorate as it does.

Here it may be objected that the very reason of the depression of the needlewomen as a class is that sewing is a universal feminine employment, so that professional sempstresses are reduced to the very lowest rate of pay by the competition of the whole sex; whereas, in other occupations, the competition arises from some restricted rivalry in their own trade. This is partly true. It is true, no doubt, in regard to the shirts and petticoats, and the children's clothes in ordinary domestic use. Middle-class families make these things at home, by the hands of mothers, daughters, and maids; and throughout that order of society it would be thought strange to spend money in paying sempstresses liberally for work which can be done at home. Thus, when plain-work is given out at all by household managers, it is at a rate so low that one wonders how it answers to the sempstress; but here again comes in the peculiarity of the case. The sempstress is, nine times in ten, a wife or mother engaged in a home of her own, and wishing to earn something in the hours when she can sew. In short, sewing both is and is not a professional occupation; and the consequence is that it is the worst paid, because every private needlewoman helps to reduce the pay of the professional sempstress. But it does not follow from this that all domestic women can sew.

If girls had fair play in education, I believe that all would be needlewomen, from natural liking. I have seen many bad needlewomen, and some who could hardly sew at all; but I never saw one who might not, I believe, have enjoyed the satisfactions of the art, if there had not been neglect and mismanagement. One would think that girls of the labouring class, whose lives are not overfull of pleasures, might be provided with this simple and pleasant occupation, which would be profitable to them in every way: yet how many are there of that very large class who are skilful in the art?

Here we come upon the unequal distribution. I know a rural neighbourhood where the great lady, a countess, had such a passion for plain needlework, that she employed nearly all her time in making shirts and shifts; while the cottagers' wives for miles round used their needles like skewers, or let their husbands and sons go in rags. The countess gave away fine linen shirts by dozens among her friends, while her husband's labourers rarely got a cotton shirt to fit. One consequence of this incapacity in poor women is, that the professional class of slop-workers has grown to what we have seen it. Besides the army and navy, there is almost the whole range of our labouring classes to be supplied with cheap garments, ready made; and thus, while the wives and daughters, who ought to be making the shirts, are unable to do it, there are thousands of needlewomen slaving at it day and night, for a hire which does not give them bread.

Even so, there is more good needlework done in cottages than in the homes of factory workers. That is a sad story, the inability of factory "hands" to sew, or cook, or clean a floor; but my topic now is the health of needlewomen; and factory women are in no way concerned in that.

I have spoken of the poor sempstresses as a class that was; and of their troubles as of something past. I trust we may consider their position as already ameliorated by the introduction of the sewing-machine, loud as would be the outcry from some of them, if they were to hear this said. The truth is, they were reduced to be themselves sewing machines of an imperfect sort, whose work was sure to be superseded by a machine which cannot suffer, and pine, and grow blind, and drop stitches, and spoil fastenings. It must be a mercy to stop the working of human machines, driven by the force of hunger, and disordered by misery. If the work can be done by an inanimate machine, it ought to be so done; and if the poor women ask what is to become of them, the answer is, that their lot really could not be made worse; while, for a large proportion of them, the new machine is an actual redemption. Their work had become too bad to be endured; while their lot was too hard to be endured. Now, there is good work again, more perfect work than was ever before seen; and the machine-workers get, as women's wages go, good pay. The transition stage, during which women's labour must be turned towards other occupations, is a very hard one. Last spring, an association was formed in London for the purpose of bringing the needlewomen and their proper employers, the outfitters, face to face, and ousting the middle-men, the contractors; who, giving security for the materials in a way impossible to the workers, are charged with the whole business of providing the garments, and secure their profits by enforcing the extremity of cheapness in the article of pay.

This society, known as that which abides at 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, must have done good, and may yet have time to do more, while the operation of the sewing-machine is getting settled; but it is the machine which must put an end to the straining of eyes over the single candle, and the fearful irritation which attends the exhaustion

of certain muscles, while the rest of the frame is left unexercised. There are thousands of the lowest order of needlewomen who would be better in the workhouse than in their actual condition; and there is some comfort—though a melancholy one enough—in perceiving that in a little while that lowest class will have disappeared. In another generation there will be no call for such a class. They have, poor souls! caused such a decline of good needlework in the country, that some radical remedy was sure to be found. While we were hearing of the woes of their class from overcrowding, it was the universal complaint of housewives that they could get no needlework well done. It was whipstitch, and fastenings that gave way, and buttonholes that burst, and hemming that you might pull out from end to end by a tug at the thread. A young friend of mine, of German extraction, about to be married, had made, with family assistance, most of her new clothes: but some having to be put out, a sewing-school of considerable credit was selected, and patterns were sent. The answer to the application was that the commission would be executed, but that the lady must not expect work like her own; that such work was, in fact, not known in our country. I wished the authorities of the school could have seen how fast the work went off under fingers and eyes trained as they are trained in Germany. We shall now have the option of good work, on the one hand; and, on the other, a clearance made of the murderous competition which has reduced the *physique* and the morale of our poor needlewomen to the lowest condition. What the change will be we may judge, not only by what we see in walking through the streets of London, but by attending to the results of the sewing-machine in the United States, where it was invented.

The annual money value of the sewing required by the American nation that can be done by the machine is estimated at fifty-eight millions of pounds sterling; and a large proportion of the saving is already made. In the city of New York alone, the annual saving is a million and a half on the clothing of men and boys. The same amount is saved in Massachusetts on shoes and boots alone. The machine has revolutionised about forty distinct branches of manufacture, besides creating new ones. Here lies the solace of the poor needlewomen. A multitude of them will sooner or later be employed in these fresh areas of industry; and not a few are already tasting a degree of comfort they never knew before. As slaves of the contractors for the outfitters they may have earned three or four shillings a week, at the expense of eyesight and health. Those among them who can adapt themselves to the new circumstances will earn more than twice as much, with little fatigue. We may then decline going further into the consideration of the health of this class of needlewomen, in the hope that the causes of their miseries are about to be removed.

There is nothing in the introduction of the sewing-machine which need affect the object of training girls to be good sempstresses. Some of my readers may have seen the Report (1855) of the Rev. J. P. Norris, one of the Inspectors of

Schools, in which he gives his view of the importance of needlework in the education of girls. He thinks that, apart from the value of the art, it would be worth while to spend half the school hours in sewing, for the sake of the effect on the girls' characters. He speaks of the order, quiet, cleanliness, and cheerful repose with activity, which prevail in afternoon school hours devoted to sewing, — a real training for the home, while the occupation also tends to impress the intellectual lessons of the morning. Looking forward a few years, the sense of the fitness of the training to make good wives and mothers must be very strong; for one may almost divide into sheep and goats the cottage households in which the wife and mother is a capable needlewoman or not one at all. The sewing mother, with her children round her, makes the husband proud of his home, while dirty brats, playing out of doors in rags and tatters, with an idle or a muddling mother within, are more likely to deter a man from coming home than to tempt him from the public-house. I, for one, feel obliged to Mr. Norris for what he has said on behalf of the girls, whose education is so deplorably perverted or neglected in the classes of which he speaks. I think, moreover, that it would be well if needlework were thoroughly taught, as formerly, to girls who, when wives, will not be the heads of cottage households.

There would be no occasion to make growing children sit on hard seats, without backs, or rests for the feet, as I have elsewhere complained, on the part of a past generation. Due care should be taken to vary the posture sufficiently often, to afford a sufficiency of light, and to let the spirit of enterprise enter into a girl's project of work. Such points being duly attended to, there will be no difficulty in getting the children interested in the employment. For one that twirls her thimble on her finger, and looks at the clock, there will be scores who will be unwilling to leave their job for play or dinner. In their own drawing-rooms, in after life, the difference will be seen between those who have been trained to the needle and those who have not. The ease and mastery of a thorough needlewoman, who works out her thought on her material, and produces something perfect in its way, are perceptible to the veriest old bachelor who calls sewing "working," and working "sewing;" while there is something annoying to "real ladies" (as their maids say), as well as to gentlemen, in the awkwardness of unskillful hands, which tangle the thread, and pull the stitches, and break the needle, and leave the skein of cotton or silk on the floor, and produce something ugly, after all their toil.

These last are apt to discourse of the unhealthiness of needlework. To them it is no doubt laborious. They stoop, and put themselves in a constrained posture: they pore over their work, and set their muscles to work expressly and consciously with every drawing of the thread. There must be much fatigue in this. It cannot be denied, either, that prolonged sewing is very hurtful, and constant sewing probably fatal. Any mechanical action which employs a few muscles almost exclusively must be bad; and any diligent needlewoman can describe the sensation between

the shoulders, and the nervous irritability which constitute real suffering when the needle has been plied too long. Young wives, preparing the infant wardrobe for the first time, have often done themselves harm by getting into this over-wrought condition over their enchanting employment. They are very wrong. They should stop before they feel irritable or weary, and they should at once go for a walk, or pass to some active employment. It is nonsense, too, in these days of marking inks, to strain their precious eyesight over the pedantic marking methods of our grandmothers, who made a great point of marking fine cambric as true as coarse linen. But needlework is not to be condemned because some women still pursue it without moderation or good sense.

Some months since I was petitioned to speak up for fancywork as a solace to invalids and sorrowful people. I certainly can do it with a safe conscience; for my needle has been an inestimable blessing to me during years of ill health. It is sometimes said that the needle is to a woman what the cigar is to the man—a tranquillising, equalising influence, conservative and restorative. It is at least this; and I should imagine more. We are apt to underrate the positive pleasure there is in mechanical employment, pursued with aptness and skill. Mr. Chadwick is fond of telling of a man in a chalk-pit who admitted to him that, during years spent in simply cutting square blocks of chalk, he had never, he believed, failed to enjoy an actual relish, on each occasion, of the act of producing his block of chalk. I can well believe this from the perpetual pleasantness of setting stitches, when it is effectually done. But in fancywork—the elaborate fancywork of invalids—there is much more. If I say that it is somewhat like the gratification of the artist, I shall be told that it is infinitely better to paint or draw; that better effects are far more speedily produced, and so on. It is true that any good drawing is of a higher quality than the best needlework; but then the work is of a totally different kind. Needlework is a solace for women far too ill to draw well, or to commit themselves to the excitements of art. Each is good in its own place; and, in its own place, I claim for the much abused fancywork (I include woolwork) of the drawing-room some respect, over and above mere toleration. I mean, if it is good of its kind. Bad fancy-work no more deserves toleration than bad pictures or bad music.

My readers may perhaps have no idea how many professional needlewomen there are in Great Britain; and they may not have considered into how many classes the whole may be divided. There is no branch of industry in which it is so difficult to ascertain the numbers, because, as I said before, there are so many women who take in work to employ some spare hours profitably. They take pay, but are not professional sempstresses. Again, there are about 100,000 shoemakers' wives, most of whom, no doubt, help to support the family by shoebinding. Drawing the line as well as they could, the Census Commissioners of 1851 returned the number of sewing women in Great Britain as being (without the shoemakers' wives) 388,302.

These are divided into five classes; and a sixth

head includes the miscellaneous sorts of needle-work which cannot be classed.

The dressmakers and milliners make up considerably more than half of the total, their numbers being 202,448. The shirtmakers and other plain sewers come next, being 60,588. Then come the glovers and hosiers (40,763), the hat and bonnet-makers (27,176), the shoebinders and sewers (22,657), and the staymakers (10,383). Nearly 25,000 come under the head of "miscellaneous." If the same rules of arrangement are employed next spring, we shall be able to learn by the Census of 1861 whether the sewing machine has dismissed more needlewomen than the increase of national numbers and wealth has brought into the business. It should be remembered in this connection that the opening of new and remunerative employments to women must operate in increasing the business, and therefore in time the number of professional needlewomen, while it tends to raise their pay. Women employed as compositors or accountants now put out their sewing, or some of it; whereas before, they not only made all their own clothes, but probably treasured upon the professional needlewomen by taking in more. The better occupied other women are, the more will the needlewomen prosper; and the coming Census cannot but show some expansion in the field of female industry.

Next to the shirtmakers, the dressmakers and milliners move most compassion in the rest of society. I wish that means could be found to move those whose fault it is that these women work long hours—hours murderously long. The shirtmaker works long hours because she cannot otherwise earn her three or four shillings a week. The dressmaker works long hours in London because ladies all rush to give their orders at the same time, and are all in a hurry to have them executed. So much has been said about this—the sinfulness of such thoughtlessness and selfishness has been so plainly exposed at public meetings, and through the press, that it is inconceivable that the evil should be now what it once was. I had occasion to know something of the way of going on twenty years ago. I knew the story of a reduced widow lady whose daughter was apprenticed to a great dressmaker at the West End. The girl drooped and became ill; and at last it was necessary to sacrifice her prospects, and the premium paid, if brain or life was to be saved. During the throng of orders in the London season, the girl left the workroom only every two or three days or nights. The room was kept hot and light; the workers were fed with prime beef and porter, and well plied at night with strong green tea. When any one fainted (as this girl did) she was laid on the floor to revive, and as soon as she could sit up again, she had more tea, or more porter, and was set to work again. She repeatedly went on for three days and two nights, with mere snatches of sleep in her chair. It is needless to say that her eyes were strained, her brain was dizzy, her liver was disordered, and she was fearfully nervous. Her mother shrank from the feel of her hands. Remonstrance with the employer was of no avail. She said her customers left her no option: and those who entered her concern must

conform to circumstances. She was herself driven, and she must drive others while the season lasted. When the season was over they could all rest.

Since that time there have been houses which observe reasonable hours. But there will be no cure for the evil till the customers attend to their duty in the case. The most thoughtless fine ladies must know long before what dresses they will be likely to want during the season; and they might order at least all the plainer sorts, if not the whole, at a sufficiently long interval to enable the business to be better distributed than it can be under the ordinary pressure which precedes a drawing-room. There is something childish in the haste which unemployed women put into their little affairs, sufficiently mortifying to the wiser part of their sex; but the feeling of contempt rises into strong indignation when the habit of haste inflicts such mortal injury as it does among the dressmakers. It is a child's "way" to fidget and fret for its food while it is cooling on the plate before its eyes. It is the "way" of certain imperious young men in Batavia, effeminate to excess, to cry like babies if kept waiting for their tea. It is a pity to be obliged to add that it is the "way" of not a few ladies in England to be in such a hurry for a new dress as to inflict torture on the makers, in spite of all warning and remonstrance.

It is a common observation that blind persons are apt to hurry those who serve them. Not seeing how any work gets on, they are always fancying it more advanced than it can possibly be, and make their own observations on the slowness into which mankind are falling,—so different from the activity in *their* young day. The letter would have been written—the cap would have been made—in half the time, or they would have rued it. Fine ladies who never tried to make a dress themselves have no excuse for criticising the workers in the same way. Before they dare to do it they should enter a workroom, and see how long it takes to flounce a skirt, even amidst the feverish and trembling haste of the overwrought workers. An hour so spent would be salutary to all parties. But there are even more ladies who do not consider the subject at all. They buy a dress, and then only know that they long to see it home—want to have it and wear it—and use all the power of employer over employed to get the toy brought home at the earliest possible moment. Such women may be soft-hearted in their way about human suffering. They may give money freely to charitable institutions, or to cases of individual distress. If so, there should be some one to tell them that, while giving a sovereign or two to a hospital, and another sovereign or two for the relief of some reduced gentlewomen who have pawned their last shawl or gown, they have themselves blinded one or two apprentices, thrown another into a brain fever, or compelled others to throw up their apprenticeship, and be the reduced gentlewoman who has to pawn her last gown. Such things as these she has done in the course of showing how childish a woman can be who passes for sane. If any such woman, or any other kind of woman, supposes me romancing, let her look at the evidence given before the Select Committee of the Lords, in 1855, on the condition of Needle-

women. There was an earlier report on the case of the milliners which made such an impression on the highest lady in the land, that she inquired of those about her who were most likely to know, whether such things could be true. No one so impressed could ever hurry her dressmaker again.

The dressmaker ought to understand her liabilities, before she pledges herself to the employment. If this were properly attended to, there would be fewer dressmakers, and they would make a better stand for their health. I should be sorry to have a hand in inducing any girl to apprentice herself to the business, within the range of the London season. In provincial towns it is another affair.

The workwoman should make certain stipulations, which nothing should induce her to surrender. If she is lodged in the establishment, she should insist on being allowed to air her room. The collective workers should take care that their day-room is kept cool and airy, and the fire and lights properly managed. Each should ensure a daily walk,—either by being sent out on business, or by the work being so arranged as to admit of an hour's exercise, morning or evening. Every encroachment on moderate hours of work should be resisted, except on special occasions, such as a large order for mourning, when all must accommodate. In London, at times of extreme pressure, the meals are bolted in the smallest number of minutes. Then the cutter-out and the attendants in the show-room are glad to sit down; and the sewers are equally glad to get up; and they may be seen swallowing their meals standing. In the dressmaker's ordinary life, the meals should be comfortably put on table in a fresh room, and a sufficient time allowed for leisurely eating,—to say nothing of some little time being allowed for rest after the dinner. It is a substantial gain when the worker lives in a home or a lodging of her own; for then she can make arrangements for counteracting much of the mischief of her occupation. A bedroom to herself, quiet and airy; an early morning walk; and a change of scene and associates every twenty-four hours, may improve a woman's chances of health incalculably.

The dressmaker's and milliner's aspect is familiar to doctors, and all other observers of countenances. The eyes have a dead look; the complexion is not clear, and usually more or less yellow; the frown shows that there is a tight band round the forehead; the carriage betokens a chill down the back; the movements show that the feet are cold: the respiration is not free, and the only doubt is whether the mischief is in the lungs or the liver; and, above all, the anxiety of the countenance tells the tale of an unnatural mode of life. On inquiry, it appears that the appetite is not good,—that the sleep is not good,—that the spirits are not good. It would be a wonder if they were; for the sight is failing. Oculists tell us that they have always many needlewomen on their lists, and that they always expect more after a general mourning. It is quite right to recommend, as they do, that the workwomen should change the colours on which they are employed very frequently; and also, that

there should be green furniture,—curtains at least,—in the workrooms, as is the frequent practice among lacemakers, and the constant usage among embroiderers in China.

There is no use in preaching against tea to needlewomen. They cannot do without it, and ought not to be asked; for it is a genuine medicine to sedentary persons. When taken—strong, green, and hot—to keep people awake when they ought to be asleep, it is poison: but black tea is a medicine for a delicate liver, when taken in moderation, at breakfast and teatime. There is much more need of warning about the porter and ale and mutton three times a day, with which overwrought dressmakers and shopwomen (and shopmen too) are kept up to the calls upon them.

On the whole, it is best, even now, when so few occupations are open to women, to sacrifice much, where there is any option, rather than enter on an occupation so injurious as that of incessant needlework. Where the necessity is imperative, it is a duty to take every possible precaution against the dangers of the case. There are hundreds now among us, blind, consumptive, or suffering under spinal disease, who might by timely care have been saved. How many more are in their graves, who shall tell us?

In Ireland there is a class different from any yet mentioned. The "hand-sewing," paid for by Glasgow merchants chiefly, employs 400,000 women and girls in their own cabins. The work is embroidery on muslin,—the patterns being stamped by men in the great houses in Glasgow and Belfast, from which the work is given out. It was a great thing for Ireland, after the famine, that the women and girls earned in this way between eighty and ninety thousand pounds per week; but the growing children pay dear for the honour of helping to support the family. They earned only sixpence a day, poor things! and it was sad to see them leaning their weary backs against the door-posts, or growing crooked in their unchanging and constrained position. Now that times have improved, and are improving, in their country, we should be glad to hear of fewer "hand-sewers" and of more women being engaged in the linen manufacture, from the flax-growing process up to the final act of finishing the packages of beautiful damasks, linens, and muslins.

The sewing-machine may intervene here, as in almost every department of needlework. It can embroider beautifully already. Some may imagine that it will preclude human sewing altogether; but this need not be believed, any more than it can at present be wished. It seems as if there must always be parts of the work (whatever its kind) which must be done by hand; and those parts will always be best done by hands which are skilful in the whole process. Thus we need not fear that the graceful and pleasant arts of the needle will die out, within any assignable time, but may apply ourselves to stop the sacrifice of life and health which is the barbarous feature of the art, and retain and refine whatever in it is servicable and elegant. We must not stop in our improvements till needlewomen are indistinguishable from the rest of the world on the ground of health.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

OUR SECOND LINE OF DEFENCES.

NO. II.—PORTSMOUTH.

IN those glorious old days, still remembered with a sigh of regret by a few very elderly gentlemen of sporting tendencies, when the noble science, as its votaries called it, was one of the specialties of every English gentleman, from princes of the blood to "seedy bucks," it must have been a curious study for any one not bitten with the prevalent mania to observe the care and pains bestowed upon the heroes of the ring, to watch how the universal interest concentrated itself for the time upon the pair of brawny louts who were getting ready to bruse nature's noblest handiwork out of all recognisable shape and proportion, how the noblemen and the young bloods who led the fashion were wont to make up parties, and drive down to their man's training quarters in all sorts of quaint-looking vehicles whose bizarre outlines have been preserved for us by undying Gilray; how they inspected, and overhauled, and cross-examined their pet; how they instituted the strictest inquiries into his diet, his clothing, his habits, his indulgences; how they one after another watched their opportunity to take his trainer aside, and confidentially direct him to let the Chicken want for nothing, and to spare no expense, so that he was brought to the scene of his contest "as bright as a star, and as strong as a lion;" how, returning to town, each set cracked up his man to the other; how they bragged of the hardness of his thigh and the development of his flexor; and how they laid each other swingeing bets on the event. How, moreover, the common sort followed, sheep-like, in the wake of the young bloods, and in taverns and wine-shops, and gambling-houses, and even in the rude settles of country road-side inns, discussed after their fashion the news of the animal's progress, and laid modest wagers on the man of their choice. All this has passed away from among us, and we go mad, and speculate, and argue, and wager about matters of heavier moment it may be—that is, if weight of metal is to kick the beam—and the few lingering remnants of the prize ring are "brutal ruffians," and their fewer patrons "knaves or idiots."

But what on earth has all this to do with our National Defences, or with Portsmouth? Just thus much—that Portsmouth and Cherbourg are, for the nonce, our two fighting men—standing frowning at each other across those eighty miles of Channel that intervene, and ready on small provocation to be foul of one another with something harder, heavier, and infinitely more damaging than the heaviest human fist that ever shot straight out from shoulder. The parallel holds good throughout; both on the French side and our own, there is the same extravagant excitement, the same cracking up, the same wagering, and the same earnest entreaty that no expense should be spared. Even in days when the late Duke of Wellington complained that he could not get £1000 from Parliament for experiments on which we now think nothing of spending £10,000 at a time, Portsmouth could always manage to smuggle a snug little sum through for itself to be expended in strengthening its defences.

The fact is, there is not only a general feeling—

a little undefined, perhaps, but none the weaker for that—that the place is of immense national importance; but there is, moreover, and this especially of late years, a feeling of uneasy jealousy directed across the Channel, and a sort of tacit resolution not to allow one man to lose a chance of asserting his superiority over the other. So it has happened that the defences of Portsmouth have been the work of succeeding ages, expanding with the exigencies, intelligence, and the apprehensions of the day, and exhibiting rather an accumulation of successive distinct devices conceived *pro re nata*, than, as Cherbourg—a large and comprehensive scheme, imagined and carried out on one uniform plan.

The recognition of the great national importance of the position of Portsmouth Harbour has been so general, and it has received so much discussion and illustration in the course of the last two or three years, at the hands of essayists and journalists of all sorts and classes, that everybody must be tolerably familiar with those peculiarities of its position from which its importance is derived; it is nevertheless necessary to a due comprehension of the enlarged system of defence now in progress of construction, that the salient points of the position should be briefly recalled.

Looking at a map of the south coast of England, it is easy to conceive a time when the Isle of Wight formed a promontory jutting out from the main land, between Alban's Head and Selsea Bill. If some enormous Saurian of the very elder times, had, in a fit of extreme rage, or uncontrollable hunger, taken a bite at such a promontory; and, not liking the morsel, had returned it a few miles from the spot whence he had taken his bite, the result one can imagine being precisely the appearance which the Isle of Wight and the opposite shore mutually present. By the way, there are one or two such "bites," on a smaller scale in ranges of English and Irish mountains, though these are generally assigned to an ancient reptile, whose portraiture belongs rather to the imagination of monks, than the researches of science. At the bottom of our "bite," lies the deep gulf known as Southampton Water, and between it and Selsea Bill, a system of bays, peninsulas, and islands, which cut up and intersect the whole of the dead level of which that piece of country consists. The easternmost of these is Chichester Harbour, the next Langston Harbour; both are exceedingly, and we believe increasingly, shallow, and at dead low water present nothing but hundreds of acres of mud with some lazy oozy channels winding in and out in the middle. Between the mouth of Langston Harbour, however, and Southampton Water, the coast, after advancing rather prominently into the sea southward, both from east and west, recedes somewhat suddenly into a deep bay, at the bottom of which is the entrance to Portsmouth Harbour, very narrow (about 220 yards), and very deep (ten fathoms, or sixty feet at low water). The harbour gradually widens for about a mile and a half northward, with ample water for the largest line-of-battle ships, and then suddenly expands into a considerable inland lake, some five miles each way in its greatest dimensions, presenting at high

water a very pleasing effect, but at low water differing little from its neighbour of Langston, except that its intersecting channels are deeper. Outside the harbour mouth, the continual drainage of the harbour through the sluice of its mouth has piled up a long shoal, which runs for nearly two miles in a south-easterly direction, parallel with the eastern coast of the bay, and narrowing the navigable channel to about a quarter of a mile from the shore, whilst beyond the head of this shoal, which is called the Spit Sand, is the world-famous anchorage of Spithead, effectually sheltered from every wind that can blow, except that from S.E., and which, until the other day, was generally considered a tolerably innocuous quarter on the British coast. To the south and west of Portsmouth Harbour lies the huge natural earthwork of the Isle of Wight, the whole southern side of which, with some exceptions, presents an inaccessible rampart of cliff and rock, and the narrow channel between the western extremity of which and the mainland is still further defended by the natural difficulties of an extremely intricate navigation, and a tremendous current. To the south-east the anchorage is open—but of this more presently.

This extremely snug position of Portsmouth Harbour must have struck our ancestors very forcibly. There is not the slightest occasion to drag the reader through a tedious historical disquisition on the rise and progress of the place. It is merely the recognition of its importance as a military and commercial harbour, as well as a place of embarkation for the continent, that need be impressed. When that impression first began to prevail is not material. County historians are of course fond of carrying its date back to the remotest antiquity that local pride can conceive, and without venturing into the mythical regions of Lud and "Brute," will allow no later date to the commencement of its importance than the era of the Roman rule. A modern French historian of Algeria disposes of a grave chronological difficulty in a very pleasant and summary manner by assigning to the event in question "*une époque absolument inconnue*," and it is far more convenient for our present purpose to dispose of the earliest rise of the harbour to the post of an important sea-port in a similar manner. Whenever this event really did take place, the local tradition seems reasonable enough, namely, that the remains of Porchester Castle, with its fine old massy towers and keep of evident Norman construction, mark the site of the ancient sea-port, in days when there was more water and less mud in the upper part of the harbour; but that, the one diminishing and the other increasing, the old port was gradually abandoned for one nearer the sea—in short, on the site of the present Portsmouth.

The convenience of this port with its roadstead as a place of debarkation and embarkation has been recognised by all sorts of people, by Saxon Porta and Norman Robert, by the Empress Maud and Henry III., by other Henrys, and Edwards, and Richards, by Charles's Duke of Buckingham, who here met Felton's knife as the Rochelle expedition was assembling; and from those days, by all

our statesmen and naval commanders, down to the rendezvous days of the late war, to the days of our own Baltic and Channel fleets; and last, though not least, at any rate in his own opinion, to the days of the lately arrived Persian ambassador in our finest transport ship. A corresponding recognition of the necessity for fortifications kept pace with the growing consciousness of the importance of the position. The French were not idle in evincing a similar appreciation, but in a very disagreeable manner, and a raid they made on the place in King Edward III.'s time, and in which they burned the town and shipping, though visited by a mettlesome retaliation on the part of the townspeople themselves, who a short time after played a return match in the mouth of the Seine, and brought off "a great booty of wine," seems, nevertheless, to have set subsequent monarchs thinking of the wisdom of some regular system of fortifications. What Edward IV. began in this way was carried on by subsequent sovereigns, though for a very long time little seems to have been thought of but the merest obvious protection of the narrow gut which forms the entrance to the harbour. In old John Leland's time, there was, "at this point of the Haven," (still called "the Point," by the way), "a great round toure," which, with the view of enabling us accurately to estimate its dimensions, he adds is "almost double in quantitie and strenkith to that that is on the west side of the haven right agayn," (now Block House Fort), "and here is a mighty chayne of yren to draw from toure to toure." Queen Bess showed her wisdom in thinking the fortifications worth very considerable outlay, so did the advisers of the Merrie Monarch, as well as his contrast, phlegmatic, calculating William of Orange.

In short, one may say that from Henry VIII.'s time down to our own days, scarce any government has failed to contribute something to the strengthening of the national stronghold.

After all these years of care and pains bestowed on "the defence of Portsmouth dockyard and harbour, as also the fine roadstead at Spithead, against attack or occupation by an enemy," an object which "has ever been considered of primary importance," it is rather mortifying to find that as regards an attack from seaward, "it is evident that the existing defences would not suffice to protect either the dockyard or the anchorage against attack by an enemy's fleet in the present day," and that as far as a land attack is concerned, "the lines have long been considered a most inefficient protection;" mortifying in truth, but the secret is easily discovered. It is the same as has been hinted at in the first paper on this subject in connection with the fortifications at Sheerness and Chatham. Steam and rifled cannon, and iron-cased ships, have revolutionised warfare in many of its leading principles. In old days, no one dreamt of opening fire on a fortress at a greater distance than 1000 yards; the new works recommended in 1825, and in part completed, were considered to have provided amply for the improvements in modern artillery, by extending the works of defence to a distance of 4000 yards; and these works are not nearly finished when, as has been

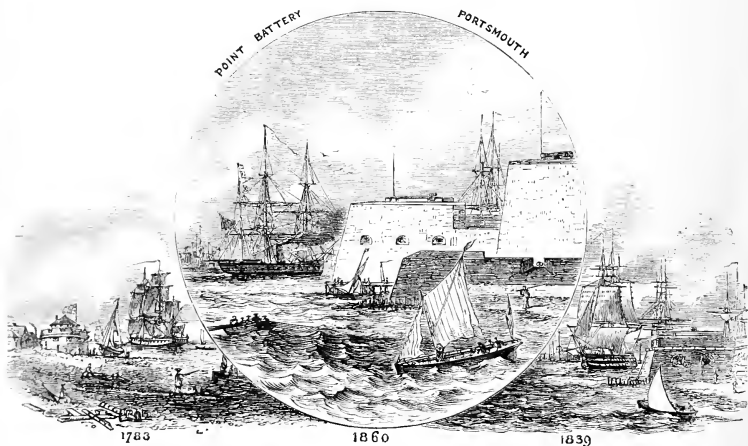
before noticed, modern progress doubles that distance; nay, Sir W. Armstrong deposes, that "for special service, guns might be constructed to give a range of six miles, or perhaps more," and the committee, on the effect of the new rifled-cannon on fortifications, inform us that it will now be "necessary that an enemy be kept at a distance of 9000 yards,* or five miles," and that thus "a place situated on a flat, or surrounded by heights that look into it from that distance, would require a contour of outworks upwards of thirty miles in extent."

There is another point to be borne in mind in considering the effect of the modern method of warfare, at least as far as a sea attack is concerned. Our heaviest ordnance are placed, and with reason, on gunboats. A very few of these, armed with a couple of the new rifled-cannon each, and firing conical shell, would be sufficient to set

* See foot-note to previous article, p. 544.

all Portsmouth dockyard in a blaze at a distance of four miles, whilst at that distance each gunboat presents but a tiny mark for the batteries on shore. Nor is this all. The plan of action with gunboats is—as at Sweaborg—to keep constantly in motion, generally circling round and round, easing for a moment as the gun is ready, delivering fire, and then steaming on again during the reloading. To hit so small an object under such circumstances is, as has been observed, extremely difficult. No wonder that Sir Wm. Armstrong considers that "at 4000 yards a gunboat would be practically safe."

The principle of modern defences, therefore, is necessarily no longer a complete enceinte, as in old days, by which the place to be protected was surrounded by a cunningly devised system of ramparts and ditches, so arranged as that the various parts mutually supported each other; or rather, it is not only this, for the old ramparts are still good for



close fighting, but it consists principally in pushing forward to a sufficient distance, in advance of the place to be defended, a series of detached forts, or "out-works," as they are called, so arranged as at once to be each a little fortress in itself, and at the same time assist its neighbours on both sides with that most terrible of all artillery appliances—a cross-fire. Through a well arranged cordon of such works, it would be impossible, or nearly so, for an enemy to push his way on land, at least without first reducing them; and whether at land or sea, even a successful dash through them, without reducing them, would leave the advancing force open to attack in the rear. In some cases, as we shall see presently, it is deemed advisable to connect these detached works by lines; but the principle remains the same.

It has been necessary to explain at length this principle of modern fortification, because, without some comprehension of it, it would be difficult to understand the full object of the *seven-and-twenty*

detached forts, with which in our engraving the country round Portsmouth appears dotted; whilst with such a comprehension, the system becomes the simplest thing in the world.

A land attack on Portsmouth would be made either from the west or from the north; the first, by an enemy who had landed somewhere west of the Needles, for, as we shall presently see, the passage of the western entrance of the Solent by a force of troops and artillery sufficient to effect a landing between Southampton Water and Stokes's Bay, may be looked upon as an improbability, nearly amounting to an impossibility; the other, by an enemy who had landed either on that spot or eastward of Langston Harbour, with a view of marching on London, and who should either attack Portsmouth as his first step, or detach a portion of his army to destroy it, whilst his main body kept our force in the field in check.

The advance from the westward would meet with the triple line of defence presented by (1^o)



A. Portsmouth Lines; B. Gosport Lines; C. The Dockyard; D. The Victualling Yard; E. Point Battery; F. Block House Fort; G. Monkton Fort; H. Works on Gilliker Point; I. Works in Stokes's Bay; J. J. &c. Chain of Forts (1825); K. K. &c. Chain of new Outworks; L. L. &c. Chain of new Outworks; L. L. &c. Chain of new Outworks; M. Hulsea Lines; N. Cumberland Fort; O. Eastney Fort; P. Lamb's Fort; Q. Southsea Castle; R. Horse Sand Fort; S. Intermediate Fort; T. Spit Sand Fort; U. No Man's Land Fort; W. Starbridge Fort; X. Apple House Battery; Y. Nettlesome Point Battery; Z. Spithend.

the chain of outlying forts (K K, &c.), which are posted from four to four and a half miles in front of the lines at Gosport, (2°) the inner line of works (J J, &c.) lying about two miles in front of the lines, and which are to be connected by regular lines, and (3°) the old Gosport lines themselves, which, though utterly inefficient as a protection against bombardment, would be nevertheless of use in repelling an attempt at capture. The distances between the forts which are to compose the outermost line of defence are such as to give full play to the principle of cross-firing; those between the forts of the second line are still less, enabling these latter to be all brought into play at once.

But the attack from which most danger seems to be apprehended is that from the ridge of hill lying northward of Portsmouth, and known as Portsdown Hill. We are told that "no position could be more favourable for effecting" the bombardment of the dockyard. "The distance varies from 6000 to 9000 yards; the naval establishments and ships in the harbour are in full view, and could be destroyed by an enemy who should succeed in establishing himself there for a short time." There was no hope of doing anything with this ridge by halves, and the bold expedient has therefore been hit upon of fortifying the whole of it from one end to the other (six miles in length). The summit of the ridge, therefore, is to be occupied by four large forts, and three smaller ones (L L, &c.) A rampart and ditch is to connect them, and be continued at each end down to the shores of Portsmouth and Langston harbours, and works in advance of these flank lines (L L) are still further to cover the approach.

This forms the first or outlying line of defence, and it should be added that the formation of Portsdown Hill, which is entirely composed of chalk, and the peculiar character of the ridge which forms its summit, which is nearly a level expanse of open down, are both peculiarly favourable to the construction of extensive military works. The chalk is easily cut into the requisite ramparts and ditches, whilst the open nature of the ground, visible along its whole length by every part, affords the greatest facilities for communication; and, though Sir J. Burgoyne points out that such lines would require an army for their defence, it must be recollected at the same time that an army would be, by parity of reasoning, needed for this attack—a huge one, indeed, if the attack is to take place simultaneously along their whole extent. If, as is more probable, it were given at but one or two points, the circumstances already pointed out render concentration of the defending force comparatively easy.

The line of works on Portsdown Hill then forms, with its two flanks, the first and most important line of defence on the north. But, as on the western or Gosport side, there are two other lines within this. The first consists of the Hilssea lines (M). It will be observed that * Portsmouth is built on the south-western corner of an island called Port-

sea Island, which is separated from the mainland by a narrow channel called Hilssea Channel, connecting Portsmouth and Langston harbours. The only roads to Portsmouth—a coach road, and the London and South Coast Railway—necessarily cross the Hilssea Channel; in fact, in this direction only is there any land access to Portsmouth at all. Along the whole of this northern end of Portsea Island runs a chain of works through which both roads pass, and which are capable of offering a formidable check to an advancing force. Hilssea lines, then, form the second line of defence on the northern side. The third is presented by the old Portsmouth lines themselves, which, like their brethren round Gosport, though inefficient to protect the dockyard from bombardment, are so far of material use in protecting the place from capture, that, if manned by an ordinarily sufficient garrison, they could not be taken without a regular siege.

Let us next turn our attention seaward, and consider the nature of the defences provided against an attack from that quarter, either on the dockyard by bombardment, or on Portsmouth altogether by capture, or on the roadstead at Spithead by a dashing cutting-out expedition; and of these three, let it be mentioned in passing, that the third appears to have been thought worthy of much careful consideration. It is pointed out that "in all former wars Spithead has been used as a perfectly secure rendezvous for a fleet; that receiving ships, sheer hulks, and many other appliances for refit, have been stationed there; extensive repairs by shipwrights, artificers, and riggers, have been carried on there, and no ships used ever to be allowed to proceed into harbour, merely for victualling and watering, or completing the ordinary supplies of stores and ammunition, and that all these operations will still require to be performed at Spithead, in addition to coaling, which will henceforth be not less important." We are reminded that "convoys of more than a hundred sail of merchant vessels at a time have been assembled at Spithead;" and then the difficulty of stopping "by any practicable amount of fire from batteries" the passage of swift steamships dashing past at full speed, is much insisted on, and the object of the defensive works in progress or recommended seems to be not so much to prevent an enemy's cruisers from making a swoop on Spithead altogether, as to make the place too hot for them when there.

A sea attack must come either from the westward, by way of the Needles and the Solent, or from the south-eastward. It would almost require a separate article to give any adequate idea of the defences of the Needles passage, existing, in progress, or about to be constructed. Its natural features have been already alluded to. To these must be added the combined cross and raking fires of extensive batteries at Hurst Castle, on the north, and of no less than six others, lying along the shore, or perched on the cliffs for five miles on the south. A strong boom is also to be placed, in war time, across the narrowest part of the channel, and under the guns of Hurst Castle; and it seems to be considered tolerably certain that no enemy would risk the natural difficulties of the

* It will be well to bear in mind that throughout this paper Portsmouth and Portsea have been invariably mentioned under the first name only. For all purposes of it, they are but one town, and when the alterations shall have been made in their fortifications, will be actually one as well.

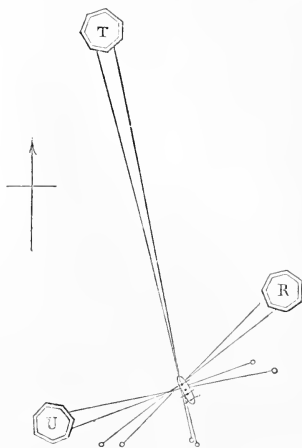
passage, and the damage which must be inflicted in running the gauntlet of so formidable a chain of forts, for the mere sake of scrambling up to Spithead by the Solent, only to find himself, when there, involved in the same kind of difficulties from the cross-fire of sea and land forts, which are next to be described.

Before, however, proceeding to consider the nature of the sea defences at and around Spithead, it will be necessary first of all to take a glance at the map of the sea's bottom, between the mainland and the Wight. The Spit Sand has already been described. Its outlines, as well as those of the other shoals about to be mentioned, are denoted in our engraving by dotted lines. To the eastward of the Spit, there stretches down southward, to a distance of three miles from Southsea Castle, another large shoal called the Horse Sand, with a pendant going off S.E., called the Horse Tail; and though vessels of light draught can—especially at high water—pass across the sand, yet the regular channel, and the only one for all large ships, lies south of the sand, and of the five black buoys which mark the edge of the shoal. This gets rid at once for all purposes of practical navigation of some three good miles of the space in question—but this is not all. From the opposite shore of the Isle of Wight, a little east of Ryde, a third shoal, called No Man's Land, protrudes itself nearly two miles from shore in a north-easterly direction towards the Horse, its limit marked by a white buoy, distant a little over a mile from the westernmost of the five which mark the Horse, &c.

Through the channel between these five black buoys and one white, every ship of any size must pass, in order to get to Spithead or Portsmouth, and when in the centre of its narrowest part would find the head of the Horse Sand about half-a-mile on its right, No Man's Land about the same distance to the left, and the head of the Spit two miles in front. It should be added, that about three miles further westward, and in mid-channel between Ryde and Gilkicker Point (H), lies another shoal, called Sturbridge.

The scheme of defence now being put in force involves the erection on No Man's Land, the Horse Sand, and Sturbridge, of three large forts; and on the Spit Sand and on the Horse, halfway between the large work and the mainland, of two smaller forts, whilst on shore a string of forts, called Cumberland (N), Eastney (O), and Lump's Forts (P), and Southsea Castle (Q), combine with Point Battery (E), and the southern face of Portsmouth Lines in guarding the eastern approaches to the harbour, the protection of the western being provided for by Block House Fort (F), Fort Monkton (G), and batteries on Gilkicker Point (H), connected by works with the chain of forts west of Gosport, already described. Let us next proceed to consider what obstacles an attack by sea, from the most likely quarter, S.E., would have to encounter, from this system of defences. We will, as in the case of the Thames and Sheerness, imagine ourselves on board one of the attacking squadron. Our course lies past the Warner Light, shown in the right-hand lower corner of the engraving, our guiding marks being the odd-

looking sea mark called the Kickergill, seen on shore abreast of the middle of Stokes Bay (I), as observed over Monkton Fort and the works hard by (H). Without taking much notice of the fact, that before we arrived at the Warner, we should have exposed ourselves to the fire of both Nettleson Battery (Y), and another a mile to the southward, at St. Helen's Point, but at a two mile range, we should, very soon after passing the Light ship, find ourselves in a position of which the diagram will give the best idea, whilst it at the same



time will serve to elucidate the system of cross firing already treated of. On our right we should find the Horse Sand Fort, opening on us from two of its flanks at once—we are assuming that the number of guns to be mounted on each of the three batteries we are now considering, will be, as set down in the Commissioners' Report, 120—and we are assuming that Captain Sullivan's plan will be adhered to in principle, and that these guns will consequently be mounted in casemated batteries of three tiers with [guns and] mortars on the roof, and we are further assuming that the gallant captain's suggestion will be also attended to in determining the shape of the forts, and that they will be polygonal. From the Commissioners' plan we gather that they will be heptagonal: this will give us about 17 guns to each face. Now, as this construction will always enable two faces at least at a time to bear on any one object, it follows that the Horse Sand Battery will open on us with the fire of no less than four-and-thirty guns of heavy calibre, whilst at the same moment the No Man's Land Fort (U) would pour in a similar fire on our left, and, as we proceeded, the Spit Fort (T) would meet us with a raking fire of the same number of guns—nor would our pushing on briskly with all aid of sails, steam, and tide, avail us much, for as we close one face of the forts we merely open a fresh one, whilst the mortars from the roof would all the while be shelling us with a murderous vertical fire, the most dangerous of all

for shipping—upwards of 100 heavy guns concentrating their fire on us at distances varying from two miles to half-a-mile, to say nothing of the mortars! If our force consists of gunboats of light draught, and we try to push in at high water between the Horse Sand Fort and the Intermediate,* we find ourselves in a precisely similar triangular snarl with these two forts, and that on the Spit. If we run round the back of the Intermediate, all four forts on the shore, Cumberland (N), Eastney (O), Lumps (P), and Southsea (Q), open on us, besides the Intermediate, whilst the inevitable Spit still rakes us in front. If we push for Langston Harbour, in hopes of doing some mischief from thence, we must run the gauntlet of Cumberland Fort at less than 400 yards range, at which distance a single 68-pound shot may sink us, whilst, even if we succeeded in forcing the entrance, the guns of the same fort will continue to rake us as we lie; and, finally, if we try to carry our light-draught vessels round the back of No Man's Land Fort, between that and the shore of the Isle of Wight, Nettlestone Point (Y) and Appley House (X) Batteries will again combine with No Man's Land Fort, to place us in our triangular difficulty, whilst the fort on the Starbridge shoal will supply the place of the Spit in treating us to a raking fire ahead.

Of course, any attempt to force the entrance of the harbour involves us in running the gauntlet between the fort on the Spit Sand and Southsea Castle, distant just half-a-mile from each other, whilst the whole of our passage down the narrow channel, which leads to the mouth of the harbour, must be effected under a perfect storm of shot and shell from the southern portion of the Portsmouth lines, as well as from Point Battery, Block House Fort, Fort Monckton, and such guns both of the Spit Sand Fort and Southsea as bear towards the harbour, and in the very thickest of this fire we should find ourselves brought up by a chain across the harbour mouth, which had been quietly reposing at the bottom like its more delicate neighbours belonging to the floating bridge, but was hauled up by capstans on each side as soon as we were descried in the offing. This is the legitimate successor of old Leland's "mighty chayne;" only, no doubt, as much mightier a piece of iron work than his, as the forge-house at the Dockyard surpasses the smith's shop of his days.

Here, then, we have as on both land faces the triple line of defences. First, the outlying works, represented by the forts on the sands; next, the second line, consisting of the shore forts; and, lastly, the combination effected by the Portsmouth lines, Point Battery, and Block House Fort.

The possibility of an enemy landing on the Isle of Wight, as a preliminary step to an attack on Portsmouth, has received careful consideration; but it would be impossible within the limits of this paper to follow the Commissioners round the back of the island, and point out, even hurriedly, the details of the system of defence recommended. It must suffice to say, briefly, that every available

spot for a landing is to be fortified by works more or less extensive, according to the size of the opening and the nature of the facilities afforded.

There are two points in connection with these systems of defences, on which it is hardly our province here to touch; one is the time their construction will occupy, the other the expense involved. As regards the first, ground has already been broken on Portsdown Hill, and a great portion of the second cordon of defence is actually completed. The forts on the shoals, however, must be a work of time; piles have to be driven first, in spots where, at every high tide, there is more than twenty feet of water, and where occasionally there is a very troublesome jerking sea; and on these have to be erected massive granite forts, strong enough to carry each 120 guns of heavy calibre, to say nothing of mortars which by themselves require beds of extraordinary strength and solidity. As to the expense, we must hand the discussion of that matter over to the eloquent tongue of our Chancellor of the Exchequer. The estimate for Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight is put down at 2,400,000*l.* But what's in an estimate?

THE EMIGRANT ARTIST.

CHAPTER I.

If the companions show the man, and the closest companion a man has been taken as an evidence of the disposition, then was Ulrich Vigaud a man who loved retirement; who hated his face to be seen. His choicest—most frequent companion being the index, he was all this, and more. His pipe was that companion, and was but the reflection—the image—of the man; nowhere was he seen without it, except in the pulpit—there, in the dignity of black cloth and a minister's silk gown, the two were separated. On other days, from morn till night, both were enveloped in smoke. Like to some mountain-top his head was now almost hidden with the thick clouds, betokening deep thought, that might end in a storm of thunder and lightning, such as should shake and terrify his hearers next Sabbath; now the light cirrus, aerial and delicate as a fairy's veil, but half hid the sunny smile of his usually stern face as he watched children at play, and took out the pipe to give them a word of encouragement. Never but on the Sabbath did that crag-like old face, with its cap of snow, appear unclouded. Then he was clearly visible, and right well he looked, as in the high, cramped pulpit, he thundered forth those anathemas which the brooding cumuli of the week had produced.

A much beloved man was Ulrich Vigaud. The clear red light of his pipe-bowl was always the harbinger of good to his flock. They might not see the man, but they saw that, and felt it was the image of his nature, always warm and bright, and when they saw his eyes on Sabbath morn or eve, they knew that the soul within was that of a willing helper and a firm friend.

"Good e'en, Carl; at work as usual?"

"Yes, worthy father, as usual; but I've done now for to-day. Enter."

"Welcome, Father Ulrich," said Bertha Schatz, dusting the arm-chair by the fire as she spoke.

* There was much talk about closing this interval by a permanent barrier, similar to that behind Cronstadt, but the idea appears to have been abandoned for several weighty reasons.

"Carl, I've come to talk to you. I've a letter from a brother-minister in St. Louis, America, about which I want to speak. Are you ready to hear?"

"Most certainly."

"Bertha, leave us. Take care that the children come not upon us."

"Carl, you are unwise and cruel. Nay, nay, list! Start not away. You are unwise and cruel."

"To whom?"

"To Bertha, your wife,—Fritz and Herman, your children. That man is cruel who gives not to his young ones the means of raising themselves; you do not, you are cruel;—that man is cruel who taxes a woman's strength beyond its proper limit; you do it, and you are cruel;—that man is unwise who makes no provision for his old age; you do not, you are unwise."

"What would you have me do? I'm at work from morning till night, and they will not buy my pictures when I've painted them."

"Therefore, why paint them?"

"In hope. They ought to sell."

"Nay, they ought not to sell, for they are not good; they are not *excellent* art; and you are not an artist. You have the artist's soul, but you are not an artist. You lack knowledge; you lack that proficiency of hand which only springs from practice begun almost in infancy, or from a genius that knows no law. You began too late in life to succeed."

"I took the prize, though, three years since."

"I know. What did you paint?"

"The view from the hill up yonder, on the left of the town."

"Most true, and whose house was it that was in the view? The Burgomaster's, was it not?"

"Truly."

"And who was the head of the judges to award the prize but Master Wansleben, the Burgomaster? Who bought the picture? Master Wansleben. His house, not your merit, sold the picture—gained the prize. You know yourself that it was *not* a good picture. Three years' work have taught you that—learn more."

"But what can I do? Bertha's little money is all but spent; I must paint."

"Truly; but *not here—not here*. I looked in at the window, last evening just before sunset, and saw you all. The old man sitting by the fire stretching out his feeble hand for the poor porridge your Bertha had made for him; Fritz reading his book—he's like your wife, that son of yours; let him not read too much now, he should play. Herman, your youngest, (with his father's feelings, but not his father's skill) was sketching the face of Bertha's mother, as he leaned against her. He holds his pencil badly, does Herman—he has no freedom—you should see to this; had your father done so, I should not have had to tell you what I have. And you, Carl, were painting as usual. I like not to break up this group, but it must be some day. Death will take the old man Teutzel this winter—he must go; I have seen Death before; I know his mark. He will leave you and you must leave her."

"Her! Whom?"

"Your children's grand-dame, Charlotta Teutzel. She is dead to feeling now—dead to you and to

her daughter Bertha; she felt not, saw not, your little Herman last night, though his weight was on her; she is in her second childhood—it may last years, but she is all but dead—you must leave her in my care."

"Thanks, father! but where must I go?"

"If my advice is taken, to St. Louis. I will read what my brother pastor says: 'The young man of whom you speak would, I think, do well out here; wages for the class of labour are high; many of our merchant-princes spend sums almost fabulous in the decorations of their mansions, and eagerly employ artists of talent and taste at good salaries for the purpose. If, as you say, your young friend is not likely to take a high position in his own country as an artist in the highest sense of the term, let him come here at once, for employment is abundant and the wages dependent on his industry alone.'"

"And you," said Carl, "wrote to him of me?"

"I did—for I love you, Carl. Had you been rich, you would have had many friends; but, being poor, your poetic temperament—your artist nature—is to you but the thin garment of a man who treads through a forest of briars, which, while it leaves him sensitive to the gentlest breath of the winds of heaven, is therefore the less protection from the thorns of earth; and your path here, poor Carl, has too many of the thorns: this is neither the climate nor the age when it can be said, 'truly happy are the poor' in anything. You must go."

"I would it could be otherwise, and besides, I have no means to reach this Elysium—this Paradise."

"Despise not the unknown, Carl."

"How shall I get there?"

"Carl, I am not rich, you know well. I hold that the shepherd should spend much for the good of the sheep. I'd rather leave behind me the weeping eyes of friends who held me dear for my help than much wealth. Still I have a little that I had, perhaps faithlessly, laid by should my voice fail; that little shall be yours, for your mother's sake, Carl."

The clouds were thick about him now, and one large drop slowly coursed down his cheek to the ground. It might have been the herald of a storm, but no storm came: if it fell it was in a rain of fire on the heart, there was none outwardly when the clouds cleared away.

"I can hardly accept it, but—"

"But for Bertha's sake, and Fritz's and Herman's sake you will. I'll give you a week to think of it."

It was decided. He would go. Poor Carl! Vanished for him were all the fond dreams of youth. No fame! Her temple doors were shut to him; and henceforth he must live and work, hopeless of her crown.

Carl was not an idle man; he thought much, worked much, but did not get on. He had mistaken his vocation. Alas! how many are in his position—miserable, they know not how; unsuccessful, they know not why; and then drink soon dulls them too much to look for causes, and at last the poor-house or the grave finish the "tale of a mistaken vocation."

CHAPTER II.

The Hamburg packet—an old, wide, uneasy vessel—slowly made her way up the Thames on a spring morning with something short of a hundred emigrants on board. Amongst them were Carl and Bertha.

A few days in London, and the Black Warrior was to sail with a human cargo of some hundreds of German and Irish emigrants from the London Docks. She was a crack ship, was the Black Warrior. "Very sharp forward," said the knowing; "likely to get across in a month."

Babel knew no worse confusion than the decks of the Black Warrior on the fine May morning that saw Carl, his wife, and their children on the pier-head of the London Docks.

"Those Dutchmen coming aboard, Captain?" said the hoarse-voiced mate.

"Yes, by G—, and two hundred and fifty others, too. I saw the boarding-house keeper, and he said they'd be here at nine: that's them coming in at the gate, now."

"Barge alongside, sir, with luggage."

"Mr. Smith, rig out a tackle on the larboard side; get those boxes in; we shall miss this tide, if you don't look sharp."

And now came Babel's parody; what with the lowing of cows; the hee-haw of donkeys; the agonized squalling of pigs; the bleating of sheep; the hoarse cries of the men at the capstan getting the anchor over the side; the shriller, quicker, voices of the men getting in the boxes, "hand over



hand;" the blowing-off of the tug just outside; the farewells of the Irish, in a high key; the growlings of the English in a low key; and the guttural babbling of the Germans in no key at all,—there was noise enough to furnish one with an indistinct notion of the nature of the vocal accompaniments to the drama of "The Perplexed Builders."

At last it's over; the ropes out; the Black Warrior is fairly out of dock, and the customary three cheers by the crew are mingled with the feeble "Heep, heep, heep, you rar" of a few of the imitative German enthusiasts on board, while country and home are forgotten in the general scramble for best berths.

The Germans establish themselves in one quarter, while a mixed colony of English and Irish appropriate another; and for the delicately minded

English there is a separate portion for the married and families, the partition being a lattice-work of boards, three inches wide and three inches apart; but then shawls are very good curtains at night-fall, and there's no interruption of the current of air during the day.

The Germans, who manage without partitions, are tolerably soon, and well, employed in devouring black bread and sausages, both from their appearance, heir-looms, for sustenance on special occasions; special now, because nothing else will be obtained, till, as the mate observes, they are "a little to rights."

Past Gravesend; past the Nore; and night shuts out the view.

"Carpenter, see those Dutchmen put those lights out at eight o'clock."

"Aye, aye, sir." And from eight o'clock to

daylight, the only lights are a few smoky lamps, locked, and hung from the deck over-head.

Carl and Bertha are fortunate—a couple of berths, one over the other, and close to the hatch-way, are a possession to be prized, with more than three hundred people sleeping in the "tween decks" of the Black Warrior.

A few days, and all the signs of sickness are gone, and the decks are crowded with men smoking and girls knitting all day long. Carl and Bertha felt as they had never felt before. To be associated with those semi-savages of their own land, they had, at first, deemed insupportable; but they soon found that hearts are like hearts, all the world over. A dozen willing hands, dirty though they were, would be eagerly stretched out to hold little Victor, while she prepared the meals; and though they were dirty and poor, they were honest in their poverty—ay, and grateful to Bertha for her small distributions, from her somewhat better store, of food to their sick.

All the men liked Carl, and though he was none of them, as they said, he would sketch their children's portraits, and sometimes play a game of cards with themselves, too.

Fritz spent his time chiefly in reading novels, of which a German cabin-passenger had a large store, while every flat surface on every part of the vessel—from the anchor-stocks to the lids of the water-casks—bore traces in chalk or charcoal of Herman's attempts. True it was that in most of his portraits the noses were a little enlarged; still he was a young artist, and never happy without his chalk; so they let him alone.

Victor was hugged, kissed, and fed to an extent that few babies ever were, before or since, and bore it with the native phlegm of his country.

CHAPTER III.

At length the voyage was over.

One morning, after some five weeks of this life, a small cloudy speck was seen on the horizon.

"Guess that's a tow-boat. Mr. Smith, take a glass up into the top and see, sir."

A tow-boat it was; they were soon alongside.

"How is it this time?" said the Captain to a small dark man who had his den on a deck between the paddles and level with their tops, and who went into a perpetual series of convulsions with a large wheel before him.

"Very bad—hundreds a-day."

"Don't say so."

"Guess I do, though. The Ovens is full now—regular gang at the cemetery on the Shell-road—at it all day—steamers all full."

This information was conveyed in small detachments, and accompanied by convulsive struggles with the wheel and puffs at a cigar.

"There'll be no room in the Ovens for the lot you'll bring: got many? What sort, Dutch?"

"Yes, nearly all Dutch; a few Irish—about 350 total."

"Well, it's mighty bad, now comers drop off like sheep. It's worse now, I guess, than when I left, for I've been down here these three days looking out."

"You won't wait for anything else?"

"Guess I shall. I sighted a small brig after you.

I'll wait for her and tow you both; there's water enough on the bar, and I can spare a few hours."

In due time the small brig came, and the convulsed allowed some other convulsed cigar-smoker to undergo his torture.

It was discovered by a thoughtful German that these convulsions had some connection with the vessel's movement, but whether the progressive or the directional he could not at first discover, though he came to the conclusion that it was the latter, after more mature thought.

"Come aboard, Captain?"

"Well! guess, I will now."

"Mister Lomax, you'll keep her a little clear of the buoy on the starboard; there's a snag there I saw coming down; I forgot it till now."

The active convulsed promised compliance, and continued his agonies till he was superseded once more by his companion, and in some few hours more they reached New Orleans. Here they were boarded by a city officer, who notified to the affrighted cargo, that as the yellow fever was raging, it was the advice of the mayor that those who were going up the country should go to Algiers, the opposite side of the river, and wait the departure of the steam packets.

Carl and Bertha therefore went there, and for a whole week waited patiently. At last the steamer came,—just room for Carl and his party in one of the small steerage cabins at the back of the paddle-wheels. They took the berths, and went on board. Under the grand saloon stretched a long row of bunks for emigrants, with scarcely room to stand upright; there was but the thickness of a board between the squalid poverty from the old world and the ostentatious wealth of the new. On that hot July day the air was suffocating, and glad enough they were to get to their little cabin, through the chinks of which they could see the great wheel with the water dripping from its floats, as though it too laboured and sweated under the hot sun.

"Mister Burke, there's the owner on the ferry signing you—he means 'stop.'"

The owner came on board, and called the captain on one side.

"Captain Burke, I was drunk last night: I made a bet that this boat would be at St. Louis before the Belle Isle—she must be there."

"Can't be done, sir. The Belle Isle was off this morning at seven o'clock, and it's now three. Besides, we're deep. They've got next to nothing but passengers on the Belle Isle. Can't be done, sir."

"Captain Burke, my bet's a big one: I made it when I was drunk; I must stick to it. I'll give you 500 dollars if she's there before the other, if it's only by a minute. I'll allow what wood bill you like; burn plenty of knots; and, Captain, there's a new craft building at Natchez for us; you shall have her, if you manage this."

"I can't do it, sir; these boilers won't stand it; ask the pilots."

"Boy, tell Mr. Marbleman and Mr. Garspin they're wanted."

"Oh, and send Mr. Farr; he knows more about the boilers than they do," muttered Captain Burke.

The two pilots and the engineer came at once.

"Gentlemen," said the owner, "this boat must be at St. Louis before the Belle Isle, if it's only by a minute. 200 dollars a piece, gentlemen, if it's done: if it's not—well, gentlemen, I shall be sorry, very sorry—for if it's not, gentlemen, you'll have no more out of E. T. C. Crusset; he'll be a gone coon—done, licked holler—gone to the Ovens, gentlemen."

"If the boilers will stand, I could do it," said one of the pilots; "but they're old, and ought to have been looked to well this time."

"Boilers or not, gentlemen, it's to be done! I called at the Atlas this morning, and insured a lot of cases for a hundred times their value, and that may do for another throw if you do go down; they're common red crockery, well packed with straw. I've insured them as New York goods. If they don't have to pay, I paid a heavy premium, and find I've shipped the wrong goods and get part back; and they can't grumble; if they do have to pay, they won't know it, for the cases will be in the river; and you, gentlemen, know New Orleans too well to 'blow' on me, I know. In short, I mean it to be done."

"But the passengers know the boat as well as we do."

"D—n the passengers; if you don't know how to stop their clamour, what the devil is this for in your waistcoat?" It looked most suspiciously like the stock of a revolver.

"Very well, sir, it shall be done, if it's possible—if it *must* be done."

"It *must*. Send the clerk here."

"Mr. Walker, you'll take the money for all the passengers as soon as you leave this. Don't keep it on board; pay it in to my account as you get it—as you go up. Pay your wood bill in orders on me, here. Good day, sir. Pleasant trip."

"Precious fool! That last bottle of Champagne may cost me that vessel and 50,000 dollars. I'll take to elaret like a foggy for the future. I must send that silk dress to Mrs. Crichton—she'll make it all right with the Atlas secretary."

The owner gone, there was all haste to get the vessel away. Fires shone brightly, and the long sigh of the steam, as it escaped up the funnels, mingling with the roar of the paddles, saddened beyond all power of utterance the hearts of Bertha and her husband.

Half a mile after mile of low, damp ground, so alike, that only a practised eye could detect that the vessel moved;—for there was no change of scene sufficient to indicate it; then some small villages passed; then a large belt of timber reaching away as far as the eye could see; then the long night, broken by the glare of torches and the shouting of men as they brought the wood on board; then silence; then the hot, still day, and the almost hotter night, and the fever on board. Carl first—the headache, the nausea, the languor, and Carl was down; then Bertha followed. Both down with that awful scourge, the yellow fever.

Some good woman took Fritz and Herman away, and waited on Carl and Bertha in their cabin as if they had been her children. Then the poor baby died, and in a remission of the fever they had hope the worst was over; she seemed so

much better, she begged them to leave the child with her until the morning at least. They did.

The night was calm, and still as death; the stars seemed balls of fire; the air was as clear as ether—it obscured nothing; the fire-flies on the low ground could be seen from the vessel's deck. So passed the night. The morning came.

The black waiters were arranging the last articles of the breakfast; the passengers, one by one, were dropping in out of their state rooms; the Captain was impatiently striding up and down the carpet, when the carpenter entered.

"Well, carpenter, how are we below?"

"Rather bad, sir."

"Any gone!"

"Yes; three."

"Ah! Who?"

"That Dutchman and his wife who joined at Algiers, and took one of the wheel cabins."

"What, both?"

"Yes, sir. It's a queer sight, too. She's sitting up in the bunk, holding the baby, and looking at him, and he's kneeling on the ground and looking up at her. It's a queer sight, it is, too; they're all three dead. I left 'em in case you'd like to see 'em."

"No; I don't care about it," said Captain Burke. Some of the passengers went, however.

"Have they paid, Mr. Walker?"

"Rather, sir. I saw he was down, and knew if she stuck so close to him she'd have it too; so I made 'em pay up in case of accidents: saves trouble afterwards, you know."

"What shall I do, sir?"

"Oh, make separate cases for them."

"For the young 'un, sir?"

"I don't know—heave it overboard; there's no law against it for babies like that, that I know."

"No, no, Massa Burke, dat ain't done on dis yer boat. I see knowed dis yer boat eber since he first come on de river, and de like of dat's neber been done afore. No, Massa Burke, dat ere chile's buried like a Christian, if I know anyting."

"Don't put yourself out, steward."

"No, Massa Burke, I no put myself out. I has dat ere chile buried proper; if not, I'se no nigger of yours, you know; more's dese orders either," said the excited steward, pointing to a line of black faces of his assistants, "Aire ye, boys?"

A sound of assent followed. "We're no niggers of yours; and guess if you don't give dat ere chile burial, we go ashore on the bluff, we do."

"All right, steward," said the amused captain, "you shall do what you like. Carpenter, make a separate case. Is it to be a separate one, steward, for the child?"

"Yes, Massa, sep'rate coffin for dat infant."

"Please, sir, the pilot wants to see you in the wheel-house."

"Is that her?"

"Get the glass," said the pilot.

"That's her, sure enough; she's going, too: but we shall be over her to-day, if she don't look out. I'll tell Mr. Farr to see those fires well kept up now. I've saved a lot of knots for the race from last wooding."

Now came a struggle; the Belle Isle was a-head but a few miles, and it was a race for stakes

worth winning. How the fires roared till the sparks formed a thick continuous shower in broad daylight, as they piled on the gnarled pine knots. How quickly the steam sighed away its strength as the two boats neared; and, amid the roar of fires, the sighing of the steam, and the tinkling of the bells of the engine-room, there was one sound clearly distinguishable—the slow, steady blows of the hammer on those three coffins. How the fair girl in the white dress played the piano to drown a little of that sound—how loudly the men talked—and spite of it all, it came in as a refrain to everything: the music and the bet, the jest of the light and the talk of the serious, had the same chorus. And so it is in the world. Some of us hear that sound through a long life, and know what it means as well as they did there.

Towards evening they had passed the Belle Isle, and a long screech of the whistle indicated the triumph.

"We shall have to wood before night," said the clerk to Captain Burke: "can't get another ten miles out of her with what we've got."

"I should like to get round this bend while we're all hot. See what there is, twenty miles will do."

The clerk returned, and reported that twenty might be done.

"That will do."

And the twenty were done. About ten o'clock the oft-repeated cry was heard, "Wood pile there—wood pile there—all hands rouse out." Slowly the tired firemen and crew moved to the forepart of the vessel, which was steering to a small speck of light on the bank, that gradually, as she neared, became brighter.

"Now then, lads, put that plank out," said the mate, as the vessel was within a few yards of the shore. The long plank was put over the side, and, while five or six men stood on the one end, a man with a line ran lightly over it, and jumped ashore.

"Light up on that hawser, boys;—make fast now that bridge!" And thirty strong arms thrust ashore a wide plank.

The furnace-doors were opened, and the red glare was almost lost in the moonlight.

"Watchman! where are those lights?"

"Here, sir." And in a moment a basket of blazing pine-knots shed its light on the scene.

"Pick it up, boys,—pick it up,—pick up that wood!" was the cry of the mate, as one by one the men ran across the narrow plank from the vessel to the shore and returned with their load of logs across the wide plank from the shore to the vessel.

"Got much more?" said the captain.

"Only a few cord."

"Make some of those Dutchmen pick up those cases and take them ashore."

"Captain Burke," whispered the pilot, "she's just shot past the bend. She is going, and no mistake."

There could be none; the funnels of the defeated Belle Isle were pouring forth their fierce volumes of flame, while the sharp quick snort of the engines told that those on board did not yet believe themselves beaten.

"Now, steward, if you want any tomfooleries over those cases, look sharp, there's only ten minutes for you."

"All right, Massa Burke," said the steward, "I'm gwine d'reckly," and he hustled down amongst the crowd of Germans on the forward part of the vessel to marshal them in proper order, his shining black hat decorated for the solemn occasion with a streamer,—the shawl of the stewardess.

"Now, you four; you take dat ere big case,—dat's him; you four take dat middliu' case,—dat's her. Now, you two boys, you come here; take dat little case,—dat's it; picanniny—poor picanniny. Now ready?"

What a strange scene it was as the long procession, led by the tall black steward, wended its way along the plank under which the water flowed fast, like a stream of molten metal. The three deal cases, too, might have been treasure-cases of costly red velvet, they looked so rich in the ruddy light of the pine-torches (perhaps they were treasure-cases); and then the long train of mourning countrymen who, in all varieties of costume, followed behind in a confused crowd; and over all the pale moon shedding a softening light that made the whole look unreal—a dream, not a sad reality.

"Oh! Captain Burke! Do have a fire put on the branch of that tree, it will light it up so beautifully."

"Well, Miss, I'll do it; but pine-knots just now is worth something. Watchman, put—"

"Oh, never mind, they've lighted a torch to read by."

And so they had. There, standing round three shallow graves—*shallow* and *separate*, for the Brown Bear must reach St. Louis before the Belle Isle—stood the crowd. The steward, with a face black as sable, reading part of the burial service amid the sobs of women and the hushed grief of the men, and above them from the branches of the trees, hung the long festoons of Spanish moss, looking black in the mingled lights as if Death held a festival, and decked the woods with his garlands. "Dust to dust," and a few shovelfuls of earth were put on each.

"Now, steward, get your gang aboard, will you? or by God I'll leave some of you behind."

"Ay, you'll have to, she's not half-a-mile astern now, and our fires won't draw up for some ten minutes or so."

"Now, all hands aboard, and fire up there!" and once more the sparks rushed in clouds along the air.

"Will you come aboard, steward, or shall I leave you?"

"Comin', Massa Burke, comin'," and he hurried the crowd before him. On they came like so many frightened sheep, and in a few seconds but one man was left on the shore."

"All aboard?"

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Go a-head a little to take the strain off that hawser!" roared the mate. "That'll do; haul aboard, lads!"

The man let go the rope, jumped on the projecting plank, and all were aboard. The pilot let the stream carry her a little way down to the deep water, and then once more the race began—to end, who cares how?

The two boys were taken care of by their

countrymen on board, and then the worthy minister at St. Louis took charge of them; but they sometimes miss, even in all his kindness, the tenderness of their mother, Bertha, and the fond sympathy of their father, Carl; and regret

bitterly that, when asked of their father and mother, they can only say: "They were German Emigrants, and were buried on the banks of the Mississippi,"—as how many have been and are still to be!

A. STEWART HARRISON.

WON!



A start—a pause—a flutter and a sigh,
A voice that trembles in the common greeting;
The hurried clasp of an unready hand,
That once was frankly offered at your meeting.

I saw you, little Annie—yes, I know,
He's Charlie's friend, just landed from Bengal,
He's very fond of Charlie, ah! and so
He stay'd till last at Charlie's sister's ball.

You danced eight times together—am I right
"He's such a perfect waltzer"—nothing more?
You met a week ago this very night,
And I have—known you all your lifetime o'er!

Forgive me that I played the list'ner, dear,
And heard him win your love, amongst your flowers;

You had forgotten I was prisoned here,
A poor lone cripple all these festive hours.

He's very winsome, honest-eyed, and tall,
The cross for valour's roll contains his story.
On my pain-stricken brow no wreath will fall,
I reap in Life's grim battle all but glory.

Dearie, don't kneel, and hide those kind grey eyes,
I am not grieving, look me in the face.
Why, who am I, that I should claim the prize,
Who never could have started in the race?

He's waiting for you, Annie—leave me now
Alone with what must be a happy past.
A brother's kiss I claim upon your brow,
God bless you, Annie, 'tis my first—and last.

A. F.

LAST WEEK.

THE intelligence from Italy has almost become wearisome, because day after day the telegraph brings us little more than scraps of foregone conclusions. Victor Emmanuel was to enter Naples—the young Bourbon Francis was to quit Gaëta: the first of these events has come to pass—the other, not. The troops who a week ago were still numbered as adherents of the falling king, during the last seven days have been gradually passing over to the Italian side. The French admiral, who at first had opposed himself to the operations of the Sardinian fleet, after having consulted his oracle at Paris, has ceased to hamper its officers with threats and demonstrations. The drag-net is drawn closer and closer around Gaëta, and in all probability by the time this number of our publication is delivered to the reader, the fallen sovereign will have perceived the uselessness of further resistance, and will have taken his final departure from the kingdom which he and his father so grievously misgoverned. So far it is well; but during the LAST WEEK the eyes of all Englishmen have been turned not only to the other side of the Atlantic, but upon the broad surface of the Atlantic itself. Our young Prince, the heir to the proud sceptre of the British Isles, had been lingering somewhat too long upon his homeward road. There had been, it could scarcely be called, anxiety about him—for reason and experience told us that there was no real cause for apprehension—but at least we should gladly have seen him back amongst us once more. The feeling was honourable to the nation, and to the Sovereign who has discharged the duties of the Royal office in so gracious and temperate a manner, that any anxiety which might have fallen upon her was felt as though it intimately concerned every private household in the land. There was far more in this than mere adulation of the Porphyrogeniti, for it is much to be doubted if many Englishmen, not being actually connected with the Court, would have very seriously disquieted themselves about the sorrows of old Queen Charlotte. The Lady who now sits upon the throne of the Three Kingdoms may fairly reckon upon the love of her subjects, for she has deserved it. She has not only played her own part well, but she has brought up her children in a way which will fit them to discharge the duties of their station; so that, in England at least, loyalty will not be a feeling of by-gone centuries. The greatest concern was everywhere expressed for Queen Victoria—it was almost worth while that she should have endured those few days of suspense, that she might know how strong was the feeling of personal attachment to herself throughout these islands, independently of mere political considerations.

The southerly gale of Wednesday se'nnight, and the telegraph of last Thursday, have put an end to the public solicitude and the private apprehension. The young Prince is back again in the country which one day—may it be a far distant one!—he will be called upon to govern. But how about these lumbering war-steamer, which, upon trial made, turn out to be no steamers at all, but

just the old frigates and line-of-battle ships, with a skuttle of coals on board to be used in case of dire emergency? Not so had we understood the matter, although of course we ought so to have understood it. The long continued easterly gales of this November will have done us good service after all—although at the Prince of Wales's expense—by proving to us that despite of all our mechanical improvements, and all our outlay, we have not as yet succeeded in getting a steam fleet, but only a fleet which can be used as such for a brief space—and at critical moments. Our task is not yet accomplished—we can scarcely be said to have entered upon it. Whatever the truth may be as to this or that particular form of iron-clad vessel, or as to what may be the preferable lines upon which our war-steamer should be laid down for the future, there can be no doubt that we are but just entering upon the scientific epoch of ship-building. With our unbounded command of iron and coal, with our ascertained superiority in engineering skill, and with the longest purse in our hands, it will be strange, indeed, if we do not keep easily a-head of our rivals. If the British sailor ruled the broad seas in former days, the British engineer must do so in days to come. If under such conditions, and with such means at our disposal, we do not hold our own against the world, we deserve our fate.

This visit of the young English Prince to the United States has been made at no ordinary period either of the world's history or of the history of the States. How is it in all our difficulties—how is it in all their difficulties—that we, the subjects of the British Queen, and they, the citizens of that wonderful confederation of Republics, do not perceive that the best and wisest policy for us both lies in close and cordial union? If we would measure the advantageous consequences which would follow from such an union, not only to all who speak with British tongue on either side of the Atlantic—but to the whole human race—we have but to consider the inevitable results of hostilities between Great Britain and the United States. These would be nothing less than the total extinction of political liberty throughout the world. The principle of military despotism, as put in practice upon the continent of Europe, would, for a time at least, be imposed upon mankind. Where in Europe at the present moment, save in the British Islands, is freedom of thought upon political subjects to be found? Is it in France? ask M. Berryer,—ask all the great statesmen and writers of the Orleans dynasty who have been reduced to silence under the iron rule of the present Emperor! Or is it in Austria, where a free thought, if expressed but in a whisper, is an overt act of high treason against the Hapsburgs? Is it in that miserable Prussia, where human beings, under the vain fictions of constitutional forms, are ticketed, and labelled, and registered, and handled like botanical specimens in a *hortus siccus*? Is it in Spain, where political life might be regarded as dead altogether, if it were not that every now and then a military *émeute* takes place at Madrid, and one general is ousted, and another takes his place, whilst the Sovereign majestically

continues her calm profligacy without reference to the Ins or the Outs, or who may be lying dead yonder about the Puerta del Sol? Is it in Russia—the traditional land of serfdom—where the Czar is at once Despot and High Priest, and where the only question which, at the present moment, is seriously agitating the minds of men, is whether or no the bulk of the rural population shall be slightly elevated above the status of mere cattle? Let us say it—for we have the right to say it—England is the only country in Europe in which the lamp of freedom still burns with undiminished light. Even in the new Italian kingdom—in which we see such promise for the future—there would be total darkness within a few weeks, if the vote given, and to be given, by England amongst the nations, was annulled. How is it, then, that smaller matters (such, for example, as the question about the Island of San Juan, with which the name of General Harney has been so discreditably involved) should ever be allowed to imperil relations which, for the sake of mankind, if not for the immediate benefit of the two nations, ought never to be in doubt for one moment? Presuming a perfect accord and harmony of political sentiments between Great Britain and her Australian colonies, the Canadas, and the United States of North America, should such an Alliance as this fear, for one moment, all that could be done by a world in arms? Of course, diplomatic traditions, and dynastic considerations, stand in the way upon our own side of the Atlantic; and upon the other there are the first upheavings of a young nation which is just becoming conscious of its own strength, and a kind of robust contempt for the old political experience of Europe. The best thing that could happen to us both would be to be forced into united action for a common object, and the certain result, as we hope, would be that we should be better understood by our Transatlantic friends. At the present moment they seem to be engaged in the consideration of a problem, the solution of which, in a rational sense, concerns us all; it is nothing more nor less than, whether or no, the confederation which was the work of Washington and of the great civil champions of the revolutionary war, shall be dissolved.

It is the old bone of contention which is cast down upon the floor every four years for American politicians to growl and wrangle over which has given rise to the present dispute. How is it possible that the North American Confederation should ever stand upon a secure or settled basis as long as the opinions of the different states are divided upon the subject of SLAVERY? It must not be supposed that the consideration of this great topic is, in the States, remitted to the mere Philanthropists. The Northern States with reference to Slavery constitute one vast Exeter Hall. As long as we by our cruisers, by our denunciations, by the tongues of our orators, and the pens of our writers, maintained an unceasing crusade against the "domestic institution," so long, even in the Northern States, did the feeling of irritated patriotism prevail over the belief that the maintenance of slavery was a heinous blot upon the national escutcheon. When we desisted from our well-intended but irrational endeavours,

the still small voice was heard in place of the broad sides of our cruisers and the abuse of our Philanthropists, and the burghers of New York and Boston took the matter in hand upon their own account. How they have sped we know well enough by the accounts we have received from beyond the great sea during the last fifteen years. Until the present moment the South has been triumphant. The Southerners have compelled the Northerners to act as policemen, and to return to them their runaway slaves. There has been the decision in the highest courts of law upon the Dred Scott case. There has been the extension of slavery from territory to territory, in direct defiance of an arrangement made many years ago, and which was supposed to be a permanent settlement of the question. There have been the sanguinary measures of repression employed the other day when, as it was supposed, a servile war had been set on foot in one of the slave-holding provinces. Northern members of either House of the Legislature who had made themselves conspicuous on the Slavery question have been openly attacked by the Southerners, not with words merely, but with blows—and that in the very chambers where freedom of speech and thought should have been preserved inviolate. All that real ability, and blackguardism still more real, could accomplish to maintain the South as the governing power in the Union has been tried, and until the present moment with signal success: but now the unnatural strain has given way, and the Northern Provinces in their turn have asserted their right to make their voices heard upon the great subject which has for so long a time been agitating the minds of all citizens of the United States. The return move upon the part of the southern states to this apparent triumph has been a threat of the dissolution of the Union.

Now it is scarcely credible that, under any circumstances, this threat should be carried into execution; and it would be a great calamity to mankind in general, and to these islands in particular, if such should be the case. Without reference to the serious inconvenience which would follow to us from an interruption in the supply of cotton, and regarding the point upon broader grounds even than those which affect the welfare of our own manufacturing districts, we, in England, require for the maintenance of our present influence in Europe, that the North American Confederation should be united and strong. England has not struck a blow for Italy, but Italian independence is largely the work of England. In the same way, without requiring that the States should give us national support, we derive an enormous accession of strength from the mere fact that so important a portion of the earth's surface is inhabited by a race of men who could not in any way, in last resort, be induced to throw in their lot with the military despots of continental Europe. If North America were blotted from the map of the world, we and our colonists must stand alone. Possibly, with the help of insurrectionary movements in the various continental countries, we might come off victorious in the contest; but it is an experiment which one would rather not see tried. It is not very probable that this threat of a

issolution of the Union will amount to much more than the ordinary menace of our own more infuriated politicians in former days to move the stoppage of the supplies. Such a measure was of course possible; but before it came to that, something—most commonly the mover's courage—gave way. One would with difficulty admit the conclusion that the whole population of the slaveholding States—being a slender majority—would be willing to accept the task of keeping down the slaves—being a vast majority—by their own unassisted efforts. A servile war, to be waged by the masters under very unfavourable conditions, would be the well-nigh inevitable result. The fuel to keep the fire alight is there in abundance. Who can doubt that, if animosity between the Northerns and Southerns were carried to an extreme point, but the Northern hands would be ready to apply the match? On the whole, it would seem to be the most fortunate thing that could happen to the Union, that the election of Mr. Lincoln should be carried, if only because it will then be ascertained that a Northern President, elected upon non-slavery principles, cannot by a scratch of his pen bring about the ruin of the Southern provinces; and because the Southerns will discover by experience that their threat of carrying a dissolution of the Union, unless their ideas are accepted without one jot of abatement, falls upon deaf ears. Northern statesmen will end by saying, "We dare not ruin the South." Southern statesmen will be compelled to add, "Nor dare we recommend a separation between the North and the South."

There has been very little done or said as yet in the way of practical suggestions for the abolition or modification of existing arrangements with regard to slavery; but there can be no reason why slavery should not be confined within its actual limits with a view to its total extinction at a future day. As yet the effort has been to extend slavery into freshly acquired territories, which would in due course be hardened into states, and so claim a voice in the supreme legislature, because it is deemed necessary to obtain fresh votes in order to secure the predominance of the South over the North. The necessity for this ceasing, the necessity for the indefinite extension of slavery would also cease in the eyes of Southern politicians, and events would be allowed to take their natural course. There has been a vast amount of party feeling—an exaggerated apprehension of an untried future—in the course hitherto adopted by the Southerns. Let a Northern and anti-slavery President try his hand at the solution of this terrible problem for the next four years, and the slave owners will probably discover that they have little to apprehend from this change in the *personnel* of the supreme administration. After all, we Englishmen can play very effectually into the hands of the anti-slavery party in the Northern States of the American Union if we exert all our energies to procure supplies of cotton from British India, from Africa, or elsewhere. The real way to run the slave owner to the wall is to meet him, and beat him in the open markets of the world. If this will not do, what will? We have tried gun-

powder—we have tried philanthropy—but in vain. As far as theology is concerned, the slave-owners twist Scripture to their purpose, and almost twist us with irreligion because we have liberated the slaves in our own West Indian Islands. For sixty years every effort has been tried by us to abolish slavery. The young Prince of Wales who has just returned from the States—having caught the barest glimpses of the fringe of the system at Richmond—can tell with what result. Surely our philanthropists must admit that sixty years constitute a long period in the world's history, and this period has been given to them; but as far as the North American Union is concerned, the slavery question is in a worse condition than when they first took the matter in hand. It is needless to say that we should rejoice to see the day when the States of the North American Union have purged themselves of this national crime. Until this is done, American liberty is of so dubious a character, that it is scarcely worth talking about it.

It is pleasant to turn from a country, even though it be one with which all our sympathies are bound up by community of language, of religion, of race, but upon which rests so direful a stain, to another which is shaking off chains as heavy as those which ever oppressed the poor negro's limbs. It is something to have lived to see the independence of Italy all but consummated, and to feel that, if life be spared but a short while longer, the consummation will be achieved. Victor Emmanuel has now taken possession of Southern Italy. He is accepted by the all but unanimous voice of the Neapolitan nation, as he was accepted before by Central Italy. No doubt there is a considerable amount of personal sympathy for the King—and he deserves it—for it must never be forgotten that, whereas all other Italian patriots—even when we include amongst them the pure and glorious name of Joseph Garibaldi—only played their lives, Victor Emmanuel threw a crown and sceptre on the board, and dared to stake the Royal condition of his family, that he might throw for the independence of Italy. This was the movement of a great and magnanimous heart. People say that his head is not equal to his heart; but this is the stereotyped form of reproach against every Italian who does not contrive to hit off the precise view for the moment of our public writers and speakers. At least he has had the discretion to choose his counsellors wisely, and when one reflects upon the enormous blunders which a man in the position of Victor Emmanuel might have committed, and upon the fact that he has not committed any blunder at all (except the enforced cession of Nice and Savoy be one), it must be admitted that he has not done so badly after all. Louis Napoleon has made mistakes in the Italian business. Francis Joseph of Austria has made enormous mistakes—so has the Pope—so has the ex-King of Naples—so has the Grand Duke of Tuscany—so has the Duke of Modena—but where is Victor Emmanuel's blunder? It is very possible that the downright diplomacy has been the work of Count Cavour; but even if this be so, he is no ordinary Sovereign who, during such troublesome times, had the good sense to

select the ablest adviser, and to stand or fall by his decisions. It was no slight enterprise to exchange the sovereignty of Piedmont and Sardinia for the sovereignty of the Italian Peninsula, and yet Victor Emmanuel has accomplished this task. There is the more reason that this should be remembered at the present moment, because so bright a lustre surrounds the name of our Italian Patriot, that the deserts of others may be lost sight of, if not forgotten. True, Victor Emmanuel is not Joseph Garibaldi, but he is a brave soldier, and a true lover of his country. All things considered, it is very doubtful if the Italians could have found a better leader for the present movement. A man of daring and aggressive genius—one cast in the mould of the Bonaparte family—would have aroused the suspicions and fears of Europe; but every one knows that Victor Emmanuel's imagination does not run riot beyond the true Italian boundaries. He may yet have a dispute to settle with the Pope, and a final argument with the young Austrian Emperor; but when these matters are concluded in a satisfactory way, Italy has work enough before her for a couple of generations, without entertaining designs upon the territories of her neighbours. It is a country which, after a term of military trials, must be guided in the long run by the maxims of constitutional government—could there be a fitter man for either contingency than Victor Emmanuel? He has shown himself a valiant man in war, and in peace he is content to be guided by the advice of responsible ministers. Italy could better spare a better man.

LAST WEEK, however, has produced a really notable event, in the temporary retirement of Garibaldi from active service. The event is scarcely one which we ought to regret, either for his own sake, or that of Italy. It was not fit that such a man should be mixed up with the ordinary business and ordinary intrigues of public life. He is the man to step forward in great public emergencies, and to represent the heroism and fortitude of the nation. Whilst Garibaldi lives, Italy has a great chief—a leader whom all would follow in days of public difficulty and danger. Of course the instruments to be employed for winning and maintaining the independence of any country must be regularly trained troops, resting upon citadels and arsenals. These, however, are not sufficient in themselves, for the young Austrian Emperor has legions at his disposal, trained to martial exercises and perfect in discipline. Why have they been beaten? Why do their leaders shrink from bringing them again into the field? Simply because their heart is not in their work, and because when they are ranged in line of battle the only motives which induce them to struggle for victory are the soldier's instincts and the natural human desire to save their own lives. There is a great difference between martial ardour of this class and the divine frenzy which fills a man's breast when he is struggling to preserve everything that makes life worth having, and when he knows that it is a less misery to perish than to fail in his attempt. Garibaldi represents this patriotic principle; and should matters take an untoward turn—which seems improbable enough—he is in himself

a future insurrection. It will be found, in day to come, that the popular voice—in this respect just enough—will select Garibaldi from amongst all those who have borne a share in this great Italian struggle, and name him pre-eminently as his country's champion. This man's deeds will justify the choice.

There was nothing so very remarkable in the fact that the highly trained divisions of the French army should have beaten the Austrians in the field; and at any rate, since Louis Napoleon has exacted the price of the service, the less said about magnanimity the better. When France talks about "gratitude," Italy can talk about "Savoy." France preferred gratitude in a material form, and she has got it. The Central Italians saw their rulers fly away, and no one in particular was the hero of the hour, because the circumstances of the case were not such as to call heroism into play. Victor Emmanuel, with his Generals and his Statesmen to back him, has done wonders; but what he has done has all been done with the help of great armies, and of the usual instruments of success. Besides, independently of the means at his disposal, in the crown of Italy Victor Emmanuel will receive a great reward for all that he has risked, and all that he has gained.

But look at the case of Joseph Garibaldi by the side of any or all of these! With a very few followers he lands in Sicily, and fairly tears the island from the grasp of the Bourbon king. He crosses to the mainland, enters the capital of the Neapolitan sovereign, and assumes the government of the kingdom. With such raw levies as he can get together, and backed by the devotion and enthusiasm, rather than by the military skill, of his followers, he holds the disciplined army of the legitimate sovereign in check, and finally defeats it in a great battle under the walls of Capua. He continues to beleague the city until a Piedmontese division reaches the ground; and upon the general of that division, from political considerations, and not because the triumph was his own, devolves the duty of receiving the surrender of the citadel. Having done all this, Garibaldi did something more. He directed that machinery should be organised for testing the real wishes of the Neapolitan people upon the question of the annexation to Northern Italy, and, when this was done, he calmly handed over the fruits of his own perils and triumphs to another. *Sic vos non vobis*. The name of Joseph Garibaldi will take its place in history by the side of that of George Washington. Where can a third be found?

And now his task is done—and yet not done. Garibaldi has retired to his little rocky islet in the Straits of Bonifazio; and, unless Italy should again claim his life, and his sword, there he will be content to remain. One or two questions, however, must be finally settled, or he will speedily reappear upon the scene. Whilst a priest holds temporal power in Italy, or an Austrian soldier remains in Venetia, Garibaldi's task is not at an end. He himself has strongly expressed his own consciousness of this when he proclaimed it in his last address before leaving the scene of his last triumphs—"By next spring, if Italy would be free, let her show 1,000,000 men under arms!"

THE SILVER CORD.

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS.



CHAPTER VII.

WITH most of the facts mentioned in the preceding pages Mr. Berry was well acquainted, and at such of the minor details in the history of Archibald Vernon and his children as had never come formally before the solicitor, he could have made a shrewd guess. He could have added, had it been necessary for him to enter into matters on which Arthur Lygon was as well informed as himself, that Mr. Vernon's period of residence at Liphwaite had been about the most creditable portion of his life. Called upon for no active and regular exertion to maintain a household around him, but supplied, at dates which were never anticipated or over-passed, with the means of living respectably, and being, moreover, as he well knew, under the *surveillance* of more than one friend of the ladies of Clapham, Vernon gradually subsided into habits of order and exactness, and even found comfort to the indolence of his nature in departing as little as possible from the clock-work *régime* of life in a small country town. He still preserved his energetic delivery, which rather frightened some of his Liphwaite acquaintances, and deluded others into the conviction—thoroughly

shared by himself—that he was a great man, thrown away; but his only energy was in his speech, and he would postpone, for the most fragile reasons, the writing the commonest letter of business or courtesy. But he read a good deal, indited many yards of the severest poetical denunciations of society, and perhaps secretly cherished an idea that some day the desired convulsion of that society would take place, when, like Lamartine's, his pen would be found sword and sceptre in the new era. His life was perfectly harmless, and its real poetry, although he knew not that it was so, lay in the admiring affection which he felt for his three pretty daughters, and in their earnest love for their fond and unhelpful father.

He was not living at Liphwaite at the time at which our narrative begins. A cottage, on the Bolk's Hill road, which had been taken for him by the Misses Judson, was within a short walk of the school at which the girls were placed, and during the time of their undergoing the educational process, as understood by Mrs. Spagley and her assistants, Hermit Hut, as he had been pleased to name it, answered the purpose for which it was designed, that of an unpretentious home for a family of very

limited means. The poor girls had not, in their earlier life, been surrounded by the comforts which children accept without recognition; and which, supplied by those who love them, leave their young hearts at liberty to devise ornaments and amusements. For far too many a year it had been matter of thankfulness, or perhaps I had better write, of congratulation, if the day were got through without any particular annoyance—and the meals of the household were not palpably deficient in something usually esteemed a necessary. The ordinary combats with the tradesfolk, and the occasional campaign when millinery wants could be resisted no longer, and dress must be managed somehow, had left poor Beatrice and Bertha very regardless of flowers, birds, embroideries, and pictures, and the thousand and one dainty little signs that mark the habitation of happy girlhood. With Laura the case was somewhat different, as her removal from a scene of strife and penury to one of comparative comfort, had taken place at an earlier part of her life, and the child speedily acquired the tastes and sympathies of those of her own age. Beatrice and Bertha clung to their thumbed and sentimental novels, to their shifty ways and general untidiness, while Laura became *rangée*, thoughtful, orderly, and fond of adorning her home as if it were a place to live in, not one meant merely to get through life in. But this difference created no estrangement among the sisters, for whom their common troubles had created perhaps stronger ties than belong to sisterhood—that connection apparently so close, and yet so easily and completely sundered by changed circumstances—and a truer alliance could not have been discovered than existed between Beatrice, Bertha, and Laura Vernon. While they resided at Liphthwaite their intimacy was unbroken, and when both the elder girls married, which they easily did, to the surprise and indignation of many better-dowered maidens of Liphthwaite, neither husbands nor children, nor that more potent solvent of affection, rivalry in the world, produced alienation of feeling between them. When Laura, at nineteen, succeeded in appropriating to herself the heart and hand of the handsome Arthur Lygon, and was removed to her London home, the loneliness of Liphthwaite became insupportable by her father, and with the assent of the surviving Miss Judson—the elder had departed, bequeathing some kindly evidences that her heart had been less stern than her professions—Vernon again settled in the neighbourhood of London, but this time in a pleasant boarding-house, where he was much admired for his bright eyes and fluency of language, and where he had ample opportunity, at most comfortable dinners and over excellent wine, both costing him nothing, of proving to successions of amused guests that the world was thoroughly wicked, and that all its institutions were utterly detestable.

Thus far went Mr. Berry's information. How much farther may be seen hereafter, but men of his vocation seldom tell all that they know.

Had Mr. Berry ever heard of a scene like this?

It was night—but not far into the night of a cheerless day late in October—when a man, whose rapid movement betokened his youth, forced his

way through the carelessly kept hedge at the end of a long garden, in the country, and, pausing for a moment to assure himself that he had caused no alarm to a powerful house-dog which he knew to be kennelled near the other extremity of the garden, made his way to an arbour, which, but that it was boarded and roofed with thatch, would have been bleak and bare enough that drear and foggy country night. The feeble rays of a rising moon afforded him uncertain guidance, but he trod bravely, for he well knew his way, for all his stealthy progress; but he had either the art of a cat-like tread, or was very lightly shod, for his foot paces could scarcely have been heard by a listener.

Yet there was a certain recklessness in his next act—unless it arose from habitual inability to deny himself any gratification that occurred to him as desirable.

Feeling his way into the arbour, and taking his seat on a bench, he took out a match and struck it. It flared and expired, and he muttered, but not angrily, a French oath, and struck a second match, with which he carefully lit a cigarette.

Having finished this, without moving, he looked impatiently towards the house, and in an under key rather chanted than sang a vaudeville couplet intimating that though

“Woman keeps us waiting now,
She shall wait for us to-morrow.”

And after some further manifestations of impatience, the stranger drew from his pocket one of those convenient continental inventions in which candle and candlestick are made to shut up in the smallest compass, and he lit his taper, placed it before him on a little table, and, taking out a tiny volume, began to read.

A spectator, had there been one, would now have had a good opportunity of observing the person who conducted himself so coolly.

He was, as has been said, young, and well made, and but for the intense and settled paleness of his face, might have been called something more than handsome. There was intellect, of a keen order, though far from the highest, in the delicate features, the somewhat square and closely shaven face, and the lofty forehead, from which he had removed a kind of military cap, thus disclosing what remained to him of shortly cut black hair, smoothly laid, it might seem with a view of exhibiting that fine forehead to the best advantage. The lips were very red, and somewhat compressed, and on the upper one was a small black moustache, an addition to the effect of a face which, though an Englishman's, was Parisian in its finesse. His dark, deeply set eyes glistened in the light of the taper, which also showed, resting on the table, a white small hand, with a glittering ring—the other hand was in a black glove. The stranger's dress, too, was black, and his frock-coat was buttoned at his neck, soldier fashion. But, be it again said, for the pallor of the face, it was one upon which you would at first look with a pleasure, which might not be permanent.

The spectator would have needed to be rapid, however, in his observation, for in a few moments light and hurrying footsteps were heard, and a

hand dashed out the light almost before one could have discerned that a woman's form had passed into the arbour.

Then words were spoken, and the first were of reproach, in an under tone—

"Thoughtless, selfish."

"What, for lighting my poor little candle?" said a calm, clear voice, exceedingly gentle, almost caressing, but for that undercurrent of banter so hateful to woman, whether she be pleased or angry. "And you have dashed to pieces my poor little candle! How cruel in you!"

"Suppose it had been seen," returned the female voice, remonstratingly.

"He would have thought it was the moon,
Rising to some sorcerer's tune,
An hour too soon,"

recited the stranger, with very careful inflexion.

"I am here," said his companion, in a cold voice. "Why are you here, and why have you asked me to come?"

"Pointedly put, but categorical answer is not always easy. However, I will do my best. When is this pleasant marriage?"

"That—that cannot concern you," replied the other, in a troubled voice. "I do not know."

"Your first statement is an error, my dear girl, and the second, pardon me, is a falsehood."

"However much one is in your power, you might preserve the language of a gentleman," replied the girl, with agitation.

"Why, when deceit, which is unworthy of a lady, is sought to be practised upon me? Why am I to be deprived of the happiness of knowing when my friends are to be made happy?"

"Your friends!"

"Actually said with a shudder—or is it the cold?—the night is chilly, and—"

It may have been that he attempted to approach her, and that as if by instinct she eluded him. She stood at the entrance of the arbour, with her hand upon one of the rough posts.

If there had been such an interruption to their talk, he took no notice of it, but asked—

"Is Mr. Vernon in bed?"

"You know that my father never goes to his room until eleven."

"I fancied I had heard that hour from the old church—waiting for you must have made the time seem long."

"Once more, what brings you here?"

"Once more, when is the wedding?"

"I don't know," repeated the girl.

"Strange, that you should not, and that I should!"

"Then why ask?"

"Petulance, my love, within limits, is the most charming privilege of women, but when carried too far, we call it impertinence."

This was said in the most benign way, and it was singular that it should have produced a passionate reply.

"I did not mean to be impertinent—pray forgive me—but I am ill—and it is very cold—I have no shawl—do not be angry, Ernest."

"I am never angry, and least of all with you. Nor will I detain you long."

"Please speak, and say what you wish. I am in such terror—"

"You need not be. No one ever came to harm for my sake."

"Oh, my God!" was the response, given, it might be, involuntarily.

"A form of dissent from my proposition, I take it," he replied; and a listener, if there were one, might well wonder of what the heart was made that could respond, with a sneer, to a sob. "I am sorry that we differ, but we will not quarrel, I think."

"No, no, indeed," said the agitated girl.

"Then let us speak of business. The bridal day is fixed, as I tell you, though you will not tell me so. I cannot allow the joyful occasion to pass without my making some present to the happy pair, giving some sign that I sympathise in their transports."

"For mercy's sake, do not stand and inflict torture."

"Not for the world. I hoped to give pleasure, by showing my entire forgiveness of anything that might have seemed to be to my injury."

"To yours!" said the girl in a low voice.

"Why, yes. Without affecting any profundity of feeling, with which I fear I should not be credited, can a man calmly resign the love of a lovely being, whose attachment to himself—"

"At any risk, I leave you—God help me!—if you speak so."

"Stand there!" said the stranger in a hasty tone of command. "So—a moment's thought, and you are rational. I had merely to say that I desire to make the bridal present I speak of. But, as the pupils of Mrs. Spagley are likely to know, the honour of being the writing-master at her distinguished establishment is more remarkable than the amount of his salary. I am sure you understand me."

"You want us to give you more money. O Ernest, how are we to get it?"

"I would not insult the intellect of the Misses Vernon by supposing that what they have done before they cannot do again."

"We have really none, and papa has none—what can we do?"

"I thought, pardon me, that Mr. Vernon usually received certain moneys about the 24th. This is the 26th, a point on which I would not dwell, but that yesterday I perceived the postman came towards Bolk's Hill with a registered letter."

"But that is wanted for—for marriage arrangements," said the poor girl. "I cannot talk to you on such things, and you ought not to make me—I mean that—"

"Never mind. I comprehend, and a bride would not willingly be thought a beggar."

"Ernest!" sobbed the girl.

"But I might remind you that, on the eve of a marriage, hearts and purses are open, and a bride has such advantages when she asks a little assistance from friends."

She was silent. Perhaps prostrated in presence of his cruelty and meanness.—Yet do not read a woman's heart too fast, or you may read it very wrongly. He, at all events, did not choose so to interpret her.

"All will be arranged. I feel that it will, and that my bridal present will be worthy of the occasion. On the day after to-morrow my copy of Frankenstein will be returned to me, enriched with notes—the notes representing twenty pounds."

"Twenty pounds, Ernest!"

"That will be the amount. You have already seen your amiable way to funds—the sum is a mere detail. I had nothing more to say that need detain you from your warm fire-side—unless, indeed—"

He, in wily fashion, dashed out in the middle of his speech, as if to clasp her—but she was gone.

Ernest Hardwick had the money on the day he had appointed.

Did Mr. Berry know of this meeting, or the circumstances that made it what it was?

CHAPTER VIII.

THE excellent Mrs. Berry had firmly resolved that her husband and his friend should have no further confidential talk that night at least, and that whatever mischief might have been done by the shell which she had so deliberately pitched into the enemy's fortress should not be repaired, until she had endeavoured to follow up the attack. We shall see what became of her resolution.

Clara was speedily directed to go to her room, with a solemn injunction not to forget her prayers, and to put out her candle before getting into bed. The first injunction made the child open her eyes, for it was very needless, but she looked wistfully at her father to obtain a revision of the second.

"Mamma takes her light away," said Arthur.

"Then," said Mrs. Berry, calmly, "there may be many reasons why she should learn to do without such assistance."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Berry, ringing the bell.

"Tell Hester to fetch the candle."

"Of course you will give your servants what directions you please, Mr. Berry," said the lady, putting the thin lips together, and assuming her favourite attitude of a wronged wife.

"In my time," said old Mrs. Empson, whom Mrs. Berry possibly desired to enlist for active service, "in my time gentlemen did not take upon themselves to meddle in such matters."

"Ah," replied Mr. Berry, who with all his forbearance had no idea of foreign troops being levied to fight against him, "but that was such a very long time ago, Aunt Empson, and we have improved the fashions. Or perhaps your memory don't serve you as well as it did. I dare say, now, that poor Mr. Empson had his own way at home."

"Poor Mr. Empson," retorted the incensed old lady, "I don't know what call you have to use such words, Mr. Berry. Mr. Empson may not have chose to squander the money that by rights should have been his wife's in building ginger-bread houses, and buying Brummagem buttons, but he was not so poor as all that comes to."

"As all what comes to, my dear lady?" asked the provoking attorney.

"You needn't talk to me," replied Mrs. Empson, venomously.

"But I think that you were kind enough,

Aunt Empson, to begin by talking to me, or rather at me, and my respect for you compels me to answer."

"Mrs. Empson is my aunt, Mr. Berry," said Mrs. Berry, in a toneless voice.

"You needn't take my part, Marion," said the ungrateful recruit. "It is not a bit of snip-snap impertinence, as I would whip that child for using to her betters, that will frighten me."

"But Clara has not spoken," said her father, angrily, and lighting a candle for the child, he conducted her from the room, with a kind hand upon her shoulder, and consigned her to Hester, who was coming to answer the bell. He then returned to his sofa, in a humour to speak his mind on small provocation, for he was savage that such an idea as that Clara could be beaten for anything should have been put into his child's head.

"Children were not brought up in that way in my time," said Mrs. Empson, with all the pertinacity of a disagreeable old woman.

"By Jove! I should think not," was the instant reply of Mr. Lygon. "To judge by what one sees now, I should think not. As Mr. Berry very well remarks, we have improved the fashions."

"Really," said Mrs. Berry, with a laugh which the others were to accept as playful; "really, Mr. Lygon, absence from your wife does not seem to sweeten your temper. It is so creditable to you as a married man, that we cannot complain of it, and I must add a postscript to my letter, telling Laura how uncomfortable you are when she is away."

"If the gentleman will let his friends know where to write to her," added Aunt Empson.

Mrs. Berry opened a neat little book, but over it she keenly watched the effect of this impertinence. Arthur's legal adviser, however, deemed it time to take up his client's case.

"What, Aunt Empson, do you want to write to Mrs. Lygon? I am sure she will be delighted. Do you recollect what fun we had over one of your notes last year, and how we were obliged to send for Hester from the kitchen to come and read it, the spelling being more like hers than ours?"

Mrs. Empson's head waggled laterally in token of her excessive anger, but did not supply her with words meet for the occasion. Mr. Berry pursued his revenge.

"What was that one word that beat us all—you remember it, Marion, your memory is so good for little things—something about heavenly wretches?"

"I beg that no such reference may be made to me," said Mrs. Berry, in some little discomposure, for she knew the temper of her relative, and by no means desired to be thought she had amused herself at Mrs. Empson's expense. "I can always read any note my aunt is kind enough to send me, and that you know perfectly well, Mr. Berry."

"No, no," said her husband, pleased at having effected a diversion, "you gave it up, and it was only Hester, at last, that found out that aunt was recommending us to lay up heavenly riches;

she was thinking of a text, you know, Arthur, but we elderly people sometimes use wrong words."

"Some elderly people do, certainly," said Mr. Arthur Lygon.

It was a free and gentle passage of arms, but though victory was not decided, it did not seem to rest with the challengers, and therefore their leader deemed it fit to charge in person. She was making up the thin lips for a pleasant speech, when her exasperated recruit broke in, her voice shaky with anger.

"You may be glad enough to take the advice as I sent you, one of these days, Mr. and Mrs. Berry," she said.

"My dear aunt," said Mrs. Berry, now really alarmed (for who knows what confidences women have between one another, and who does not know that, by feminine ethics, a quarrel legally dissolves all obligations to keep old faith), "I must insist that you do not for a moment——"

"I have not come to my years," said Mrs. Empson, "to have the word insist used to me, and most of all by my own niece, whom I have known from a child."

"Aunt," entreated Mrs. Berry, more earnestly than it might have been supposed she could speak, "please don't misunderstand me."

"I am a stupid old woman, no doubt," persisted Mrs. Empson, "and if I had not known it of myself, I should have been made aware of it to-night by these gentlemen, who have both been good enough to set their wits against a woman as is old enough to be the mother of one of them——"

"And the grandmother of another, and that is me, eh, aunt?" said Mr. Berry, laughing. "Come, I am sure you are much too good-hearted a person to take anything seriously that was not meant so. Why, Marion, here, who loves you better than she loves anybody, was as much amused at your funny spelling as the rest of us, and you know that it is impossible for her to feel anything towards you but respect. Don't get angry, but let us all have a glass of something comfortable together."

This last straw broke the old camel's back. The idea of being treated by her nephew-in-law like one of those old nurses, or common sort of people, who are to be blown up all through the evening, and then smoothed down with a glass of spirits. Such was the way Mrs. Empson would have put it, if she had still possessed any power of setting forth her wrongs before proceeding to avenge them.

"Person, Mr. Berry—I am a person, I am well aware of that, and the next time this person troubles you with her handwriting or her presence, let me know of it, that is all." And she made, all things considered, rather a vigorous clutch at a black bonnet in a chair near her. At which bonnet—one touch of millinery makes the whole female world kin—Mrs. Berry also darted, and began smoothing the ribbons, and pushing out the curtain with a tender elaboration that was artistically designed to go straight to the heart of her aunt, as were the niece's touch upon the arm of her relative, and soothing words.

"Dearest aunt, if there is one thing in the

world to which I may appeal with confidence, it is your feeling as a Christian."

Other persons, who to be sure would know less of Mrs. Empson, might have thought that such an appeal was the one thing in the world that might be lodged with small advantage. But Mrs. Berry knew something of her aunt and something of human nature.

"I honestly hope, Marion, that I may presume to call myself a Christian, if"—she added with a furious look at the men—"these gentlemen will not think it is taking too great a liberty."

Arthur's handsome face looked as if he did think the liberty in question was being taken, but Mr. Berry only smiled good-naturedly, and once more rang the bell.

"Don't ring the bell for me," exclaimed the old lady, in renewed wrath, at the idea that the solvents were going to be asked for in order to pacify her.

"On the contrary, I am going to ring for Hester," said Mr. Berry.

"Edward," said Mrs. Berry, who was always very much in earnest indeed when she called her husband by his baptismal name, "I beg that you will prevent a menial from entering this room until my aunt has been perfectly convinced that your ill-placed raillery was only foolish, and not intended disrespectfully."

"How long will the operation take, my dear, as both Arthur and myself would like a tumbler of whiskey toddy?"

"O! aunt, aunt!" cried Mrs. Berry, inspired, and kneeling on a footstool that she might the more compendiously embrace her rather surprised relation, who subsided into the arm-chair under the vigorous assault. "O, aunty, I always said that you were the dearest and kindest being in the world, and you do indeed show it to forgive such conduct. O, you do indeed!"

Mrs. Empson might, under other circumstances, have explained that she had done nothing at all in the way of forgiveness, but her niece pressed her down into the chair, and sobbed—at all events, sobbed with her shoulders—and youth will be served, as the proverb says. The aged Christian was in no position to explain her feelings.

"Aunt, dear," continued Marion Victrix, pursuing her advantage, and putting the thin lips to the reluctant cheek—never was there such a double mockery of a kiss—"God bless you, and make me only half as good and as kind and as generous as you are."

"It does not seem much to ask," thought Mr. Arthur Lygon, who was regarding the scene with considerable disfavour, though he was not in a mood to care very much what went on in his presence.

"Begone, Hester," cried Mrs. Berry, impetuously waving away that faithful domestic, the instant she entered.

"Eh!" said Hester, advancing as calmly as if she had received no instructions in an opposite sense. "Is the poor old soul ill? Dear me! Let me fetch her a drop of hot brandy-and-water, m'm."

"Do, Hester," said the implacable Mr. Berry, "and, while you are about it, fetch the spirit

decanter, and bring hot and cold water, Hester, tumblers, spoons, and two wine-glasses."

Aunt Empson's struggles to arise were considerable, but her niece's resolute repression of them was really a touch of muscular Christianity.

"One true thing has been said to you, dear aunt, one thing that you must and shall believe, and that is that I respect and esteem you more than anybody in the world. Believe that, dearest aunt. And so does Mr. Berry," she continued, skilfully, "only he has been a little upset to-night by I don't know what bad news, and he has taken rather more wine than is quite good for him, and I am sure you will overlook that."

Now the charge of having taken too much wine is, I need hardly remind my male friends, one of those allegations which place the accused person at the mercy of his lady prosecutor—if mercy were a thing to come into the game at all. The words really have the power of those of Circe, when she ordered her victims to become brutes. More,—for her slaves had deserved their fate by actual drinking, whereas the accusation in question, from the mouth of *Lovely Woman* in our time, tells better against a sober than an intoxicated being. From the moment of the fatal utterance, words, looks, deeds, all take a new colouring, are bathed in the purple tide. Speak slowly, and, evil man, be told that you cannot get ideas to come or words to flow, and fit them. Speak fast, and the demon of drink is riding brain and tongue. Do not speak at all, and you are stupid with the wine you have taken. Argue, and you are fractious and feverish. Assent, and you are silly, and do not fully comprehend the meaning of the words addressed to you. Move about the room, and you are restless with the wine, which does not agree with you, and you had better sit down before you break any of the statuettes. Remain tranquilly on the couch, and of course you are crushing and rending the anti-macassar, but you are not in a state to know what you are about. Propose to go to bed, and no doubt it is the best place for you, but if you were in a condition to care for the opinions of others, you might think what the servants would say at your going off to bed at eleven o'clock. Intimate a notion of remaining, and it is only a man who has been rendered reckless by wine that would think of keeping up those poor servants after half-past ten. Smile, and it is a foolish smile, and you had really better take a book. Frown, and perhaps you had better look in the glass, if you can see straight, and then you will know what ridiculous grimaces you are making. Take up a book, and at once be called upon to answer whether people come home to read at that time of night, and also whether you can see the lines distinctly. Lay the book down, and be commended for doing well in not running the risk of soiling and spoiling what can be of no use to you in your present state. Be cool and undemonstrative as usual, and prepare to state what wine men take that makes them savage and sulky. Press the loved one's hand, or lightly touch her silken tress, and meet the pitying, pitiless wonder how many glasses are wanted to make a person so mightily affectionate. Therefore thou art inconsiderate, O man, if ever

thou exposest thyself to that charge from thy virtuous and domestic Circe. Some married men have recommended that the first time it is brought (save in extraordinary lovingness and playfulness), answer be instantly made with the *Bright Poker*. Of this counsel I presume to judge not. It might be gentler to bribe the enemy, by never going anywhere without her. For she is not altogether adamant, whatever may have been said for the defendant.

But for this kind of attack to be very successful, it is necessary that the combatants should be alone, as a witness on the male side is very much in the way. Upon the present occasion Mr. Berry, who had his weaknesses, one of which was anger when unjustly accused, actually coloured up at this sacrifice of manly dignity at the altar of feminine affection, and was going to say something which might not have acted as oil on the waters. But his witness came suddenly out, and emphatically.

"Quite a mistake, Mrs. Berry, I beg to assure you. Your husband has taken next to nothing, less in fact than I myself have done, and I am anxious to vindicate myself from the charge of having caused any irregularity in a friend's family. Mr. Berry, I am happy to inform you, has *not* taken more wine than is good for him."

We do not believe in evil eyes in England, and therefore, though there are plenty of them about, they do us no harm. Else, the glance which the kneeling Marion bestowed upon the interposing Lygon might have been more than was good for *him*.

The old lady in the chair made one more effort to rise, but was again put down by a hasty and fervent embrace, and Mrs. Berry arose for battle.

"Mr. Lygon," she said with a spiteful deliberation, "whatever unhappiness there may be in your own family, I will thank you not to bring any into mine."

"My dear Mrs. Berry," said Arthur, whose nature it was to become composed and wary in the presence of manifest hostility, "how happy I should be to deserve your thanks for anything."

"When a wife," continued the lady, "is endeavouring to find the best excuse she can for a husband's conduct, it does not become a stranger to interfere, and endeavour to keep up irritation."

"Christians are never irritated, Mrs. Berry," said Arthur, calmly.

"There," cried the high voice, varied with croak, of the old lady in the chair. "You see he calls me a wretched heathen to my very face."

"Aunt," said Mrs. Berry, with dignity, "what either of the so-called gentlemen in this room may say at this time must be a matter for pity, not for answer. You, I am sure, will so regard it."

"What, have I had too much wine, also?" asked Lygon, with a short laugh. "I did not know it. But if so, is it not a little inhospitable in you, my dear Mrs. Berry, to tell your guest so?"

"It is the right thing to tell the truth," said Mrs. Berry, as if announcing a newly recognised dogma.

"And not right to do the reverse," said Mr. Berry, roused into real wrath, and manifesting it

by bringing his hand down, by no means gently, on the table. "I will have no untruths spoken in my house, about me or about any guests."

"Oh!" said, or rather emitted, Mrs. Berry. Two letters are nothing, but there may be from Alpha to Omega in two letters, and I think the noise made by the lady ran nearly that length in implied taunt and defiance.

"No untruths, to please anybody," returned her husband.

"Perhaps it might have been well, not that I presume to dictate," said Mrs. Berry, slowly, "if that notice had been given a little earlier."

"You hear what I say," replied Mr. Berry, understanding her meaning, but not choosing to do so. "Mrs. Empson knows perfectly well that intentional disrespect to her is out of the question, but I am sorry that she has lived all these

years without learning how to take a friendly joke. When she can do so, I shall be as happy as I always am to see her here. You can explain that to her, Marion, without any unworthy subtleties." Lygon, we will take our tumbler in the library."

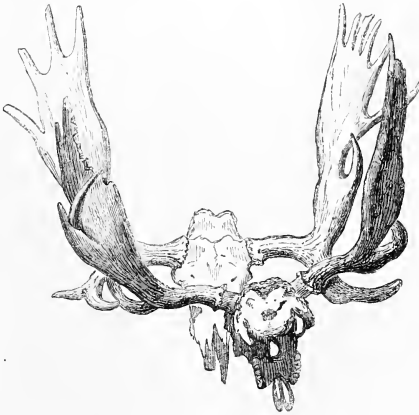
He led the younger man from the room. Arthur expected, at each instant, to receive a parting shot, but whether the sudden and very unusual manifestation of her husband's anger had awed Mrs. Berry, or whether she preferred to defer operations until a more convenient season, the solicitor and his client were allowed to pass without further speech. Then the women made up their differences in a minute, and Hester entering, not empty-handed, they also made something else, after the manner of such ladies.

(To be continued.)

THE HUNTERIAN MUSEUM AT THE COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.

How many among the thousands who have viewed with artistic delight Sharp's engraving of Sir Joshua's picture of John Hunter, have ever taken the trouble to inquire further respecting the glories of the great original? Yet Hunter was, without the slightest doubt, one of the most prominent representative men of the last century—a man whose advent the great Bacon must have foreseen, and whose traces will be discernible to physiologists of the latest posterity. A poor lad, without friends—for those valuable ones

he had, he unhappily became estranged from—wends his way from an obscure town in the north, sets resolutely to work, and bone by bone, tissue by tissue, specimen by specimen, builds up a history of animated creation from the shapeless zoophyte to imperial man himself. Before the time of Hunter a few detached groups of facts were all that we possessed of the great chain of terrestrial life. By painful every-day toil, by incessant thought, link by link, he connected these groups together, supplied entire lengths that were deficient, and made manifest the spirit of unity that pervaded the whole. He touched the full diapason of organised life, and left to posterity in his great museum the harmonious song he had elicited from the most hidden recesses of nature. He did all this, and like many others in the ranks of pure philosophy, he died rich only in the gifts he had conferred upon mankind. When the exigencies of his widow demanded that his museum should be offered to the Government



American Elk antlers, locked together in combat, causing the death of both animals.

—which at that time meant William Pitt—the reply of the Minister was, characteristic of the warlike atmosphere in which he lived, "What, give 20,000*l.* for bottles? we want the money to buy gunpowder!" The value of the truths enshrined in those bottles, however, would prevail, and after seven years' clamouring at the doors of Ministers, Science at length got a hearing in the House of Commons, and Parliament agreed to purchase the Hunterian Collection for the sum of 15,000*l.*, and it was then transferred to

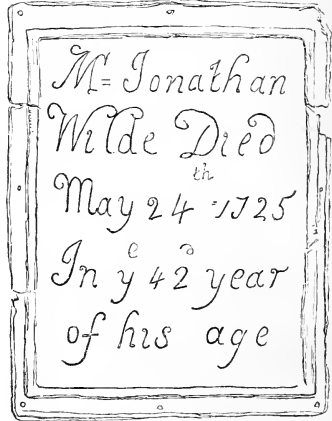
the custody of the Corporation of Surgeons, which became incorporated in the year 1800 as the Royal College of Surgeons. Other grants of money were afterwards made towards the collection by Government, and the college itself has since built the magnificent museum in which is enshrined what may truly be considered the apotheosis of Hunter. Year by year this magnificent collection has been added to by purchase, and the additions made by the Curator of the college have gone on to such an extent that the preparations, physiological and pathological, the exclusive work of Hunter, which only numbered at his death 10,536, now reach to upwards of 30,000.

If the visitor happens to know an M.R.C.S., he readily obtains a passport to its lofty apartments, and as readily falls into a certain attitude of wonder at beholding such an infinity of natural objects in, to him, an unnatural dress. The floors groaning with the weight of gigantic skeletons of extinct

animals; the side cases filled with the grand procession of organised life, from the vegetable to the highest order of animal life; the upper galleries shining with a vast army of bottles, the depositories of Nature's more subtle secrets; the shelves full of monstrosities and malformations, and the glass-cases rich in physical curiosities illustrative of the accidents to which life is subjected. Here a series of tadpoles, from the time the creature leaves the ovum to that period of adolescence when, contrary to the human example, it casts its tail; there a couple of gigantic American elk horns, fast locked in conflict,—the doe for whom the animals had been fighting was found dead beside the entangled belligerents; a little further on the skeleton of poor Chunee—the hapless elephant who suffered death at Exeter Change for the crime of having a toothache—his skull riddled with balls, showing that the file of soldiers who did the murder were not possessed of the skill of the great hunter, Gordon Cumming, who dropped his elephant of a hundred summers with one ball judiciously planted. Turn which way he will, where in fact all is order, he sees nothing but confusion. Under these circumstances we cannot do better than take the visitor by the hand, and let his attention fall naturally upon the most prominent objects.

There is evidently a natural determination of giants towards the museum. The most striking object the eye meets on entering the first large room is the skeleton of the Irish giant, O'Bryan. His fate was a memorable example of how vain is the struggle men of such extravagant development wage against the anatomist. Poor O'Bryan, who drank himself to death, evidently had a presentiment of the manner in which his body would be disposed of; and he tried to avert it by directing that his body should be sunk in the deep, and in order to provide for this disposition of it, two men were provided to watch it until the time for the burial came. But Hunter could not bring himself to let slip such an opportunity to acquire such a "specimen," and he attempted to bribe the wretches by offering them a hundred pounds for it. His eagerness was too apparent however, and these trustworthily individuals managed to raise the price to 800*l*! The prize obtained, Hunter sent it home in his own carriage, and fearing lest it should be claimed, immediately dismembered, and boiled it. The writer of the description in the catalogue apologetically refers to the consequent brown appearance of the skeleton, in the same spirit as a clear-starcher would of the unsatisfactory "get up" of a piece of fine linen. It does not appear to make much difference to O'Bryan, however, who is posed in an easy attitude, with one arm hanging carelessly by his side, and the other held elegantly aloft, towering by the head and shoulders over another "rough sketch of man," which stands upon an opposite pedestal. In the glass cases which fill the left-hand corner of the upper end of the room, other giants with a commendable modesty keep in the back ground. Freeman, the American pugilist, as far as the whiteness of his bones is concerned, cannot complain of his "getting up;" and in the other corner a gigantic tinker forms a becoming pendant. This man when in the flesh used to pass

by the college, and do odd jobs, and in return he is conveniently housed in this comfortable glass case. At the bottom of the glass case we see the outstretched hands of other giants marked—the English giant, Bradley; the French giant, Mons. Lewis, seven feet four inches; the Irish giant, Patrick Cotter, eight feet seven inches. They seem to hold up their hands in testimony of their stature ere they finally subside to the level of mother earth. But what is there particular about that rather short and powerful skeleton between the two larger ones? The attendant takes out his card, which lies against the wall in the shape of a coffin-plate thus inscribed:—



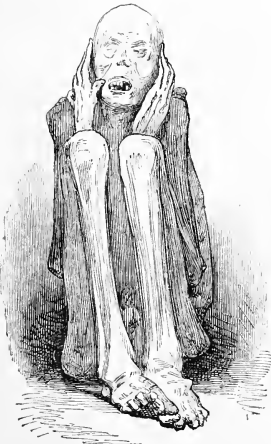
Coffin-plate of the great thief-catcher Jonathan Wilde.

The card forgets to give his last address, doubtless from motives of delicacy. Tyburn was not such a fashionable neighbourhood then, as it has since become. There is nothing about the present appearance of the great thief-catcher which at all reminds one of his bad pre-eminence in life. In all probability, many of the skeletons about him were those of thieves and murderers; for of old the Conservator of the museum was dissector in ordinary to all malefactors executed in London. Nevertheless, Wilde seems no longer to scent his prey, and the hunter and hunted are at last at peace,—at least when they are not being dusted, which I am assured is done by one of the porters three times a year with the utmost impartiality. In an adjoining glass-case there are specimens of Australian and African skeletons, which present certain differences from the European type which are highly interesting to the comparative anatomist. How clearly we see the countenance of the Bosjesman in the facial bones of the skull, and how feeble is the framework of the Australian savage when compared with that of the European, enervated, as some people choose to say, with an ultra civilisation. At the opposite end of this room there are some human mummies, which we must not omit to notice. For instance, there stands Mrs. Van

Butchell, who has most certainly not been preserved for her beauty. We are apt to think that in this age we have arrived at the very perfection of advertising, direct and indirect; yet here is a specimen of the ability of the last century, which will bear comparison with our best efforts. Think of a charlatan utilising his defunct partner in this direction! Van Butchell, who would seem to have been a kind of St. John Long of his day, appears to have had his wife embalmed—on the same principle that Barnum stuffed his mermaid—to draw the public purse; and like that worthy he advertised his wares judiciously in the public press. On the breast of the lady, for instance, we find a card inscribed with the following notice from the "St. James's Chronicle" of October 21st, 1773:—

"Van Butchell (not willing to be unfortunately circumstanced, and wishing to convince some good minds they have been misinformed) acquaints the curious no stranger can see his embalmed wife unless (by a friend personally) introduced to himself any day between nine and one, Sundays excepted."

What could induce persons to pay a visit to Mr. Van Butchell in order to see such a shocking spectacle we cannot conceive. In this collection the body is by no means out of place, flanked on either hand by an Egyptian mummy, and by the preserved remains of a woman who died in the Lock Hospital, whilst a dried specimen of the genus homo, sitting crouched up on his haunches, looks on apparently amazed at the change of scene he experiences from the Guaco at Caxamanea, in Peru. There is food for conjecture in another

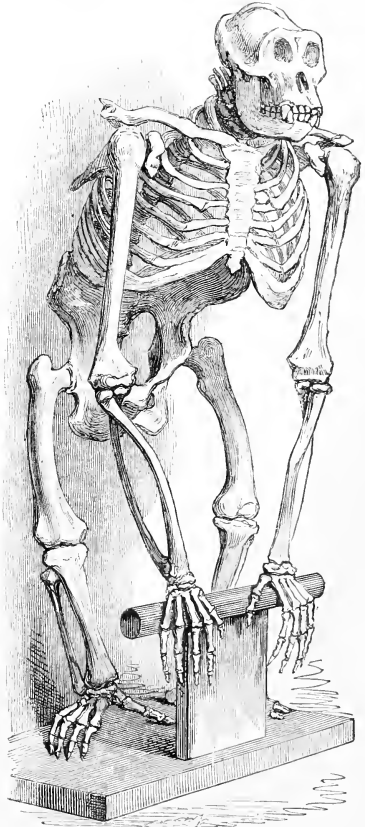


Peruvian mummy.

skeleton of a young lad close at hand. All his history is comprised in the fact that he was found erect in a vault, with the remnants of his clothes on, under St. Botolph's, Aldgate, old church, in the year 1742. The last time the vault had been opened was during the Great Plague in 1665, so

that in all probability the poor little fellow was employed in some way in the interment, and must have been forgotten by the workmen when the vault was finally closed.

Next to the cases containing the human skeletons is a golgotha, or place of skulls. These domes of bone tell of the wide diversity of power that ranges through the human race. Here we have the full scale, from the head of the Caucasian type (a line from the forehead of which to the lower jaw is almost perpendicular) to that of the Carib (in which the line slants outwards towards the jaw with a most animal-like slant). If the visitor will take the trouble to examine the skull



Skeleton of gorilla or highest order of ape.

of the gorilla, a gigantic chimpanzee, in the adjoining room, he will see that between the skull of the most debased tribe of mankind, and that of the highest ape, the difference is immense. The gorilla's skull seems all taken up with the facial

bones, the powerful lower jaw occupying the most prominent part; indeed, in this respect it contrasts



Skull of lowest type of man.

ill with the skulls of several of the lower monkeys, which in general form seem to parody but too closely that of man. We may see at a glance in



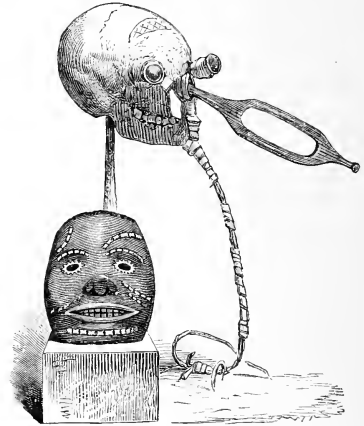
Skull of gorilla, or highest order of ape.

these skulls the prominent races of mankind. The small Tatar physiognomy is traced in those prominent high cheek bones, the delicate Hindoo in that small fine skull of most fragile construction. Again, we see the race of narrow foreheads in the Australian and New Guinea skulls. Here and there we find that the skull has been utilised as a water-vessel, a piece of twisted native grass passing through the orbits and the great foramen by way of handle.

The Scandinavians used, it is said, to drink mead out of the skulls of their ancestors; the natives of Western Australia use "the dome of thought" as a calabash in which to carry water. Here is a specimen in which the water has clearly been poured from the eye-holes, as the edges of the bones have been quite polished by the friction of the fluid. The Polynesians have a custom of ornamenting their skulls. Among the collection before us there is one with eyes of wood hideously projecting from the sockets, and with a kind of conical bowsprit running out from the nose. But how comes this high-browed Caucasian skull among those of the lowest type of savages? All the catalogue tells us is that it came from South Australia, the natives of which were known at one time to have been cannibals. There are traces of fire still to be seen upon the temporal bones, and we may draw the dark inference that its owner must have been some European despatched and eaten ages ago. Strange that, through the agencies of science, this grim relic should have made the circuit of the globe to testify to the fact!

The osteological collection, mainly the work of Hunter, from the human skeletons we have been looking at, descends in an unbroken chain down to the lowest insect life. It is curious to contrast the beautifully dissected framework of the minute humming-bird with that of the gigantic dinornis of New Zealand, the imperfect skeleton of which

towers above us from its appropriate pedestal. The history of these bones affords a proof of the



Ornamented skulls of South Sea Islanders.

marvellously prophetic powers of science. Some years ago a few very large bones, found in a New Zealand watercourse, were brought to this country and submitted to the inspection of Professor Owen, then the curator of the museum. After a careful study of their peculiarities, he pronounced them to belong to an extinct wingless bird of gigantic proportions. At the time his scientific friends merely smiled at the poetical flight of the Professor, and attempted to discourage what they considered to be his rashness in building such a superstructure upon a few disjointed bits of bone: he persisted, however, in his opinions, and has lived to find them verified, as whole skeletons of these extraordinary birds have since been found, proving that they belong to that class of which the apteryx in the Zoological Gardens is now the diminutive and sole living representative. There are in the museum some eggs of the dinornis, and casts of those of a still larger species once living in the Island of Madagascar, a section of which would be big enough for a foot-bath.

The curiosities of the museum are the points which principally attract the non-professional visitors, and among these are some singular examples of the desperate injuries the human frame can sustain with comparative impunity. For instance, here is the shaft of a chaise; some fine day in the year 1812, we are informed, it transfixed the chest of a certain Mr. Tipple, entering under the left arm and coming out under the right arm; and, in confirmation of the story, we find in a large bottle close at hand a preparation of the chest bones, integument, and lungs, showing the cicatrices of the old wound and the manner in which the lungs had been injured. Nevertheless, the object of this unpleasant operation lived eleven years afterwards, and drove, for all we know, his tax-cart as jollily as before. In a recess close at hand is a drawing of another acci-

dent of a similar nature, in which, however, the chest was subjected to a still more severe trial in a contrary direction. John Taylor, a Prussian, "whilst guiding the pivot of the trysail mast into the main boom, the tackle gave way; the pivot passed obliquely through his body, apparently between the heart and the left lung." Notwithstanding this spitting process the man got quite well, and has been several times to the museum with his shipmates to view the drawing, quite proud of his achievement; and, in order to further illustrate the case, he promises to dedicate his chest to the museum after his death!

If we traverse the pathological gallery we shall find some astounding examples of the tolerance with which the stomach will bear the presence of very awkward foreign bodies. This one, for example, is full of pins, bent double in the form of fish-hooks. When we see a poor dyspeptic patient attribute his misery to "that bit of plum cake he took over night," we cannot help thinking of the secret this woman must have possessed to deliberately swallow crooked pins until she had accumulated a couple of lbs. in her stomach without any seeming inconvenience. Close at hand, in a bottle, we see a juggler's "failure," in the shape of a dagger swallowed not wisely "but too well." It was fast disappearing under the effects of the gastric juice, but, unfortunately, the patient could not wait for the completion of the digestive process. Very near there is another bottle full of the remains of clasp-knives. The patient's stomach in this case had managed to dissolve all the handles, and nothing was left but the bare frameworks of iron and the blades. What would half the overfed, under-worked class of valetudinarians give for such a splendid organ! If we descend to the floor of the museum once more, we shall find a few odd things to show the visitor. In this glass case, devoted to skin curiosities, we come suddenly upon a little bit of historical illustration. These little dry remnants of brown-looking leather take us back to the times of the Anglo-Saxons, and tell a tale of those lawless times. We read in romance of the daring sea-kings, but here is a plain and very ugly bit of prose, in the shape of specimens of skin from flayed Northmen, caught plundering our churches. Our ancestors had a trick of nailing the hides of those they caught thus amusing themselves, upon the church doors, "*pour d'encourager les autres*," and the specimens we see have been taken from the church doors of Hedstock and Copford in Essex, and from the north door of Worcester. Seeing that these remnants of frail humanity must have been thus exposed for upwards of a thousand years, there seems to be some truth in the boast that there is "nothing like leather." There is a very stout piece of dermis near those Danish fragments, which looks remarkably like a piece of india-rubber, but the catalogue informs us that it is "from the shoulder of a remarkably stout man, and was tanning from April to September;" a very obdurate piece of skin, doubtless, but we do not see the scientific importance of the explanation. In the frame devoted to the concretions found in the human organs are some remarkable examples of human hair, matted and felted together so as to form a solid mass—in one instance

pretty nearly the shape and size of that organ itself. Some girls have an inveterate habit of swallowing hairs, and in this instance the patient must have almost denuded her head. Cows are liable to these concretions, and there are some remarkable instances of them here, but they are collected accidentally in the act of licking. We particularly desire to draw the attention of Scotchmen to an ugly lump, which the label informs us is composed of oat-hairs and husks, found in the stomach of a man in the habit of taking oatmeal porridge!

Of surgical injuries these glass cases contain many extraordinary examples: there are some skulls penetrated at Inkermann with Minié balls, showing the terrible nature of the wounds inflicted by modern projectiles; and skulls, again, which prove what gashes may be made in solid bone by sabre cuts, without doing any injury to the brain; possibly, as these skulls are Chinese, their extra thickness may have been a protection.



Teeth of rat and beaver grown into rings through want of proper attrition.

Glancing through the glass-cases devoted to the teeth of the various animals, we notice what appear to be some singular rings of bone. On referring to the catalogue we find they are the incisor teeth of rodents, or gnawing animals. We are apt to think that the rat and the beaver gnaw for mere mischief's sake, or, at least, to work their way through obstacles; but these specimens prove that the process is a necessity to keep their teeth down. The curved incisors are always growing, and unless they are worn away proportionably, they at last curve round so as to prevent the animal eating. These woodcuts represent the teeth of a rat and beaver which have thus out-grown themselves—seriously to the discomfort of their owners.

We must not omit to draw attention to some remarkable examples of diseased skulls, some of them, at least, an inch thick, others presenting extraordinary osseous growth from the facial bones. We beg to draw Tom Sayers' attention to one particular specimen, in which masses of diseased bone have grown from the orbits, forming projections of at least three inches; its late owner was a prize-fighter, and those frightful

growths are attributed to the injuries he had received in pugilistic encounters. One more curiosity and we have done with the show specimens of the museum. Here is the lower jaw of an ancient Roman, with the stains on one of the molar teeth of the obolus, or small copper coin, placed in his mouth, as Charon's fare to carry him over the Styx: as the coin evidently remained in between his teeth, we must conclude he was too late for the ferry.

We have been trifling, however, with the mere toys of this magnificent collection; the real scientific gold of the museum is to be found in the little army of uninviting-looking bottles which line the walls from the ground-floor upwards. The Pathological museum, the first room we enter, contains a history of disease written upon the different organs and tissues of the human body itself. We do not stop to dwell upon mere curiosities here, but mark the methods by which this mortal frame is gradually sapped and destroyed; or how nature wrestles with the destroyer, and sometimes repairs the ravages he has committed. Amid the immense mass of preparations, it is rather difficult to single out examples of the *vis medicatrix nature*; but as we pass, we may notice the contrivances by which our great mother sets about her work. Here, for instance, is a preparation of a mortified foot. See how nature has set to work, and entrenched herself against the further spread of death. The living and the blackened portions of flesh seem divided as if by a sharp knife, and across this gap death cannot leap. Or note again this diseased bone, and the delicate way in which the reparative process is to be seen building up a new framework of osseous matter within it. Again, be a witness of the manner in which it gets over the difficulty of a stoppage in a blood-vessel. Here is the example of the femoral artery, the great highway of blood in the thigh, having been tied by the surgeon. If, by these means, an impediment to the circulation in the lower limb had occurred, the limb would have died. But nature makes provisions for such accidents, and carries the blood, as we see in this specimen, through some small collateral channel, which gradually accommodates itself to the increased work put upon it, and becomes a large vessel. When Fleet Street is stopped up by gas or water companies, the tide of human life is turned along some back street, until it finds the great thoroughfare clear again; so it is with the main conduits which convey the sanguineous tide in the human body.

Unhappily, however, nature is not always successful in this fight with disease; nay, in the majority of cases her exertions are painfully feeble, and but too often the destroyer has proceeded from the first with unconquerable steps, and human life has appeared to form a passive framework on which it builds its monstrosities. Look, for instance, at that example of elephantiasis, or the leg and thigh of a woman, pretty nearly as large as the shaft of a Doric column; or inspect that cabinet of wen-like tumours in which the whole nutritive process seems to have gone through life to support and inflate enormous growths, until at last the human fabric appears

only to be a dwindled and accidental appendage to the dominant balloon-like tumour. If we would still continue our survey of the sad mischances to which poor humanity is subject, let us glance at the curious skeleton in which all the bones are ankylosed, or knotted together by osseous growth, so as to be tied into a perfectly immobile knot. Again, we may see bones so brittle that they fly to pieces on the least strain, like the glass toy known as a Prince Rupert's drop, or arteries so solidified that in life they must have clasped and stifled in their solid grip the labouring and heaving human heart. We might fill pages with details of morbid specimens of unutterable value to the scientific man, but which we fear would only impel the more curious visitor to turn aside from these articles to more congenial topics.



Section of a hen's head engrafted with a human tooth.



Hen's head engrafted with a spur.



Cock's comb engrafted with a spur which has grown spirally.

Now and then Hunter amused himself with trying grotesque experiments upon life. The foregoing are examples of animal graftings—a human tooth growing from a cock's comb, and a spur from the animal growing in the same way.

The physiological portion of the museum, which possesses by far the most interest to the general visitor, was the portion to which Hunter gave the main strength of his remarkable genius. Comparative anatomy was the delight of his life, and the practice of it seems to have formed his relaxation from other studies. Let us take the first glass case and inspect the leaf dissected by the winter weather, and trace up the series to that of the highest mammal, man, whose exquisite nervous system is dissected into filaments, even finer than those of the leaf, and we shall be able to estimate the enormous amount of labour presented by this portion of the collection. Here, if we may so speak, nature seems to sit in undress: first we see a perfect Noah's ark of skeletons, or bony frameworks on which the softer parts are modelled and upheld. Then follow groups of dissections, preserved in spirit, by which the machinery of the different organs of animals are made patent to us. Every portion of the animal economy which is subservient to the preservation of the individual, or to the preservation of the race, lies here exposed to the view of the philosophical student. Motor organs, digestive organs, the absorbent, circulating, respiratory, nervous, and eliminative systems of the different orders of animal life, by the careful aid of the dissector's scalpel, give up the history of their hidden functions to any one who enters this temple of science with a willing and inquiring mind.

When we reflect upon the enormous experience of the man who thus unveiled so large a portion of animal life to our scrutiny, we are tempted to ask, what literary records has he left of his life-long labours, the material evidence of which lies before us? It cannot be imagined that the observant mind of Hunter, after having laid bare, as it were, the constructive subtleties of Nature, had not obtained the key to many an enigma which still remains to puzzle natural philosophers; indeed, we know that he made careful notes of his observations in comparative anatomy, which extended to ten folio volumes of MS., besides many others on physiology and pathology. That Hunter placed great value on these volumes may be gathered from the fact that he introduced them himself into the grouping of his portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Of these manuscripts, more valuable perhaps than the museum itself, that picture contains the only visible representative; the originals having been committed to the flames by his brother-in-law Sir Everard Home, in order to conceal the theft he had made from them in his own numerous papers read to the Royal Society. A more astounding instance of literary incendiarism is not perhaps on record, and it affords us some clue to the degraded social character of the Georgian era in which the perpetrator of such an act lived, that it did not in any way appear to

influence his position, much less to exclude him, as it should have done, from the society of all honest men. A. W.

TEMUJIN.

THE Imperial mandate to Peking
Hath summoned every Tartar lord;
The highest place to Temujin,
Who hath only fifteen summers seen,
The Tartars yield with one accord.

"Whence doth this froward youth derive,
His title to this high degree,
We deemed it our prerogative,
Precedence, honours, rank to give:
Who is the youth—whence cometh he?"

"For valour, skill, and enterprise,
This Mongol boy is more than man;
The foremost e'er where danger lies,
Amid your routed enemies,—
The Tartar nation hailed him Khan."

"So young, yet held in such esteem,
He quarries at high game, forsooth!
His years such honours ill-beseem:
Dissolve we his ambitious dream,
This very night arrest the youth."

In the Durbar with studied phrase
Of deep duplicity and guile,
The Emperor bids his peers give place
To the brave youth of Mongol race,
And greets him with most winning smile.

The court dismiss'd, the youth retires,
His tents are pitch'd beyond the walls;
No confidence that smile inspires—
The flattery suspicion fires:
To council all his friends he calls.

"This is no place for Temujin,—
Saddle my horse, I must away;
To-night I sleep not in Peking,
For as I read the hearts of men,
That king smiles on me to betray."

"Escaped! Shall we be baffled thus,
And by a beardless Mongol boy!
Leaves he the court unbid by us—
It is a treason dangerous;
The snake while young we must destroy."

Proclaim'd a rebel with a price
Set on his head, young Temujin
For life across the desert lies.
Far in the west Mongolia lies;
Long is the road to Kra-Kooren.

A maiden at a cottage door
Sits plying hard her spinning-wheel;
Weak, weary, press'd by hunger sore,
A youth appears the maid before,
And asks the modest boon—a meal.

With ready hospitality
The maiden shares her humble store,
Prepares the mess of Tsamba tea,
Which while he swallows greedily,
A bed she spreads upon the floor.

“ Now, rest,” she saith, “ and I will sit
 And watch that danger come not near ;
 Thou hast not travell'd with such heat,
 But for a cause,—I ask not it :
 A brother thou while resting here.”

She quits her spinning-wheel and flies
 To mount the watch-tower's signal mast ;
 There scans th' horizon with keen eyes,
 Till in the distant mist she spies
 A band of horsemen riding fast.

She hurries back to warn her guest,
 Waking him up from heavy sleep :
 “ If danger thou imaginest,
 Under my cotton creep and rest,—
 In yon dark corner lies the heap.”

The strangers come : “ Say, maiden, say,
 We seek the rebel Temujin,
 His horse we found not far away,
 A carcase of wild wolves the prey :
 Hast thou the Mongol traitor seen ?



“ A price is set upon his head,
 Who shelter give his fate will share ;
 Show us the youth, alive or dead,
 And for thyself when thou shalt wed,
 A princely dower we can spare.”

“ Here at my door I sit and spin,
 As simple Tartar maid should do,
 I know not rebels from true men,
 And never heard of Temujin,
 Whom thus ye cruelly pursue.”

“ Simple she seemeth, but acute,
 This youth she never would betray :
 Dismount, my men, and search the hut ;
 Words we should waste to little fruit,—
 Simple were we to trust her say.”

Two spearmen from their saddles leap,
 And rudely rush the hut inside.
 Ah ! will they search that cotton-heap,
 God grant my weary guest escape !—
 The thought and feeling she must hide.

"Ye do me justice, sirs," saith she,
 "Nor young nor old would I betray;
 And yet it is small courtesy
 To search the house of maid like me :
 Ye merit not to find your prey."

The searchers from the cottage door
 Appear alone—their search was vain :

"Adieu, we trouble thee no more.
 Mount ! men, the country round explore !"
 And off they scour across the plain.

"Now, rouse thee, Temujin ! and tell
 Why follow these thy trace so hot ?
 Ah ! there is blood !—all is not well ;
 Say, honour'd guest, how this befel,
 And yet the searchers found thee not."

"I am indeed proscribed, proclaim'd,
 The persecuted Temujin ;
 But be not of thy guest ashamed,
 A rebel only because named
 Great Khan, unlicensed from Pekin.

"These men pursue from avarice,
 For greed of gold their search is keen ;
 Here nothing 'scaped their prying eyes,
 They probed your cotton—pierced me twice, —
 Still lay I motionless unseen.

"The wounds are slight and need no care ;
 But had they pierced my very breast,
 Death I had taken from their spear,
 And ne'er betray'd that I was here,
 Lest thou had suffer'd for thy guest."

"Ah ! hath thy spirit such control
 O'er nature's impulse under pain ?
 Then wert thou born mankind to rule,
 And hast indeed the noble soul
 That Tartars look for in their Khan.

"But rest thee now till close of day,
 Thy fortunes I have made my own ;
 This night my father's trusty grey
 Shall speed thee onward on thy way :
 But 'tis not fit thou go alone.

"Myself will be the trusty guide,
 To lead thee by the surest path ;
 Nor will I quit thy honour'd side
 Till safe where Mongol friends abide
 Thou mayst defy the tyrant's wrath.

"Then, as thou wilt, or send me back
 To sit and spin in this my home,
 Or let me follow in thy track,
 And with thy Mongol kin partake
 Thy glorious destiny to come."

"Nay, maiden, I accept not so,
 The proffer of thy service tried ;
 Already life to thee I owe:
 If thou'rt content with me to go,
 Thou goest as my destined bride."

The hosts of China gather'd are,
 The emperor is at their head ;
 For freedom fights the brave Tartar,
 Roused to resistance and to war,
 By Temujin to battle led.

Conquest on his young banner waits,
 Bright opens on him glory's dawn ;
 From China to the Caspian gates,
 The proudest kings and greatest states,
 Yield to the mighty Jungeez Khan.

And she, the desert-given bride,
 Who in the weary fugitive
 The germ of this career descried,
 Bravely she sits her lord beside,
 And glories in her place of pride ;—
 Long shall her fame in story live. HP.

THE ESSENTIALS OF ARMOURD SHIPS.

THE results of shot—rifled shot, fired point blank at the armour plates of vertical sided ships, have turned public attention strongly to the importance of slanting the sides both above water and below, to such an angle that the shot may glance from them. In Number lxxvii. of this work, I explained, with a diagram, this theory, which the "Times" calls Jones' system, and I since find that Mr. Jones has taken out a patent, dated November 1, 1859. Long before this date, my MS. of English War Ships and their Uses, was in the editor's hands, and on November 19th (No. xxi.)* the second part was published containing amongst other things, these words :—

"In the application of this armour, the size of the vessel and amount of displacement become most important. The enormous weight has a tendency to make the vessel top-heavy, and to set her rocking. But weight matters little when size is great. And these iron walls should be made to slope inwards at an angle of forty-five degrees, in which case it would be difficult to strike a plate direct with a shot. It would glance off, and the sloping inward would remove overhanging weight."

The diagram in No. lxxvii.† is simply the same thing explained in detail.

Mr. Jones' specification was published in due course, on the 1st May, 1860—my description on the 16th of November, 1859.

But let not my readers suppose that I lay any stress on the prior demonstration of so obvious a principle, long recognised in many modes, such as the glacis of forts, the slopes of sea-walls, and other structures. Whoever has looked at the mid-ship section of an old-fashioned line of battle ship, will have remarked that the bottom is nearly a hemisphere, with a small ridge called a keel at the lowest part. Upwards from this hemisphere the sides "tumble in," so that the batteries of the three decks present a profile sloping inwards, at an angle of some twenty-five degrees. The object of this was evident—to keep the centre of gravity well within the base, and prevent the weight of the guns from rendering the ship top-heavy. Where the "tumbling in" point ceased, about the level of the upper deck, the bulwarks were made to curve outwards after the fashion of machicolated towers, whether to obtain a "line of beauty," or for the purpose of making sure of catching the enemy's shot, does not appear ; but probably the object was to prevent the sea washing up the sides and on to the decks. Some reason, good or bad, is at the root of all our apparent arbitrary forms, and this is the most

* See vol. i. p. 431.

† See p. 395.

probable one. Most antique vessels "tumbled in," probably to keep their weight within the base, and so to make them steadier.

It has been objected to this proposition of sloping sides, that it affords great facility for running down, by forming an incline for the attacking vessel to mount on. This is not good mechanical argument. Running down, means a large vessel running over a vessel of inferior size. Whether the vessel's bulwarks slope inwards or outwards makes nothing to the argument, inasmuch as the bulwarks in any case may be supposed to crush down to the level of the deck, and therefore it is the height of the deck above the water which determines the power of mounting on her deck by the attacking vessel in order to sink her. But in attacking by running down a vessel with a continuous knife-edge defence all round her, the attacking vessel must have the cut-water formed with an acute slope, the point rising above the knife-edge of the attacked vessel, or she might be in the very unpleasant predicament of going under instead of over the enemy, which would make all the difference.

We may fairly assume that a ship so constructed would be practically impervious to shot, Whitworth, Armstrong, or other, such as we at present possess; but, *non constat*, that a gun cannot be constructed to effect the object. A sixty-eight pounder, smooth-bore, can latter in the four and a half inch plates placed vertically, or at right angles to the gun, and with a shot weighing three cwt. the whole plate might be driven bodily through the side, as was the case with the thin plates exposed to light shot in the first constructed iron vessels.

But from the angle-sided ship the heavy shot, as well as the light, will glance off! Quite true as to ordinary forms of shot, but there is a process yet to be tried to prevent the glancing. If the shot be of hardened steel, and pointed to an angle considerably more acute than the angle of the iron plates, the point will enter, forming a fulcrum, and will thus obtain effect proportioned to the weight. There are two circumstances to consider in the plates; first, the power to resist penetration, or to cause glancing; and secondly, the area of bearing surface on the vessel's side to prevent their being driven through. If, for example, the plates were only of a square foot in area, like so many paving-stones in a horseway, each might be driven through the side in succession. But if put in like the flag-stones of a foot-pavement in large surfaces, the resistance would be in proportion to the extent of surface. Therefore, it is clear, other things being equal, that the larger the plates, the more secure they will be.

In fact, the weak places are the joints and the bolt-holes. The bolts pass through the plates at right angles, and the bolt-hole is equivalent to a crack through the plate. Every heavy blow tends to loosen the fastenings, and with one plate burst out, the destruction of the plates in succession, and the ship's side with it, becomes a comparatively easy matter.

Attempts have been made to improve the fastenings in two modes. One is to groove the edges

of the iron plates all round, and in the grooves to place iron tongues, to keep them in even position with regard to each other. But it is evident that the act of grooving must weaken the plate very materially, and predispose it to break, weakening it where it is already weakest. The other method is to bolt to the ship's side, in parallel lines, a class of iron bars, known on railways as foot-rails, forming thus a species of dovetails into which the armour plates are slidden. The bolts are thus hidden, but the fastenings through the metal are weak, and the probability is that the rails would be broken, and the plates would fall out.

There is one remedy for the difficulty, and, as it appears to me, but one. It is to make the plates continuous by welding them together at the joints, to form one solid skin. That this has not yet been done is no argument that it cannot be done, if only the government of naval affairs will set the right kind of people to work to do it.

Whatever sum of money may be spent in experiments, will be well spent if the end be accomplished. It is scarcely possible to estimate the value of a vessel of iron, an entire and perfect solid plate throughout. This more than any other is the essential point in iron vessels. It is scarcely a problem, and the means are within grasp. When this shall be done, England will be the mistress of the narrow seas, and no country will be able to compete with her in sea sovereignty; for she can afford to build three ships to the rest of Europe's one, and so economise her sea-warriors, both in numbers and safety, at the same time as materially to lessen the annual cost in men, with less annual wear in vessels. When forms and proportions and construction shall be right, and iron dealt with in true fashion, the ordinary processes of destruction will be arrested, and ships at sea may be as durable as palaces on shore. And so long as England shall be a doer of justice, the moral sense of the world will uphold her physical power on the ocean. The perfection of her iron ships—her indigenous manufacture—is no mere creature of the imagination, but a practical fact to be accomplished by science.

W. BRIDGES ADAMS.

WORMWOOD.

SOME—not a great many—years since, I was visiting at a country-house, the host and hostess of which were old family friends. The establishment consisted of a widower, his daughter, and thirteen servants. The father was a plain, quiet country gentleman, neither in mind nor in habits a man of mark; the daughter alone lifted the family out of mediocrity.

Electra Fitz-Arden was a stylish girl about the middle height, with a black piercing eye and proudly formed mouth, both full of energy and mind. Still though she possessed an elegant figure and a countenance of intellectual beauty, she was too bold and masculine for genuine female loveliness. Possessing an inclination for railery at the mediocrities and conventionalities of society, and great powers of sarcasm, united with a highly-

garnished and superior mind, she was no favourite with the gentlemen. But there was an indescribable something about her appearance and manners which always compelled them to inquire who she was. No person ever talked with her without remembering what she said; and every one criticised what they could not forget. Yet it was not intellect that made her unpopular. Had she chosen to affect restless misanthropy, maudlin sensibility, or any other foppery, whereby to distinguish herself, she would have found plenty of admirers and imitators, but in her mind genius was checked by manly philosophy, and she could ill-conceal her contempt for those who knew talent only by its common diseases. The consciousness of mental power that lighted up her eye with such

a burning spark of pride, and the expression of scorn for ever dancing on her lip ready to embody itself into sarcasm, was unquestionably the true reason why this splendid creature became the pariah of the ball-room. She was a strange sort of Di Vernon — no, she was not a Di Vernon either; and, as I now remember her, I cannot think of a single character living, or imaginary, whom she did resemble. She fascinated her enemies, but never pleased her friends. Power! power! and above all intellectual power was the constant dream of her wild ambition. To have been sure of a Madame de Staël's reputation, a Queen Christina's reputed powers, the intellectual fame of an Olympia Morata, she would have renounced human sympathy for ever, and lived



unloving and unloved by the world, — there was a daring desire to send her genius abroad like an electric force to become eternally active, — and this desire might have been attained under more favouring circumstances, but she had no certain foundation for her antagonism and her pride.

Sometimes I talked of love, and reminded her how even all her three heroines were its reluctant victims. On this subject she often philosophised and always laughed.

“Who,” said she scornfully, “who that has felt the gush and the thrill attendant upon fame would be weak enough to exchange dominion over many for the despotism of one?”

Thus Electra Fitz-Arden reasoned superior to the De Staëls, the Christinas and the Olympias, and thus she actually thought, but I knew her better than she knew herself. Her affections were as rich and overflowing as her mental energies; and her craving for human sympathy was in direct proportion to that intense love of beauty which, in her, amounted to an intellectual passion. That she would love exclusively and extravagantly, I had no doubt; and my penetration soon singled out an object.

At a large party I first saw her with the Hon. Charles Loring, the second son of Lord Burton, then in the full flush of manly beauty. I saw in the carriage of his neck his high lineage and his

Patrician pride; and the hauteur with which he received adulation, attracted my attention as the pawing of a high-mettled horse would have done. His conversation with Electra seemed at first to be of a sober and learned cast, but on her part it soon became petulant and took the lead. Now and then I heard some remark which seemed to relate to a transmigration of souls, and a continual rise in intellectual existence.

"Oh!" exclaimed Electra, "how that idea savours of English housekeeping. How can a patrician patronise a theory so levelling and so economical?"

At that moment a very lovely girl with Eastern features, but with manners of European polish, entered the room, and the young man did not answer Miss Fitz-Arden's question.

"Ah, there is the beautiful young Greek," said he, "freshly imported from Albania by the Greek prime minister from Turkey."

"She is beautiful," said Electra with unaffected warmth. "Her full dark eyes are magnificent. What a pity it is they are not lighted from within; that expression alone is wanting to fill the measure of her glory!"

The remark was made to a reluctant listener, for Loring's whole interest was that instant absorbed by the new comer. A slight shade passed over Electra's face; but it was too transient to define the emotion in which it originated, and she smiled and said:

"You had better go and fascinate your powerful beauty,—the body should be where the spirit is."

"That reproach is too severe," replied Loring.

"I meant no reproach," she answered, "I have observed that beauty is your idol, and I should wish you to worship it."

"Close observer that you are, I do not think that you can have noticed my character sufficiently to form any conclusion with regard to my taste."

The pride of the proudest girl in Christendom was roused, and there was something indescribably provoking in her manner as she added:

"I assure you that I consider you a magnificent specimen in your way. Society is a bag of polished marbles, and anything odd or superior is as valuable a study as the specimens of auric quartz, Sir Roderick Murchison shows us."

"Really, Miss Fitz-Arden!"

"Your modesty," continued she, "has led you into a mistake. I have really taken the trouble to observe you."

"Candidly, Miss Fitz-Arden, you are the most remarkable girl I ever met," said the offended young man.

"You elevate me to your own Olympian height, my dear sir."

"No, indeed, you never did,—said or thought anything so common-place as to reduce you to my level."

"When a compliment is doubtful, Lord Chesterfield says, one should always take it; therefore I am obliged to you, sir," replied Electra, bowing with queenly dignity. And so saying, she turned rather abruptly from him and directed her attention to me.

During the remainder of the evening I saw no indications of a reconciliation. Electra danced but once. Loring and the fair Greek were near her in the set, and they met frequently. The extreme nonchalance with which she now and then exchanged some casual remark led me to suspect that he had obtained more influence over her extraordinary mind than any other individual had ever possessed; but Electra was no trifler, and I did not venture to prophesy.

Time passed on, and with it nearly passed away the remembrance of this skirmish of words and the thoughts they suggested. My unmanageable friend seldom alluded to the fascinating acquaintance she had formed; and when she did, it was done naturally and briefly. Soon after this I was obliged to be absent for some time, and when again the snorting steam-engine had returned me to the little station adjoining Castle Fitz-Arden, four months had elapsed. Soon after my arrival Electra informed me that there were to be private theatricals at the castle that evening, and that Loring was to take the leading part.

"You must go to the rehearsal this afternoon; he is a consummate actor, and his friends expect everything from him."

"But I thought you considered private theatricals very stupid things," said I.

"So I do; you know I always said that life itself was a very stupid thing. There is no originality above ground. Everything that is true is dull, and everything new is false and superficial. But there is no use in quarrelling with the world, for it is a pretty good world, after all."

"What does your friend, Loring, think of it?"

"You must ask him, yourself. I am sure he will express his opinion very eloquently, as he is a Bacon in learning, and a Demosthenes in speech."

"Then you are on good terms, now," said I.

She blushed painfully, excessively, for a moment, and as instantaneously recovered self-command enough, carelessly to reply.

"I always thought highly of him."

I do not know whether my looks expressed the warning voice my heart was yearning to utter; but I am sure the tone of my assent was reluctant and melancholy.

Loring shone most brilliantly on that memorable evening. Graceful and dignified, handsome and talented, he sent a thrill to every heart alive to grandeur of thought, or beauty of language, when vivified with the fervour and purity of an actor of genius. During this scene of triumph, I watched the countenance of my friend with the keenest interest, and I felt that never before had I seen a human face through which the soul beamed with such intensity. Genius, and pride, and joy, and love were there! I then thought she was intellectually beautiful, beyond anything I had ever seen. Poor girl! it was the brightest moment in her life, and I love to remember it.

The large double drawing-room in the western face of the castle, which had been furnished and adapted to the purposes of a theatre, and the other apartments were thronged with fashionable people and the compliments which the accom-

plished actor received were intoxicating. But in the midst of it all I imagined I could see the sparkle of his eyes melt into softness when he met a glance from Electra. Her looks betrayed nothing to my anxious observation, but once I observed she called him Charles, and suddenly corrected herself with an air of extraordinary confusion. Had my friend indulged in habits of girlish trifling, I should have playfully alluded to this circumstance, but there was something in her character and manners which forbade such officiousness. I watched her with the anxiety of sincere friendship. I knew when she once selected an object for veneration, her whole soul would be concentrated; and I could not believe that the proud aristocrat, knowing the views of his prouder family in his behalf, with all his high hopes and his love of dazzling loveliness would ever marry her. I knew he was a very constant visitor, and I frequently observed lights later than had been usual in Mr. Fitz-Arden's hitherto retired and quiet mansion. But the time for separation came. Loring's other engagements called him away, and when he came to me to take his leave, the deep gloom on his countenance led me to think that the apparent indifference of my intellectual friend might have surprised him into love.

Weeks and months passed on, and I seldom heard an allusion to the absent Loring. Electra's character and manners seemed changing for the better. The perpetual effervescence of her spirit in some measure subsided, and the vagaries of her fancy became less various and startling; yet there was always a chastened cheerfulness of manner, and an unflinching flow of thought. By degrees her seriousness deepened, and at last she could not conceal from me that she was unhappy. I attributed it to the illness of her old father. Electra was motherless, and she bestowed on her only parent a double share of love. But when the old gentleman was evidently recovering, and her melancholy still increased, I knew there must be another and a deeper cause. One day, as I stood by her, watching her progress in an oil painting, into which she had thrown much of her early spirit and brilliancy, I placed my hand affectionately on her shoulder, and touching her forehead with my lips, spoke:—

"You have generally confided to me your troubles, Electra, why not tell me what makes you unhappy now?"

She continued to use her brush with a nervous and dashing movement, and I saw that her eyes were filling with tears. I ventured to speak again, and gently whispered in her ear—

"Is Loring the cause?"

She gave one shriek, which sounded as if it made a rent in her very soul, and then the torrent of her tears poured forth. It was long before I ventured to speak to her.

"Then it is as I feared? You love him, the Hon. Charles Loring?"

She looked in my face with a strange and fixed expression as she replied: "I ought to love and honour and obey him, for he is my husband."

I started. "Your husband! How—when—where were you married?"

"At B—. Do you remember when I said to you that you must see Loring perform in our private theatricals, and you replied, 'So then you are on good terms now?'—I had been three weeks his wife."

"And your father—does he know of it?"

"Certainly," she said; "I could not continue to deceive him."

"Then why was so much secrecy necessary?"

"I now think it was not really necessary; at all events, that which needs to be concealed is wrong. But his father, you know, is poor for his rank, and his mother had made it a *sine quâ non* that their son should marry a rich heiress, and redeem thereby the family property. Loring feared to displease them. He has a moderate fortune of his own, which is independent of his parents, and of this he will soon come in possession. When he told my father of the event a month after, the latter was very angry, and forbade him the house—still, in his heart, my father has forgiven him."

"Then why are you so unhappy?" I inquired. "You have no doubt that your husband will come and claim you?"

"Oh, no; the certificate is in my father's hands, and if it were not, a sense of honour would lead him to do so. But oh! to have him come coldly and reluctantly! My heart will break! my heart will break!"

She pressed her hand hard against her forehead, and wept bitterly.

"How could I forget that they who listen to passion rather than to reason must always have a precarious influence over each other!"

I tried to console her. She said nothing, but took a packet of letters from her desk and handed them to me. Their contents proved the mournful prediction of her fears too true. At first, Loring wrote with impatient ardour, then his letters were filled with amusing accounts of Park Lane and Belgravian parties given to the noble and beautiful Greek. Then he filled his pages with excellent reasons for not seeing her as soon as he intended; and finally, when Electra bowed down her pride, and entreated him, if he valued her reputation, to come soon, he sent a cold laconic answer, merely stating the time when she might expect him. Heroic Electra, poor girl! It was too evident that she had thrown away all that made existence joyful. However, I tried to soothe her by the idea that patience and devoted love might regain the affection on which her happiness must now depend. She loved to listen to such words—they were a balm to her heart—though I feared they would be practically useless, for she was too spirited a girl to overlook indifference, and too proud a woman to conciliate after its manifestation.

The Hon. Charles Loring came at the time he had appointed, and publicly announced his marriage. His father was offended, his mother incensed, and both disappointed. Mr. Fitz-Arden in his turn became indignant also, and angry and hurt that he had been compromised by receiving first the confessions of the lovers. All parties, however, concurred that there was now no remedy. Lord and Lady Burton consoled themselves with

the reflection that the Fitz Ardens were one of the oldest untitled families in England, and Mr. Fitz-Arden bottled his indignation on the approach of reconciliation. It was arranged that the young couple were to remain on a visit at the Castle whilst their house was being prepared for their reception. I did not see their meeting at Castle Fitz-Arden, but I observed afterwards that his manner towards her was uniformly kind, though frequently absent and constrained. An infant daughter formed a new bond of union, and seemed to be the herald of happier days. The young man watched over the little object with the most intense delight, and Electra's half-subdued character seemed softened into womanhood in the doating fondness of a mother and the calm resignation of a wife. Loving, "but not beloved," none would have recognised the proud, ambitious, learned, and sarcastic Electra Fitz-Arden.

I must not dwell minutely on particulars which I observed closely at the time, and which afterwards sunk deeply into my memory. The young husband departed once more to take possession of his estate, and prepare it for the reception of his wife and child.

His farewell was affectionate, and his frequent letters seemed to restore my imprudent friend to something of her former buoyancy of soul. The idea of separation from her father was now her principal source of unhappiness, but that trial was spared her. His late illness had left him so prostrated in strength that a relapse was fatal, and a few days before his daughter's intended departure death relieved him from the expected loneliness, and deprived her of an affectionate father.

The young husband came as he had promised; but his manner was colder and his looks more stern than formerly, though none could charge him with *neglect of his duty*. Electra never spoke of any change: her manner towards him was obedient and affectionate, but never fond. Her romantic visions of human perfection, her proud confidence in her own strength were gone, and no doubt she wept bitterly over their mutual rashness, knowing, as she did, that she was a burden to him and an unpopular wife to his family. It is not wonderful her very smile had a mingled look of bitter pride and resignation. Their regrets were, however, kept carefully concealed: whatever might have been their feelings, both seemed resolved on a system of silent endurance. There was something in this course a thousand times more affecting than the most pathetic complaints. I shall never forget the anguish I felt when I saw Electra bid farewell to Castle Fitz-Arden, the home of her childhood, where she had ever been an idol and an oracle. The lingering preparation for departure, the heart-broken expression, the reluctant step, the drooping head, and the desperate resolution with which she at last seized the arm of a husband who loved her not, and who was about to convey her among strangers—they are all present to me now.

The steps were rolled up, the door banged to, and the old lumbering family travelling carriage—and four of the Fitz-Ardens rattled in mournful tones down the centre avenue. The old family servants of twenty and fifty years' standing, with

breaking hearts watched the departure of the last of that old race whom their fathers and grandfathers and great-grandfathers again had served and revered—the lords of Fitz-Arden. Electra's letters soon spoke of declining health, and before three years had elapsed she implored me to come to her, if ever I wished to look upon her again in this world of shadows. I immediately obeyed the summons. Matters were worse than I expected. She was evidently very weak; and though she had everything that wealth and luxury could supply, the balm of kindness never refreshed her weary and sinking spirit. Loring never spoke harshly—indeed, he seldom spoke at all the little he was at home, but the attentions he paid were so obviously from a sense of duty, that they fell like ice-drops on the heart of his wounded wife. I heard no reproaches on either side; but a day seldom passed without some occurrence more or less painful to my friend. Once little Louie jumped into her father's arms as he entered, and eagerly exclaimed:

"Do you love me, papa?"

He kissed her with much fondness, and replied:

"Yes, I do, my sweet one."

"And mamma, too?" inquired the little creature, with a sort of half-entreaty look, so graceful in childhood. He put her away from him, and answered coldly:

"Certainly, my child."

I saw a slight convulsion in Electra's face and in the motion of her hands; but it quickly passed. At another time, when we were searching in the library for a book we wanted, we discovered on a small open cabinet a likeness of the fair young Greek, and near it a newspaper, giving an account of her marriage with an Austrian nobleman. The surprise was so sudden that Electra lost the balance of feelings she had hitherto so well preserved. She rushed out of the room, and it was several hours before I was admitted to her bedside.

Fortunately for my friend this mental struggle was too fierce to be of long continuance. Neglected, forsaken, the closing scene of her life drew near; and to her it seemed welcome as sleep to the weary. Sometimes the movements of reluctant nature were visible in the intense look of love she cast upon her child, and the convulsive energy with which she would clasp the little one to her bosom. But otherwise all was stillness and heavenly hope.

Loring had been for some time past still less at home, and seldom returned till night was wakening into morning. One day, when she had been unusually ill, and we all supposed she was about to die, she pressed my hand feebly, and whispered: "Will you ask Charles to see me once more?"

He had just come in from the club. I immediately repaired to the library, and told him the dying request of his wife. At first he made a motion towards the door, then suddenly checking himself, he sat down.

"I had better not. It will be painful to both. I will wait the event here."

He spoke in a tone of such determination mingled with bitterness that I saw it would be useless to urge him. I returned to Electra, but I

had not courage to say her request was refused. She listened eagerly to every sound for a while; and then looking up in my face mournfully—

“He will not come!”

My tears answered her. She looked upward for a moment with an expression of extreme agony, but never spoke again.

The old Castle was let, then sold, and so passed for ever, like Rogers' house of Geneva, into the hands of strangers.

VESPER.

HOW I GOT SHAVED IN EXETER.

LEAVING my rural home, with my wife, to seek in change of air and scene the restoration to health which a long course of medical treatment in the country had failed to bestow, we came to Exeter, and took a lodging. The following morning we met with an old friend, who seeing me unmistakably out of condition, said:

“My good fellow! what's the matter with you?”

“Very shaky,” I replied. “Can't see, have pins and needles in my legs, and numbness—I've no appetite.”

“Have you had a doctor?” rejoined my friend.

“Yes, several; they can make nothing of it.”

“My dear fellow, go to Dr. B——, he's a clever fellow! One of nine brothers! All clever fellows! Five of 'em doctors; four of 'em senior wranglers! He'll tell you what's the matter.”

I followed my friend's advice, and went forthwith to Dr. B——, who amongst other things most seriously warned me to avoid all that could unpleasantly affect the nerves; all sudden shocks, all excitement, all fatigue of mind or body, &c.

Now, I would just remark, that I had lately become less expert at shaving myself than I used to be. My hand had a habit of shaking; and occasionally a slip of the razor and a slight cut had made me start, so as to cause me a degree of trepidation at attacking my beard, which was as unpleasant as it was new to me.

My wife, taking advantage of the doctor's orders to strengthen her own argument (often repeated, but never before heeded by me), comes to me the next morning, just as my shaving-water was brought to me, and began with—

“Now, Harry! What is the use of your persisting in shaving yourself, ill and nervous as you are? While there are *hundreds* of barbers in this great town; fifty I dare say in the next street! Now *do*, there's a sensible man, dress quickly—never mind your beard—go and get shaved at the nearest barber's, and depend on it you'll find it quite a treat to be shaved;” adding, *sotto voce*, as I left the room, “since you *will not* grow a beard and monstache like everybody else.”

Fortified by these assurances, I resolved on adopting the plan so eloquently suggested by my wife; although the only occasion on which I had ever previously subjected myself to the manipulation of a barber had been many years since, in a small village in Bavaria, when the operator used his finger for a shaving-brush, and almost flayed me with what appeared very like a portion of an old iron hoop! Thus, it may be supposed, I

retained no particularly agreeable recollections of the operation to which I was now about to subject myself.

Reassuring myself, however, by the reflection that in these modern times, in the metropolis of the west, I need entertain no apprehension of undergoing an exorciation similar to that I had suffered at the hands of the Bavarian barber, I sallied forth into the High Street, anticipating rather pleasantly than otherwise what was about to follow, and with as resolute a heart as Sir Galahad in quest of the Sangreal.

Every one who knows Exeter will remember that the High Street forms the upper portion of the main street of the city, the lower part of which is called Fore Street, and terminates in a steep declivity leading towards the railway station; the whole forming a street of considerable length; the best part of a mile, I should say.

At the upper end of this street I commenced my peregrination.

I must here state, that one symptom of the complaint from which I was suffering was a great dimness of sight, making it difficult for me to distinguish the articles in the shop windows, or read the names of the owners of the shops; this, it will be obvious, formed one great difficulty in my quest.

But I consoled myself by remembering that so peculiar and striking an object as a barber's pole, which I believed was the universal symbol of the craft, could scarcely escape even my purblind observation.

On, therefore, I went; down the High Street, filled with beautiful shops, looking narrowly at each successive window and door for the object of my anxious search; and scanning, to the best of my ability, the opposite as well as the near side of the way.

I traversed thus the whole length of High Street, and Fore Street, till I found myself at the top of the declivity near the railway station, without success. This puzzled me, for I had fully accepted the assurance of my wife, that I should find “*hundreds* of barbers” in Exeter.

Of course, I could only attribute my failure to my unfortunate dimness of sight; so perceiving a policeman approaching, it occurred to me to request that he would direct me to some respectable practitioner in the easy shaving line. The circumstance of this policeman having a very flourishing beard and immense whiskers, not to say monstache, entirely escaped me until I had committed myself by accosting him with—

“Policeman, have you got such a thing as a shaving shop in your neighbourhood?”

The manner of his reply seemed to indicate that he thought I was casting a reflection upon his own personal hirsute appendages.

He answered me somewhat shortly, advising me to go to South Street if I wanted shaving. This locality was entirely unknown to me; the policeman's information, therefore, gave me but little assistance. I then resolved upon crossing the way, and retracing my steps on the opposite side, assuring myself that my search would soon be rewarded; and thus I proceeded for a considerable

distance; still no barber's pole, with its many-coloured stripes, presented itself. At last, just as I was beginning to despond, I arrived at a spot where a cab was drawn up by the pavement, and the driver stood holding his horse—(he was a good-natured looking man with a large pair of grey whiskers, and a very scedy coat)—to him I addressed myself, inquiring if *he* knew of any place in the neighbourhood where I could get shaved?

The driver evinced the most intense anxiety to give me the required information. His first movement was to gaze with much earnestness in the direction of High Street; but a moment's reflection appearing to convince him of the inutility of searching in that direction, he turned sharply round towards the Fore Street, and peered with similar earnestness in that quarter. This being equally unsuccessful, he threw his eyes upwards, seeing apparently the barber's pole amongst the constellations, and from thence fastened his eyes with great solicitude upon the pavement at his feet, remaining for some seconds in silent meditation, with the air of one who, in the attempt to measure the distance between heaven and earth, was at that moment engaged in the calculation of the problem. Finding this invocation to heaven and earth fruitless, he relieved himself from his perplexity by suddenly catching a very small boy who was passing, demanding of him if he knew where a gentleman could get shaved? The small boy, whose smooth face showed that shaving was not as yet at all in his line, replied in the negative, of course.

"Well, sir," then said the cabman, "if you was to go down into South Street, you might find a barber there."

Just then a bright thought seemed to flash upon him; for, pointing to the shop of one of the celebrated perfumers and hairdressers of the town which stood nearly opposite to us, he suggested that possibly I could get shaved there. I observed that no barber's pole appeared to indicate this as a part of their calling. This remark appeared to stagger my cabman, but, after some reflection, he insisted that notwithstanding the want of a pole, he made no doubt I should find there razor and soap-suds at my service. With many misgivings I again crossed the street, and drew near to the splendid shop indicated by the cabman. Independently of the magnificently attired waxen figure which graced the window, with a coiffure of pearls and ringlets of silken texture and raven hue, surrounded by splendid glass-cases filled with perfumery and brushes, &c., I perceived, seated in the shop, an elegantly attired living lady! None of all this indicated the presence of the object of which I was in search, and only added to my trepidation. I made bold to open the glass-door and to enter the shop where the lady was seated; and I modestly inquired of her whether I could get shaved at her establishment?

I thought—but to my suspicious mind the thought might have been merely the suggestion of my nervous fancy—that her reply to my inquiry savoured somewhat of surprise:

"Shaved, sir?" But recovering herself she

continued, in a confident tone, "Oh, certainly, sir; please to walk on through the next door," indicating the direction with her finger.

Onward, therefore, I marched; much gratified that I had at length, after all my weary wanderings, reached the goal of my desires! Passing through several rooms, I arrived at a splendidly furnished apartment fitted up with mirrors; a large fire glowed in the grate; sofas, cushions, consoles, perfumes, surrounded me—in fact, every token of luxury and voluptuousness!

The apartment was vacant; but in a few moments another door was opened and a very smart gentleman entered. To him I made known my wish to be shaved.

With great politeness he placed a seat for me, and at once commenced getting together the necessary articles by means of which he proposed to perform the required operation.

Now, let me here remark that all this jarred excessively upon my preconceived notions of a barber's shop. First, there was the want of a pole outside; next, there was the elegant female inside; then the various rooms and passages I had traversed, introducing me somewhat mysteriously to this Arabian Nights style of saloon! Lastly, the gentleman himself, attired in a costume infinitely more elegant than my own, without even the semblance of an apron!

Now, an apron had invariably been associated with my idea of a barber.

A most faultless moustache, exquisite whiskers, and beard of the first fashion, adorned this Adonis, and the rings which sparkled on his fingers suggested the possible bells which may have tinkled on his toes. Look whichever way I might, the repetition of his figure in the many mirrors by which I was surrounded gave the impression that I sat amidst a host of fashionable barbers, or elegant Adonises, each of them flourishing and sharpening the brightest of all conceivably bright razors. My shattered nerves certainly gained no tone by this display, and I heartily wished I had turned a deaf ear to my wife's suggestion. Regrets, however, came too late! I was in for it now, and shaved I must be, at whatever cost!

Novice as I was, I ventured to inquire whether I should take my coat off.

This matter the operator assured me was one of "entire indifference" to him,

I suggested the displacement of my neckerchief and shirt-collar. To this he assented, after a little consideration; and I accordingly divested myself of these articles; thinking also that it *must* be most convenient to the Adonis, in spite of his professed indifference on the subject, I laid aside my coat also, and seated myself. I felt like a victim prepared for the sacrifice; or a wretch upon whom the dentist is about to exercise his professional skill, and my nervousness increased to an extreme degree. At this moment Adonis approached me, shaving brush in hand, and in a few seconds smothered my face in a white mixture, rendering it impossible for me to speak. This done, he planted himself opposite me in a fantastic attitude, surveying, as it seemed, his recent handiwork, and considering on what portion of the

surface he should commence his next attack. He now seized the razor; and I could not avoid perceiving that the weapon was a perfectly new one, and had never before been used. I mention this because it created in my mind at the moment a slight suspicion of a terrific fact of which I was about to become the unhappy hearer.

He stood before me—legs apart, razor in hand—thrusting his arms to their full extent through the sleeves of his coat, in the attitude and with the gesture of a man who having to perform some deed requiring the exercise of great personal strength, wishes to ascertain beforehand that his powers are not to be impeded by the pressure of his garments! I thought—but further reflections were cut short by a powerful grasp on the top of my head, and a vigorous and awful sweep or *scrape* of the razor in a direction directly contrary to that in which I had been accustomed to operate upon my own face. The torture of this almost threw me into a state of coma!

He paused, and smiled, evidently much pleased at the success of his first move; and then, to heighten the value of the service he had just rendered me, he favoured me with the intelligence that it was really *so long* since he had handled a razor, he was *quite out of practice*.

Had one of the Sebastopol cannons presented to the city been fired off under my ear at that moment, I doubt whether I should have received a greater shock.

My first impulse was to leap up and rush away; but the lather, the want of shirt collar, and, added to these, the frightful quivering in my back, all put a negative on such a move. My only alternative was entire submission to the martyrdom I had to undergo, and I resigned myself. A second scrape in the same unusual direction assured me that the operator was again at his work; and, with closed eyes, I felt the razor tearing and travelling about in every direction but what appeared to me to be the right one.

Part the first—namely, the upper part of the face—being now finished, part the second was prepared by the brush and lather. In this interval the operator thought fit to favour me with a little conversation, and while stropping up the razor in front of me inquired,—

“Have you heard, sir, of the gentleman who had his throat cut here this morning!”

This put the finishing stroke to my already perturbed and excited fancy; and starting up from my chair, I shouted, “What! Here? In this very room? In this very chair?” half wild at the idea that I was occupying the place of the poor victim—*barber-ously* murdered through the incapacity, most probably, of the very man who who was now so coolly, nay, even so cheerfully, relating the circumstance as one of no uncommon occurrence!

What was there to protect me from a similar fate?

My Adonis, bursting into a fit of laughter, which however, he took some pains to control, assured me that he had not meant “here” as indicating

that room, but the city of Exeter. I subsided into the chair. My only other recollection of the ceremony, previous to its conclusion, is a request that I would keep my lips apart, lest my lower lip should be cut off! With this I complied, deeming the admission into my mouth of a table-spoonful or so of soapsuds a slight grievance in comparison of the threatened alternative. Words cannot express the relief I felt when a final wipe of the razor, accompanied with the welcome, welcome words, “That will do, sir,” satisfied me that the ordeal was concluded. After a comfortable ablution I inquired what I had to pay, when I was informed that a small and most reasonable charge would be received by the elegant lady as I passed through the outer shop.

Before separating, which we did with mutual goodwill and courtesy (he, doubtless, respecting me for the equanimity with which I had undergone his fearful and unwonted practice, and I grateful to him for having spared my life and taken only my beard), I learnt from my operator the following facts: that it was months since he had shaved any one; and that during his late apprenticeship of three years in London, in one of the most frequented hairdressers' shops at the West End, he had only shaved four persons. He terminated this information with the following sage advice, to which I call the attention of my male readers: “If you want easy shaving, pick out the lowest barber's shop you can find,—one, if possible, where they will shave you for one penny.”

Walking home with clean face and lightened heart, I met my wife, who, alarmed at my long absence, had come out in search of me. My first words were, “I'll be my own barber henceforth;” and as we walked home together, I totally undeceived her as to her mistaken idea of the multiplicity of shaving-shops in Exeter, and gave her a good laugh over my adventures, in which I invite my readers to join.

H. F. W.

FOR HONG KONG, CARE OF AH LEEN AND CO., THIS SIDE UP.

WHILE on a visit to one of our richest Australian gold-fields, at Castlenaine, a few months back, I was startled by a paragraph in one of the local papers, stating that the Chinese diggers had made a formal application to the authorities for leave to exhume the remains of a mandarin who had died some three years ago. It appears to be their custom to disinter the bodies of men of rank who die abroad, three years after burial, with a view to sending them home to the family tomb. The newspaper notice went on to say that the body was exhumed in the presence of the coroner and the parish sexton. Owing to the security of the coffin and the dry nature of the soil, the body was found in a state of wonderful preservation. It was removed from the coffin, all the skin, remaining flesh, and integuments were carefully scraped away with knives, and the skeleton was submitted to the action of fire, until burned or calcined (for the bones appeared beautifully pure and white); they

were then broken into short lengths—every particular bone—even the very skull was so broken up that it was difficult to make out the several component plates afterwards. These bones were then deposited in a wooden box about two feet long by one broad, and about one foot in depth, and lined throughout with white satin. There I saw them on my visit to the cemetery. The box lay on a table in the tool-house at the cemetery gates. It was really hard to say which was whiter, the white satin or the white calcined bone heaped up within it. Although thoroughly burned, none of the integral structure of the bone was destroyed, and the spongy texture of the heads of the thigh bones, &c., presented a really beautiful appearance. In a corner of this wooden funeral urn—if I may be pardoned for the bull—lay a small octagonal tin box marked “matches,” and the manufacturer would have stared in amazement if he could only have foreseen its ultimate contents and destiny. The sexton gave me permission to open it and examine its contents. I did so, and I must confess my astonishment was quite as great as I could have fancied that of the tin match-box

maker, could he only have peeped over my shoulder as I opened the lid. I had heard of silver urns before, containing hearts and so forth; but a tin match-box with *such* a lining was a matter I was little prepared for. On lifting the lid, I found within all the teeth of the deceased celestial together with his finger nails, which had been drawn out and off respectively, previous to the kiln-drying operation. The nails, it would appear, which were of the most absurd length, and more resembling the talons of some huge pterodactyle than anything else I can compare them to, were here encased as *vouchers* for his rank and station. None but the lower orders in China wearing short nails, these are obliged to do as we do—*cut them*, in order to be able to work with their hands for their daily bread. The sexton was, however, unable to enlighten my ignorance in the matter of the teeth; but I have no doubt there must have been some reason for boxing them up so carefully.

Ere this reaches you, the bones are with the mandarin's family in the country of the children of the sun and moon.

G. G. M.



THE TWO HANDS.

A LARGE brown hand by labour stained
Four snowy fingers prest,
As though a swarthy Cyclops strained
A white maid to his breast.

And fondly did that brown hand hold
Those fingers white as snow,
As though it were a link of gold
That would not let them go.

Time passes on. The two hands clasp
Another newly given :
As though they'd found an angel's grasp
To draw them up to heaven.

Once more the brown hand and the white
Are linked. So cold ! so fast !—
As though true loving hearts unite
More closely at the last.

MARK LEMON.

LAST WEEK.

STILL the columns of our public journals are stuffed with accounts of warlike preparations; steam-frigates upon new and improved principles, both for offence and defence, are in course of construction here—volunteers are reviewed there. The French Emperor is strengthening his army of Rome—the Austrian Emperor is reinforcing his garrisons in the Quadrilateral. Victor Emmanuel is still—at the date these lines are written—engaged in administering a kind of homeopathic bombardment to the fortress of Gaëta. Garibaldi, late Dictator of the Two Sicilies, but now the Hermit of Caprera, has hung up his sword, and turned out his two horses for a season, but he claims 1,000,000 Italians in arms as the contingent of Italy next spring. We have a little war upon our hands in New Zealand, and a tedious war still before us in China, for, whatever may be the terms which Lord Elgin may think it proper to impose upon the Mandarins at Peking, it is too much to suppose that they will be adhered to by the Chinese as soon as the military pressure is withdrawn. We will pass over the threats of the Southern States concerning the dissolution of the great North American Confederation as a mere *brutum fulmen*—but although there be no actual warfare, nor any immediate likelihood of it upon the North American continent, there is plenty of violence in Texas and elsewhere.

What is to be the end of all this? It does not follow as an inevitable consequence that because the great nations of Europe are making all these warlike preparations, they will therefore take the field next spring. *Si vis pacem para bellum*—says the old maxim, and certainly upon this principle the desire for the maintenance of peace must be very vehement throughout Europe just now. The true danger seems to lie in the fact that at the present moment questions of foreign policy seem to occupy the attention of every European nation in most cases, though not in all, to the exclusion of those which are merely of domestic interest. This must be. By the railroad, by the electric telegraph, by the spread of commerce, by the interchange of literatures, we have all learnt to sympathise with each other.

An English Liberal is an European Liberal. This may not be true to the same extent of other nations, for upon all points of political economy the great bulk of the Continental Liberals are still mourning over the grave of the late Colonel Sibthorp. Your German or Frenchman can never be a thorough Liberal until he has dismissed from his mind the dogma that he is to gain by his neighbour's loss, and that the nation to which he belongs is proportionably the more prosperous the more it is independent of foreign supply. These fallacies will be appreciated in time for just what they are worth; but meanwhile ignorance of political economy is a great stumbling-block in the path. Capital throughout Europe is still tainted with false opinions upon the subject of exchange; and herein lies great danger to the peace of the world. Could the European Liberals be brought to lay aside their municipal jealousies and apprehensions—to agree upon the objects which they

shall pursue in common, and to stand by each other in troublesome times, we should have a great security for the future. As an illustration of this, take the recent expression of public opinion in this country with regard to the Italian question. It is clearly understood that England has no intention of interfering in the contest in a material way; still the weight of her opinion is felt as though it were an army in the field. Had France been a free country—as England is a free country—and had there been in France the same overwhelming expression of public sympathy with the Italians as has taken place here—the liberation of the Peninsula might have been brought about without a Magenta or Solferino—without the lamentable cession of Savoy to a foreign power. The impulses and processes would naturally have been different, but the results would have been the same, if not more complete. England has sent her free thoughts, France her soldiers. England neither asked for, nor expected, profit from the liberation of the Italians. France did expect it, and has exacted it. In all probability the French Emperor will require further payment before his complete assent is given to the independence of the Peninsula.

Thus, then, we are all intent upon questions of foreign policy; we are all preparing for war, and yet Lord Palmerston thinks, and many men of great experience, and of forecasting mind, think with him that actual hostilities will in some way be avoided. There is no doubt that any war—save one of defence—would be highly unpopular in this country. Despite of the national fanaticism for military glory, there is little doubt that Louis Napoleon found the temper of the French nation not very malleable when he embarked in the Crimean war; and, more recently, in the Italian campaign. All public expression of opinion may be killed in France; but despite of all his laws of repression, it is still a power with which the French Emperor must settle accounts at his peril. War is always unpopular with Prussia, as every one knows who has ever witnessed the amount of domestic misery consequent upon a desire for what is called the “mobilisation” of the army, when the soldiers are called back from their ploughs and their shop-boards to the ranks. Russia is still exhausted with her last enormous struggle; and if the war party in Austria, of which Francis Joseph is the head, should succeed in plunging the Empire once more into war, the base of their operations will indeed be a house doubly and trebly divided against itself! Independently of these considerations, it should be added that the actual position of the Austrian treasury seems to be very desperate. The great capitalists of Europe are of course prepared to discount such an enterprise as an Austrian attempt to recover Lombardy, if it should be brought before them with any considerable chances of success; but fortunately the chances are not considerable. When to the difficulties inherent in the Italian campaign, are added those which would follow from a Hungarian insurrection, which would in all probability take place as soon as the Empire was at war, one should suppose that a capitalist would as soon make advances to the Grand Trunk Line

of Canada, as to the treasury of the Hapsburgs, if the advances are to be expended upon gunpowder. By recent accounts, too, French finance is not in a very flourishing condition; and it would be strange if it were so, considering the monetary scale upon which the enterprises of the Emperor have been conducted. Europe has never yet seen the true French bill for the Russian war. The expenditure both of actual wealth, and of male adults in the prime of their strength (who are wealth in another form), must have been enormous.

That Italian campaign, too, must have cost the French tax-payers a good round sum; for Savoy and Nice, although a tangible return for the expenditure, have not as yet brought back any grist to the Imperial mill. Take the French expenditure upon the arsenals—upon the new ships of war—upon the rifled cannon—and other matters of military preparation, and the sum total, if fairly laid before the French nation, would give them serious thoughts for the future. Greater, however, even than this expenditure upon war, and preparations for it, must have been the sums spent upon the civil management of the country in various forms. How much improper expenditure must have been tolerated in order to maintain the zeal of partizans at a proper point of fervour! How many bubble schemes must have been winked at, if not actually encouraged, as they certainly have been by the machinery of the *Credit Mobilier*, and by direct concessions from the Government! The capital sum which would represent the extent to which the partizans of the Emperor have profited by the institution of the Empire must be very considerable. At the present moment we find that the subject of Finance—as well it may—is occupying the serious attention of the Emperor.

Money is scarce in France, but in the first days of LAST WEEK the Bank of France had still obstinately refused to have recourse to the natural remedy which we in England know to be a regulation of the public discounts on conditions which may be in harmony with the actual commercial position of the country. To do this would be to confess that France has of late been outspending herself—that there has been over-speculation, and injudicious speculation, and that the time had arrived when the nation must pause awhile, and allow the restorative action of accumulation to repair the breaches made in the national prosperity. The Emperor as yet has preferred the false system—speaking in a commercial sense—of borrowing money in order to maintain the profuse expenditure, and to encourage the speculation which must have been injudicious, or France would now be a lender, and not a borrower. It is clear that the Emperor has taken the matter directly in hand himself, and is interfering in the very details of the difficulty. A large portion of the stock of specie in the French Bank is silver. Silver is a commodity just like tea, or tobacco, which is always purchasable at its fair value in the markets of the world. The means of the Bank Directors are crippled—here they have in hand a stock of silver with which they might tide over their present difficulties, but Louis Napoleon would not for a time permit them to part with a single bar.

It is to be regretted that we have not before us a true balance-sheet of the French Empire. The figures presented from time to time by the Government to the pseudo-representatives of the nation are of course fallacious. If our own share in the Crimean war cost us 100,000,000*l.*, what was the amount of the French bill? for the Emperor went into the business far more heavily than we did. Was the cost of the Italian campaign much less? What is the figure which would represent the French share in the China business? What is the total *real* addition to the National Debt of France since Louis Napoleon took the French government in hand? Something appalling, if the statements are fairly made.

At the same time the position of the French Emperor is different indeed from that of his Austrian brother. If Louis Napoleon is minded to go to war next spring, he will find plenty of capitalists to advance him the money upon reasonable terms, even if the opening of public loans in France be not responded to in as speedy and satisfactory a way as heretofore. It is most probable that he will not go to war if he can help it, because the seat of hostilities would again be the Italian Peninsula, and in the present temper of the European cabinets any serious attempts at territorial aggrandisement in this direction upon the part of France would no doubt give rise to an opposition which even a man of so firm a mind as the French Emperor had rather not encounter. Now, he cannot afford to go to war again unless at the close of the campaign he is prepared to show the French nation that he has gained for them an equivalent for the expenditure of blood and money which must certainly be incurred. The phrase of going to war "for an idea" may sound vastly well in the columns of a French journal, but it conveys cold comfort to the humble peasant family in Languedoc, who have been called upon to sacrifice poor Jean-Marie, or Pierre, in obedience to this magnanimous impulse. Still less does it carry consolation to the French tax-payer, whose liabilities to the treasury are every year heavier, and still heavier—for your French tax-payer is proverbially a hard-fisted man.

The ignorant impatience of the people under taxation is still greater in France than in England; and even here people are grumbling loudly enough about our temporary income tax, which next session will very probably be screwed up to a shilling in the pound. Still we must not be blind to the fact that Louis Napoleon may be forced into a war against his will. A rash and inconsiderate movement at Vienna might force him once more to despatch the armies of France into Italy. He could not stand by quietly, and see those results to which the blood of the French nation has so largely contributed actually neutralized. This would be to confess failure—and failure is a word which must be blotted out of the Imperial Dictionary, or it will be found to have a terrible synonym. The peace of Europe next spring actually depends upon the action of the Austrian Court,—and who will be bold enough to do more than hazard a conjecture as to what this action will be? What the calculations of prudence would be we can tell; but who can foretell, with

any approach to certainty, the vagaries of imprudence? Not so long ago, we were all saying that the late Czar Nicholas would never be mad enough to cross the Pruth. He crossed it, however, and the penalty was the forfeiture of his own life, and a check in the development of civilisation in Russia, which will scarcely be repaired in the lifetime of this generation. Again, we were all saying that the Austrians would never provoke a conflict with the French armies. Magenta and Solferino were the illustrations of that prophecy. Matters are still more desperate now than they were two years ago. The whole Peninsula, up to the Venetian frontier, is in the hands of the Italians—save the Patrimony of St. Peter, which is a sort of French garrison. The discontent in the Austrian Provinces—especially in Hungary—has risen to a point which no longer admits of misunderstanding or concealment. The situation is desperate—but Despair is not always the safest Privy Councillor. There is not an Austrian statesman of much account; not even a man of the mark of Felix Schwarzenburgh; and a true statesman is much needed in Austria just now.

Let us not, in our just antipathy to the cruelties and abominations of Austrian rule in Italy, ever lose sight of the fact that the existence of a powerful military monarchy in the south-east of Europe has been found throughout historical ages necessary to our own security. What may be the political action of this new Italian kingdom, we know not as yet. That it will be for good, we hope, and believe—but we are standing upon the brink of an untried future. That old Eastern enigma still remains unsolved at Constantinople. It is not too much to say that the very greatest uneasiness is felt among English statesmen upon this point. The extinction of the military power of Austria, and the consequent French monopoly of military power for aggressive purposes on the Continent of Europe, would scarcely be a result which Englishmen could see with satisfaction. The Turkish Empire—do what we will—is crumbling and decaying before our eyes; and in all probability men now in the prime of life will live to see a solution of the question.

With the history of Europe behind us from the days of Henri IV. to the days of Louis Napoleon, one would scarcely wish to see so vast a preponderance of military power in the hands of Frenchmen as would certainly follow from the destruction of the Austrian Empire. If Francis Joseph could be induced to part with Venetia by way of sale, and to govern his Empire, especially Hungary, in a constitutional way, what a glorious future might still lie before the Hapsburgs! As the great Danubian Power, Austria would be a far more important member of the European Confederation than she has ever yet been: and destinies might yet await her in the East, which would place her in a position which she could never have achieved as the unreasoning task-mistress of unfortunate Italy.

In the absence of any great political events during the LAST WEEK, our space may fairly be devoted to speculations on the future. Now a suggestion has been set afloat in Paris, and has

received a certain amount of discussion during the last seven days, which, if there be any kind of truth in it, may grow into the most important event of our time. We all know pretty well the system upon which Louis Napoleon is in the habit of bringing his schemes before the world. The rudimentary element out of which a Russian War or an Italian campaign grows, is a suggestion in a French newspaper. The idea contained in this suggestion is either destroyed, or allowed to drop, according to the effect which it is found to produce upon the minds of the French nation. The suggestion put forth in one newspaper is contradicted in another—a discussion follows, and if it be found peculiarly unpalatable, in due course a contradiction is put forth in the "Moniteur," and there for a time is an end of the matter. Supposing, however, that affairs take a different turn when the journalist once tosses the shuttlecock up in the air, a band of pamphleteers are appointed to keep it up, and should their endeavours, too, be crowned with success, in due course the French People are allowed to obtain an inkling of the Napoleonic idea upon the subject. Now the shuttlecock of LAST WEEK is nothing more nor less than a suggestion that Louis Napoleon, after the lapse of somewhat more than three centuries, should follow in the steps of our own Henry VIII., and declare himself to be the head of the Church in France—as Queen Victoria is the head of the Church in England. Of course, at this preliminary stage, the suggestion leaves to the Pope all supremacy in matters of faith; but in such a matter as this, the first step is everything; and the higher French clergy, acting under the auspices of the Emperor, would soon become the arbiters of the national faith of France. The attempt is a bold one, and would certainly conciliate to the Emperor the sympathies of the vast bulk of the English nation. What are the chances of success? There can be no doubt that at the present moment the Pope, and the Papal Court, are profoundly discredited throughout Europe.

In the Italian peninsula itself, Pio Nono is looked upon as one of the two great remaining obstacles to the independence of the country. A similar result has been produced by the Concordat in Austria. The amount of exasperation against the influence of the priesthood in all the daily affairs of life, can scarcely be credited by any but those who have mixed familiarly with the peasantry of Austria. On the Danube banks your ears are stuffed with stories—no doubt many of them grievously exaggerated—such as those which animated Luther to his great attack upon the Papal power. These are at least evidence of the animosity entertained by the people against the priests. In France itself Louis Napoleon has been dealing of late in a very high-handed way with the upper and Ultramontane clergy. He has signalled the protests of some of the bishops as treason against the French nation and his own government. He has suppressed the journal which was emphatically the organ of the party. He has sternly forbidden any organised collections for the benefit of the Holy Father, who is now somewhat hardly pressed under the head of Ways and Means. It may be observed, parenthetically, that

there is not a more significant sign of the times than the scantiness of the contributions forwarded by the faithful throughout the world to their Spiritual Chief in the hour of his need. This is a matter with which Protestants are not concerned. We are not expected to subscribe Peter's-pence, or widows'-mites, for the benefit of the Pope; nor have we cast any obstacle in the way of such collections. We simply note the fact that now, when the necessities of the Papacy are the sorest, subscriptions do not flow in in any very lavish manner. If we adopt the pecuniary test, then, as a means of forming our judgment as to the degree of attachment felt by the Roman Catholic laity throughout Europe to the Holy See, the decision must be that the zeal of the faithful has grown cold. The French bishops send forth angry addresses, allocutions, or by whatever name such episcopal admonitions are aptly described. Dr. Cullen and his colleagues exhaust the vocabulary of abuse against the malignant and ungodly men who are endeavouring to save the Pope and his advisers from the temptations and anxieties of temporal sovereignty—but there are no assets forthcoming! It is calculated that by Christmas next Pío Nono will be absolutely bankrupt, and unable to pay his way. Then at last there must be an end of the undignified struggle which has been protracted too long for the true interests of the Church.

It is at this point when the last stiver in the Papal treasury has been paid away—and when there would appear to be so little solicitude on any side to replenish the empty coffers of the Vatican, that the French Emperor takes the matter in hand. He suggests that as the temporal sovereignty of the Pope has actually collapsed in Italy—nay, at Rome itself—despite of all his efforts to avert such a catastrophe, it would be well if the Church in France were placed upon a more stable footing. Here is the very suggestion as it has been set forth in the pamphlet of M. Cayla (the shuttlecock). "The Emperor, as head of the national religion, would have no need to break with Rome with respect to dogmas. The Pope, as simply a Spiritual Sovereign, would continue to exercise an influence over Catholicity, the greater as the Papacy would again approach the simplicity of the Primitive Church. As regards France especially, the Head of the State would direct the administration of public worship as a sovereign. Paris being the centre and the heart of France, the Archbishop of Paris would be named Grand Patriarch." It is needless to enter into the details of M. Cayla's scheme. These are of little importance in the presence of this one tremendous fact—the secession of France from obedience to the See of Rome.

Is this to be? Nothing, of course, is as yet decided, save that Louis Napoleon, who provides the intellectual food of the French people, has permitted—possibly, directed—that the subject shall be publicly discussed.

If we consider the probabilities of the case, it seems likely that the French Emperor is of opinion that he can now dispense with the ecclesiastical ladder which stood him in such stead when he first attempted to mount the Imperial throne of France. The day has gone by when he would condescend to humour the Breton peasantry by

pilgrimages to the shrines which they held sacred, and by observances which they esteemed as necessary to salvation. He is the man who, of all others, is most deeply interested in arriving at the truth as to the convictions and wishes of the French nation; and who, of all others, has the best machinery at his disposal for the formation of a just opinion upon the point. Now, he has shown by overt acts that he will not tolerate any opposition to his will on the part of the French bishops and higher ecclesiastical dignitaries. With a few lines in the "Moniteur" he reduces them to silence.

Louis Napoleon would not venture upon so bold a policy if he did not feel that he had the support of the French nation at his back. It is true that his uncle, Napoleon Bonaparte, when he was considering some sixty years ago with his chosen councillors as to what steps would be the wisest for the restoration of religion in France, discussed with them this scheme for vesting in himself the Headship of the Church in France, and decided against it. He did so merely upon political grounds. It was important that France should remain one of the great Roman Catholic Powers. The common bond of union between these Powers was their obedience to the Holy See. If he had proclaimed himself Head of the Church in France, he considered that the inevitable result would have been that, even upon doctrinal matters, France would soon stand alone in Europe, or in other words, the bond of a common religion between France and other nations would be snapped asunder. Besides, if the Headship of the Church were nominally vested in the sovereign, it was certain that there must be some great ecclesiastical dignitary—call him Archbishop, Patriarch, what you will—to whom must be delegated the exercise of spiritual functions.

Might not such an one, if a Frenchman, resident at Paris, become very troublesome to the Government, if France should fall into a fit of fanaticism? Given a Napoleon upon the temporal throne, he would, no doubt, manage his archbishop well enough. Given a Napoleon upon the archiepiscopal throne, might it not happen in days to come that he might bring the temporal Emperor under *his* control? For these reasons, and certain others which we are precluded from setting forth here by consideration of space, Napoleon Bonaparte concluded that if Rome had not been in existence, it would have been incumbent upon him to invent Rome, for the graceful government of his people in spiritual matters. It was safest, he thought, to keep his High Priest at a distance from the seat of empire, and in a position in which he must, in a great degree, be at the mercy of the powerful chief of so mighty a nation as France.

It is certainly as yet too much to say that the views of the nephew differ from the views of the uncle upon this important point. When his head was turned, and he became intoxicated with success, even Napoleon Bonaparte did not adhere to his original idea, but made the Pope a State prisoner, and treated him in a manner which was certainly not calculated to promote respect for religion throughout Europe.

THE SILVER CORD.

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS.



CHAPTER IX.

THE boat from Folkstone to Boulogne was making excellent progress, the water was what people choose to call "glass," and even the foreigners who were returning from insolation, and who, in spite of the glorious weather, wrapped and shawled themselves, and lay at full length, scowling at the sea as an ally of perfidious Albion, could not manage to get into their faces that curious hue of mottled whitey-brown paper, which is usually discernible on the alien countenance when the alien is on the ocean. There was scarcely a tolerable excuse for the kind tremors and slight faintnesses of the pretty bride, away for her honey month, and affectionately desirous to afford her Algernon the happiness of paying her all the *petits soins* of a voyage. The day was as beautiful on La Manche as at Lipthwaite.

Mrs. Lygon was sitting as far apart as possible from other passengers, but not in that part of the vessel where her place would naturally be. Plainly dressed, and veiled, she occupied a camp-stool "forward," among the humbler class of passengers. She sat by the side of the vessel, and held a book, less for reading than as an assistance in repelling any well-meant attentions from good-natured women, who, happy in their holiday with their families, pitied her supposed loneliness, and any impertinence from young shoopmen and the like, who, "cutting over to Boolone for a lark,"

might desire to commence it by no end of a flirtation with a deuced pretty-looking Party who was sitting *solus* all alone by herself, until your humble took compassion on her. A little knot of smokers occasionally lounged near her, and chatted, but it is needless to say that no smile at their fun encouraged them to draw round her, and her look and manner were so unmistakeably those of a lady that she escaped all the small molestations which underbred Englishmen, less from viciousness than ill-breeding, have a habit of inflicting on a solitary female traveller. Laura was permitted to remain silent and thoughtful, until addressed by one who had a claim to be heard.

This was Ernest Adair, the Ernest Hardwick of the garden and the arbour at Mr. Vernon's house in Lipthwaite.

He had been slightly, if at all aged or altered, to appearance, by the lapse of the years that had passed since that meeting with Mr. Vernon's daughter. His step was as light and confident, his eye as glittering, his features as pale as ever, but perhaps on a closer regard it might have been seen that the lines were a little harder, and the face somewhat more resolved, though the smile was as ready as ever, and the voice as irritatingly pleasant. His dress, still dark, had a certain military compactness, which was not impaired by the effect of a loose white overcoat of the lightest material, and a stiff travelling cap, of a more elegant kind

than is generally adopted by the Briton, who looks very respectable at home, but manifests extremely wild notions of the picturesque when he adorns himself for foreign conquest.

Ernest Adair had kept himself entirely aloof from Mrs. Lygon, since the vessel had left harbour. After providing her with a seat, and placing a book in her hand, he had gone further forward, and establishing himself in the narrowest part of the boat, with his back to the bowsprit, he had devoted himself to his favourite cigarettes, but always keeping a careful watch upon Laura.

Once she drew out a pencil, and a note, and seemed about to write. At that moment Adair's watchfulness was redoubled, and, as a passenger, walking the deck, accidentally paused and screened Laura from his view, his lips compressed with sudden anger. But the next moment the passenger passed on, and Laura's pencil had not touched the paper. Apparently, she abandoned her idea of writing, and returned the pencil to a very small pocket at her waist.

"What an objectionable place to put a pocket," said Ernest Adair to himself. "I shall have to ask her for that pencil, and to fabricate a false pretence for doing so, an immorality which I hereby transfer to the account of her sinful milliner."

Half an hour later, he approached her, bringing with him a little black *sac-de-nuit*, glistening with newness.

"Merely a word or two," he said, respectfully—almost deferentially.

Mrs. Lygon looked up for a moment, but made no reply.

"I have not intruded conversation upon you," he said, in the same tone. "I have scarcely spoken twenty words to you since yesterday afternoon, and those only from necessity. But we shall land in a quarter of an hour, and it may be better to speak here than elsewhere."

Laura listened, but did not answer.

"You have been in Boulogne before," he said.

"Yes."

"Nay, I was not asking a question. I know that you have, and that you are well acquainted with the neighbourhood. At this moment you are troubled at the thought of the crowd on the pier, and the eyes of the people who watch the disembarkation. Have no fear on that account. I have arranged for your being spared all annoyance."

"How?"

"When we approach the harbour, have the kindness to go down into the fore cabin, and do not come up again until I let you know that it is time to do so."

"When will that be?"

"When all the passengers have landed and passed the *douane*, and crowd, touters, and everybody are gone."

"I thought that the police—"

"The police are good enough to waive rules in my case," said Ernest Adair, with the slightest symptom of return to his old manner. But he at once resumed his respectful tone.

"A carriage shall be ready on the quay, and we shall be out of the town in a few minutes."

"And where next?"

"That will entirely depend upon yourself at the expiration of a short interview between us at a house well known to yourself—a most respectable house, I should have said, but that Mrs. Lygon could not by possibility know any other."

"I will go down at once," she said, rising from her seat.

"If you please. Only one thing more. You left—this agreeable journey was undertaken somewhat hastily, and though delightful as all improvised pleasures are, hurry has its inconveniences—so against one of them, the entire absence of luggage, I have ventured to provide, and this little bag will supply any temporary wants. My own inexperience in such matters has been assisted by more competent judgment."

He took the book gently from her hand, and placed it in the handle of the small *sac*.

"By the way," he said, "I must give my name in writing to the police, that it may not be blundered. I have no pencil; you have one. Favour me with it for a few moments."

Mrs. Lygon mechanically complied; her mind was, at the instant, in another direction, or she might not have done so.

"I will write it in the chief cabin," he said. "We are nearing port—perhaps the sooner you go down the better."

Having the pencil, he did not fear to hasten away.

Her next act was one that might have befitted Laura Vernon better than the matured Laura Lygon, schooled in self-restraint, and habituated to the calm manners of the world.

With a look of anger that could have been seen through the veil she wore, Mrs. Lygon dashed the bag across the vessel's side into the sea—watched it for an instant as it sank—and hurried down the stairs of the cabin.

Ernest Adair was as good as his word. Mrs. Lygon was left undisturbed in possession of the fore cabin until the last of the wild cries, and shouts, and howls, with which a steam-boat is emptied at a French port, was silenced, and the vessel was finally moored in waiting for her next trip. A few minutes later, and a *gendarme* descended, and with the utmost politeness apprised Madame that her carriage awaited her. Whatever question of police had required answer had evidently been met satisfactorily by Adair, for the single duty which the officer permitted himself was the handing Mrs. Lygon to the quay, where Ernest stood holding the door of a close carriage. She entered it without touching the offered hand of Adair, and was somewhat surprised that he immediately closed the door, and mounted beside the driver, who instantly set his horses in motion. Perhaps, also, she remarked that the vigilant Adair made no inquiry after the *sac de nuit*, which he might have supposed she had forgotten. But Ernest had seen the action which consigned it to the sea, and believed that he appreciated all the impulse which had induced her to send it thither, a belief in which he was mistaken, as a man of evil morals, no matter how subtle may be his mind, very frequently is, when seeking to solve the delicate problem called a woman's heart.

CHAPTER X.

ARTHUR LYGON rose early on the following morning, and indeed some considerable time before the hour at which his host and hostess were usually in the habit of making their appearance, and after a glance into the little room in which Clara was sleeping the still calm sleep of childhood, he went out into the garden. Perhaps he hoped that Mr. Berry would join him, and by communicating at once the old solicitor's view of the case, would leave his friend free to take some decided course of action, which Lygon now began to feel was absolutely necessary to his own existence. But he could see that the curtains of Mr. Berry's dressing-room window remained closed, and Arthur, feverish, impatient, irritable, wandered around the garden, and felt more despondent than he had hitherto permitted himself to be.

At a turn of one of the walks Mrs. Berry suddenly confronted him.

This apparition would not have been pleasing to the most indifferent spectator, for Mrs. Berry's loose dust-coloured morning gown, ugly slippers, and favourite hat did not compose an agreeable picture, but to Arthur Lygon the presence of Mrs. Berry was at that moment more objectionable than that of any created being could have been. His hat, of course, rose mechanically in greeting to his hostess, but it would have been difficult to render his "Good morning," less like the cordial expression of a guest thankful for hospitality.

But to his surprise, and not much to the increase of his content, Mrs. Berry came up to him with a smile that was almost affectionate, and placed her hand in his, which she detained in a friendlier clasp than she was often in the habit of according.

"I am glad to have an opportunity of speaking to you, dear Mr. Lygon, before Mr. Berry comes down. I hope you heard me say good night to you, as I went upstairs last night. I would not come in, for gentlemen do not like to be disturbed when they get into close chat."

Nothing could be kinder than her words, and her manner was as friendly as she could possibly make it. Arthur Lygon, however, could not help contrasting their meeting with their parting over-night, and scarcely knew whether he ought to be apologetic, or only reserved. His companion left him little time for reflection.

"First of all," she continued, "I want to say a word to you from poor dear aunt, who fears she gave you offence by her oddity of talk, and charged me with all kinds of explanations to you. If you knew her as well as we do, and what she has suffered, and still has to suffer, you would soon forgive her anything that seemed like petulance, but I am sure you will take it from me that the poor old lady had no intention to be unkind."

"On the contrary, Mrs. Berry," said Lygon, "I fear Mrs. Empson may have reason to think that I was not so forbearing as I ought to have been, and except that I was anything but well, and——"

"Not a syllable of apology from *you*," said Mrs. Berry, in a low compassionating tone. "Give aunt, give me credit for being able to lay aside any thought of ourselves under such circumstances."

Arthur Lygon looked at her with a keen glance, and was answered by the hand being again placed in his, with a warm pressure.

"Please," said Mrs. Berry, "come with me to the book-room. We shall not be disturbed there."

Lygon, a good deal surprised, could only assent, and follow his hostess into the house.

They entered the library, and Mrs. Berry, signing to Arthur to take a chair, closed the door, and actually drew a small brass bolt with which her husband was in the habit of occasionally securing his afternoon reading, or nap, from interruption.

If Arthur Lygon's mind had at that moment been in any condition to receive a ludicrous impression—or a smile could have arisen to his lips at so determined an enforcement of an assignation—smile and impression would have instantly vanished at his companion's next act.

She pushed a footstool towards the table, glanced at Arthur as if to intimate that he well knew what to do, and, taking up a large prayer-book, she knelt down at a chair, and deliberately read out, in a very excellent manner, the sacramental prayer for the church-militant here on earth, laying especial emphasis on the beautiful petition for succour to those who in this transitory life are in trouble or adversity.

At the first moment of her commencing the prayer, Lygon formed a sort of idea that his hostess was merely performing what might be a substitute for family worship as practised in religious families, and at which it might not be Mr. Berry's habit to assist. This idea was of course quickly dispelled. Mrs. Berry might not be able to induce her husband to join in such a rite, but she was mistress in her own house, and would naturally require the attendance of her servants. Then came the emphatic delivery of the portion we have alluded to, and Lygon felt that he was present at a special service connected with himself. He hastily accused Mr. Berry of having either gratuitously revealed the secret in his charge, or of having surrendered it as a peace-offering after the scene of the previous night. He had not obeyed his hostess's intimation that he should kneel, but he remained standing until she had concluded, and then it was with a heightened colour and a rapidly beating pulse that he awaited her next proceeding.

This was to replace the broad red ribbon with which the page in the prayer-book had been marked, and to restore the book itself to the shelf whence it had been taken. Mrs. Berry then came up to Arthur, as he stood by the fire-place, and looking him kindly in the face, said,

"Now, dear friend, we understand one another."

"Yes," said Lygon, with some presence of mind. "And now any little unkindness of language last night is forgotten for ever. What a lovely morning, again," he added, walking to the window, and opening it.

Mrs. Berry stepped rapidly to his side.

"Nay, Arthur—you must let me call you so, when in trouble, at all events—this is not well. I will not say that in this world it is not sometimes a duty to avoid intruding one's sorrows upon others, and though we are enjoined to bear one another's burdens, we are not always required to

impose our own. But if friendship, Christian friendship, means anything, it means that we are to seek counsel and comfort one of another. You came hither for that purpose; do not be afraid to carry it out. You will find no cold hearts here, in the hour of your sorrow, Arthur."

"I am grateful, Mrs. Berry, for kindness supposed to be needful to me," said Lygon, still desirous to hold out, and in his soul reviling Mr. Berry for not being present to make him aware how much and how little had been revealed, "and if——"

"I will *not* have you say that for which you will reproach yourself hereafter," said Mrs. Berry, earnestly. "If I have not hitherto had your confidence, it is perhaps because I am not one of those who seek a trust not willingly given, and perhaps, too, and very naturally, because my husband has been your friend for so many years more than myself; but this is not a time for worldly etiquette, or indeed for worldly feeling. You may trust me as a friend, Arthur."

"And I am most grateful for your friendship, Mrs. Berry," said Lygon, struggling between discordant emotions.

"If that is from your heart, I am satisfied," said his companion, "and I hope and believe that it is. Poor darling little Clara!"

And Mrs. Berry hid her eyes in her handkerchief, and sobbed.

"He *must* have told her," said Arthur to himself, for the words, touching upon a chord on which he had himself been harping throughout another miserable night, went straight to his heart. But again he rallied, aided by his instinctive dislike of the woman beside him, and resolved to resist her as long as he could.

"Have you seen her this morning?" he asked. "Does she not look lovely in her sleep, with all that dark hair about her young face?"

"I would not disturb her," said Mrs. Berry, wiping her eyes. "To think what she may have to undergo, poor baby," and again she wept.

"Not much, I trust," said Arthur, determinedly, and thinking, justly, how true and strong a friend and protector Clara had in himself.

"As for any plans for that dear child," said Mrs. Berry, "they must, of course, be the subject of deep consideration, and for myself, I will say, of prayerful consideration, but they are not, perhaps, immediately necessary. But as regards Mrs. Lygon——"

Laura's name and fame in Mrs. Berry's keeping! The thought passing through Arthur's mind caused a shudder like that given by the first wound from the surgeon's steel. In a forced voice, he said,

"I have arranged with Berry for a conversation by-and-by. It will, perhaps, be better not to speak upon its subject in the meantime."

"You are quite right, quite right," said Mrs. Berry, "and it was with no intention of increasing your trouble that I have endeavoured to prepare you for that conversation by the best means in our power"—a glance at the place where she had knelt explained her meaning. "And if you hear that which may wound your very heart to its

depths, you will remember, dear Arthur, where I would guide you for healing."

He turned upon her with irrepressible emotion.

"What should I hear," he said, "that can give me such a wound?"

"Nay," said Mrs. Berry, sorrowfully, "sterner lips than mine must tell you. I cannot undertake a task above my poor strength."

"Do not fear to speak plainly to me," said Arthur Lygon, suddenly forgetting his desire to postpone the conversation, and overmastered by his eagerness to snatch at the key of the mystery that was torturing him; "what I may have done, I can bear to hear."

"You, my poor Arthur!" repeated Mrs. Berry, in a tone between surprise and compassion. "If there is anything to lay to your charge, I, at least, know nothing of it."

"To my charge?" said Lygon, impetuously. "He has said so—or if not to my charge, there is something to be told of me—but we will speak of it presently—I would rather not talk now, if you please, Mrs. Berry," he said, hurriedly, "and yet—yes—the sooner the better—if you can light up this strange mystery, do so, and pardon my abruptness."

"Pardon, never ask pardon of me," said Mrs. Berry, "but take this comfort to yourself, Arthur, that this sorrow is none of your causing, except in the sense in which we have all deserved affliction. There is not a word to be said against you, so far as I have ever heard."

"Then for what am I to prepare myself—what is this wound you speak of?" he said, vehemently. "Ah! forgive me. I perceive that you have as much to learn as myself. Mr. Berry has not taken you into further confidence than he has given to me. Pardon my excitement. I have been exceedingly ill, and my nerves are not steady. I must try a course of walks in your Liphthwaite air, and see what that will do for me."

"Arthur Lygon," said Mrs. Berry, "it is impossible for me, with any poor words I may possess, to tell you how my heart bleeds for you. What you have just said about Mr. Berry, and about his withholding confidence from me is, I grieve to assure you, utterly beside the mark. All else that I would say to you, dear friend, is that you must nerve yourself to learn, not from me, but from my husband, that which will grieve you to the soul. But if, through his worldly, or shall I say his professional notion of a kindness, which unhappily will be a mistaken one, he should deem it right not to lay the whole truth before you——"

"You intend to do so?"

"Grievous, bitterly grievous, dear Arthur, as such a duty would be, and much as I hope that I shall not be called upon to perform it, I feel that from it, if it must be done, I ought not to shrink."

"Mr. Berry has confided to you, Mrs. Berry, the circumstances that have brought me to Liphthwaite?" asked Lygon, agitated.

"I have learned your sorrow from Mr. Berry's lips," said his companion, slowly, and then she touched his hand in sympathy.

"Ah, he is in the garden," said Lygon, per-

ceiving his friend. "I must speak to him on the instant." And he hastened to the door.

"A moment," said Mrs. Berry, with her hand at the bolt. "Listen to me."

"I am listening."

"You know my husband's true friendship for you."

"I have known it for years. I am here because I know it," said Lygon impatiently.

"That is right, that is well. You have trusted him fully?"

"Fully."

"Do not hurry. A minute more or less is not of importance, and I am speaking for your good, believe me, I am. Go into the garden, and have your interview. I am only too thankful that I have not to be present at it. But remember what I have said of his possible reserve."

"He will have none from me, I hope and believe, or, I repeat it, I would not be here."

"Of all persons in the world, Arthur, I am the last who would cast a doubt upon his earnestness to serve you. But while I believe that truth and straightforwardness are not only the commanded ways of serving a friend, but the best and kindest, my husband has some of the ways of his old calling—all I would say is that I do not think he is prepared to tell you all that you should know."

"Why do you say this to me?"

"Because it is right to say it. I have no sentimental reasons to give you, Arthur Lygon. I profess no ardent love for those of whom I know but little—*now*—and if my heart has warmed to your child, it is for her own sake, not that of others. But you shall not be deceived, if I can prevent it. Go to my husband—hear what he has to say to you, and I, when we meet, shall know, without any words from you, whether he has been candid. If not—"

"You will be."

"Again, I say, from the bottom of my heart, may I be spared the necessity! But do not manifest to him any conviction that he is not telling you the truth. Go, and may you be strengthened for your trial, my poor Arthur!"

She released him, and in a few moments he had joined Mr. Berry. She saw them shake hands, and turn towards the little wooden bridge over the boundary stream.

CHAPTER XI.

BUT concealment or reserve, where he professed to give faith and heart, were not in Arthur Lygon's nature, and he resolved, whether his friend had or had not adhered to their compact, that Mr. Berry should have no right to complain of withheld confidence.

"I have been speaking with Mrs. Berry in the library," said Lygon; and then paused to give Mr. Berry the opportunity of placing himself so far right as he could do by explaining that he had thought it best to take his wife into the secret.

"Ah," said Mr. Berry, "that is well. You have smoothed over any little irritation from last night."

"That was instantly put out of the way," replied Lygon, "as you must be sure it would,"

he added, warmly. "And now, my dear Berry, speak out, and speak quickly. I am manned for anything but suspense. There is something I am to hear, which I am told you will hardly dare to tell me. You should have dared to do so yesterday; but now, in a word, tell me."

He nerved himself, as—once more to borrow comparison from the surgeon's art—the blindfold patient sets himself to receive the steel. But the stroke did not come.

"Arthur," said Mr. Berry, in a troubled voice, "are you repeating my wife's words?"

"Their meaning, at least," said the younger man. "You would expect to hear them. Now, then, for the truth."

"Mrs. Berry has given you to understand that I have a painful secret which you ought to hear, and which I may be reluctant to disclose."

"Yes, yes. But no more preliminaries. I tell you that I can bear it."

"There is no such secret, Arthur."

"This denial, too, I was told to expect. Berry you have proved yourself my friend too often for me to doubt you. It is only that you think I am too cowardly to hear bad news. I am no coward, and I am ready for the worst. In Heaven's name, speak!"

"And as Heaven is my judge, Arthur Lygon," said the old man, earnestly, "I have no such secret to reveal."

"You had yesterday," said Lygon, almost fiercely. "You told me that there was something in my past life that bore upon the disappearance of my wife. I knew not how to believe that; but I trust your word as I would have trusted my father's. Berry, you are paltering with me, out of kindness—that must end now. Tell me the truth."

"What I said yesterday, Arthur," replied Mr. Berry, "was said upon the spur of the moment, and when you pressed me for some help to your own mind. It was based upon something that occurred to me as possible, but which, upon reviewing it calmly, I perceive must have been an utterly foolish fancy. I will tell it you, or not, as you please: it is not worth a moment's serious thought. But it gave us time for reflection—"

"And you for consultation with Mrs. Berry."

"Arthur, do you mean upon your affairs?"

"Mrs. Berry has just told me so. I am not complaining—but I would have given the world that you had not done so."

"And I have not done so," said Mr. Berry, with dignity, and speaking in the undertone in which a man of advanced age, indignant, and conscious that he is in the right, usually replies to an accusation.

"What am I to think?" said Lygon. "It is not half an hour since I received Mrs. Berry's solemn assurance that she had learned my sorrow from your own lips."

Berry's face grew ashy white, and his lips quivered.

"Arthur," he said, "spare me words on this; spare me the pain of saying what a husband is loth to say. But believe two things: first, that I have not spoken a syllable to Mrs. Berry on your affairs; and secondly, that I have no secret

of any kind to impart. You have known me from your childhood."

There was something pathetic in the appeal of the old man to be saved from the humiliation of accusing his wife of falsehood. But Arthur Lygon was by this time wrought to a pitch of excitement that deprived him of sensitiveness to the emotion of another.

"Berry," he said, sternly, "I would not willingly wrong you by word or deed, but my own position is too terribly painful to allow me to waste time on a mere matter of delicacy. It is evident that you and Mrs. Berry, or one of you, know that which I ought to know, and that you disagree as to the fitness of letting me hear the truth. If I am not to hear it from you, Mrs. Berry permits me to ask it of her, but deprecates the being compelled to reveal it. You force that painful duty upon her."

"Mr. Lygon," said the old man, "at whatever cost of feeling, we will at once give you the satisfaction you require."

"Is that the way to put it, Berry?" said Arthur, hurt at his old friend's tone, but too much agitated to pause and remonstrate. "I am offered the confidence which you seem to wish to deny me."

"Let us go to Mrs. Berry," was her husband's only answer.

And as if she had foreseen the result of their conference, or had been watching it, Mrs. Berry came from the house to meet them on their way. There was just distance enough to be crossed to leave each party time to consider how the conversation should begin, but Arthur Lygon, as most impatient, was naturally most prompt, when they met.

"May I recal to you, Mrs. Berry, the conversation we had, a short time ago, in the library?"

"I expected to have it recalled," was the reply.

"Before which, Marion," said Mr. Berry, with severity, "you will have the kindness to disabuse Mr. Lygon, before my face, of a mistake which he has founded upon some words of yours."

"It is my misfortune if I express myself inadequately," said Mrs. Berry, with something of her manner of over-night—a manner which she had discarded during her interview with Lygon. In truth, at this instant, though she came to do that which it was near her heart to do, she felt more nervous than was her custom, and took refuge in her artificial defences.

"Mr. Lygon, Marion, came down here upon a painful errand. Be good enough to assure him that you now hear this, for the first time, from me."

"I cannot state a falsehood, Edward, even to please you. My duty to you is solemn, but I owe a still higher duty."

"Dare you assert," said Mr. Berry, "that I told you why Arthur Lygon was here?" And his tone evinced a concentrated anger which his wife had never seen him manifest during all the years of their union. She would have trembled, perhaps, but had that to say which sustained her.

"I made no such assertion," she answered,

"nor will Mr. Lygon allege that I made it. What I said I am prepared to justify, if justification is required of me; but it appears to me, and if a woman's feelings lead me astray I cannot help it, that we are wasting time over a comparatively insignificant question, and neglecting a very important one."

"Marion," said her husband, "you do not see, or you will not see, that I am accused of violating a confidence reposed in me by a friend and a client; yet you dare to speak of the charge as an unimportant one."

"Edward!" said Mrs. Berry, almost passionately, "that you should think of a mere quarrel of words when Arthur Lygon is waiting to hear a revelation that so deeply affects his happiness and his home! I know that he is waiting for it. I know that you have not had the courage to make it. Is it worthy of you, is it kind to him, to say nothing of so insignificant a person as myself, that he should come here for counsel, and should have it kept from him?"

"Is this madness?" said Mr. Berry, in apparent bewilderment.

"No," said Mrs. Berry, "this is not madness. The madness was some years ago, when two friends of Mr. Arthur Lygon's—they stand, I shame to say, upon this grass plot—allowed him to enter into the most sacred relation of life without apprising him of things within their knowledge. If one of those two friends is self-forgiven the other is not, and never will be."

Arthur Lygon could but turn from one face to the other, in his bewilderment. Mrs. Berry's countenance was as pale as woman's could well be, and she seemed prostrated by the weight of the revelation she was endeavouring to make. Mr. Berry's face had assumed a certain appearance of terror which Arthur Lygon had neither will nor leisure to analyse.

"What is your dearest wish at this instant, Arthur?" she asked suddenly.

"To discover her—can you ask?" was his equally rapid reply.

So the light that gleamed once more in those light eyes! It could not have escaped either of the spectators. It did not. But each had his own excitement, and had no leisure to heed hers. Nor could either, if possessing the finest ear ever bestowed, have caught that low hiss that followed, and the woman herself could not have certified whether two words were spoken or only thought.

"So, eloped!"

But all this took but a second, and Mrs. Berry was instant in answer:

"Let Mr. Berry give you his clue."

"This malice is actually criminal!" exclaimed Mr. Berry. He would have given anything to recal the word the moment after it had been said. It was the enemy's prize.

"Malice! No, no," said Mrs. Berry, mournfully. "That is not the word to apply, though you have always insisted, Edward, on wronging me in connection with the unhappy history. I have never had any malice. If I had borne any, which Heaven forbid, I might have induced you to make better use of the knowledge you possessed, before it was too late. But if Arthur is bent

upon discovering what has been—what has become —”

Feeling her way very carefully, and with slow utterance, even in the hour of victory.

“Of his wife,” said Arthur, “and why she left his home. Speak out, Mrs. Berry—it is no time to pick words.”

O how her heart beat then! She had the whole key.

“Then, Arthur,” she said, “it is better that such a story should be told by a man than by a woman. Let Mr. Berry tell you what he knows.”

(*To be continued.*)

REPRESENTATIVE MEN.

LAST CHAMPIONS OF TRIBES.

CHEETOO—NANA SAHIB—SCHAMYL—ABD-EL-KADER.

THROUGH all times, and all stages of civilisation, the sympathies of men of every order of mind are with the last representative of a race, nation, or tribe, against his conquerors. Whether the devoted champions of an overwhelmed people are combing their long hair in Thermopylae, or wading through a Florida swamp, or in ambush in a cavern on Atlas, or making a lair in an Indian jungle, or holding the long bridges round Mexico against Cortez, or a pass of the Caucasus against successive Czars, the vain good wishes about events long decided, the exulting admiration and tender pity of all hearers of the story wait upon the resistants, about to be vanquished. A handful of such heroes, out of the mass of dead generations, seem set like burning gems along the vista of human story,—the magical carbuncles of the old legend, reared aloft to shed a glow over the whole scene and time in which they lived. When our thoughts turn upon such men, we are wont to revert to history, not only because the old examples are most familiar, but because we have an unconscious impression that the time is past for the manifestation of that particular act of heroism. Such a mistake should never be made in the age in which Schamyl and Abd-el-Kader are living. The romance of human life, and of the life of nations, is not over, and never can be at an end; and whenever the age of commerce and the age of peace shall have set in, all over the world, there will no doubt be as much romance, under one form or another of human experience, as when the patriarchs were star-gazing in the Chaldean plains, or the Romans were reaching Ultima Thule with hearts beating thick and fast under their armour.

In our own age there is certainly tragedy enough of this very kind to move all hearts to their depths: there are instances of resistance to a foreign yoke as noble as any on record. Our posterity will think so; and we may guess what they will say of us, if we do not know heroism when we see it, simply because it is modern.

As conquest is always going on somewhere or other, there would be always more or fewer such heroes before our eyes if there were not conditions through which the noble quality must be, as it were, strained, to prove and exalt its virtue. Mere resistance to an aggressor is no great matter. Almost every animal in creation is capable of it. The resistance must be sustained, deliberate, patient, honourable in its means, and patriotic in

its aim, to make it heroic. It may remain a romance, and an entertaining story, if mixed up with treachery and falsehood; but its moving quality is gone. The facts then become a mere narrative, and cease to be a tragedy. We shall see this plainly enough by the shortest study of the most conspicuous Last Chiefs of our own time. I will take those only whose adventures I have myself followed, as our young generation is now following with the eye the fate of young Duke Robert of Parma and the old Pope.

When I was young, there was Cheetoo, the last of the Pindarees. It is impossible for the most romantic to get up much sympathy for the Pindarees. Those who like the Jack Sheppard style of literature might possibly, if their reading extend so far, get excited over the deeds of the Indian robber tribes, and fancy the leaders great heroes: but people of any cultivation can feel little beyond curiosity about tribes whose business was plunder, and cruelty their pleasure. Every year the Pindarees assembled on the northern bank of the Nerbudda river, to the number of from ten to fifteen thousand horsemen; and thence they would part off to sweep over wide ranges of the country, seizing whatever property they could carry off, and destroying the rest. They would burn fifty villages in a day; and they subjected the inhabitants to tortures which no one would wish to tell or hear of. The tramp of their horses was listened for by ears laid along the ground, more fearfully than the first rumble of the earthquake. Their dark line far off on the plain was the signal for all who could run to fly to the mountains or hide in the jungle; and the sick and aged implored to be put to death rather than left to the tender mercies of the Pindarees. When the freebooters bivouacked in the woods, or on the river bank, they were sure that none but wild beasts would come near them; for there was not a man, woman, or child who did not quake at the sight of their watchfires from miles off. Such were the Pindarees that a certain Arthur Wellesley used to send home accounts of when I was young: and they had a chief who suited them exactly in the man whom we at last called “poor Cheetoo.”

Besides being a freebooter, Cheetoo was a usurper. He raised himself on the ruin of Kureem, another chief, and collected several bands under his own leadership. When Kureem got his head above water again, Cheetoo sold himself to the enemies of both, for the sake of vengeance: and thus we need not suffer from too keen a sympathy with the man. Again he got his rival's neck under his heel, and became the chief of the last of the Pindarees. The Company's troops had a world of trouble with him and his force. By their swiftness, boldness, and cunning, and their knowledge of every pass and ford in the country, the marauders were always escaping when they seemed to be in a trap. When Sir John Malcolm undertook the case in 1816, their raids had become insufferable. They had inflicted horrible torture on above three thousand persons in twelve days, while plundering three hundred and thirty-nine villages. They were hunted across country, over rivers, and through forests, and sepa-

rated from the Mahrattas, who had aided them powerfully. One retreat after another was broken up; and lastly Cheetoo's. He sprang on his horse and made off; but he had only two hundred men left, and they were perpetually urging him to surrender to the English. The reason why he did not was his dread of the sea. Every Hindoo dreads a voyage more than death; and Cheetoo fancied that he should be sent beyond sea if once a prisoner. His followers at length left him, and made their own terms; and they told the English that in Cheetoo's snatches of sleep, disturbed by horrors, he was often heard fearfully muttering, "The dark sea! O! the dark sea!" This was in 1818; and for a few months more he flitted about the dominions of the Company and the neighbouring potentates, now sounding some Nabob about mediating for him, and now slipping from under the very grasp of his hunters and waylayers. The horses of his attendants were rarely unsaddled, and the men slept with the bridles in their hands. In February, 1819, he appealed for admittance to a fortress into which a late ally had escaped. He had rendered services to this Apa Sahib; and he carried in a pocket of his saddle letters from Apa Sahib, full of fine promises for the future: so he came to the gates in certain expectation of a shelter. He was turned away; and alone he entered the jungle, for a bivouac. He did not renew his application the next morning; on the next and the next he troubled nobody,—to the surprise of his treacherous ally. A few days afterwards, his horse, saddled and bridled, was seen grazing on the verge of the forest. The money and the letters and the chief's signet ring were safe in the saddle: but where was Cheetoo?

The first trace was some bloody clothing; then some human bones; then Cheetoo's head, entire. A tiger had sprung on him. The chief of tribes which had lately afforded him an army of 20,000 men had been left alone, to be torn to pieces by a wild beast.

Cheetoo, the last of the Pindarrees, has impressed the imagination, and aroused the pity of thousands of our elderly generation: but he was not enough of a hero for sympathy. He had no country, and therefore no patriotism; and he could win no admiration on the ground of devotedness. Who comes next?

I am sorry to have to name him: but I must. In the sort of review that we are making, we must look beyond our own notions and feelings, because such stories belong to the world; and there are not only multitudes of people in India, but a great many in Ireland, France, America, and elsewhere, who imagine Nana Sahib to be a vindicator of some country or race,—a champion and patriot in his own way, and therefore to be sympathised with, and watched with interest in his extinction. It is as well that the error should be pointed out, and the true position of the man understood, that his actual treachery may be duly apparent.

His admirers in Europe and America suppose Nana Sahib to have been the son by adoption of an Indian prince, entering into the ambition and pride of princes, and having feelings of nation-

ality and patriotism which make him hate the conquerors of India. This is a mistake of ignorance. The subjects of the princes of India had no country, in the patriotic sense. They had a religion and a method of society; and these they enjoy with more completeness and security under English rule than they ever did before. There was nothing in the way of laws, dynasty, rights, and liberties that this man, or any other native, could even allege as a subject of struggle. Nor could it be for religion that he contended; for he accepted the aid of the Mohammedans,—themselves the conquerors of the Hindoos. He was ambitious and revengeful; and no higher ground than this can be asserted for his rebellion. He was no native prince, invested with traditional greatness, and living in subjection to usurpers. He was a wealthy native gentleman, of no mark or merit, and therefore incapable of a lofty object, and living entirely out of the sphere of patriotic objects.

This would be enough; but there is the positive presence of such unheroic qualities as should have saved all Europeans and Americans from the disgrace of believing in Nana Sahib for a moment. He obtained gratification for his vanity by courting the English up to the moment of the mutiny. He went out shooting with British officers; and made splendid fêtes at Bithoor for their reception. He sent his confidential friend and agent to England to enjoy London society, and listened to the accounts his friend brought back of English gullibility, of the readiness of ladies of rank to fall in love with him, and so forth. Next, he accepted the charge of refugees from the regions of the mutiny, and had them slaughtered like cattle; and his way of revelling in blood from that time forward needs no description; for the story of Cawnpore is burnt in upon every British heart and brain. He issued a proclamation, worthy of the fellow who had been adjudged the forger of a will in his own favour. The setting aside of that will, and consequent division of property between three which he had intended to take for himself, was sufficient to account for any degree of revenge in such a man as he; and the proclamation exhibits an audacity and ingenuity of falsehood which must consign the man beyond appeal to the order of mere rogues. Enough of the real standpoint of the forger, traitor, and butcher, of whom some would make a hero! He was never invaded, never attacked, never conquered, in his own person or that of his tribe. He tried to explode by treachery, and swamp in bloodshed a state of society far more tolerable than any other the country had ever known: and when he failed, he sank utterly, as he deserved to sink. When he believed the British authority overthrown, he turned against it: and when his fellow-subjects believed his authority overthrown, they forsook him. When no longer feared, it appeared how he was hated. His fate so far is generally known. We cannot say that the end is known; for, while he lives, there is no saying what he may try to do. But what we do know is that he was driven back and back till he could live nowhere but in the malarious region in Nepal, where life is a curse, from disease and discomfort. There,

guarded only by the disease which prostrated him and his followers, and suffering under privation of every kind, he lingered on till he could perceive no further hope of rescue or return. Then, at length, he resolved on the course which every Hindoo abhors,—expatriation. He and such leaders as remained cut off each a little finger, to leave behind as a representative of their entire selves as inhabiting Holy India, and passed over the Himalaya into Thibet. What he will do there—whether he will adopt a freebooting life on the steppes, amidst a climate which must be to him like that of the poles, or whether he will turn eastwards into China, or westwards into Bokhara, or whether he will be enslaved by Turcomans; or whether he will attempt to drop down into India from the region of snows, there is no conjecturing. What we can conjecture is the mood of mind in which an outcast like Nana Sahib, conscious of the reprobation of the ruling race in his own country, and of the bitter hatred of the Hindoos and Moslems whom he misled,—a grandee in his way, a despot, a sensualist, and in some sort a cultivated man—is now wandering in the wilds, without comfort in the present, solace in the past, or hope in the future. Let us hope that the world will hear of him no more.

In a life as wild as we can find in India we next light upon a hero as genuine as any old Greek, braving the forces of Persia, or any Crusader of the Middle Ages, warring for his faith and the Sepulchre.

The people of the Caucasus have been made heroic and interesting by persecution, as has often been the case with individuals in all societies. The mountain tribes of that region were once mere banditti, continually afflicting neighbouring states by their raids. The Russian sovereigns have chosen to educate them into patriotism by a severe discipline, and to engage the sympathies of the world on their behalf. Peter the Great was bent on obtaining the two great routes to India, one of which lay through the Caucasus, Georgia, Persia, and Herat. As we know, he did not succeed; but he annexed a good deal of territory, and united the mountain tribes by their common fear of Russia. As the Greek Church appeared wherever the new frontier extended, the opposition to the invader naturally took the form of a religious war. A Moslem dervish roused the whole population between the Black Sea and the Caspian, as Peter the Hermit once roused Christendom; and, from the time of his agitation against Russia, the people of the Caucasus had a country and a cause to which to devote their valour, and on which to nourish their patriotic growth. It was about eighty years ago that Sheik Mansur, the dervish, was reciting the Kurán, and declaiming pious verses (to the number of 20,000) on the steppes of the Don and the shores of the Caspian: and when he was captured, and was known to have died in a Russian fortress, his followers were like sheep without a shepherd. It was necessary to them to have a religious leader; and till Schamyl, the prophet chief, presented himself, they could do little more than worry the enemy by incursions, in which they burned the Russian posts and carried off prisoners.

Schamyl's career began with a miracle—not invented by himself, but assumed by those about him. The great Moslem priest who was his instructor, and the voice of all the tribes in their protest against the invader, was shot dead while kneeling, and stretching out his hand to heaven on behalf of his country. His pupil lay dead before him, we are told; and his body was left lying when the Russians carried off that of his master, to be paraded before the troops. Yet Schamyl reappeared ere long, in full vigour; and it never became known how he was restored. This was in 1832. More than one singular escape followed; and in 1834 he was acknowledged as Sultan of the Eastern Caucasus and the Second Prophet of Allah.

He was at once seen to be one of Nature's kings. Not by original strength of body; for his fair complexion, small features, and moderate stature correspond with his original delicacy of health: but by indomitable strength of will, shown in the control of himself as much as of others. He was a dreamer in his childhood; lonely, meditative, and proud in his youth; and a patriot enthusiast always. He is a fatalist of the most positive type; a believer in his own inspiration to the full extent that fatalism requires; and so eloquent that others may naturally regard him as a prophet. Such an antagonism as his and the Russians, a quarter of a century ago, is something quite out of the common way. He believed the Russians not to be men, but *ferè nature*;—wild beasts more resembling men than others do: and, at the same time, the Russian General Williamneff was sending forth a proclamation to the tribes under Schamyl which said, "Do you not know that there are two rulers of the universe—God in heaven, and the Czar on earth? Do you not know that the heavens themselves would fall, if they were not upheld by Russian bayonets?" We may imagine what the warfare was like between foes who so regarded each other and themselves.

It was a memorable war; and it will be so regarded by future generations. For nearly a quarter of a century, Schamyl kept at arms' length the power of the largest and most purely military empire in the world. He learned the art of war by experience. If, nearly every year, the Russians cut down more of the sheltering woods which the natives could ill spare, Schamyl dug more trenches and raised more palisades. The children of exiled Poles, or young Polish exiles themselves, have been sent by the Czar to serve, or learn the military art, in Georgia or the Caucasus. Many of them were willing prisoners, or deserters, to Schamyl; and from them he learned many arts of war. His enemy could never attain the hardihood by means of which he and his troops could keep the passes in stormy seasons, and live in caverns when the Russians were crouching over the stoves in their forts. Now and then the enemy remained quiet for a year; and then there was sure to be a proclamation from Schamyl to his followers at the opening of the next season that the pack of "flax-haired Christian dogs" was coming down upon them. The struggle became more deadly and barbarous as the passions of both parties became more exasperated. The Russians burned

out the old people and children, and would listen to no negotiation till Schamyl's own son was delivered to them as a hostage. They were constantly reporting the completion of their conquest to be just at hand; but Schamyl was always gliding out between their hands, or passing over their heads by inaccessible heights, or assailing them from some ambush, or starting up before them when they were least ready. A long series of Russian generals, from Yermoloff to Woronzoff, tried to bring the Caucasus under the rule of the Czar, and failed; and perhaps there are some people who doubt whether Prince Bariatinsky has done so now,—thoroughly and permanently. But Schamyl is no longer there; and the second Prophet of Allah has been led captive away. The sacrifice of life and treasure on the part of three successive Czars has been enormous, and out of all visible proportion to the object: but the will and policy of Peter the Great must be carried out at any cost: so hundreds and thousands of Russians have been picked off by concealed marksmen, and crushed by fallen rocks, before their comrades could stop the slaughter. When scaling the heights, the Russians saw the men escaping by climbing to cypries almost out of sight, and the women preparing to baffle their invaders. On the rocky platforms stood groups of women, firing their last charges with excellent aim, and joining their strength to roll down masses of rock on the heads of their enemies; and when their retreat was sealed, the mothers would dash out their infants' brains, throw them down the precipice, and leap after them. Prince Woronzoff met the Czar in the Crimea in 1845, and used his utmost influence to induce him to make no further attempts in the Caucasus; but the pride of Nicholas was enlisted in the struggle, and he commanded that Schamyl should be destroyed next season. It was, however, Schamyl's most victorious year. He led out 10,000 soldiers, conducted a siege, gained all his points, and retired with a vast booty, leaving the Russians agast.

The contest was not so desperate as it seemed at the time to us; for we were not aware how great Schamyl was as a lawgiver and civic ruler. He had extinguished the feuds of the tribes, and by a thorough organisation of the whole country, rendered the renewal of them almost impossible. He had made life and industry secure in places out of the line of invasion. He established an administration which rendered justice accessible to every inhabitant, and instituted a postal arrangement which harmonised distant districts and people. He obtained a revenue which amounted to so much more than his frugal expenditure, that his followers believed him to have concealed a great amount of treasure with which to carry on and extend the war. Thus did the prospects of the Caucasus improve, in the belief of friends and foes.

Yet there were reverses; and in one of these, the imperilled people sent a deputation to beg permission to surrender, if they could not be rescued. It was death to propose to Schamyl to yield to the Russians. He had sworn this; and he was a man of his word. The deputies shrank from their task, and imposed it upon Schamyl's aged mother.

With fear and trembling she put the petition before him; and with fear and trembling she told the deputies that the will of Allah was to determine the answer. For three days and nights the chief was shut up alone in the mosque; and the fasting people were collected round it, praying all day long. When Schamyl reappeared, he was so altered that the gazers could scarcely believe it was he. There was no escape from the horror of the divine command. The tempter must be punished with a hundred blows of the heavy whip; and the tempter was his mother! She died at the fifth blow. Schamyl stripped off his garment, and insisted on receiving the other ninety-five. The deputies dared not look in his face, and grovelled on the ground; but he raised them, and gently told them to go home, and tell their neighbours what they had seen that day.

Still the Russians went on sacrificing 20,000 men every year, and a vast amount of money, in this obstinate war, and there seemed to be no prospect of an end, when Schamyl's son was taken prisoner. With politic kindness, he was well treated at St. Petersburg, carefully educated, and in course of time sent home. There was a visible change in Schamyl after that. The unity of his purpose was broken up. Gratitude to the Czar was a perplexing emotion to the Sultan of the Caucasus; and his ideas of the Russians had to be much modified by what his son had to tell. He certainly flagged in his military career latterly; and last year it was all over. He had retired with his family and his band of 400 Murids,—pupil followers in the faith,—to a remote fastness, where the Russians, in great force, followed them up. The Murids, posted in a wood, were surrounded. Not a man of them survived. They all chose to die in killing as many Russians as they could. Schamyl was conducting the defence of the dwellings, inclosed within a wall. When no chance of escape remained, and his family must perish if he did not yield, he surrendered. This was on the 26th of August, last year. Since that date we have only the accounts of Russian observers. According to them, Schamyl's gratitude to the Czar, his astonishment at finding the Russians men, and religionists, and his bewilderment at the achievements of civilisation, have cowed his spirit. They may easily have confused and darkened his mind, always hitherto illuminated by singleness of purpose and a consciousness of inspiration. He appears to be leading a life of devotion, so quiet as to be interrupted only by acts of homage to the Czar. But all this is very uncertain, however probable. One's natural impulse is to dwell upon the last scenes in the Caucasus at the real close of his life,—remembering, however, that life may be no more over for him than for Abd-el-Kader, when he was pining in a French prison.

It would not be just to allow the recent intellectual and moral perplexities of Schamyl to weaken our sympathy with him, or impair our admiration. Every great man might seem infirm of purpose, and irresolute in action, if the whole contrary of what he knows and thinks could be suddenly opened up at the most critical moment of his course. Great champions are not the men

who see the most of both sides of a question. In religious wars, especially, the whole conflict proceeds on the supposition of an opposite point of view on the part of the adversaries; and if they could stand together on either, there would be no more war. Few, of the race of champions, ever see such a transmutation as that of "flax-haired Christian dogs" into hospitable hosts and accomplished gentlemen; and even a Schamyl may well be staggered by the experience. While ignorant of his actual state of mind, we must dwell on the history of his devotedness. His whole life has been pure from personal aims,—which is always the highest praise for the champion, as for the child. He was in earnest; he was faithful; he was wise as he was brave. We may hope that his old age will not be weak, really or apparently: but if it is, the weakness can in no way affect the strength, nor dim the glory of his entire manhood. He is supposed to be now about sixty-five years old. There may be work or experience in store for him yet, leading him forth from his retreat in the interior of Russia.

The parallel between his life and that of Abd-el-Kader is sufficiently close to enable me to describe most briefly the loftiest man of the group. It may be doubted whether he will not always head the glorious train of champions of conquered races. He has Schamyl's martial qualities, his devotedness and devoutness, his natural princeliness, his gift of commanding reverence and winning adoration. Whether he could, like Schamyl, organise a group of barbaric tribes, so as to raise them into a capacity for civilised life, we have no means of knowing: but, on the other hand, it is certain that he has more enlargement of mind, and is fitter to take his place in counsel among the rulers of men. While all nations, from the Russians to the Americans, revere Schamyl, everybody feels a reverence as lofty, and more tender, towards Abd-el-Kader. Instead of the trauculent Paynim knight of our imaginations, he is the Christian knight of the Middle Ages, still, by some accident, a Paynim, but as good as any Christian. We have heard his fame so long, and we enjoyed such enthusiasm about him when we were young, that we are apt to fancy him old; but he is yet only fifty-three; and the events of the day point to the possible opening of a new career for him—and a very great one.

He comes of a holy race; and his hereditary sanctity agrees well with his natural temperament. He saw things in his early childhood which might affect his whole future life. He traversed the deserts of Africa and Arabia with the pilgrim caravan to Mecca; and a second pilgrimage, in early manhood, renewed and revived the strongest impressions that a devout Moslem can receive. He is a man of as much learning as would have made him a dignified priest, if he had not been a soldier. Like Schamyl he was originally of feeble frame; and in his case too it was patriotism that made him an accomplished warrior. Seeing that every hand and eye would be needed to keep out invaders, he exercised himself diligently in riding, and the use of all the weapons of his tribe. His father had laboured to unite the tribes whose independence the French were hoping to devour

in succession; and when they were ready to attempt the expulsion of the invaders, the old man presented his third son, Abd-el-Kader, as fit for the leadership which he declined for himself, on account of his years.

For many years from that time the life of Abd-el-Kader was much like Schamyl's, except in as far as the Atlas and the African deserts differ from the Caucasus and the steppes of the Don. The French were from the beginning as savage in their warfare as the Russians ever became. It will never be forgotten how the commanders smoked a tribe to death in a cave, and carried fire and slaughter among the helpless when the strong were engaged elsewhere. They were visited in their turn. Abd-el-Kader haunted them. He hovered round them all day, when on the march; and he was down upon their bivouac at night. If they ever lost their way, he was behind, to prevent their return. If there were storms in the sky, he kept them from shelter till the tempest had done its worst upon them. He was perpetually drawing them on in pursuit of him into fatal places, and then escaping by invisible paths. Sometimes he besieged a town at the head of 10,000 men; and next he was intercepting convoys with a handful of rapid riders whom it was vain to pursue. The enemy treated with him, and acknowledged him as Emir of Mascara, with a considerable territory; and this made him powerful at home. Not even he, however, could for ever cope with the forces of a great military nation. There was once a peace of two years; but he spent it in preparing for fresh warfare, as well as in making a beginning of agricultural settlement. When the conflict was resumed, the French brought larger forces into the field, just as the strength of the Arabs was dwindling away. The Emir's situation became difficult—then perilous—then desperate; but he underwent everything short of destruction before he would yield. Hunger, wet, cold, exhaustion,—all these were slow in humbling him; but they compelled him at length to surrender. He did so on the strength of a promise of General Lamoricière's, sanctioned by that of the Duc d'Aumale, then commanding in Algiers, that he should be permitted to retire to Alexandria or Acre. This was the condition on which he came into the French camp. The promise was broken, to the heartfelt grief of the Duc d'Aumale. Abd-el-Kader passed some years of imprisonment at the Castle of Amboise, inspiring awe by his dignity, and admiration by his exquisite courtesy. By strong importunity, and after much delay, the present French sovereign was induced to fulfil the promise of the Orleans prince, and Abd-el-Kader retired to a Moslem country. He lived at Broussa till repeated earthquakes ruined the place. Lately, as the Christian world has good reason to know, he has lived at Damascus. There is no need to tell how he has received hundreds of Christians within his gates, and fed them, to the utter exhaustion of his resources, and protected them at the risk of his influence and good name, and escorted them across the country in peril of his life.

Hence arises the question whether his career is really at an end. The grand difficulty of the

time is how to rule Syria: and here is, in the heart of Syria, a Moslem prince who knows all the tribes and their tongues, and is living in special sanctity, who at the same time knows the Christians and their ways, and is friendly with all. If he is not the born ruler of Syria, we shall not find another. As patriot, human aggression was too strong for him, and he failed. As moderator,—as an impartial ruler,—he may prove strong enough to foil human passion. It would be wise to try; and if the experiment is tried, there may yet be more to tell of Abd-el-Kader.

Meantime, it is difficult to conceive of a nobler Representative Man.

INGLEEY SCOTT.

MY ANGEL'S VISIT.

It seemed as if our prayers were wasted.

During the six years we had been married everything else went well with us. The business, in which my husband was a partner, had prospered so much that two years since he sold his open connection with it for a round sum. The money so obtained, added to what he had previously saved—he was elderly when I, not an heiress, married him—formed a very sufficient competence for people of a middling station, who meant to live quietly, and yet have it in our power to be hospitable to friends, and, at the same time, live respected by the poor people near, who might look to us for help when no one else could give it. Since he left the business, too, a certain sleeping interest he retained in it became of increased value, so that, though retired from active work, the fruits of work still ripened on the old tree. Alas, that our tree of life was the one which hung fruitless. That our paradise could attract no little angel from heaven to sport in it.

We had bought Elmbury Hall, and were now resident there. It was not much of a hall indeed, but the park was full of fine old elms, and it had a good garden.

It was a silly notion of mine, which I could not help nursing, that the habit of looking on a vacant home would, in time, make George think it vacant. Oh how I wearied heaven with promises, protesting that I would lead to virtue my son's earliest feet. As if I would talk over the Life-Giver with fine speeches.

At last love was pitiful.

Oh morn of joy; bright after clouds—came Mary, our dawn. She came with the flowers of May—when birds are blithest. But no wild wood-note rang sweeter than Mary's cry; no flower-bud revealed dearer charms than the infant blossom that unfolded on my breast. All inflated with the gladness—the world rose heavenward, as far as the straining cords that bound it apart would allow. What more could we wish? Our hearts' desire had been given to us. The little child-illnesses, that now and then cast shadows, were but passing clouds. The next breeze of health blew them aside, and the atmosphere was again clear.

We were playing in the garden with Mary on her birthday. She was then a year old. We had a small difference as to whether Mary's husband was to be a great merchant or a man of high rank.

Being slightly annoyed because George persisted that the station of a rich merchant's wife was not so much amiss, I walked aside to air my heat, as I desired to show my husband how much he had offended me.

Just then a shower of feathers fell around us. Immediately a broken-winged pigeon, which a hawk or some other bird had struck, fluttered with loud screams to my feet, and nestled under my dress.

After washing it clean I laid it in the kitchen on some folded flannel. I remarked to George what a special providence it was that we had quarrelled, because else we might not have noticed this poor creature which had, no doubt, been sent for us to nurse. George, too, thought the quarrel providential, as it saved me from saying a good deal of nonsense, in addition to what I did say, or perhaps it was our dinner providentially sent to us all but cooked.

I thought this cruel, and said so. George defended his proposal, and asked if it was not better to kill a half-dead pigeon than one in full life. When I could not answer for indignation he gave me Mary's wrapper to throw over the "other dove," and recommended feeding it with some of the child's food which the nurse was preparing. To my astonishment it ate well enough.

Next morning we found the poor bird dead. I was shedding some natural tears over it when George observed, as a consolation, that there was *another dove* on which I could expand ministrations. Perhaps good fortune would favour it also with some kind of broken wing that would keep my hand in. I saw that George was still cross, after yesterday's quarrel, so I said nothing.

I know not how it was, but dating from this incident, a vague uneasiness took possession of me. I, at first, fancied it symptomatic of some illness establishing itself in me; but, as no disease broke out, I was fain to laugh myself, as best I could, out of my alarm. Insensibly the fear that was on me connected itself with the wonder I had felt when noticing how slow Mary was to repeat words. Always the lightest movement that caught her eye drew it away, and I persuaded myself she was still too young. Day by day, however, the first faint darkness deepened, till the winter tempest came, and the terrible conviction broke on me that Mary was deaf. I saw, too, that other people had divined the secret, though no one spoke of it.

My husband was not a musician, but was fond, like nearly everybody, of hearing good music. I felt an inexpressible pang, as he expatiated, according to his habit, on how he would have Mary's musical skill cultivated. It was some months after I made the discovery I have mentioned, before the child's father knew the real state of matters; so that, many a time, with his words cutting me, have I listened smiling to his plans.

He spoke of this so continually that I dreaded more and more the hour when he must know the truth, and though I thought it right to tell him, I saw no chance of being able to do it otherwise than abruptly. It was not altogether

in jest that he proposed a residence in Italy where the influences that foster music might affect Mary at her most impressive period of life; and where, as he averred, the capacity to train this kind of aptitude exists in its highest degree.

Mary was a year and a-half old, with her father still unaware that for her music must ever be a frozen fountain. The children of the village school had come up to the hall to sing the Christmas hymn. They were well-trained in most of their schooling, but unusually so in music, in which Miss Smithers, their teacher, was a proficient. She has since, under another name, obtained celebrity in the music world.

Before they commenced the hymn, George made them a small oration. He had not so forgotten his town-councillor habits, but that an opportunity like this, to air his rhetoric, came like a true Christmas friend.

George's oratory was decidedly of the fervid cast. He told the school-children that music was the great gift which we held in common with higher intelligences. In fact, deadness to music was a mark upon any one which meant "let not that man be trusted." A taste for music was the sure concomitant of virtue, there could be no doubt of it; and an ear against which sweet sounds beat in vain, was a rock that rose from a wicked heart. Let them ever remember that.

The young musicians sang with a will to show themselves virtuous, and obtain the extra cake and halfpence which form virtue's reward. As the impressive sounds of many well-drilled young voices swelled on our ears, I saw George with moist eyes (he was partly affected by the singing, and partly by his own eloquence), turning to little Mary, who sat playing at his feet with some toys Miss Smithers had just given her. He lifted the child up, and tried to divert her towards the singing; but after looking vacantly at the group, she struggled to be set down again to her playthings. A sudden restlessness affected her father, and he continued watching her during the remainder of the hymn. When the children had gone away, he again took up Mary on his knees, and without remarking to me that he meant anything beyond play, he made sudden noises close to and sometimes back from Mary's ear, while her eyes were turned from him. She took not the slightest notice. But as soon as he turned her towards him and smiled, an answering smile at once responded. Having thus caught her eye, he opened his lips and imitated the movements made by a person speaking. The child mimicked the action. He then went through the same movements in an exaggerated fashion, but this time did really emit the sounds which such movements properly accompany. The child mimicked the exaggerated movements, but failed to give out voice. He then put the child down with infinite tenderness; and heaving a long sigh, which might mean either that he sought relief from the fatigue of sitting still, or that he threw off so some oppression upon his spirits, he rose up to walk about the room.

Later on in the evening I noticed that he was watching an opportunity of communicating his discovery. He was very anxious to know what

nonsense he had been saying to the school-children, and regretted the bad habit he had acquired of speaking without thinking. He could very easily conceive of a pleasant family group sitting around a fire that burns warm and cheery in a locked-up house, whose broken bell-wires have ceased to tell that a stranger is at the gates. He could think also of a fleet of ships sailing in company and obeying one set of signals; but so too a vessel might voyage alone and not the less safely reach her haven.

I saw he was endeavouring to break the news to me. Then I perceived how silly it was to make believe that I did not know what he was trying to tell me gently. I therefore said broadly out that I knew Mary had only four senses; and though at first it was a frightful anguish to me, and could not but be always painful, yet when I said to myself that her part in life's battle would be proportioned to her means of fighting it, I considered that the heavy sorrow was not without alleviation.

Our plans thenceforth were formed in concert. We determined at every cost to exhaust the possibility of cure, before we considered her deafness as anything but an accident which admitted of removal; for we steadily would not regard it as one of her conditions of existence. For some years our life was little else than waiting upon doctors, for the promise is to those who persevere. Promises indeed we had, for they fell like snow-flakes everywhere, but melted with the same facility. Each new aurist gave us new hope, though each in succession regretted that we had not come to him sooner. In some cases we were cruelly victimised, and the health of our darling grievously impaired. In a few instances the truth was told us as plainly as perhaps they thought we could bear it, namely, that medical science could do nothing whatever for Mary. One flagrant case in London came before the police magistrate, and at least two others might have gone; but certain difficulties in establishing legal guilt in that kind of swindling stayed our hands. To mere exposure the men were callous, if indeed they did not flourish upon it, notoriety standing them in the same stead as celebrity.

At last even hope of cure died in us. What finally dissipated our delusion was the non-success of a painful and dangerous experiment she underwent in Paris. Her ears had been bored and blistered in the course of our wanderings, and all sorts of regimen prescribed and abided by without effecting improvement. In our desperation we agreed to try this Parisian remedy, which we were assured had proved successful in every case in which it had been undergone. I was not present at the operation, and dared not ask how she bore it; but it consisted in removing with a trepan a piece of the skull bone that sound might reach the brain through the opening.

To induce Mary to let her ears be examined, her father had bought for her a costly but exquisitely beautiful vase of Parian which she fancied in London. It represented an angel standing on a half-globe, and bearing, mouth upwards, a cornucopia with flowers. She was fond of nursing it as a doll, though careful in handling it to keep it

clean and uninjured. Accustomed to stipulate for some present before each manipulation, she now desired that the letters M A R Y, which she knew to be her name, might be carved on the vase, and filled in with black. By some culpable awkwardness—for awkwardness in doing delicate work is criminal—the figure was shattered in the carving, and though put together again with some skill, the fractures were not hidden. We kept it afterwards under its glass shade in Mary's room at home, Mary herself making no attempt to uncover it.

She recovered from this last cure with difficulty, but of course required protection against whatever would communicate even moderate concussion. She had now repose from the torture of being

cured. As she recruited to such degree of strength as she was capable of reaching, we began to think of having her educated; but the dreadful results of the curative processes she had undergone begot partial disbelief, or rather a disinclination to belief, in the benefits of schooling. On this account we suffered her to remain at home till she was twelve years old. She could write from memory some verses of the Bible which Dr. Oneway, the rector, had pointed out to me as important for her to remember. Want of understanding them, the doctor said, should not deter me; for our part was to sow the seed, leaving to other influences its development. I determined, however, that she should not repeat words like a parrot. Accordingly, I began to open her mind to religious



truth by explaining to her as the foundation on which belief must rest, the series of words which form the commencement of the sacred book.

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

I explained the first word by pouring water into a bottle, and telling her that that was *in*. The second word, *the*, I judged to have no meaning worth explaining, and accordingly passed it by. The third word, *beginning*, puzzled me greatly. I thought of giving up the verse, and trying an easier one; but I could not, after search, find one without difficulties. It then struck me that as I got the word *in* out of a bottleful of water, I would husband my resources and get the word *beginning* out of it as well. I repeated the act of

pouring water into the bottle, in order that the beginning of the operation might be seen. I was a little dubious as to the accuracy of her conception of this third word, and slightly alarmed as to whether I might not have confused her previously clear idea of *in*. For I began to see that words in a sentence are like joined pieces of a waterpipe; the separate pieces are plain enough, but the meaning inside of them is all run together, and forms one idea. How, for instance, would the child pick apart the separate significance of *in* and *beginning*? However, I could not afford to dwell longer on this, for if every word were to be drained of its difficulties we should never get forward. Besides, future lessons would obviate what was left defective now.

I saw no trouble in the fourth word; for I had already given her an insight into her relationship towards a Creator. This I had done by spelling slowly the hallowed name, and pointing upwards with extreme reverence, pointing also towards the church, which was visible from the windows up-stairs. *Created* seemed to me harder of interpretation. After much thought I drew the figure of a blacksmith at work, and wrote down the word *making*. I then pointed to the word *created*, to signify that *making* and *creating* were similar acts. I had been told by a friend how an ingenious lady once explained *and* to a deaf child by tying a thread between a pen and an inkstand. The piece of thread was *and*. I therefore, on my system of extracting much meaning from few materials, tied together the bottle and water-jug which I had already used to explain *in* and *beginning*. For the word *earth* I touched the ground, and swept my finger backwards and forwards on it.

After going over in this careful manner the sentence whose important meaning I desired to elicit, I resolved to let it sink into her mind. For after all, it is not the quantity of instruction one gets that benefits, but that part of it which is well digested.

In the evening, when I considered the digestive process might be accomplished, I told her father what I had done. He commended my prudence in not cramming her. My difficulty as to how the child would know the difference between *in* and *beginning* he shared. He agreed in the propriety of omitting the from the explanation. He seemed to doubt whether I had really imparted an idea of the Supreme Being by pointing upwards reverentially, inasmuch as I explained *heaven* in much the same way. Our perplexity was that we could not ascertain what real notion she formed as to meanings of words; for she always imitated with accuracy the acts and gestures either of us made use of in conveying an explanation.

The more I thought on it the less I was satisfied. Painful as it was to part with our darling, especially in her state of weakened health, brought about too by our misjudging care, our duty demanded the sacrifice, and we dared not refuse. What we terribly feared was, mischief befalling her in the course of some school-game. That unhappy opening in the skull-bone was always our most sensitive point.

When, however, we visited the school, and found her among companions like herself, saying that their wiser parents had better guarded them from cures; found her, so to speak, in a sheltered nook where the influences of many minds acting on hers could bring into play her intelligence and develop whatever germs of good were in her, we experienced a relief we had not hoped for, and thought instinctively of the wind tempered to shorn lambs.

When she came to us at the end of the second year, and repeated the few words she had been taught to articulate—*pepa, mamma, I am happy*—it seemed as if so great a stream of happiness could not have flowed to us through any other channel. How truly she was our angel.

She had been at school wearing on to five years

when a somewhat severe illness attacked her father. Mary, informed of it by letter, begged to be allowed to nurse him. Her father afterwards said that he found her mere presence in the room, whether still or in movement, had a soothing effect upon him, more than the prescribed opium could exert. Perhaps from being habituated to read thought on the countenance before it took expression in words, she was better than another able to minister relief to hidden suffering. Perhaps it was the microscope of her very strong affection that assisted her eyesight, and rendered visible symptoms that the sufferer himself would have suppressed. Alas! when in the course of only a few weeks afterwards, she herself required done for her similar offices to those she was now performing, much as we loved her and would with thankfulness have taken her great agony on ourselves, if thereby to ease her, this same microscope revealed little to our eyes that availed her in way of relief.

Originally not of a strong constitution, and cruelly shattered by the cures she had undergone, the most we had hoped for was, by excess of care, to wrap her from rough contact with life, and enable her sweetness of disposition to mature, as it were, within a conservatory, instead of exposed to open storms.

She seemed in an excellent state of health, as good, that is, as she ever enjoyed, when she went back to school after nursing her father through his illness. She had spoken of nursing us both when we were old and tottering, and herself an erect woman; so that those justified premonitions of early death, which are sometimes known to have occurred to the mind of a child, had not affected her.

As a proof that the tone of her mind was healthy, I give here her reply to the Rev. Bernard Oldtrick, Dr. Gneway's young curate, who was generously attempting to show her that, as faith entered by hearing, a padlock on this door caused the goods to be taken away again. She repeated the beautiful story of how divine love, walking in flesh and doing good, had bidden deaf ears be opened, and a bound tongue be unloosed. There were some additions in her version of the story that were not uninteresting, considering who she was that told it, and amongst whom it was current.

She conceived that we, her father and mother, had spent much money and taken her to many places, in the hope that some one would speak to her sealed ears the command—"Ephphatha;" but the proper way to speak this word was known to no man. At last, however, when all that had ever lived stood before Him—by whose blessed lips that word had been spoken—He would speak it again. They, whose tongues had, through life, remained unused and free from stains, like the swords in a cutler's shop that are carefully kept in sheaths, would now begin to flourish in hymns; while the rest of the immense crowd, having abused the power of speech when on earth, would find their tongues thereby grown rusty, and would, with difficulty, draw them out, like bloody swords glued in scabbards.

This was her illustration.

Her description of the process of cleansing the rusty tongues showed ingenuity, and ought, at least to have satisfied those expounders of the compensation-laws of nature, who insist upon it that all our sum-totals of good and ill, correspond, however widely the items in our accounts may vary. In this unexpected and bold manner, Mr. Oldtrack, seeking wool, had the scissors applied to his own back.

After remaining five weeks at home, Mary had returned to school. We were not to see her again till after Christmas, as she and her schoolmates generally would be busy rehearsing the pantomime, which their custom was to enact at this holiday-time, for the delectation of themselves and such kind-hearted school-friends as would lend their assistance in capacity of applauding spectators. We were pleasing ourselves with the dream that, as fragile barks have reached land while strong-built vessels have gone down, perhaps the great Shipowner above, working in His mysterious ways, would waft dear Mary over calm seas, and that she would thus sail onwards after we put into port.

Our dreams were scattered by a letter from the matron. It announced that Mary's health was suddenly low, and added, that the doctor was urgent she should have the benefit of home. In the greatest alarm, and not without risk,—for by this time the smouldering disease of her brain had burst into flame, and they feared she could not bear removal,—we conveyed her to Elmbury with as much speed as was consistent with extreme care.

She never rallied. All night she lay in stupor, from which the alteration was to spasms of pain. She muttered various of the expressions she had been taught to articulate. "Going home," she said, "going home." In particular the word "Ephphatha," which had manifestly taken strong hold of her imagination. Early in the morning she sat up in bed, and made signs to some imaginary companions, for she took no notice of us. When I gave her the spoonfuls of wine-and-water ordered, she turned on me her dull heavy eye on which no change passed to indicate that she recognised me.

It had been a wild night, but with daylight the storm increased. Vehement gusts tore the old trees in the park, and beat with fury against the window of her sick-room where we were watching. But this rather afforded relief than otherwise, as our thoughts were thereby diverted from a too concentrated fixedness on the desolation that was being wrought inside of the house. Poor Mary sank lower and lower. After a terrific attack of convulsions that lasted some minutes, and made us hold our breath in awe, her strength seemed all but drained away. Unable to sit still I was aimlessly moving about, as if impelled by an instinct to find, in bodily activity, some alleviating resources, when it struck me that to handle her old plaything—the vase she had once been so fond of, would recal her mind. I had heard of inanimate things being recognised when familiar faces were forgotten. But, in my agitation, I threw it down. As I stooped to pick up the fragments a sudden roaring blast shook

the house, and the crash of an elm-branch driven with force against the window, the thick sash-bars of which gave way like lucifer-matches, startled us to some purpose. We were busy forcing to the shutters, endeavouring to bar out the wind, till we could remove our beloved to another room, but the violence of the tempest was too great. It dashed aside the shutters that rang again as they slapped upon the wall, and sweeping like an eddy round the room, stripped the clothes from the sick-bed with a vindictiveness of fury that seemed like hatred gratified. As we ran to cover her, another wild blast drove in, through the smashed window, a poor unhappy dove which it had caught staying, and flung it against the wall right above where the child lay, but happily with a spent impetus. Recovering itself the bird fluttered about to avoid being handled, and, by-and-by, reaching the open window—when a lull in the storm occurred—flew out again.

What little life had been in Mary was, by this time quite shaken out. We did not see the breath go from her, and were only sensible that the clay-mask was separate from the spirit which had worn it, when we remarked the growing coldness of the form we continued to watch. Z.

THE FAMOUS CITY OF PRAGUE.

PART II. THE ALT STADT AND NEU STADT.

The Hradschin and Kleine Seite communicate with the Alt Stadt, or Old Town, by the venerable stone bridge built by Charles IV., about the middle of the XIVth century, and the finest structure of its age and purpose remaining in Europe. Each pier is surmounted by colossal statues or groups of various modern periods. One only co-eval with the bridge itself now remains; this is an armed figure resting on his shield, above one of the land piers abutting on the Kleine Seite. The rest are all sacred, or ecclesiastical subjects; a fine work in bronze of the Crucifixion, the statue of St. John Nepomuc, the patron saint of Bohemia, and effigies or groups from passages in the lives of men celebrated in the service of religion or humanity. It is much to be regretted that the general effect is greatly degraded by the vast ice fenders formed of solid oak trunks projected in angles against the stream, but which, however unsightly, are necessary for the protection of the structure at the breaking up of the ice in spring. At the foot of the bridge is a fine statue of Charles IV., recently erected, whose memory is still venerated in Bohemia for his great and patriotic character. The first remarkable building which strikes the eye, after crossing the bridge, is the Clementinum, a vast college, containing five courts and two churches. At the highest state of its prosperity, this college numbered 30,000 students, but the Thirty Years' War reduced them to 5000, and since they have decreased to a still more inconsiderable number, particularly after the insurrection of 1848, in which the greater part of their body was concerned. The library is rich in magnificently illuminated MSS. of the early and middle ages.

The Town Hall in the Grosse Ring is a striking building, dating from the XIVth century, but the

entire façade, with the statues of the kings and heroes of Bohemia, was re-edified in the modern Gothic style some ten or twelve years ago; the clock is peculiar from having ceased to go two hundred years back, nobody since that period having been discovered clever enough to set it in order.

The objects of most interest to many travellers are the hotels; of these there are several of superior order; the original principal Gasthof was the Schwarzen Ross (Black Horse), in the Graben, the Grande Rue of Prague, the breadth of which

emulates Regent Street; at present the reputation of this house is entirely traditional, as it is dirty, noisy, and most remarkable for the imposition of its charges and the balness of its attendance. The best are the Hotel de Saxe and the Blauen Stern, or Blue Star.

For comfort in sleeping, an Englishman could hardly be worse off in Kamschatka; the bedsteads are the breadth of an ordinary sofa, and not calculated for any person exceeding five feet eight inches in height: indeed they more nearly resemble a box without a lid, having neither cur-



The Town-Hall, Prague.

tains nor valance, than any idea we are accustomed to attach to a bed in England. The coverings are as uncomfortable as the bedstead, consisting, in severe cold weather, of a feather bed thrown over you, and when that becomes too warm, its place is taken by a small, wadded, prettily-quilted cover in blue, green, or red silk, or twilled cotton, with the sheet attached to it, each only the breadth of the mattress, and so short and narrow, that except in a very contracted position, either the feet or the shoulders must remain uncovered, and whichever way you turn the opposite side of the person must be exposed. In hotels beds are generally

found in all the rooms; it is, therefore, difficult to get a sitting-room not fitted up to serve the double purpose of a saloon and a sleeping apartment.

The climate being very severe in winter, all the houses are fitted up with double windows, with cushions laid between them, which in spring give place to plants and flowers; when summer sets in the outer frames are removed and jalousies are fixed in their stead. In the houses of the wealthy, the stoves are made very ornamental objects by their shape and decorations; they are sometimes formed with vases for water on the summit, a certain portion of moisture being necessary, or

the health would suffer from the extreme dryness of the air. Apartments are let in suites on the different floors, and all unfurnished; the furniture, if hired, being generally supplied by the Jews. The rate of apartments varies according to the situation, of which the *New Allée*, the *Graben*, and the *Ross Markt*, are the most fashionable. A superior apartment of eleven or twelve rooms with a kitchen, varies from 60*l.* to 90*l.* a year, according to their magnitude and style; in the *Hradschin* larger may be obtained for half the money.

Living was, before the insurrection of 1848, one-fourth cheaper than since that period, and the same may be said of servants' wages. In Bohemia, as in most of the Germanic countries, servants are hired and paid by the month. A good footman could then be had for 1*4s.* a month, and 2*2s.* additional for board wages; when, as is the case with so many families on the continent, it is not the fashion to keep a table at home for the domestics, but their meals are taken at a *table d'hôte* kept purposely for servants at different restaurateurs, where all the lacqueys of the neighbourhood assemble—a custom attended with inconvenience, as for security during their absence the principal doors are locked, and persons calling on business or pleasure may ring without effect, till their own patience is exhausted, and the bell broken, and be reduced at last, to make their call known, to slip a card under the door, or in any crack presenting itself: this of course does not apply to the noblest and wealthiest houses, where a regular porter is kept, who is never absent from his post, any more than the sentinel from his beat. The prices are so much increased, that a servant who received formerly 1*l.* 16*s.* a month, cannot now be had under 2*l.* 8*s.*, a difference which has caused an immense diminution in many establishments. In the lowest class of servants the love of fine names is truly laughable; kitchen maids are frequently called *Victoria*, and a female without shoes or stockings, a red and yellow cotton handkerchief bound tightly round her head, carrying bundles of wood, or buckets of water, nine times out of ten answers to the name of *Apollonia*!

Charitable institutions are very numerous in Prague; there are large establishments most admirably conducted for the deaf and dumb, the blind, and indeed for almost every ailment to which flesh is heir; besides convents devoted according to their several orders to every description of good works. The nuns of the order of *St. Elizabeth* are vowed to the care of the sick, and the ground floor of their immense establishment is an entire hospital, none ever being known to be turned from their doors who stand in need of their aid. Here they are nursed, doctored, and tended gratuitously till fit to return to their own homes and occupations. The *Ursuline* nuns educate and feed hundreds of poor children, who but for their care would neither be able to read or write, and most probably be idle beggars at best, if not prowling thieves about the streets. *Les Dames Anglaises*, so called because their foundress was an English lady, is another educational establishment, and the best female servants in Prague are those brought up from their earliest youth

under the eyes of these ladies; their order is of a much less severe rule, as they may frequently be seen passing to and fro enveloped in the long black mantle and veil, rendering their person as indistinguishable as though they wore the celebrated iron mask.*

The *Invaliden Haus*, for retired soldiers, is an imperial establishment of a similar nature to *Chludsea Hospital*.

Protestants were not very numerous in Prague some few years ago, but they are much on the increase of late; they have a good-sized but ugly church.

Jews are very numerous, and live together in what is called the "*Jews' Town*," a part of the city appropriated to them exclusively, and within gates, which were formerly locked on them at eight o'clock in the evening; but Austrian policy has undergone great changes of late, and, among other things, "*the Israelites*" (as they prefer being called) have had many privileges granted them; this rule is therefore no longer enforced, and they are likewise now free to choose their own place of abode.

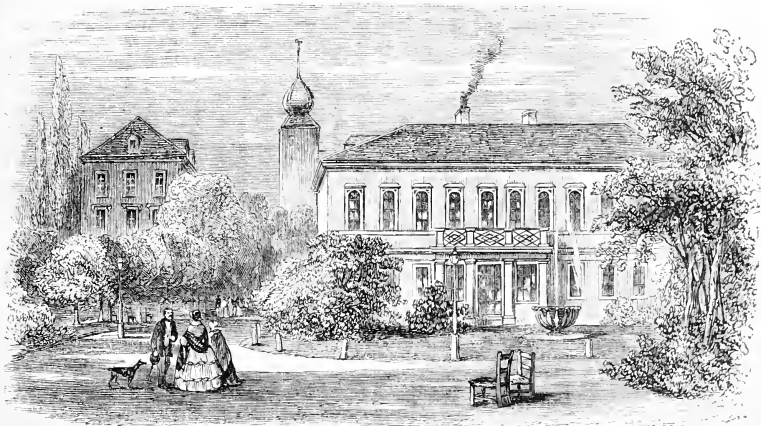
The love of amusement amongst all classes is very great. The theatres, of which there are two, are always full; for a Bohemian would as little like to lose his play as his dinner. It is the old story—"Panem et Circenses." In one of the theatres the performance is entirely in the Bohemian language, in the other in German. The latter is *par excellence* the theatre of the *beau monde*. The building itself is plain and unostentatious, but the dresses and scenery are so admirable that they might compete with Vienna or London; the acting also is not to be despised, for we have seen "*King Lear*" as well performed on these boards as at the theatres of our own metropolis. After the opinion commonly received in Great Britain of the great musical tastes of the Bohemians, the stranger on entering society at Prague feels infinite astonishment at the absence of all music from their entertainments except as an accompaniment to dancing, and a piano is nowhere to be found in the houses of the great but in the *young ladies'* own boudoirs; from the apartments devoted to society, and the rooms of the elder ladies of families, all music is *chassée* as an infliction. So extraordinary are the ideas of the *beau monde* of Prague on this subject, that when the amiable Archduke Stephen gave a *soirée*, and with more enlightened taste and expansion of ideas than those by whom he was surrounded, provided eminent professional *artistes* for their entertainment, two ladies of the highest rank were overheard inveighing against "*the impertinence of that Archduke in presuming to ask them to sit in a room with professional people*;" a trait which likewise exhibits the difference of character between the imperial family and a large portion of the nobility. The only music having any charms for them are polkas and waltzes, and they are little worthy of having possessed amongst them for so many years of his life

* The *Barmherzichen Brudern* (Brothers of Mercy) have not only a complete hospital for the sick within their convent walls, but are ever ready to attend and nurse the poor in their own homes when their services are required.

the great Mozart, who on one occasion was a victim to their dancing mania. Staying at a house to give lessons to some of the family, the daughters besought him to write them some new waltzes, which, being much engaged in more serious music at the time, he was obliged to decline doing from want of sufficient leisure. No entreaties of theirs could prevail, and after a little lapse they desisted from their requests, appearing to have forgotten their wish in various occupations. Soon they invited him to walk into another room to look at some object of interest, which he did. No sooner there than the young ladies disappeared and locked the door upon him, assuring him from the outside he would not cease to be a prisoner till he had given them the waltzes they had asked for. In vain he rang the bell, which his fair tormentors took care should remain unanswered, and to all his entreaties for freedom returned the same reply. He then saw sheets of

music-paper, pens, and ink had been already prepared, and, feeling convinced nothing was to be done, sat down to commence the task imposed upon him, which he soon entered into heart and soul, and in the end produced some of his most beautiful waltzes, for which the world at large is indebted to these exacting fair ones.

As the old stone bridge is the communicating point between the *Kleine Seite* and the *Alt Stadt*, so a quarter of a mile higher up the Moldan is the suspension-bridge, the communicating point between the *Kleine Seite* and the *Neu Stadt*; between these two bridges runs the quay, which has not been completed many years, and forms in the spring the fashionable promenade. In the centre, surrounded by flower-beds, stands a statue of the Emperor Francis. Across the road is the newest row of houses in Prague, built in the English style, with small street-doors instead of the *porte cochère*, which is universal in the other parts of the city.



Sophien Insol, Prague.

The streets in the *Neu Stadt* are wider, more airy, and far better paved than those of the old town. Here are the principal residences of the nobility; mansions which may well be termed palaces for their magnificence.

Much has always been said of the difficulty met with by strangers in getting into society in any part of the Austrian dominions; but in no part of Europe have we ever heard of unknown persons dropping into society as if they fell from the clouds. In Bohemia, as in most other countries, letters of introduction are necessary, but even one high recommendation will open the doors of the *élite* of Prague,—that “*crème de la crème*” of which a popular authoress makes so much mention. It is true, if foreigners wish for *sociability* amongst the Bohemians, they will seek for it in vain; for, though charmed to welcome you when their pride and vanity are gratified by the display of their splendour and magnificence, they equally shrink from meeting the eyes of

strangers in their *robes de chambre* and undecorated apartments in daily use.

The customs of foreign countries always appear singular to strangers visiting them; and we shall not easily forget our own amazement—our first evening in the *beau monde* of Prague—at seeing ourselves surrounded by dowagers and ladies of a certain age only, not one young face visible. No young ladies sit in the same room with their elders in society, but immediately on arriving, and having made their curtsies to their hostess, they assemble in “the young ladies’ room,” never rejoining their chaperones till it is time to return home. This custom is the more extraordinary, as the *danseurs* are admitted to this sanctuary with their partners, through the *gardes dames* must not show their faces there.

Suppers at these fêtes are the exception, the general rule being that people dance with indefatigable zeal from nine o’clock in the evening (for the *beau monde* do not assemble there as late as

our London fashionables) always till five, and frequently till seven o'clock in the morning, keeping up their strength and spirits on tea, sugar-plums, oranges, compotes, and every variety of cakes and ices; the quantity of bonbons consumed by hale, hearty men, on these occasions, is such as would make our substantial supper-loving countrymen open their eyes with amazement.

The public balls are all held at the Sophien Insel, an island in the Moldau opposite to the Neu Stadt, to which it is joined by a small wooden bridge. The balls of the *élite* at this place are conducted on the most exclusive system; the ladies of the highest rank in the town act by turns as lady patronesses, and send round a book by a confidential person who is furnished with a list of the families to whom alone "vouchers" may be given. The dancing-room is a very fine salle. Once, when Princess — was the lady patroness, a very handsome supper was provided, to which ample justice was done by both ladies and gentlemen, in spite of the lack of refinement attached to the idea of hot dishes at a ball by the Bohemian superlatives!

But alas, for Prague! its *beaux jours* are over. We fear its sun is set; for such have been the changes in its society since the insurrection of 1848, though the ex-Emperor and Empress have their winter abode in the palace of the Hradschin, they live as in a city of the plague, while all that was gay is dead and gone!

We have already adverted to the severity of the climate of Bohemia: the Moldau usually freezes in December, and the ice breaks up in the middle or end of February, and one year an ox was roasted whole on the river on Easter Monday, which happened to fall in March. Formerly the Moldau presented a very gay scene during those months, being not only frequented by skaters, but by vast numbers of the inhabitants in sledges; the *traineaus* of the wealthy were very gay and elegant in shape, the horses' heads decorated with plumes of feathers of various hues, of which sky-blue was the favourite; but this custom has been abandoned since the Archduchess Hermione died of consumption brought on by a cold taken while driven *en traineau* by her brother Stephen. If, however, the weather in winter is severe, the heat of summer is proportionable, and accompanied with the most terrific storms we ever witnessed in any country.

The lower classes are very hardy, as may be judged from a habit of the country-girls when over-heated with dancing, of rushing into the court and plunging their heads into a bucket of water, or under a pump, to cool themselves, and before they are well dry, returning to their partners,—a hardihood all the more remarkable from the enervating manner of their rearing as infants.

When the season is sufficiently advanced to render bathing agreeable, the bathing-house and swimming-school are refixed in the Moldau, and both ladies and gentlemen re-commence their lessons. The instructor of the female sex is, or was, a retired sergeant; the younger portion of the

female community wear a peculiar bathing-dress, consisting of tunic and full trowsers fastened at the ankles, in which costume the old sergeant draws them through the water by a rope fastened under their arms and round their waist, while he walks on a platform beside them.

The great spring fête day at Prague is the 16th of May, the fête of St. John Nepomuc, the patron-saint of Bohemia, who was thrown over the old bridge into the Moldau by order of a pagan king, for twice refusing to reveal the confession of his queen, who had become a convert to Christianity. Her husband had determined to become acquainted with the facts, and summoned her father-confessor to detail them to him, which his conception of duty would not permit him to do, though he was threatened with death if he persisted in refusing. Continuing firm in his resolution, he was seized by order of the monarch, his tongue was cut out, and he was thrown into the river.

Tradition says that, where the body fell, five stars shone in a half-circle above the head; and hence, on the evening of the 15th, when it becomes dusk, a boat glides up and down, close to the bridge, with five lights, in imitation of those planets which hovered over St. John Nepomuc in his dying moments. To the celebration of this fête thousands of persons come not only from all parts of Bohemia, but even out of far Hungary, so great is the veneration in which the memory of St. John is still held; so crowded is the bridge on which a chapel is temporarily erected for the occasion and service performed, that for twenty-four hours the police forbid all vehicles and horses from crossing to prevent accidents which must otherwise infallibly happen, and during that period all carriages must pass by the suspension-bridge above. The poor people start in parties from their own villages with a bundle of food, and their holiday attire, daily performing so many miles of their pilgrimage, always in the greatest order, and often singing hymns on their way. When assembled the city presents a most picturesque aspect, from the immense variety of costume of both males and females, of which Hungary furnishes the greatest number; from these come those Elizabethian ruffs and bolster-sleeves; also that other group with beautifully embroidered aprons and bodices, and hair tied with coloured ribbons; but the men in leather shorts, blue and red waistcoats, and large hats, are Bohemians from a very distant part; while the people in pointed hats, tight boots to the ankles, worsted stockings and jackets, are from the Tyrol. But to describe all the various costumes would be impossible, as every country has a different one, and even each county of that country varies. In the cathedral their wearers may be seen in extraordinary combinations, or, when church is over, sitting outside in rows, on cloths spread for themselves and their dinner, and which have been their beds on the stones all the preceding night. Their food is an encumber and breal, often spread with their favourite lard, some varying it with curds in the form of cheeses; their drink, milk or water. How happy they appear with their simple fare, and as contented as any labourer in our land with his

meat and beer. In the evening, of all those thousands collected, not one is to be seen "drunk and disorderly," and not a voice distinguishably

raised in anger or dispute! How far different would be the scene in London, Edinburgh, or Dublin!



Prague.—The Cathedral.

BRITANNIA'S SMELLING BOTTLE.

DID the reader ever ask himself, as he passed a perfumer's shop,—How are these delicate odours that strike so sweetly upon the sense taken prisoners? What chains can we forge fine enough to enslave the delicious breath of the rose? what trap can we set sufficiently subtle to seize the odour of the violet? By what process do we manage to "bottle" the hawthorn-scented gale?

If the perfumer (guessing his thoughts) were to say "The most successful trap we set is a lump of fat," possibly our reader would open his eyes very wide, and exclaim incredulously, What possible affinity can there be between so gross an animal product, and so volatile an essence? Verily, good reader, there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy; and this is one of them. Possibly, if we were to tell you that the perfumer salts down his rose-leaves in order to preserve their odour, just as the meat-curer salts down his pork, you would be still incredulous; yet, verily, we speak the words of truth and soberness, as we shall presently show you.

The cultivation of flowers for the manufacture of perfumes is chiefly carried on in the south of France, in the plains watered by the river Var; and now that Louis Napoleon has acquired both banks of that river, he may be said to have taken possession of the scent-bottle of Europe. Those who have visited Cannes and its neighbourhood, must have seen the flower-farms bright with a

thousand brilliant dyes; and at Grasse, again, the plantations of orange trees, which perfume the air. To secure the odours of those flowers is the care of the proprietors, so that thousands in far-off capitals shall be able to enjoy the perfume that otherwise would waste its sweetness upon the desert air. There are various modes of accomplishing this; but the principal one, for the more delicate flowers, such as the jasmine, the violet, tube rose, and orange, is by what we will call the fat-trap.

Those who know anything of chemistry are well aware that carbon, in the shape of charcoal, possesses an astonishing affinity for all kinds of odours—a property which the physician avails himself of to absorb the foul smells of the hospital. The hydrocarbons, such as beef and mutton fat, highly purified, possess a similar absorptive power, which is taken advantage of by the flower farmer, to take and secure the fleeting breath of his flowers. Let us suppose, for instance, that it is the season for violets. The proprietor has already prepared thousands of square wooden frames, the rims of which are, say, three inches in depth; in the middle of this frame is inserted a sheet of glass, and the whole series of frames are constructed so as to fit one upon the other. Upon both sides of the glass a film of finely purified fat is spread, to the depth of a quarter of an inch, and upon this fat the violet flowers just picked are lightly spread. Thus it will be seen the

flowers are sandwiched between layers of fat, resting upon the lower layer, but not touching the upper layer. In a short period the fat will have absorbed the whole perfume of the flower, when a fresh supply is added, and this process of feeding with flowers is often repeated thirty times, until the fat is thoroughly saturated with its perfume. Thus imprisoned, the odour is safely transferred from one part of the globe to another.

The extent to which this process is carried in the south of France may be imagined when we say that 1,600,000 lbs. of orange flowers, 500,000 lbs. of rose blooms, 100,000 lbs. of jasmine blooms, 60,000 lbs. of violets, 65,000 lbs. of acacia buds, 30,000 lbs. of tuberose flowers, and 5,000 lbs. of jonquil flowers are consumed annually, the value of which cannot be less than 240,000*l.* But, says the reader, what can all this scented fat be used for? The fat, good reader, is only the vehicle in which these odours travel. The next process, when it reaches the manufacturing perfumer, is to liberate the delicate Ariel from its bondage. In order to accomplish this, the fat is cut into small cubes and macerated in pure spirits of wine. The scent, like an inconstant mate, immediately deserts its more material partner, and combines with the spirit, just as wives now and then will desert their solid city husbands for some mercurial singing master. The scent is now in the form of an extract, but is by no means fitted for the pocket handkerchief. Here the artist steps in and combines in definite proportions different odours so as to produce bouquets, or he manufactures primary odours; for your fashionable perfumer will no more allow the public to enjoy the pure perfume of the flower than a *chef de cuisine* will permit you to taste the natural quality of the meat. And, first, with respect to primary odours, it is astonishing how few art has yet managed to extract direct from the flower. Violets, geraniums, orange blossoms, and roses, are translated, it is true, by the absorptive process immediately into the perfumer's stores. But of the scores of scents which the European nose smells at, full two-thirds are but a delusion and a snare. Mr. Septimus Piesse, of the firm of Piesse and Lubin, has written a very interesting book on the art of perfumery, in which this secret is most frankly confessed. We must admit, however, that the manufacturing perfumer is in no wise to blame in this matter. It is not his business to provide the primary odours; his department is the higher duty of combining them: give him a fuller scale of notes and he will afford the public more varied airs. Mr. Piesse indeed laments, that whilst cultivators of gardens spend thousands for the gratification of the eye, they altogether neglect the nose. Why should we not grow flowers for their odours as well as for their colours? There are scores of flowers in our gardens that would yield admirable extracts with a little pains. For instance, there is heliotrope, the lily of the valley, honeysuckle, myrtle, clove pink, and wallflower. We have extracts of all these flowers in the perfumers' shops, but they are nothing but skillful combinations of other scents. They play tricks with our noses as they do with our palates. We know full well that certain flavourings, such as

pine apple drops, jargonelle pears, &c., are manufactured out of the refuse of gas tar and from rotten cheese. In the same way some of our sweetest and, as we believe, natural flower-scents have their base in fetid animal secretions, such as musk, civet, &c. Who will come to the rescue? There is a great cry for woman's work—here it is. Many a lady would willingly employ her time which hangs heavy in country-houses, if she only knew how. We will tell her. "I want heliotrope pomade," says Mr. Piesse. "I would buy any amount that I could get;" and this is the way to get it. If there is such a thing as a glue-pot in the house, you have the only piece of machinery needed—it is, in fact, a water-bath.

As the details of the process are all important, we will proceed in Mr. Piesse's own words.

"At the season when the flowers are in bloom, obtain a pound of fine lard, melt the lard, and strain it through a close hair sieve, allow the liquid fat as it falls from the sieve to drop into the cold spring water; this operation granulates and washes the blood and membrane from it. In order to start with a perfectly inodorous grease, the melting and granulation process may be repeated three or four times, using a pinch of salt and a pinch of alum in each water; it is then to be washed five or six times in plain water; finally, re-melt the fat, and cast it into a pan, to free it from adhering water. Now put the clarified fat into the glue-pot, and place it in such a position near the fire of the green-house, or elsewhere, that will keep it warm enough to be liquid; into the fat throw as many flowers as you can, and there let them remain for twenty-four hours. At this time strain the fat from the spent flowers, and add fresh ones; repeat this operation for a week: we expect, at the last straining, the fat will have become very highly perfumed, and when cold, may be justly termed *pomade à la heliotrope*." To turn this pomade into an extract fit for the handkerchief, all that has to be done is to cut the perfumed fat into small pieces, drop it into a wide-mouthed bottle, and cover it with highly rectified spirit, in which it must remain for a week. When strained off the process will be completed.

In this manner every flower of the garden may be turned into a genuine extract, and the lady who takes the trouble to perform the operation may be sure that she possesses a perfume which money cannot buy from the best perfumer's in the metropolis. Moreover, she would then possess some individuality in her perfume. Why should we not know our fair friends by the delicate odours with which they are surrounded, as we know them afar off by the charm of voice? There is an appropriate odour, to our minds, to each particular character. The spirituelle should affect jasmine; the brilliant and witty, heliotrope; the robust, the more musky odours; and young girls just blooming into womanhood, the rose. The citron-like perfumes are more fitted for the melancholy temperament, and there is a sad minor note in vanilla that the young widow should affect. When we study the æsthetics of odours, we shall match nice shades of character with delicate shades of odour. Why should human feeling be expressed better by colours than by perfumes?

Meanwhile we must trust to the perfumer to set the fashion, and to impose upon us his bouquets at his own good will. We are, in fact, the slaves of his nose. All the fashionable world, like the Three Kings of Brentford, but a little while ago were smelling at one nosegay in the celebrated "Ess Perfume;" later still, we have had imposed upon us "Kiss-me-Quick;" and now the latest novelty of the season is "Stolen Kisses," with its sequel, "Box his Ears." Why are the Messrs. Piesse and Lubin so amatory in their nomenclature?

Besides the processes of maceration and absorption, or *enfleurage* as the French term it, there are several other methods of obtaining the odours of flowers, the principal of which is distillation; by this means the essential principle, or the otto of the flower only, is extracted. It is an old saying that we can have too much of a good thing, and it will be verified by an inspection of a perfumer's laboratory. One is apt to think that a connoisseur's wine-bins contain the dearest liquids in the world—old port at two guineas a bottle looks extravagant enough; but let us enter the dark little room where the perfumer keeps his ottos and extracts. He draws you a drop of oil of jasmine, holds it to your nose, and tells you with a complacent smile, that it is only worth nine guineas a wine-glass full—he shows you a little bottle of otto of roses from the far East. The principal rose farms of Europe are situated in the Balkan in Bulgaria, and the expense of the perfume may be estimated, when we state that it requires at least 2000 blooms to yield a single drachm of the otto. Different districts have their own peculiar shades of difference, just as different vineyards produce different qualities of wine. The Provence roses of the south of France have a fragrance peculiarly their own, which is attributed to the fact that the bees carry the pollen of the orange blossoms into the rose buds, and it is to the delicate flavoring of the orange that this otto owes its value. The suggestion of the bridal flower is indeed very slight, but herein the charm is constituted, as the eating-house connoisseur well knew when he ordered a slice of beef cut with a hammy knife. Some of these precious ottos and extracts smelt at in the bulk are positively disgusting; take civet, for instance—a pot suddenly opened is enough to knock you down. It is the infinite subdivision of the scent which gives it its true value as a perfume. Some astounding tales have been told of the persistence of scents, but we know that some of them have outlived the memory of great empires, and probably will yet exist when the New Zealander takes his seat on the broken arch of London Bridge: there is to be seen at Alnwick Castle a jar of perfume, at least three thousand years old, which still gives out a perfume. We know no better illustration of the infinite divisibility of matter than is afforded by the history of some of the more persistent perfumes. But it is not the animal perfumes alone that are disagreeable in a concentrated form—all flower odours are more or less changed; otto of roses is anything but nice, and otto of violets is for all the world like prussic acid. When they are diluted with an appro-

prate quantity of spirit, they regain all their delicacy, just as they do when subjected to the diluting influence of the gentle breeze in the summer evening.

The concoction of bouquets is the triumph of the perfumer's art. His nose must have the most delicate appreciation of the harmonies, so that no one odour shall outrage another. A writer in "Chambers's Journal" has very subtly remarked that scents, like sounds, affect the olfactory nerve in certain definite proportions. Thus there are octaves of odours, the different notes of which agree with each other. Let us take heliotrope, vanilla, almond and orange blossoms, for instance, and we find that they possess a cognate smell. There is another series of perfumes which constitute a higher octave, such as citron, lemon, orange peel, and verbenas. Again, we have half-notes, such as rose, and rose-geranium; and minor keys, such as patchouly, vilivart; and, lowest in the scale, musk and other animal odours strike a deep base note.

The skilful perfumer with this full gamut before him can make a thousand different harmonies; indeed, the combinations are endless, but they must be made with a full knowledge of the art. He can no more jumble half-a-dozen perfumes together, and expect to be able to please the nose, than he could strike half-a-dozen notes at random, and expect to charm the ear with the harmonious effects of a chord. But an harmonious perfume is not all that is required; the British public are very exigent, they want a delicate yet strongly marked odour, and a persistent one at the same time,—two totally incompatible qualities, for an odour that strikes powerfully upon the nose must be a very volatile one; and, if it is volatile, how can it be expected to remain in the handkerchief for any length of time?—it is like eating a cake and expecting to have it afterwards. The perfumer gets over the difficulty by making some persistent odour, such as musk or vanilla, the base of his perfume. The effect of this, however, is to give the scent two different odours, the volatile perfume on its departure leaving behind it the base, which is often objected to as smelling "sickly." The moral of our story is, that we should not expect a delicate perfume to be two things at the same time—volatile and lasting.

England is famous for only two products used in perfumery—lavender and peppermint. We grow roses also in large quantities, but only for the purpose of making rose-water. Our flower-farms are situated at Mitcham and Hitchin. English lavender is worth four times as much in the market as any other, and it is a scent which partakes somewhat of the national character; it has, indeed, a sad and grave smell, and possesses a certain poetic grace, but is withal healthy and invigorating. We are informed that this and peppermint form the base of many kinds of cheap perfumery; but musk is the *pièce de resistance* of the manufacturers. People very commonly say, "I detest musk—I never have a perfume containing musk." The perfumer smiles, and gravely assures them the articles he sells do not contain it. All the while he is well aware that it forms a very

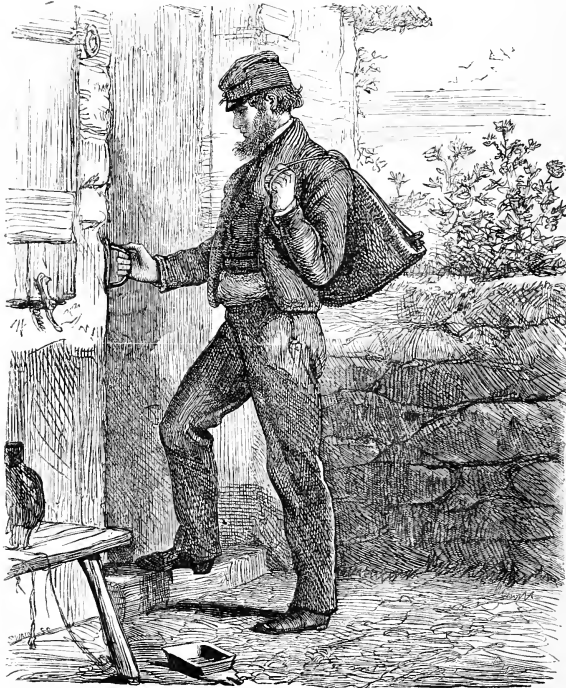
essential part of all favourite perfumes: it is a principal ingredient in the renowned old Windsor soap, all sachets, or dry perfumery-bags contain it, few essences or bouquets are without it, and yet this is a perfume that no one likes!

The scents of the ancients were, as far as we know, entirely dry perfumes, such as myrrh, spikenard, frankincense, all gum resins which are still in use by perfumers, and they were used

rather to perfume the air than the person, although it was a very old custom to scent the beard. It is a question purely of taste as to whether scent is allowable to the male sex, but among Englishmen, at least, the feeling is against it; the fashion is certainly feminine, and long may it be confined to the ladies, for although it would be a superfluity to paint the lily, we may yet be permitted to perfume the living violet. A. W.

“HIS HAND UPON THE LATCH.”

A YOUNG WIFE'S SONG.



My cottage home is fill'd with light
The long, long summer day,
But, ah! I dearer love the night,
And hail the sinking ray.
For eve restores me one whose smile
Doth more than morning's match,—
And life afresh seems dawning while
His hand is on the latch!

When autumn fields are thick with sheaves,
And shadows earlier fall,
And grapes grow purple 'neath the eaves
Along our trellis'd wall,—
I dreaming sit,—the sleepy bird
Faint twittering in the thatch,—
To wake to joy when soft is heard
His hand upon the latch!

In the short winter afternoon
I throw my work aside,
And through the lattice, whilst the moon
Shines mistily and wide,
On the dim upland paths I peer
In vain his form to catch,—
I startle with delight, and hear
His hand upon the latch!

Yes; I am his in storm and shine;
For me he toils all day;
And his true heart I know is mine,
Both near me and away.
And when he leaves our garden gate
At morn, his steps I watch,—
Then patiently till eve await
His hand upon the latch!

LAST WEEK.

THERE is in every week, as it passes away, an event which occupies the attention of the English public, almost to the exclusion of all others. It may be the entry of Victor Emmanuel into Naples, or the difficulties of the Bank of France, or the Road murder, or the election of an anti-slavery President for the United States, or a terrible railway accident, as recently in the Trent Valley, but there is always one event which overtops and overshadows all others. If one comes to think of it, fifty-two great events in a year form a considerable total. Take the average business life of a man whose existence is prolonged to the usual term of human life, as consisting of forty years—from twenty to sixty years of age—he will then have lived through upwards of two thousand great public events, independently of those lesser, but perhaps to himself, more interesting incidents which distinguish his own private career. Now, during the LAST WEEK, beyond all question the event which has most been canvassed and discussed has been the capture of certain of our countrymen by the Chinese just as the allied forces of Great Britain and France were about to plant their flags upon the very walls of Peking.

Lord Elgin's own opinion seems to be that absolute treachery was not intended. The Chinese had not of malice aforethought laid a plan for the capture of the Plenipotentiaries; in other words, intended a repetition of the treachery at the Taku Forts last year. This time—so it was at first suggested—the idea was not to surprise and slay a parcel of unfortunate seamen, but to kidnap or kill personages of no less importance than the representatives of the two Western nations. Lord Elgin and Baron Gros were to be invited to a meeting with the great Chinese dignitaries appointed to treat with them; there was to be a stipulation that only such and such a force was to be displayed on either side; the Chinese were to hold in concealment troops so numerous that both by their numbers, and by the effect of surprise, they might safely calculate upon bearing down any opposition from the European escort; and then—what? Were Lord Elgin and Baron Gros to be carried about in bamboo cages, and exposed to the scorn and derision of the mob of Peking, that it might be seen in what small account the Imperial Government held their barbarian enemies? Were they to be well-treated, on the other hand, and brought to admire the clemency and mercy of the Emperor? Were they to be crucified, or cajoled? Was their entry into Peking to be greeted by an illumination, or an impalement, the Plenipotentiaries being principal actors in the latter ceremony? The hypothesis seemed so probable and so completely in accordance with what we have known of the character of the Chinese, and of the spirit as well as the forms of their dealings with Europeans, that it is no great wonder if it found ready acceptance not only in the Allied Camp—but, even more quickly, here at home. Lord Elgin, however, in a despatch which he addressed to the Foreign Office just after the event, and which was published LAST WEEK, gives it as his own opinion “that in this instance there

was that mixture of stupidity, want of straightforwardness, suspicion, and bluster, which characterises so generally the conduct of affairs in this country.” He rests this opinion on the ground that San-ko-lin-sin, the Imperial General, must have already received such substantial proof of the superiority of the Europeans in the field that he would not in all probability have courted a renewal of the contest. It must be said in answer that the conduct of the Chinese has invariably been just what Lord Elgin supposes it is *not* in this present instance. At what period of active hostilities—or during negotiations for peace—or at its conclusion, has treachery ever ceased not only to be the ingredient, but the distinguishing feature in the dealings of the Chinese with the Western nations? In the present case it is admitted that this Imperial General covered the ground assigned for the occupation of the allies with his gus and troops—and did all that in him lay to put them at his mercy. Whatever his intentions may have been, there were the preparations for his perfidy—and the perfidy itself.

In dealing with such a people it is impossible to say what turn events may take. Your Chinaman is not like what we call a mere savage—the toy and sport of his own impulses and passions. He reasons—perhaps he makes a greater show of reasoning than we do—but from precisely similar facts he draws inferences directly the reverse of those which would occur to the mind of a European. Give an Englishman and a Chinaman similar premises—each will work the matter out in his own way; the appeal, in either case, will be to the logical sense; and yet their conclusions will be different as black from white. The Peking mandarins might, at any moment, make up their minds that the European prisoners should be sternly dealt with, just at the very moment that the preservation and safe return of the captives would be of the most vital importance to themselves. An idea seems to be projected into the Chinese mind by way of refraction. Still, with all this, the vast weight of presumption is happily in favour of the re-delivery of our countrymen in safe condition. They, or some of them, had been seen in a cart on their way to the city of Peking—under escort, of course—and not ill-treated. Four days after their capture, intelligence had been received that they were alive and well: the wonder perhaps is that in four days they were not given back. One great element which may be fairly taken into account in estimating their chances of safety, in a favourable sense, is that Mr. Parkes is amongst the number, and he is perfectly well acquainted not only with the language but with the character of the Chinese. Many acts of stupid cruelty, of which we seek in vain for an explanation, must have been the mere result of want of power of communication. The captor cannot come to an understanding with his captive for the simple reason that neither understands a word which the other says, and the executioner's sword cuts the Gordian Knot. Mr. Parkes, however, has many enemies at Peking—certainly his old antagonist, the Hoppo—amongst official persons who had been employed at Canton during the Lorcha war, of which, and not without

a certain amount of reason, he is considered, in China, as the originator and cause. His old opponents may consider that the present moment is an apt one for avenging the griefs of Commissioner Yeh, and their own losses and anxieties, upon Mr. Parkes, and for his sake upon all his companions in captivity and misfortune. Speculation can go no further. Lord Elgin has informed the Chinese authorities that he will neither treat with them, nor suspend military operations until the prisoners are restored to liberty. Let us look forward to the arrival of the next mail from China, with reasonable expectations of good tidings as to the fate of our countrymen.

This untoward occurrence does but furnish fresh evidence that the attempt to deal with these strange samples of humanity as we would deal with the governments of the Western world, will simply end in disappointment. If such be the spirit which presides over their negotiations even now, when they have received a few broad hints from the Armstrong gunners, what hope would there be that they would adhere to any conditions which might be imposed upon them, and which were to be fulfilled at a future day, as soon as military pressure is withdrawn? The intelligence of Lord Elgin's policy, immediately after the first engagement, in which the Tartar troops had been routed in so ridiculous a way, was not received in this country with any peculiar satisfaction. The private letters which have come to hand by the last mail prove that the impression upon this point in this country is identical with that which was stamped upon the minds of our countrymen, being residents in China, as soon as they heard what had been done in the North. The opinion of the leading commercial houses engaged in the China trade is, that it would be better if the trade were entirely stopped for a while, rather than that it should be exposed to these constant interruptions, which paralyse the foresight of the merchant, and confound his most carefully devised calculations. "Let us know, once for all, where we are, and what we are about," is the cry from Shanghai to Hong Kong. The ruling men at Peking, whoever they may be, must be convinced at length that they are dealing with a Power which, as far as they are concerned, is irresistible. It does not, happily, seem necessary, in order to ensure this end, that any system of sanguinary operations should be carried out. There is wanted such an armed demonstration at Peking as should not leave the smallest shadow of doubt in the mind of any inhabitant of that city—and chiefly in the mind of any person connected with the present system of administration—that the days of blustering at Europeans, and rejecting their overtures for intercourse upon an equal footing, are at an end. Whether it be sufficient for this purpose merely to enter Peking in military triumph—or whether it will be necessary for a period to retain possession of a part of the city—we, at this distance, are unable to say; but it is clear that such an impression must be produced as will make the mandarins think better of it, before they court a second visit, or visitation, from European troops.

As far as we may judge from the very interesting

state papers which fell into the hands of our countrymen some months ago, China, at the present moment, is ruled by a Tory clique, composed of men whom in our country we should call Lords Eldon and Ellenborough, but China must have her Peels and Palmerstons, aye, and her Cobbetts, O'Connells, and Brights. As far as Europeans are concerned, no form of Government could be more unfriendly than the present. If the presence of the European forces in Peking should lead to what we should call a "ministerial crisis," and an "infusion of young blood" into the administration, both Englishmen and Chinamen would be much the gainers.

After all, it is time that the Chinese question should be divested of its grotesque and absurd conventionalities of thought. Life in China is not passed as it is represented upon that famous plate with its pagoda, and its bridge, which is so familiar to us all from our earliest years. It is a very grave event in the history of the human race that one-third of the human beings now crawling upon the surface of the planet should at length be brought really into contact with the vigorous and scientific thought of Europe. The Chinese are pre-eminently an industrious, a persevering, and an ingenious race. That they would ever assist in promoting scientific discoveries, or that China could under any circumstances produce men of superior intellect, it is not for us to say. The evidence upon this matter is not before us. We do not even know what has been in China. Who shall say what may be, if the labours of this vast hive of human beings should ever receive a proper impulse and direction? The peasantry of China seem to be quite upon a par with the French or English peasant, and they are numerous as the sands upon the sea-shore. We may well suspect that if access had ever been obtained to those vast and flourishing towns of the interior, which are scarcely known to us even by name, it would be found that the burgher of Soo-chow-foo was quite as intelligent a man as his brother of Derby, or Blois. We are talking at our ease, now we have enjoyed a few years of railroads, of the electric telegraph, of a free government, and of a free press. But what was the state of England, and what the state of France, forty or fifty years ago, when compared with what it is at the present time. These myriads of Chinamen, or at least as many as knew of our existence, are by all accounts not only desirous, but eager to accept our offers of commercial intercourse; and so they find their profit in it, be sure that they will not be the first to break the bond. The only point which can yet be affirmed with certainty of John Chinaman is, that he is a keen and shrewd trader. This is not a bad basis upon which to build the intercourse of nations.

As important work as ever was taken in hand since history has been written, is now being carried through in the North of China. Let us not be led astray by the idle cries of the pseudo-philanthropists. The time has arrived when Europe and China must be brought together, and all the ridiculous shams and caricatures of government, which have hitherto interfered with this result, be swept away, peacefully if possible—if not, by the

strong hand of power. We have not tolerated the misgovernment of thirty millions—why should we stand by quietly and witness the degradation and oppression of three hundred millions, if we have the power to prevent it, and that without a violation of the canons of public policy and right which regulate the intercourse of nations even in the Western world?

Before we take leave of these distant Eastern regions, it is pleasant to think that by intelligence received LAST WEEK from Japan, our intercourse with the Japanese seems to be proceeding in the most friendly manner. Mr. Alcock, our envoy at Jeddo, had not only succeeded in obtaining from the Government facilities for travelling in the interior, but he had actually gained permission to visit the sacred mountain of Fusi-jama. This is almost as though one should say in the old days of Turkish bigotry that a Christian had been admitted to profane the famous Mosque of Omar with his infidel tread. Matters must have been shrewdly enough managed at Jeddo; and there can, at the bottom, exist no very unfriendly feeling towards the Europeans at Japan when such a concession was made. It would no doubt have been much easier to have moved the Japanese Government to yield a far more important point. The Alpine Club would not do amiss to turn their attention to Fusi-jama, now that they seem pretty well to have exhausted the catalogue of Schrekhorns and Wetterhorns, and reduced the ascent of Mont Blanc pretty much to the dimensions of a vulgar stroll.

True, the height of the mountain is only guessed at 14,000 feet above the sea-level by the English visitors, although the Japanese themselves place it at 17,000; but the marvellous beauty of the scenery—so it is said—more than atones for any deficiency in mere altitude. Mr. E. B. De Foublanque has forwarded home an account of the ascent which, though written under date Sep. 20, from Kanagawa, in Japan, was only received and published in London LAST WEEK. After writing with enthusiasm of the beauty of the scenery, which, as he writes, cannot be equalled within the same compass in any part of the world, he speaks with delight of the cordial and gentle manners of the people. The travellers, who were of course to the Japanese villagers, just what Japanese travellers would be to us, were not pressed upon or annoyed even by the curiosity of the people. In the course of their journey they did not see either a drunkard or a beggar. The houses were clean, and in good repair; the little gardens were well cultivated, and decorated with ornamental flowers. Everywhere signs of peace and prosperity were seen. The journey thus undertaken was not an inconsiderable one, for the party had to travel six days before they reached the foot of the mountain, and under the auspices of the priests, commenced the ascent. At every half-mile, until the real rough scrambling began, they found seats for repose, and were presented with quaint little cups of tea, just as in Switzerland: at various unexpected turns, there are found little sheds where Alpine-strawberries and cream are displayed before the not ungrateful tourist. When the top of the mountain was attained, Mr. Alcock displayed the British flag. The party

fired twenty-one rounds from their revolvers into the crater of Fusi-jama, and Queen Victoria's health was drunk in champagne, to the astonishment of the Japanese, who seem to have considered the firing and the bumpers of champagne as elements in a religious ceremony. It appears wonderful that, amongst the hundreds and hundreds of enterprising young Englishmen who are in want of an occupation, the idea has not occurred to some one or other of the number to make Japan his own in a literary sense. A few years ago it would have been as impossible to raise the veil which had hung over these islands for centuries as it would have been to penetrate, unchallenged, into a fortified town in time of war. All the efforts of Sir Stamford Raffles and of other marking Englishmen to effect an entry into this mysterious empire had been paralysed in the presence of Japanese obstinacy and Japanese traditions. The Dutch pedlars might come to Nangasaki if they would, leave there what merchandise they might judge fit for the Japanese market, and receive such Japanese wares as were assigned to them in exchange by the Japanese authorities—but there was an end of European intercourse with Japan. Now, matters are changed. The entry into Japan and the rupture of the old traditions have been effected.

If an Englishman—a young man, with a few years of life to spare—wanted to go to Jeddo, there take up his residence, learn the language, and so recommend himself to the “best society,” that all suspicion of his intentions should be removed, he might, in all probability, before a couple of years had elapsed, have the run of the country. It would be like a glimpse of Mexico or Peru, when the Spaniards for the first time landed upon the shores of America. Here is a high civilisation, with which Greece, Syria, and Rome have not been concerned. Religion, policy, laws, agriculture, war, manufactures, literature, the drama, the manners of the people, would furnish a chapter in “The Japanese at Home,” which would certainly be read with deep interest. There would be no hardships, or fevers, or sickness, such as infallibly fall to the lot of the African traveller, and such as Dr. Livingstone recently endured. If a man's inclinations lead him towards either Pole, into the Arctic or Antarctic regions, where so many of our countrymen have found their icy graves, he must at the very least make up his mind to months of dreariness and despondency, ungladdened by the rays of the pleasant sun. Leichardt and his companions had their Australian troubles—but a ramble in Japan would be a mere pleasure excursion.

The facilities for travel—railroads excepted—appear to be quite equal to those which we find in Europe; the hotels or guest-houses, as our own landlords would say, “replete with every comfort the most fastidious taste could desire.” Within two months, a traveller starting from the London Bridge station might be in Jeddo, and so he chose the proper season of the year, the voyage itself would be but a yachting excursion of the most delightful kind. Why will not one or more young Englishmen, with sufficient means, and ample time at their disposal, give three, four, or five

years to Japan? At thirty years of age they might be famous, and never would the Temple of Fame have been approached by a more flowery path.

An event of some importance in the last days of this month, which has just expired, has been the return of Sir James Brooke to Borneo. The illness which for a time had paralysed the exertions of this great Englishman has passed away, and he has now returned to the seat of his government with energies renewed, and, as it is to be hoped, with a better understanding with the authorities at home, than at any previous period of his career. Now that the importance and real significance of the exertions of this noble life are better understood in our Government offices, English statesmen are coming round to the opinion, that the judgment of the country with regard to Sir James Brooke has been wiser than their own.

The Indian Archipelago will soon be the theatre of great events, for the Dutch even now are engaged in a conflict with their native subjects, which, for intensity, and sanguinary incidents, may well be compared with the mutiny of our own Indian troops. The turn which affairs may take is quite problematical, and the greatest apprehensions as to the event exist at Amsterdam and the Hague.

The results and intelligence of the LAST WEEK warrant an especial notice of recent occurrences in those distant eastern regions, which, but a few years back, were known to us in so imperfect a manner that any one who from his own personal experience could tell us something about the British Factory at Canton, or the custom of merchants at Batavia, was looked upon as a very remarkable man. Still we must not forget what is passing nearer home. By the continental mails of LAST WEEK we hear that the political agony of the young King of Gaëta is still prolonged, and that *Pio Nono*—Priam-like—is still brandishing his now headless spear in the face of his many foes. The news from Hungary and Austria is, perhaps, of the highest significance.

The Austrian Empire is in extremities, and the government of the country, and the chief authority upon all propositions for change, are practically vested in a few old gentlemen, a few old ladies, and the Court confessors. These strange representatives of statesmanship are just now suggesting concessions which are indeed no concessions at all, but rather aggravations of the old misrule. The strongest discontent—discontent so strong that it bids fair to produce fruit in action—is felt even in the Tyrol, and the Tyrolese mountaineers have hitherto been the most staunch, the most unswerving, and the most bigoted partisans of the Hapsburgs. In Styria, Carinthia, Salzburg, it is the same thing, and whilst the Empire is really in danger of dissolution, the effete advisers of the young Emperor are engaged in defining with curious precision who shall, and who shall not, be admitted to the ecstatic privilege of wearing a red coat with gold lace. Bad as all this is, it is nothing to what is occurring in Hungary, where, in very truth, Francis Joseph must conquer in the field if his resolution is taken on the side of despotism.

But the very soldiers on whose fidelity he must place his reliance would, to all appearance, be the first to rejoice at his defeat.

Three hundred thousand men in arms constitute the force which has been arrayed for the defence of Venetia should the Austrians be attacked there in the forthcoming spring. It is a mighty army if the troops were but faithful and well fed; but neither of these conditions are fulfilled. The Austrian officers are engaged in executing their own soldiers for insubordination and mutiny, and it seems more than doubtful what their conduct would be if they were led into the field. Judicial blindness has struck the Austrian Emperor and his advisers, and they will not see the writing on the wall, although to all eyes but their own it is written in a reasonably firm text-hand. Politicians in London tell you that before the conflict is actually commenced, the Austrian court will not refuse to part with Venetia, as old Trappois would have said, for a consideration—but as they are called upon to sell not only Venetia, but their revenge upon that Italian race which they have so bitterly scorned, it seems questionable if they will be brought to terms before another sharp lesson has been administered to them at the bayonet's point. It may well be that the best thing which could happen to the Italians would be to be called upon to join in a common enterprise, which would cause them to forget for a while their sectional antipathies, and break them into those habits of discipline and self-control, without which a nation never yet was great.

Meanwhile the French Emperor is playing fast and loose with the Italians, as always since the peace of Villa-Franca. But for the orders issued to his naval commanders the Sardinians would now be in Gaëta. But for the presence of his troops in Rome, the Pope would now be far enough away from the Eternal City. It seems to be his policy to allow the Holy Father to drift down into a condition of insolvency, although what his next step will be, when the bankruptcy of the Vatican has been declared, is not so clear. The French regiments are steadily reinforced within the limits of the Patrimony, and there is nothing in the military movements to show that the French have the remotest idea of giving up the capital of this country to the Italians. As long as foreign troops remain in any portion of the Italian Peninsula the spirit of the people can never be what it should be amongst a nation of free men. The French drum, as it rolls whilst the regiments of the French Emperor pass in and out of Rome by the Porta del Popolo, marks that Italy has not yet attained her independence. To use the old form of expression—if the heart of an Italian patriot could now be opened, the word "Rome" should be found marked upon its core.

But whilst Louis Napoleon is so busy in Italy, he is not forgetting to keep the attention of his own subjects alive. He, too, has promulgated his phantom of a constitution, which just seems to amount to this, that in the French Chambers—elected as they are known to be—a certain amount of discussion upon the measures introduced by the Imperial Ministers may be allowed.

THE SILVER CORD.

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS.



CHAPTER XII.

"Silence, Marion," said her husband, with the full power of his voice.

"I am ordered to be silent, and I obey," said Mrs. Berry, "but—"

"But by the God that made me, I will be played with no longer," cried Arthur Lygon, maddened beyond self-restraint. "I will have an answer, here, here! You have some dark secret affecting the character of my wife. I will have it before I stir from this spot."

"It is not I who withhold it," said Mrs. Berry, in a voice of mournfulness—almost of sweetness.

"It is then you, Berry," said Lygon, turning to his friend. "Do you keep this thing from me?"

"Arthur Lygon," said Mr. Berry, taking both the hands of his friend in his own. "Listen. If you are now untrue to yourself, if you, in a maddened impulse, force from our lips a story, which, as there is a Heaven above us, there is no need that you should know, the consequences be on your own head. Stay. I have said our lips. I close my wife's now and always, with the solemn declaration that if that story comes to your knowledge, except through myself—"

"No need of threats," said Mrs. Berry. "I know my duty. The story *shall* come through yourself, if at all. But I utterly deny that Mr. Lygon ought not to hear it."

"Yet Mr. Berry has this instant declared in the most solemn manner that it does not affect me," replied Arthur. "This contradiction makes it more plain than ever that there is a mystery between us, and my course is clear. Berry, at whatever sacrifice of your own feelings, and at whatever risk of the consequences you darkly hint at, I demand to know all, and I ask of Mrs. Berry to remain and bear witness whether you tell me all."

"I once more beg you to forego your demand," said Mr. Berry, earnestly.

"I will not forego it," replied Arthur, sternly.

"And you are right," murmured Mrs. Berry.

"Enough," said Mr. Berry. "If I did not feel that our friendship forbids my longer resisting your appeal, I would still oppose what I again declare to be a folly, to which you are urged, Arthur, by one who should have been a better friend than she has proved to-day."

"My own conscience supplies my vindication,"

said Mrs. Berry, in answer to the words and to the look that accompanied them. "It is there that I am accustomed to turn for guidance."

"Arthur," said her husband, with the manner of a man who, having resolved on making a communication, desires that it shall be thoroughly understood, "follow me in what I may say, and answer what I may ask. Also, reserve all comment until I have done, and then ask what you will. Above all, believe that, as I have yielded, I make you no half confidence, and therefore do you attach no further or worse meaning to anything I say than the words ought to bear."

"I will not."

"It seems idle to ask you, Arthur, whether you recollect the circumstances attendant on your marriage, but I must recal them for a moment. Your acquaintance with the admirable and excellent young lady who is now your wife" (and Mr. Berry spoke the words of praise with marked emphasis) "was not a very long one. Your first meeting, I believe, took place at—"

"At a party—a sort of pic-nic party, in those grounds yonder," said Arthur, pointing towards the abbey. "It was on a fifteenth of May, my birthday; I have forgotten nothing. Go on."

"And you married in the November following?"

"But I stayed for six weeks of that summer at the Barbel, and for nearly two months more in your house in the town, to which you were kind enough to make me remove."

"That answer means that you had ample opportunity of becoming well acquainted with the character and disposition of Miss Vernon, and that yours was no hasty marriage. I had no such imputation in my mind. You also became well acquainted with part of the family of your intended wife."

"With her father, and with her sister Beatrice, who had married Mr. Hawkesley, and with Charles Hawkesley himself, who, you know, was the means of my knowing the family."

"But there was another person whom you did not meet until after your marriage?"

"You mean her sister Bertha."

"Who had married two years before you came to Liphthwaite."

"And was then living in Paris with her husband, Mr. Urquhart."

"But you soon after became acquainted with the Urquharts."

"We called on them in the Avenue de Versailles, when I took Laura for her first visit to Paris, after Clara was born."

"Did you become intimate?"

"Certainly not. I was not pleased with Mrs. Urquhart,—that is to say, she had become too much of a Frenchwoman of the type I hate, but this would not have prevented my behaving with cordiality towards Laura's sister, if Laura had desired it, and circumstances had not come in the way. But something—yes, it was a death in his family postponed the dinner to which we were, of course, invited, and our stay being short, another call was all that took place in the way of intercourse. Mr. Urquhart had been summoned to Prussia on some engineering business, and I did

not then see him again. When we were next in Paris, the house was shut up, Bertha and her husband having gone into the country."

"Have you often met them since?"

"Once at the railway hotel, when they were on their way to Scotland, and we were together for a very short time—Laura was ill, and could not accompany me. And I once met Urquhart afterwards, at a scientific association, when he told me that his wife was at Boulogne. I believe those are the only occasions on which we have met, so you see there is no intimacy at all."

"Do the sisters correspond, to your knowledge?"

"Why do you say 'to my knowledge'?"

"Do not be annoyed at my putting any questions in my own way."

"I need hardly tell you that I should never think of asking my wife any question about her correspondence, but I don't suppose she receives letters which she does not mention to me, if they are worth mentioning at all. Do you imply that she would have letters from Bertha and conceal them from me?"

"You know how I love and honour your wife, Arthur, and yet I am bound to say that I think it not impossible that she may do so—or may have done so."

"In that case she would act—though, I own, not as I might wish, for I think implicit confidence the most sensible thing between married people—she would act, I am certain, on a reason that would be perfectly satisfactory. Sisters who have been intimate from childhood may say a hundred things to one another which have no meaning for the eye of a third person, and assuredly I should never ask to see one of their letters that was not voluntarily shown to me."

"But if the fact of Mrs. Lygon's having received such letters were studiously withheld from you?" persisted Mr. Berry.

Arthur Lygon's face darkened with displeasure. "You are now making a charge of insincerity—nay, of deceit," said he, "against Laura, who is perfectly incapable of either."

"I begged you, and you promised, to forbear from remarks."

"Well, go on."

"Suppose, for present purposes, that such had been the case," said Mr. Berry.

"Why," said Lygon, impatiently, "even if I were to suppose such a thing, I don't know how it could well be possible. Our letters arrive before I leave in the morning; they are all laid on the breakfast-table, and I am always down, and reading my paper, before Laura is dressed. I should see anything with a foreign postmark, but I am ashamed to discuss anything that implies deceit in her."

"You are not asked to discuss anything," returned Mr. Berry, coldly, "but to answer questions drawn upon you by yourself. As for a husband's knowing what letters his wife receives, if she desire to conceal them, the idea is childish."

"Not when the wife is like mine."

"I am an old lawyer, and have had forty years' experience of men and women, and therefore, if I

say what sounds harsh, you may take it as the result of experience, and not as any suggestion against anybody in particular. Letters not received secretly! You were yourself a gay man once, and might remember that such things are."

"I don't like your tone and manner, Berry, but I have promised to hear you to the end," said Arthur, haughtily. *His* tone and manner served only to increase the old man's pertinacity.

"*Tu l'as voulu*," he said. "Why, Lygon, cannot a correspondent be told so to post letters that they may be delivered at a time when the husband will be out? Or, as he never opens a letter of his wife's, can she not toss across to him, as the contents of an envelope, a harmless letter that was never in it at all? Or cannot the letter be harmless enough, while the postscript is on a separate paper, and not producible—and not produced? Or cannot the letter be sent to or through a convenient lady-friend; or, better still, one who is unconscious that she is aiding in a trick?"

"Mr. Berry," said Arthur, in a rage, "you may spare yourself the trouble of proving to me that you have read a great many French plays, but when you are speaking of—"

"Of Mrs. Urquhart, who, living in Paris, must have seen a great many French plays," said Mr. Berry; "why, then, the thing is not quite so ridiculous, Lygon."

"But you are talking as if my wife could lend herself to such chambermaid's devices."

"She may have done so, and yet been irreproachable," replied Berry.

"Irreproachable!" repeated Arthur, scornfully.

"Yes, perfectly so. Such things may have been forced upon her by another, and she, placed in the position of having to choose between evils, may have chosen the lesser."

"The lesser being—what I will not describe—what is the greater?" replied Lygon, struggling with passion.

"Yes, tell me the lesser," returned Berry, fixing his eye keenly on Lygon.

"What!" said Arthur, angrily. "Are you asking me to imagine a wife, who has an honourable man's love and trust, sending him away in the morning with an affectionate kiss and glance, bidding him return as early as he can, and calling the children to say good-bye; and then, as the door closes behind him, looking after him with a smile of the contempt a deceiver feels for the deceived, and turning complacently to her clandestine letters? Tell me your greater wrong, for that is beyond my imagination."

"It is you who are at the French picture now," said Berry, "and devilishly you have blackened it."

Mrs. Berry here felt it her duty to protest, by gesture, against her husband's adverb.

"Yes," said the old man, in a kinder tone than he had hitherto used, "you may be doing a cruel injustice. It may be that the very woman whom you accuse of smiling at her dupe has, at the moment you describe, her eyes flooded with tears at the thought of her withheld confidence, that she would give the world not to have been induced to become a party to deceit, and that if she could but have placed those letters in her husband's

hands, and leaned on his bosom as he read them, her heart, which may be as true as gold, would have been lightened of a bitter load. But you men of the world, as you call yourselves, have experiences which always help you to the worst construction of a woman's act."

Arthur Lygon laid a rather strong grasp on his friend's wrist.

"Mr. Berry," he said, in a suppressed voice, "you are doing one of two things. You are either talking vaguely, in the idea of getting through our interview without telling me what I seek to know, or you are preparing me for a revelation which, as your wife has said, is terrible indeed. I would not willingly insult you by believing that you are trying to waste time."

"That is well, at all events," said Mr. Berry, coldly. "You have given me your overdrawn and malicious view of what may be a perfectly innocent woman's course, and I will only ask you, for your future peace of mind, to remember that I have pointed out to you how such a course ought to be regarded by a man who truly loves."

"My wife has then conducted a secret correspondence," said Mr. Lygon, sternly. "Leave to me the question how her conduct shall be dealt with."

"I have not said that it is so, but that it may be so. Granting that it is—"

And Mrs. Berry's eyes were fixed intently upon Arthur's, to watch how he would receive the rest.

"Granting that it is, can you, in the excess of the love you profess for Mrs. Lygon, imagine no state of things that could justify such a course on her part?"

"You know that I cannot wring the truth from you," said Lygon, bitterly, "and therefore you let it ooze out drop by drop. You have already told me that which I wish to God I had not heard, but will you give me at once what explanation there may be, or am I to turn to Mrs. Berry?"

"I have said that I am silent," said Mrs. Berry, "but had I been permitted to speak, I would have spared him this long suffering."

"I know your mercy," said her husband, meaningly. "He is better in my hands. Arthur, it is true that there is a secret in the family of Mr. Vernon. But to reveal it to the world would simply be the cruellest act of wickedness. What has been done was done long ago, and bitterly and fully repented of. Circumstances have entirely changed, and the matter should be consigned to utter oblivion. That secret, however, is known to certain persons, and two of them are Mrs. Urquhart and Mrs. Lygon."

"How long has Mrs. Lygon known it?"

"Always—that is to say, from the time when the circumstances arose."

"Which was before her marriage?"

"Long before. And without having any knowledge whatever that those ladies may have corresponded in connection with it, I do not consider such a thing improbable."

"And with this secret you couple my wife's disappearance?" asked Arthur, in agitation.

"I cannot say that I see any other solution of the mystery."

"And the secret," gasped Arthur, "and the secret—"

Berry stole a look at his wife's face. It was marble; but in the marble was the hungry, un-pitying look, that told him there was no mercy there. One of them must assuredly speak, and therefore it had better be himself.

"The secret, Arthur," he said, "is that a woman was weak, and a man was a villain."

That was a strange effect which came over the face of Arthur Lygon at the words. The eyes lighted up with pleasure, a smile came to the lips, and a half sob proclaimed that a weight was suddenly lifted from his heart. The voice, though broken, was almost cheerful, as he replied—

"And Laura has kept the secret from me! Well, she knew all, and what there was to pity—and—she should have told me. I might have been trusted."

Watch, Marion Berry, O, watch, as the statue watches the place where the treasure is hidden.

"I need name no name," said Berry, hurriedly.

"No, no. I understand all that I need know. This accounts for the residence in France?" said Arthur, in an undertone.

"Yes."

"And Laura has hurried off there."

"Why, is the mystery?"

"Which shall soon be no mystery. I will follow by the next train. You will take care of my child."

"Stay," said Mr. Berry, "stay."

"When I have a clue to Laura!"

"Still, stay."

"Are you mad, Berry?" said Arthur, smiling.

"I shall be with her at this hour to-morrow—sooner—sooner. Why, I am on the road, man; I think there is a mid-day boat."

"But consider one thing," said Mr. Berry.

"I can consider nothing, except the quickest way to her."

"Which may not be the blindly rushing after her," said Mr. Berry. "You do not seem to remember all that you told—that you showed me."

"Showed you?" said Arthur, bewildered, for the one idea had blotted out all the recollections.

"A note," said Mr. Berry, though with reluctance, for he had not wished his wife to hear of this.

"A note. True," said Arthur, hastily taking a paper from his pocket. "A foolish, mad note; but what does it matter now. Ah! Look at it, Berry, and tell me. Is it—is it her husband's writing?"

Mrs. Berry darted to her husband's side, and a glance at the writing was enough for her.

"I scarcely know his hand," said Berry.

"He calls her Vernon, her maiden name," said Lygon eagerly. "He is Scotch, and they often do that—"

"It is not Mr. Urquhart's writing," said Mrs. Berry.

"You are certain?" asked Arthur.

"I am certain."

"That's strange. No, it might have been stranger if it had been," said Arthur. "But we will clear up all mysteries together. Dear, dear child, why was she so wild, so untrustful—I have not de-

serted it, I swear to you, Berry—but I can comprehend her heart—they had been so closely attached, in sorrow as well as in happiness. Silly child—she shall pay me for this—God bless her." And the strong man's eyes fairly ran over with tears.

Can you hear that prayer, Mrs. Berry, you who are in the habit of praying—and can you keep your eyes so steady and tearless?

"I must see about the trains," cried Arthur, hastily dashing his hand over his face—not that he was ashamed of his emotion, or at that moment had a thought for anything except the recovery of Laura. "Let us go in. I will give Clara a kiss, and be off at once on the chance of catching what conveyance I can."

And he hurried with a light step to the porch, leaving his host and hostess to themselves.

"You are happy, now, I trust, Marion," said Mr. Berry, reproachfully.

"This is not a world for happiness, Mr. Berry," was the icy reply. He thought it was but one of the pietist's ordinary formulas. But he should have looked at her eyes.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE carriage in which Mrs. Lygon was conveyed from the boat was speedily out of Boulogne, and proceeded with unusual rapidity along the high road, whence it turned, after about two miles of progress, down a wide lane, at the end of which a second turning brought the vehicle before the door of a plain, almost mean-looking, two-storied, steep-roofed house, that looked like a third-rate English inn. There was no garden or lawn in front, the ground before the door was carelessly kept, and fowls were busy on various heaps of rubbish, chiefly of a vegetable character, that had been flung out at the door. The green outside blinds were all closed, with the exception of one that was falling from its place, and which it might have been dangerous to disturb on its single rusty hinge. The door had been white, but it was warped and split, and it looked unusually in want of priming and painting, and the stone before it was lamentably cracked. Yet, somehow, squalid as the house really was, it had a cheery, French look in the sunshine, and a pretty paysanne, with much colour in her dress and more in her cheeks, was an additional and improving feature, as she stood, leaning against the opened door, and singing very loud to some apples, as rosy as herself, which she was busily peeling.

At the sight of Adair the song ceased like the jet of a suddenly cut-off fountain, and the face of the girl assumed an almost sullen expression. To a few words, which he addressed to her in French, she made no reply, but obeyed them by entering the house and opening a door on the other side of the large room which served for hall and kitchen. The opening the further door showed a mass of green foliage beyond, shining in the bright sunlight.

Ernest Adair alighted, and opened the carriage-door.

"I need not recal the house to your recollection, madame," he said. "It was much used, in other days, for pleasant little parties, at some of

which you have assisted. The present proprietor has closed it against that class of visitors, but it is in charge of the respectable Madame Maletarde, whom you may remember as the cook, hostess, *femme de chambre*, and everything else, to the ladies who honoured the place. But, as I concluded that you would have no special anxiety to see that worthy person, or rather to be seen by her, upon this occasion, madame has somehow been called away to the town, and has left her niece in charge. Justine has never been in this part of the country before."

All this was said with the utmost deliberation before the speaker offered Mrs. Lygon his hand to assist her from the carriage. Indeed, as he stood at the door, he presented an obstacle to her alighting.

"I observed," he went on, "that you look with very well-merited distaste at the house, and I am scandalised at asking you to enter so ill-repaired a place. It is but to enter, however, for if you will condescend to pass into the garden, we can there say, in perfect security from interruption, all that is necessary, and the carriage will await you where it stands. As regards refreshments——"

"I want nothing," was the reply,

"In that case, will you be pleased to follow me?"

They passed through the large room, over which Mrs. Lygon gave a woman's rapid glance, and was reminded of pleasant joyous days when a merry little company—including herself and her young husband—came forth in procession from the town, bearing with them certain materials for a little feast, and quartered themselves upon the delighted Madame Maletarde, whose garden they ransacked for additions to the banquet, and whose utmost culinary skill was gladly exerted to prepare it. There was but a moment for the recollection of the laughing, and the love-passages, and the rest of the happy meetings, a moment to hush down the swelling heart, and Mrs. Lygon stood in the well-remembered garden.

"We are out of ear-shot," said Adair, "though it is of little consequence, for Justine, though she loves the English, has no syllable of their language. I will fetch you a chair."

"I will stand."

"I accept the hint not to fatigue you by too long an oration. You will, I know, forgive my omission to express to you the thanks which fill my heart for your having obligingly consented to come here, and you will prefer that I should proceed with almost mercantile brevity to the business which has induced me to ask your presence. I have rightly interpreted your feelings, I trust."

She made no reply.

"Precisely. Another graceful protest against garrulity. That I may not offend again, will you kindly allow this letter to speak for me? It is not my own writing, but that of a person who is in every way more entitled to your attention."

He produced a pocket-book, from which he took a letter, opened it, and handed it respectfully to her.

Mrs. Lygon evinced no surprise at seeing the handwriting, but a flush of angry shame came over her beautiful face as she perused the lines.

This evidence of feeling was noted by her companion, and a smile of satisfaction stole to his lips, to be instantly repressed.

The letter was to himself, and written by a sister of her who read it. It was this:

"Have you no pity, Ernest? Why are you driving me to ruin? Again and again, I assure you, on my knees, that it is impossible for me to meet your repeated demands, and I passed two days in an agony lest the means you forced me to adopt last week should have been discovered. I can give you no more, at least now, and, for mercy's sake, leave me in peace for a short time. I send you a ring, which I suppose is valuable, and which will supply the immediate need you speak of; but do, Ernest, try to spare me. Remember, that if you force me into any act that may betray me, your own hopes from me must be at an end for ever. You press me so cruelly that I am at times on the point of confessing all, and if the opium which I take to escape from my dreadful thoughts should make me light-headed, I know not what I may say. Pray, Ernest, spare me for your own sake, if not for that of

"B. U."

Mrs. Lygon read the latter part of the note hastily, but not so hastily as to fail in comprehending its significance. She was about to return it to him, and then instinctively drew back her hand.

"Nay," he said, "I am not playing a mean and petty game. I have no wish to retain a document that might inculpate the writer. Pray retain and destroy it, if you please; or rather I would say retain it as your credentials for the negotiation which I trust to succeed in inducing you to undertake for me."

"For you."

The words were said in such a tone of contempt that a worm might have turned at them, though Adair did not.

"The expression has the misfortune to displease you. I repeat it, and apologise. Let me say, then, the negotiation which I trust you will undertake for the sake of the writer of that interesting letter."

"Ernest Hardwick—" said Mrs. Lygon.

"Ah," he murmured, "the old name, and it is ever the sweetest."

Disregarding his insolence, she proceeded:

"You know for what reasons I have undertaken a certain task."

"The last word is harsh," he said, "but we will pass it by. I believe myself to be aware of those reasons."

"You hold this unfortunate creature in your power, and I know that it is idle to make any appeal to your heart."

"And idleness is a charge which no one could ever bring against Miss Laura Vernon or Mrs. Arthur Lygon," said he, in a passionless voice.

"You have had a great deal of money from her, and your demands for more are endangering her position as a wife."

"With what rapidity, in combination with what exactitude, does Mrs. Lygon master the contents of a letter!"

"And we must perfectly understand our position, if anything is to be done," said Laura, without deigning the slightest notice of his interruptions.

"Might I venture to suggest that one of us seems—or is it an unfortunate misconception on my part—to be slightly in danger of forgetting that position."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, Mrs. Lygon," he said, his tone changing, and his pale face becoming almost savage in expression, "I mean that though I may choose to forget certain things which it is not useful to me at the moment to remember, they need not be forgotten by other persons."

She turned well-nigh as pale as himself, but looked at him with firmness, and answered calmly,

"I repeat, that I do not understand you."

"So!" said, or rather cried, Adair, in a high voice, and with angry surprise. He glared at her for a few seconds; but, whatever she may have felt, she stood her ground bravely.

"So," he repeated. "That is the result of our deliberation. That is the decision of our council of war. We are to fight. Councils of war never vote for fighting, but pass for that. Defiance! Well, it is a bold game, but bold games seldom succeed when I am on the other side. However, it is not with Mrs. Lygon that I have now to do. Her turn may come."

"I am entirely at a loss to find meaning for your words," said Mrs. Lygon, "and, perhaps, you will listen to me. If I succeed in procuring more money for you from Mrs. Urquhart, what security have we that this will be your last demand."

"None whatever."

"Will it be your last demand?"

"Most certainly not."

"Do you mean that you intend to persecute her throughout her whole life?"

"I would prefer to say that I hope to induce her to dedicate her life to making mine as happy as it can be when I am deprived of her."

"Have you ever seen her husband, Mr. Hardwick?"

"The Scottish Urquhart? I long since made it my business to see and to be able to recognise him. He is a fine animal, far too largely framed for elegance, and probably six feet three in height, and proportionately—I will do him that justice—proportionately broad and strong. Is your inquiry intended to direct the conversation towards the possibility of that person and myself ever coming into collision?"

"Do you know his character?"

"Mrs. Lygon's question scarcely reveals her usual perspicacity. Through my knowledge of Mr. Urquhart's character I have acted, with much success, upon the character of his wife. This large Scotchman, or Scottishman, as I believe he would prefer to be called, is understood to be of a stern and resolute nature. He is a railway contractor, and it is agreeably recorded of him that upon one occasion he found a crowd of Belgian workmen wasting his time in drinking, when they should have been at their duty. Our admirable friend remonstrated, but Scotch is not the language of persuasion, I suppose, for they

would not go to work, and signified the same through a big brave Belgian, their foreman. On which the Scottish giant resorted to the extreme remedy of taking that brave big Belgian into his Caledonian arms, and pitching him bodily off a viaduct to a road I do not know how many feet below, but quite enough to ensure the Belgian's never rising any more until the day when we shall all rise together. The men then went to their work. The anecdote charmed me very much—excuse my prolixity in retailing it."

"You have not, perhaps, considered what would be the consequence of Mr. Urquhart's becoming aware of the course you pursue towards his wife?"

"Do me more justice. I think that being a Scotchman, he would make all reasonable inquiry before acting, but I think that when his preliminary inquiry was complete, he would probably destroy your amiable sister."

"Yet you refuse," she said, "to name a sum, which, if paid, would free her from any further importunities on your part?"

"Please to inform me why I should."

"Because, if she thinks as I do," said Mrs. Lygon, "she will prefer an hour of sorrow to a life of torment, and unless you are to be bought off at once and for ever, she will throw herself upon the heart of the brave and good man who has married her, explain all, and be—perhaps divorced, perhaps forgiven—but, in either case, she will know the worst."

"And my neck will infallibly be broken by the giant, as a sort of peace-offering to the *manes* of departed domestic happiness—that is, of course, part of your delightful programme?"

"I think he would kill you! I hope he would kill you!" said Mrs. Lygon, with a simple frankness that belonged to her old days, and which, in spite of the vindictive character of the words, was by no means so utterly unfeminine as it may be feared that they seem.

Ernest Adair laughed outright.

"That came from the heart," he said, "and the estimable Goethe, whom I idolise, has told us that whatever comes from the heart is divine and to be honoured, in which he differs from certain other authorities. But, as I have said, I shall endeavour to protect myself against such a casualty; and I have the best means of knowing when anything likely to lead to it takes place in Mr. Urquhart's house."

"Spies, toe, upon her."

"Well, it is not much in France. Here we are accustomed to surveillance, and a little of it more or less is not worth counting."

Mrs. Lygon could not reply.

"I am happy to see that I convince you. Well, you will go to Paris, and see your admirable sister, and between you, as in the old days, you will strike out some plan for preventing my having the humiliation of so frequently being compelled to remind her of my need."

"Where am I to send to you?"

"Fear no trouble on that account. A single word on a card, which you can entrust to Mrs. Urquhart's maid, Henderson, will bring me to any place you may indicate."

"In the power of the servant, too! I will go to Paris."

"There will be a train in an hour."

"I go alone."

"Assuredly. But shall I not attend you to the station?"

"I prefer to go alone."

"Money—if one might suggest—"

"I am provided."

"In that case, our interview is over. The carriage is at the door, where we left it."

"There is mischief in her head," said Adair, as Mrs. Lygon drove away.

(To be continued.)

THE MONTHS.

DECEMBER.

SHALL I venture upon saying how my household treat the short days of this month? In all companies we hear of the evils of the short daylight; and yet there seems to be nobody among our neighbours who considers how to make the most of the daylight we have. I believe I am pointed out to strangers as an eccentric man, a cruel father, and hard master—not perhaps, all the year round, but in the depth of winter. In short, we are up long before sunrise. We covet every ray of heaven's light, at this season; and we naturally watch for the earliest, as well as linger upon the latest.

I must say in self-defence, that my wife and children are free to please themselves about getting up early; though, as a matter of fact, we all do it. Our servants are country-bred, and of cottage parentage; so that they have been accustomed to rise at five, or earlier, all their lives. They feel no great pity for the much pitied herd-boy and dairy-maid, who turn out of bed, after eight or nine hours sleep, and are under no misfortune but its being dark. They have not to stand shivering for a quarter of an hour over the tinder-box, as their forefathers had; and I assure fine ladies and gentlemen that there is nothing very fearful in going across the farmyard, or into the field, with a lantern, to find one's self welcomed by the warm cows and the hungry sheep. The long icicles may sparkle in the light the boy carries; and he may have to sweep a path through the night's snow, before the animals and their food can be got at; but a healthy young person has his own enjoyment in the exercise. The milker certainly likes to bring the warm fragrant streams into the pail, and to exchange greetings with pet cows. The boy has a pleasure in cleaning out the stalls; and then, when the creatures come in relieved of their burden of milk, he likes filling their troughs with the warm mess of roots and straw, sliced, and chopped, and recommended by a spice of condiment. If his duty lies a-field, and he has to go there through wind and sleet, carrying food for the sheep, the task may set lazy people shuddering, even to hear of; but I can tell them the walk a-field, through wind and sleet, is what my children and I undertake, because we like it. I do not believe in the pleasantness of turning once more in one's bed, when the house is once astir. The sense that one ought to be up, and must be up presently, must spoil the luxury of bed completely. Fear

ruins everything in these small matters as in greater. I once heard a young lady of twenty or thereabouts complaining of the misery of having to get up in winter. She did not rise early? No. She did not use cold water? O, no! She had a good fire? Yes. While I was wondering where, then, the hardship lay, she explained that it spoiled all her comfort in waking to think of crossing the room from the bed to the fire. Such people can know nothing of the satisfaction of a good circulation, and the vigorous exercise of the frame, by which the winter is made a pleasant season in its own way. As for our particular way of welcoming it, it is by seeing as much of it as we can. The parson in the next parish complains to me that the daylight is gone by the time he leaves his desk, during this month and the next; so that he sees and feels nothing of the sun during the season when he needs it most; a hardship for which I must say I cannot think the sun to blame. Our plan is rather to accommodate our ways to the sun. The maids are up (by their own choice), so as to have hot water for anybody who wants it by six. I believe the fowls, and the two lambs, and the calf are the only consumers of hot water till breakfast time. They must have their warm messes early; but as I do not shave, and we all prefer a cold bath to a warm one, we are entirely independent in our early pleasures. Sometimes we sally forth (at half-past six), in a party of four or five. Sometimes, in rainy mornings, I start off by myself. Any way, and in any weather, I am sure of a good deal of pleasure before I come home. At that time of day, no wind is too keen; no darkness is gloomy; no rain is depressing. Moreover, the rainy mornings are few in comparison with the fair. In the very worst, the daylight does come, in some mode or other; and, in fine weather, what is more beautiful than a winter dawn? Coveting every ray, as I said, we catch one touching the lake, another penetrating the wood; and more bringing out the forns of the hills and the track of the road. We see one star set after another, and the moon grow pale as the sky kindles. Underfoot, when we have swept away any drift of snow that has gathered in the night, we find the ice beneath looking of a blacker blue than ever, and full of promise for sport. Though our neighbours are, for the most part, not up, we have some social adventures on our way. We overtake a succession of labourers going to their work. One of them probably cries out in the dark, "And who may you be?" When he learns, he is more pleased than ashamed. He knows now that gentry are abroad early, as he is. The herd boy and dairy-maid are pleased likewise, when we pass the farmyard. At the pond, we summon any grumbling boys, lounging about with blue faces, and hands in pockets, for a slide. (We all slide, from the oldest to the youngest.) We meet, in returning, children carrying breakfast to their fathers in the woods; and, perhaps, we turn back with them, and hear much about rats, and weazles, and stoats, and squirrel-hunts, and holly-gathering. When we have knocked off the snow from our boots, and seated ourselves round the breakfast-table, it is not above half light. Even by that twilight, however, any one

could point out the walkers by the difference in their whole air and complexion from those who have not yet warmed themselves by exercise.

It is just light enough to mend a pen when we separate for work.

We are not going to pore over books and desks till it grows too dark to go on. If the weather is open there is a world of business to be done in field, road, and garden; and we have to see that it is done. If the frost has overtaken us, we must skate and slide while we may. If repairs to buildings or walls are wanted, they must be done while the mortar will not freeze and spoil. If the seed is not all got into the ground, not an hour of open weather should be lost. Manure must be applied when the soil will receive it; and trenching must be done when the spade will enter the ground. All the lawns round must be swept clear of dead sprays from the trees, and of leaves, if they are to be properly rolled before the frost comes. All green walks and gravel walks must be kept in their neatest condition, for the pleasure of winter walking in them. Such green crops as have not been taken up before, must be secured now, if at all; so we see groups of women and children in the turnip-fields, topping and tailing the roots that the men have turned out of the ground. My boys and I are more interested in getting up roots of another kind. I tell the lads that while I am mourning over the felling of a fine tree, they are consoling themselves with the prospect of getting up the root next winter; and when the time comes they reproach me with enjoying the process as much as they do. I certainly do lend a hand at the end of the lever when the mass shows signs of stirring. I certainly do seize a pick, or mattock and wedge, when I see one to spare; and I own to sensations of satisfaction when I see the mass coming out of the ground piecemeal, or entire, and help to split and trim it for the Christmas fire. Then there is the work of cleansing the orchard trees, and the fruit bushes in the kitchen-garden. Damp mosses, and all that can harbour insects, must be removed from the stems, and the whole surface be washed with some mixture or other, according to the judgment of the proprietor. I use soot, quick-lime, and wood-ashes—a wash which one cannot suppose any insect likely to survive. The gooseberry bushes, however, require frosty weather for their relief from some of their enemies. Grubs that breed in the soil below are best removed when the earth is eaked by the frost: so we take up the surface soil entire, and burn it, and put fresh in its place. If the bushes have not before been wound round and round with white darning-cotton (the supreme terror of sparrows), we do it now, to save the buds from the birds.

Settled frosts bring their own business as well as pleasure. Among the prettiest tasks is the cutting of ice for the fishmongers and confectioners, and for the ice-houses of the gentry round. When I was a boy, I used to fancy myself one of Captain Parry's seamen, cutting an escape canal for his ship at the North Pole; and, under that delusion, I toiled myself into heats which might have melted the transparent floor I stood on. It really is pleasant work grooving the ice, and splitting it

into blocks, and floating it off, to be fished on shore, loaded on the cart, and deposited in the ice-house, with powderings of small ice, to compact the blocks together. One item of the business done in frosts always saddens me. I do not like to see women—especially old women—or little children gathering up snow, even if it be of the cleanest, or ice when snow is not at hand, to melt for domestic use. When the pump is frozen, and the spring gives out no water, what can the people do, they ask, but melt snow or ice to wash their clothes, and their floors, and their skins?

It is a dreary necessity; and the invariable consequence is a great deal of business for the doctor. When I see a pan of melting snow within the fender, and the children pressing closer and closer to the fire because they cannot get warm, the old granny shivering, and finding it wonderfully chilly, I cannot make them believe that the melting process will account for it, because they do not understand how it can be; but they find my predictions of colds and rheumatism come true. It is a striking thing to them also that my pump is the last to freeze in the whole neighbourhood. They know that I take pains to keep it unfrozen, for the use of my neighbours as well as my household, and this convinces them that I am at least in earnest in my concern at seeing them chilling their rooms by melting snow on the hearth.

Through open and frosty weather, both the domestic and farm animals require a large amount of daily care. Between cleaning them and their abodes, and cutting, cooking, and serving their food, and fattening and killing, there is enough for many hands to do. Now is the time for children to have fun with pet calves, and make playfellows of the house-lambs. Many an hour of a dreary day is beguiled by these friendships of the season, doomed to a speedy end by the butcher's knife. The despotism of London tables is an irresistible one; and many a little heart is every season ready to burst when the dear lamb has disappeared, and nobody will tell where it is gone. At present, however, there is much pretty frolic,—the human infant having no more forecast than the brute one of the evil to come.

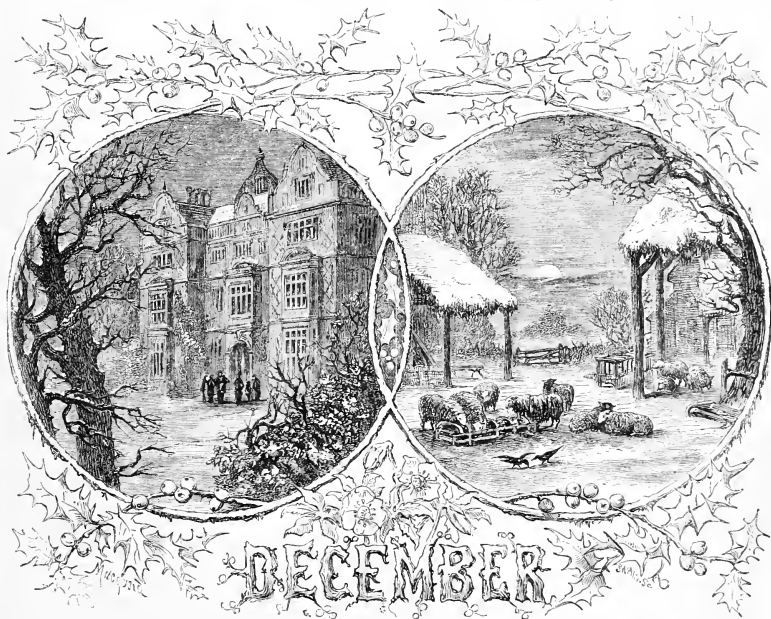
The poultry-yard is a grave interest at this season, in our neighbourhood as in many others. Our infant population, including my little Harry, would be well pleased if the turkies were absent, on account of the formidable character of the parent birds; but the rearing of the broods is an interest to all the household where it goes on. Our relations on both sides of the house like the good old custom of receiving a Christmas hamper of good things from us; and it is a pleasure to us to keep it up, so that we are as busy as our neighbours in fattening fowls and turkies, and making sausages and pork pies, and even a goose pie, now and then.

I do my part by going out for snipe and woodcocks, so that we can, on occasion, produce a veritable old-fashioned game-pie for Christmas guests. I am regularly invited into the kitchen, some morning about the 20th of December, to see the parcels of good things laid out for packing; eight

or ten turkies, each surrounded with sausages and some small dainties, and half-a-dozen vast raised pies, flanked with baking pears, dried apples, or small game. When all are packed and off to the station, the main part of our Christmas work is done. It is owing to this custom that my friends see certain dainties on my table that we ourselves should never think of inquiring after,—prime caviare direct from Russia, West India preserves, sturgeon, German brawn, liqueurs, besides barrels of oysters, pines, salmon, and imported fruits. Whether it is true or not that our old English hospitality is degenerating, it is wise and pleasant to keep up this kind of observance between town and country.

These last words remind one of the days when

London itself was the very centre of snipe-shooting. In the times of the Edwards and the Henrys a frost was a circumstance of importance in London; for it enabled the citizens to go out on the surrounding marshes to sport. There they knocked down and snared all the birds which frequent watery places, and obtained eels in profusion. I have thought of that aspect of our London when, in wild colonial regions, I have seen a snipe swinging on a bulrush, just as the frogs were opening their evening concerts, and not a man besides myself was in sight, unless it were a settler, looking after wild fowl or eels. In such a place I have imagined the aspect of that ancient London, with its few great towers and spires, and its straggling group of villages round that centre,



and the marshes coming up to the very causeways. I have recalled the same image when at the Baker Street Cattle Show, or as I entered London at Christmas time, and saw the loads of provisions brought in on iron roads, on the same spots where, of old, the sportsmen and their attendants brought in their game on their own shoulders, picking their way over the frozen swamps.

Interesting as it is to us to look back, what would it have been to those Londoners to see forward into our days! How wonderful a mere grocer's shop would have appeared, with its variety of imported fruits, its firkins of butter and tall piles of cheeses, with sprigs of holly everywhere! Yet more astonishing would have been the vision of the fat beasts at Baker Street, to men whose only idea of winter meat was the flesh of lean

cows or tough bullocks, salted down in autumn, for want of keep for the winter! They had their game, their boar's heads, and other things; but the prime beef of our century—fat and juicy in midwinter—would have been something miraculous in their eyes. So would any Christmas market, in any provincial town, with its ever-green adornments, its neat and clean stall-keepers, displaying their heaps of provisions, where the outpost of fish is merely introductory to a great camp full of meat, poultry, game, fruit and flowers. Yes, flowers,—in great variety! Such a vision would have made them fancy that men had grown wise enough to strip the seasons of their drawbacks, making winter as the summer.

How far is this from being the case! I am not going to question the substantial improvement in

the lot of the poor, since the days when the whole labouring class were clothed in woollen, which was worn next the skin, and never changed till it would hold together no longer; and when they were lodged on the cold ground, with rotting thatch over their heads; and when their table was sometimes over-loaded and sometimes bare; but I cannot meet Christmas, any one year, without perceiving and feeling that my cottage neighbours are very far indeed from enjoying their proper share in the improvement of human life in England.

In public speaking, and in literary representation, we are apt to offer the bright sides of life at such seasons; but, after all that genial and benevolent people do, in town and country, to feast and comfort their neighbours of all degrees, there are still too many families in damp and cold, and even with foul thatch dropping upon their heads, with no fire on the hearth, and at most a mouthful each of cold bacon to eat with their dry bread on Christmas Day. Oratory may tell of the cheery Christmas sun shining at once upon the roof-tree of the mansion and the thatch of the cottage; but, if it went inside, and told what it saw there, it would exhibit a broader contrast than between the ages of the Plantagenets and our own.

Who can wonder, while even the fewest of such shivering and hungry households remain, that there are people in every game country on the watch for windy nights, that they may have a chance of a hot meal, and a plentiful one? In such a district there are certain weather-wise people, who can give pretty accurate notice of a blustering night. Then certain wives know that their husbands' guns must be clean and ready, and that hiding-places must be prepared, and fuel got in, for what fate may send in the way of a treat of food. Then the children are sent into the woods, on the side least likely to be observed, to get a faggot; and, besides what they bring, they are to make a pile which will be fetched away at dusk. As the children may be tired after this work, they are put to bed, and covered up soon after dark; and so, they see nothing of the men who come in and go out, or are heard talking low behind the cottage. When the scouts arrive, and report that the keepers have finished their rounds, and are in their lodges, the cottage is emptied presently; all lights are hidden, as if everybody was in bed; and perhaps the wife does snatch her sleep while she can. Meantime, a company of men are treading the snow, in Indian file, along the field-paths which skirt the wood. No one speaks; and when they come to a stile or gap, they halt and listen in the lull of the winds. If nothing suspicious is heard, they step over, and penetrate the cover. Such windy nights generally show a sky of broken and swift clouds. In the lighter spaces which occur overhead, the pheasants are seen in the trees, like dark balls, resting on the branches. When a roar of wind begins at a distance, shots are ventured, and down come the dark balls upon the snow, or the cushion of dead leaves. If there is good success at once, or if the watchers are supposed to be about, the trip is soon over. After a couple of hours the wives at home grow

uneasy. They put out their heads at back windows to listen for sounds of scuffle or running. They make ready to admit the husband before he knocks, and huddle him into bed instantly, and his booty into hiding, in case of inquiry. Several times, within the period of my residence here, one husband or another has come home wounded, and of course in desperate ill-humour; or, instead of him, news has come of his having been caught, or even of his having shot a gamekeeper. Much oftener, however, the trespassers get home unsuspected, and with large booty, though each contends that he has not got his share. The middleman, or the poulterer, or the comrade who deals for the party, is always abused for extortion and cheating; but still there is something in the house as good to eat as anything in the Hall larder. The wife thinks they have done enough for to-night, and would fain leave the cooking till the next night; but the husband has no notion of waiting, so the poor woman plucks and broils a bird, after covering the window carefully, from the notice of any chance patrol. If any little wide-open eyes rise in the bed, there is sure to be a cry about being so hungry; and that cry must be stopped; and so the adventure may end in the whole family supping together, and the tired wife, who dare not leave any trace of revel, being scarcely in bed before daylight. Then follow, if not now, next time, or the time after, the wretched consequences. The game is missed; the village is questioned; certain cottages are searched from the top of the chimnies to below the floor; and every year somebody goes to jail. Of those that go in as adventurers (insisting that game ought not to be property), some are sure to come out rogues, destined to be criminals.

A large new wing, added to our county-jail, some years ago, is known as the Poachers' Wing, not because it is tenanted by poachers, but because the increase of offenders, for whom it was wanted, corresponds in number with the annual average of offenders against the game laws. When it is added that our union workhouse has often been crowded by the influx of the wives, children and parents of those offenders, it is pretty clear that society pays dear, in all ways, for the game-preserving interest. For my part, I can tell how our winters are spoiled by it.

I am not the lord of game,—zealous as I am in helping to put down poaching. But, though I have no game to lose, I have had my losses at this season. The children miss the gypsies, after the leaves have fallen, and ask what becomes of them in cold weather. All I know is that I vehemently suspect them of being not very far off, by the trouble we have to keep our turkeys. Sometimes one disappears, or two; but it has twice happened that the yard has been completely cleared of them. It is such a vexatious incident (especially when the birds are for presents), that I have devoted serious care to render them secure. I believe they are beyond the reach of fox and gypsy, and of all but the boldest burglars.

Beyond such preparations as I have detailed, we do nothing till the boys come home for the holidays. When we take our daily walks, we see everything with their eyes; and we leave all we can for their hands. Looking from the upland,

we say how green the meadows look below, and the young wheat in the fields, till the snow hides it. When the green plover is piping on the moor, or the thrush is trying a weak note in the ivy, or the hedge-sparrows are twittering, or the robin is singing aloud, we hope they will do so when the boys can hear them. When the water-wagtails jerk about the springhead on the heath, or the village boys are bird-catching under the hedges, Harry hopes that there will be some of the feathered race left by the great 22nd. He does what he can to preserve and attach some of the tribe; for he never forgets to put some of his breakfast upon the window-sill for the birds, even if the weather is so open as that the moles are throwing up their hills in the grass, and worms come up in the flower beds, and a remnant of winged creatures attempt to amuse themselves in the sun. Harry wants his breakfast on fine and mild days, and therefore contends that his birds must be fed also.

At length, the shortest day has arrived. The old folks are at least as well pleased as the young ones. Lengthening days may be thought of in a fortnight more; and by that time the festivals will be over. If the truth were known (but it is a truth which few have the courage to avow), elderly people generally do not like anniversaries, or any periodical celebrations, such as make the joy of young folk. I need not go into the reasons here. I will merely say, as a matter of fact, that, to my wife and me, the highest pleasure of the holidays is in January, when the Christmas racket is over, and we settle into our regular winter life, with Ned and Charley to brighten it.

Meantime, every day is full of pleasures, which we enjoy through the bright faces which are about us. There are not a few which please our own taste also. We like going into the woods for holly, and finding mistletoe for ourselves, instead of condescending to buy it. We like burning fir cones, and choosing the greenest masses of moss for cushioning the pots of bulbs at home. We are never tired of the icicles which glitter everywhere; and on Christmas Day we help to count the kinds of flowers in bloom within our own gates. Once, I remember, we found, among us, thirty-three kinds. I had rather find fewer, for I like a seasonable Christmas; and when one can make a bouquet of thirty-three diverse blooms, one might almost as well be passing Christmas day in Australia, fanning one's self, and sipping cooling drinks. On the whole, I believe we relish the Waits. Their music is very bad, certainly; but there is something moving in the associations of a lifetime, awakened in the darkness and silence of night, and seizing upon us in the impressionable moment of waking from sleep. I own that, even now, that music plays upon my heartstrings.

From that point, we must acknowledge that our satisfaction is altogether in the pleasure of other people. There is no occasion to tell them (what they will discover in time) that anniversaries are never true in regard to the times of any but very modern events. There is no occasion to forestall for them the discovery that it is not morally good to appoint seasons for emotions. They will learn in course of years that the wise

pass onward with the flow of time and events, less and less desiring to revert to former conditions, or to perpetuate states of mind destined to be outgrown. So we accommodate ourselves to them. My wife looks to the mince-meat and other good things, and I help with the games which are to be played at the Hall. We never leave home on Christmas Day, because there is a kitchen party which needs to be entertained. We suppose they like to come, as they always arrive so early and stay so late; but we wonder at them, though we do our best. They come to us from church, that is, at half-past twelve. They dine at one; and so do we, that there may be no trouble about our dinner afterwards. When the kitchen becomes quiet, and the things are all put away, the girls read some comic or fairy tale to the old folks, while my boys take the youngsters out for a walk, or a slide, or games in the barn, according to weather. At dusk they have tea; and then the ancients play at some antique game of cards, while all the rest of the party, parlour and kitchen, go into a series of Christmas games, in which we all exert ourselves to the utmost. Then we darken the kitchen, and ask for the raisins and rum, and have snap-dragons—throwing in salt at the right moment, to make pale faces;—a process which is never got over without some scaring of somebody, too young or too old for such an exhibition. That over, we think we have done our part, and we leave our guests to their supper. When the clock has struck nine, we begin to expect the regular invitation to receive the thanks of the company; but it is nearly ten before the drawing-room door opens, and the cloaked and coated figures appear, curtsying and bowing, and all saying at once that they are sure they never remember a pleasanter Christmas Day. We are very glad; hope they will come next year, if all is well with them and us, and ask whether they are provided with lanterns, to get safe home. Then comes the best hour of the day—the family converse over the fire, when the servants are gone to bed, and we are together and alone, face to face, and heart to heart.

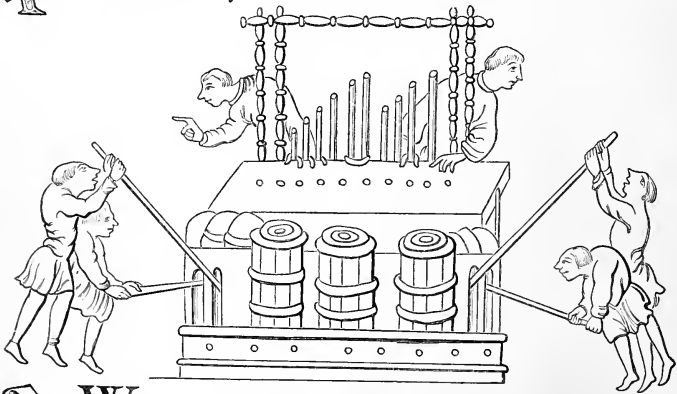
Nobody likes Boxing Day, I suppose, except those who get money by it; and they have but too often anticipated the gains of the day. I have too much reason to know that the Squire's gifts,—of coals, blankets, money, clothing, and meat,—do more harm than good. I see the bad effects of them, the whole year through, in regard to the temper, as well as the higher morals of the place. I have no business with it, further than to say what I think, when occasion arises; but I am always glad when the day is over which so profanes the season, and the tipplers are sleeping off the madness and folly in which they have exhibited themselves. Then ensues the vexation of all the landed proprietors round, and the wrath of their foresters and gardeners, at finding the havoc made among their evergreens for Christmas decorations. Hollies, long cherished to make them grow, are found split and torn to pieces; laurels and laurestinus are left lopsided, or hanging in tatters. Pyraeanthas are found torn down from walls of lodges; and the choice chrysanthemums—the pride of the garden in cottage and parson-

age—are broken and trampled. The only comment obtained in return for all the remonstrance of the united gentry, is that “boys will be boys,—especially at Christmas.”

When New Year's Eve draws on, these and all other vexations are dismissed, as unworthy to interfere with that repose of mind in which each genuine marked period of the individual human life should close. In one sense, it does not seem real to begin a new year in the very midst of the dead season in which the preceding closes; and I, for one, feel the spring to be, in regard to the face of Nature, the opening of the year. But there are

reasons which justify the common consent in the existing arrangement by which our year ends with December; and in the lapse of a complete year there is a sound reality, widely different from the conventional anniversaries which celebrate anything else. New Year's Eve is then a night of deep and genuine interest. There is no effort in the gentle emotion with which we listen to the chimes, when we have unbarred the shutters and opened the window. If the night is still, and the stars are clear, it is with them for witnesses that we exchange the family kiss all round, and wish one another a Happy New Year.

A GOSSIP ABOUT ORGANS



Anglo-Saxon Organ, after Strutt.



Hand Organ, from the Nuremberg Chronicle.

We wonder how many, out of the thousands to whom the tones of the organ are so familiar, ever give more than a passing thought to it, or reflect on the science and skill that have been lavished on it, from the time of the reed-pipes of the ancients up till now, when it has become the most gigantic and complex musical instrument of modern times. Indeed, many amateurs, fond as they are of music, and of church-music in particular, are surprised when they first begin to find out what a vast amount of machinery is packed into such a

small compass, and what a number of abstruse and scientific principles have to be attended to before they can extract even one sweet sound. The earliest organ was probably nothing more than a series of reeds blown by the mouth, a proceeding which was found so tiresome, that it was not long before the bellows came into use, so as to ensure a constant supply of wind; but even then it was only a rudiment of the present instrument, since it was not till the eleventh century that a keyboard was first added to the one in Magdeburgh Cathedral. Here was an epoch in the history of sacred music—the lowest step of that platform of divine harmony which has since risen in such noble strains, and which is still ever ascending. What masters in the art have played out their lives since then, filling the world with the glorious creations of their genius!

It will not be uninteresting to the general reader if we endeavour to sketch briefly the manner in which the interior of the organ is arranged—the popular notion of all that is necessary being, some pipes, wind, and a person to play. After all, this may be a simple definition: but the curious and compact way in which so much delicate work-

amount of machinery is packed into such a

manship is put together is surely worthy of a little attention. Of course there is every variety both in size, volume and cost; but we will take a sample of the ordinary church-organ and examine it at our leisure. What is generally called a good sized one would be more correctly spoken of as three or four harmoniously put together into a case, and not only involving distinct sets of pipes, but also distinct sets of keys upon which to play. Thus, in one case, we have frequently three, and in very large organs, four sets of finger-keys, or manuals, termed the great, the swell, and the choir organs; while the corresponding set to be played by the feet are called pedals. The grand desideratum, the wind, was always supplied by bellows, of course; but even in this point, immense improvements have been effected. Bellows are of two kinds,—diagonal and horizontal; the former so called, because, when blown, one end ascends while the other is stationary, giving it a wedge-like appearance, while the horizontal bellows always preserves an uniformly level surface.

Almost all the old organs were fitted with the first kind, but the inconvenience was that the supply of wind was so irregular as to necessitate the use of several pairs (the organ at St. Sulpice, in Paris, having actually fourteen), whereas one pair of horizontal bellows is equivalent to at least half-a-dozen of the diagonal species. The wind which has been collected is then distributed by wooden pipes, termed wind-trunks, into a shallow box or wind-chest, where it accumulates ready for more minute dispersion to the various portions of the instrument. Now the mechanism becomes a little more intricate. The roof of the wind-chest is formed by what is called the sound-board, on which are a certain number of grooves or channels perforated with holes, so as to allow of the conducting of the wind to the several pipes. Nevertheless, as matters stand at present, the moment that the wind is introduced, all the pipes would speak at once, to obviate which a moveable piece of wood, or sounding-pallet is inserted in the groove, the control over it being exercised by means of a wire connected with the key-note: the result is, that when the note is pressed, the wire acts on the pallet, allowing the air to escape into that particular groove, and thus produces a musical note, or, we may say, notes; for, as there are several pipe-holes to each groove, all those pipes would sound simultaneously. This, however, is prevented by a series of sliders, perforated in such a manner as to correspond with the holes of the sounding-board, and table below it, and by this means all the pipes not wanted can be shut off at will. The keys of the manuals are connected with the sounding-pallets by rather complicated mechanism, into which it would be tedious to enter now, although it does not always follow that they must be close to each other, an instance of which, Mr. Hopkins tells us, is to be found in Prince Albert's organ at Windsor, where the keys are placed twenty-two feet from the rest of the instrument, while in that of the Church of St. Alessandro, there is a long movement of 115 feet.

We must not forget to mention, ere we go any further, that the sliders which admit or shut the

wind off from the pipes, being all placed inside, and out of the reach of the player, are controlled externally by the use of the draw-stop; and, as everybody knows, the size of an organ is generally estimated by the number of the stops. Those that are apportioned to each manual of the organ, are usually acted upon only by the keys of that manual, but by the invention of the coupler, the stops of any two manuals can be brought into connection; for instance, we see in descriptions of organs, swell coupler too great, or choir too great, &c., implying that by this means the swell or choir manuals can be brought under the same action as the great.

It is obvious that a tremendous power is thus put into the hands of the performer, who is able at will to pile up Pelion on Ossa, and thunder forth his music to the loudest. As another instance of economising in the labour of playing, we may mention the composition pedals by which a certain number of stops are pulled out simultaneously with the working of the pedal, without the necessity of the organist taking his hands off from the keys.

The most important department of the organ is that of the pipes, a department of all others which shows the particular stamp of the builder, the most eminent of whom can often be recognised by their tone.

Pipes are divided into two classes—those made of metal and those of wood; the metal being either pure tin or a compound of tin and lead.

Mr. Walker is very fond of using a composition called spotted metal, in which there is about one-third of tin; and very nice it looks, particularly for front speaking-pipes, where no money can be afforded for external decorations. Both metal and wooden pipes vary considerably in shape and size, depending entirely on the quality and quantity of sound to be produced, and the ingenuity expended upon them may be imagined when, as in the Panopticon organ, sixty stops have to be inserted, implying an aggregate of 4000 pipes. The swell is simply a smaller organ contained in the large one, and shut up in a box, the front of which works like a Venetian-blind, allowing the sound to increase or diminish as the shutters are moved up or down; but, in small instruments, with only one row of keys, a substitute is used, of a large shutter placed immediately behind the show or speaking-pipes, and worked in the same way by a pedal.

The first European organ of which we have any account, appears to have been sent to Pepin, king of the Franks, by the Byzantine emperor, Constantine, in 757. It must have been a queer concern, for it was not until the end of the eleventh century that the key-board was introduced, each key being five inches wide, so as to allow them to be beaten down by the fist. Indeed, even so late as 1529, we find that a new organ was bought for Holbeach church, in Lincolnshire, for the magnificent sum of 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; and a still more splendid one put up in Trinity College, Oxford, a few years later, for 10*l.* Now-a-days the competition amongst our English towns as to which shall possess the finest organ, has run the prices up to 3000*l.* or 4000*l.* It is curious to observe how

many continental cathedrals have more than one instrument; and, in fact, it is unusual to find a church of any size without two or more. That of St. Antonio, at Padua, has four large ones; while St. Mark, at Venice, has two large, and four small portable ones, which can be easily moved about; and, if we recollect rightly, there are also six in the cathedral at Seville.

Their usual position in English churches was on the gallery at the west end, facing the communion-table, and in cathedrals between the nave and choir—a situation, by the way, which came into fashion after the Reformation, and so far objectionable, that it interferes sadly with the general view; but in most new churches they are generally placed upon or a little above the ground floor, either in the chancel or at the side of the choir. In the Lutheran church at Dresden, the chapels at Versailles and the Tuileries, and at Little Stanmore, near Edgware, the organs are put at the east end, just over the communion-table; while in the church at Courtray, it is divided into two portions, so as to allow a window to be visible in the middle, while the keys and bellows are placed underneath it.

There is a striking difference in the appearance of the organ cases of the present day, as compared with the earlier ones. All the decoration now is expended on the outside pipes, which are painted and illuminated in a manner wonderful to behold; while the old builders lavished their taste on the carving of the wood. Indeed, this was often carried to a ludicrous extent, particularly in an organ alluded to by Hopkins, who tells us, that not content with innumerable carvings of angels and heavenly hosts, the inventive artist added trumpets and kettledrums, which were played by the same angels, while a conductor with a huge pair of wings beat time. To such a pitch was this extravagance carried, that there was even one stop, which when pulled out, caused a fox's tail to fly out into the face of the inquisitive meddler. Of more chaste appearance than these are the organ in the church of St. Nicholas, at Prague, in which all the ornaments and framework are of white marble, and that in the Escorial, at Madrid, said to be of solid silver.

Instruments are considerably cheaper than they used to be; for we are told that Father Smith, the most celebrated of the old builders, had 2000*l.* for the organ in St. Paul's, which had only 28 stops; while for a trumpet stop in Chichester Cathedral, Byfield was paid 50*l.* We must remember, however, that many are only half-stops, that is, furnished with pipes for half the notes, whereas these old ones always ran through the complete scale. For many years the Haarlem organ, which cost 10,000*l.*, was considered the largest and most complete in the world; but it has been frequently surpassed, both in size and tone. It contains 60 sounding stops, and 4088 pipes, one of which is 15 inches in diameter and 40 feet long; but in the Birmingham Town Hall there is one of 12 feet in circumference, which measures 224 cubic feet in the interior. The organ in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, has 8000 pipes and upwards of 100 stops; and we imagine that the one at Leeds is still larger. An ingenious method of blowing this

last is in use, viz., by hydraulic power—a room underneath being reserved for the water apparatus, which costs comparatively little, and rarely gets out of order. It is the invention of Mr. Joy, of Leeds, and an immense boon to the performer, who can play for any length of time on the full organ without feeling himself dependent on manual labour. The Panopticon organ, built by Hill, and the most complete in London, is worked by steam power, and possesses four manuals, to each of which duplicates are attached, allowing two or three persons to play at once. In the arrangement of notes, however, the Temple organ is the most peculiar, as it contains 14 sounds to the octave, whereas most organs have only 12. The blowing apparatus at Seville is worked by a man walking backwards and forwards over an incline plane balanced in the middle, along which he has to pass ten times before the bellows are filled.

It is useful to know, in cases where funds are deficient or uncertain, that it is by no means necessary to have the instrument complete at once; for, at a small extra expense, spare accommodation can be provided, and spare sliders for stops, which can be filled in at any time.

In many very small churches, the Scudamore organ, containing only one stop, is very handy, and quite powerful enough to lead the congregation,—besides having the merit of being extremely cheap, viz., only 25*l.* Anything is better than the old barrel-organ, which we are happy to think is rapidly becoming extinct; for no church-music could expect to undergo improvement with such a hopeless piece of machinery,—not to mention the freaks which a barrel of ill-regulated wind would sometimes perform—like the one that started off by itself in the middle of the sermon, and had to be taken out ignominiously into the churchyard and left there to play itself hoarse. We hope that the time will soon come when no parish, however small, will be without its organ, or at least a harmonium, feeling assured that church-music, although not the principal thing in our service, is yet of too much importance to be, as we fear it often is, utterly neglected.

G. P. BEVAN.

SAM BENTLEY'S CHRISTMAS.

A YORKSHIRE TALE. IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

MISS JULIA MOORE was not a young lady, nor could she fairly be called an old one. She was of mature age,—neither of green youth nor yellow autumn, but in the summer of life. She was tall; —“of commanding height” some of her flatterers said; for she, like everyone else, had, at times, flatterers, but hers were all of her own sex. She declared that no man had ever praised her, much less been guilty of flattery towards her. She kept a small shop in Oxford Street; one of those little places boxed off from a large establishment, and so diminutive, that to find room for the pretence of a window the door has to be pushed round to the side. The articles in which she dealt were many in number but small in size. It was, in fact, what you or I would call a “Button Shop,” but which she delighted to hear called, according to the

Golden Legend which was inscribed in long, slim characters upon its front;—"Moore's Establishment for the Sale of Trimmings and Work." The last word, "work," was typical of her origin and experience. It was a provincialism which had stuck to her in language, a reality which had always been present to her. When she was a child in bonnie Yorkshire, running wild among the crags and fells of Rombald's moor, or wading in the clear waters of the Wharfe, as it brawled among the pebbly shallows beneath the woods of Middleton, "work," in her vocabulary, meant muslin work and embroidery; when adverse circumstances had brought her to London, with her

mother and young sister, "work" put on its hardest and most earnest meaning. She laboured hard as an apprentice and assistant, and might have remained all her life a dressmaker had it not been that she was too blunt of speech and too independent in manner. She wished to be her own mistress, and so, by much pinching and saving, she had just succeeded in getting together a scanty, in truth, a paltry stock. The paint and gilding were yet fresh and painfully new to her, because they showed that her shop was, as she styled it, an upstart, when she would rather that it had had that respectability and honour which age gives to establishments as well as to men.



She was sitting, busy at her work, one October afternoon, wearily and despondingly looking for customers, when her attention was attracted by a very stout man, who was examining the front of her shop. He cast rapid glances up at the super-scription, then across the window and round to the door. He then walked to the window, which he seemed to cover from side to side, and peered into the shop, and ran his eye over the shelves and stock. He then muttered something with a rapid movement of his lips, and darted off for a few yards. By and by he returned and stood at the door. Miss Moore put down her work and stood up to attend to him if he came in. This

seemed to decide him, for he bounced in as though forcibly impelled from behind, and hurried out the words, "I say, lass, ha' ye any shirt-buttons?"

The ring—the flavour of the expression was familiar to her; was such as in her childhood she had been accustomed to, and, coming upon her unexpectedly, it carried her thoughts back to her father's home and her tongue to its early utterances. A flushing smile of joy beamed on her face as she replied, "Aye, sir, I have."

"Then will thou sew us one on here?" rejoined her customer, as he stretched out his arm, pulled back his coat, and showed that a button was wanting on his wristband.

She quietly proceeded to perform the required service, and whilst doing so perceived that he was a man of about fifty, rather undersized, had a red, healthy face, brawny arms and hands that had been accustomed to labour, though plump, fleshy, and soft; his eyes, half hidden by dimply folds of fat, were bright and indicative both of good nature and hasty temper. He was dressed in dark blue, wore strong half boots, disdained gloves, and his linen was of purest white.

During the short time which was occupied in sewing on the button, he was continually moving about and talking to himself, yet aloud, like one who had been much accustomed to solitary but active work. "Four foot seven frontage," said he, "nine foot fro' back to front, includin' winder, counter, goods, and lass. Swing a cat! noa, couldn't throttle a kitten wi' ease—buttons, bobbins, beads, and braid, all in t' winder—boxes, dummies—cost price, not a couple of ten pund notes!" Then, turning quickly towards Miss Moore, he said:

"I say, how long ha' ye been started in business?"

"Opened yesterday."

Again he glanced round, and with a peculiar jerk of his head seemed to indicate that he had made a full, fair, and complete appraisal of everything, gave a short, quick whistle—a note half of interrogation and half of exclamation, and blurted out another question:

"How many customers?"

"You're the first."

It was fortunate that the operation was now complete, for on receiving this reply, he dashed his hand upon the counter with a hearty knock which threatened to crack the thin boards, and exclaimed, "Well, that beats Lambert!" and then went off in a roar of unrestrained laughter so loud that it attracted the attention of the passers-by, some of whom stopped and clustered together in front of the shop. Miss Moore was rather alarmed both for the credit of her establishment and the safety of her person, her customer seemed so reckless, and with a flushed face and nervous tone suggested that this conduct was uncalled for. He at once caught up her words, and said:

"Thou'rt raight, lass,—quite so. It isn't the thing, but I couldn't help it. Thou'rt so big an' thy shop's so little, and thy takins less still,—I can't help it, I mun laugh."

Again he burst into a loud peal.

"Sir, I beg you—" remonstrated Julia, shaking with excitement as she saw the crowd thickening before the door.

"Aye, aye," replied her customer as he jerked his head towards the door, and by a sharp glance over his shoulder saw the crowd. "Thou doesn't like it, but 'twill draw custom—mak' a noise—folk will think thou keeps a tame wild beast. There, that'll do," composing himself, and by a sideward dash of his head shaking his merriment from him. He looked round as he wiped his face, and said with a chuckle, as though his risibility was again waking up, "Why, it isn't as big as a good-sized skip!"

Julia on the instant replied, "Not quite so

small as that, nor yet so well bobbined. I've seen plenty of skips."

"Thee—where?"

"I was born in Wharfedale, and afterwards lived near Shipley."

"Thy father?"

"Was a delver. He was killed at Baildon Glen Upper Quarry."

"Aye, aye, just so," said her customer, jerking his head and looking up, sharply and pertly, like a sparrow, whilst he thrust his hands into his pockets, and chinked his money up and down.

"Aye, aye, what wor he called?"

"Jacob Moore."

He turned round, as Julia uttered these words, rubbed his forehead violently with his open hand, as though he was determined to bring out some deeply buried recollection, again gave a sparrow-like jerk and glance at Julia, nodded rapidly several times, and then fidgetted about like a restless beast in a cage too small for him, and blurted out, quite oblivious of his auditor, "By George—auld Jacob! debt and dirt—bad lot—leit wife and two lasses." He then turned round to Julia and said, abruptly and almost fiercely,

"Where's his wife?"

"My mother, sir?"

"Aye, thy mother. He hadn't two wives, had he?—one wor too mony."

"She is dead, sir;" and with tearful eyes she glanced towards her black dress.

"Dead!" cried he in a tone of deep grief or commiseration, and in the warmth of his interest, or the strength of his excitement, he clutched her arm in his strong hand until she almost fainted with the pain. "Dead!" repeated he, "what, both dead?" and reading the confirmatory answer in her countenance, at once let go his grasp, his hand dropped heavily by his side, and his voice was low and roughened, as he added—"Poor lass! both gone. Well, well, we mun all go." He stood for some time engrossed in thought, during which he performed innumerable head-jerkings, and kept up an unbroken cataract of coins in his pockets. At length he seemed to settle things to his satisfaction, for darting round his sparrow-like glance, he again asked, "How long sin' she died? and where's t'other bairn—I think thou said a lass younger nor thee?"

Julia could not remember that she had said anything of the kind, but replied, "My mother died about three months ago, and soon after that my sister Susan—" here her sobs would come, and she had to pause before she could continue, "my sister would not stay to be beholden to me, and left to seek work—and—I don't know where she is." The tears clustered in her eyes, and at last ran over.

"Ran away,—aye, I see. Bad lot. Like father. I'm very sorry for thee, but such things will happen, 'specially in Lon'on. What's to pay?"

Julia handed him a very minute packet, saying, "One button sewn on, five here, make the half-dozen, which is twopence."

"Let's see if it be raight," said he, deliberately opening the paper, and counting the buttons, which he then put up. He thrust his hand to the bottom of one capacious pocket, then another, bringing out nondescript pieces of papers, crumpled

bank notes, old nails, bits of tobacco, fragments of wool, and a number of sovereigns, but he could not find either silver or copper coin. He looked up to the corner of the ceiling, he jerked round, plunged again in the recesses of his numerous pockets, turned the contents from one hand to the other, and endeavoured by a still closer scrutiny to detect the coin that was wanted. It was without success, and he put down a sovereign.

"I cannot give you change. You may pay it when next you pass, and these (giving him her address cards), will remind you where to call, and send your friends."

On this they parted.

Within an hour afterwards he returned in great haste, bounced into the shop, and shouted out:—"I've lost a fifty pund note. It's tumbled out here. Ha' ye seen it?"

Miss Moore had not seen it, had not stirred from her seat, and had had no other customer in the shop, therefore if it had been left there, it would easily be found. They searched for it, but it was not to be found. During the search the stranger, without being aware of what he was doing, continued to fire off sharp expressions, which seemed to hiss, crackle, and threaten like crackers, and all of them most uncomplimentary to the establishment. He jumped from side to side, peered over the counter, squeezed himself behind it, tossed the goods and boxes about without consideration, and at last desisted, less from conviction than from weariness. "It mun," said he, "ha' tumbled out here. I couldn't ha' hed my pocket picked, 'cause t' rest are here. She may ha' gotten it," (giving a piercing glance towards Julia,) "but she looks honest, and she's Yorkshire, and a neighbour like. Humph! maybe she's like her father. Bad lot. I shouldn't wonder. One has run away. A precious bad lot. I mun't stop, or I shall tell her she has stolen it, and it's no use to her when stopped. All t'ould woman's fault. I wish t'button had been in t'goit. Nance shall pay for it; she shan't hear t' last on it, sending me out wi' such a shirt; she's doited; but when milk's spilt it's no use greeting, but tak' t' bucket and fin' another cow. But t' lass may be honest, she looks right east down. Trade's bad. I'll ha' my revenge on t' old woman, if this lass knows t' old Bradford cut."

He then gave a side glance to Julia, cocking his head over his shoulder, and bawled out, "It can't be fun'. It's a sad loss. It'll tak' some spinning for, but it won't quite ruin me," here he chuckled, and gave a loud clack with his tongue, as if highly enjoying the joke of such a loss operating towards his ruin, and then continued, "Never heed it, I've gotten t' number, and I'll stop it. Do ye think ye could mak' shirts like this," pulling back his coat and showing the breast of his coarse but well bleached shirt.

"Yes, I could. All linen. Knaresbro' cloth—how many do you want?"

"Oh, mak' a dozen, lass; and," continued he, springing to the door, "let 'em be ready in a month or two. Put stuff enow in 'em."

"But, sir, I must have some measure!"

He looked jerkingly up in the old sparrow way, twitched his mouth very tightly and rapidly, as if

trying to prevent some unwished-for disclosure, bounced to the door, and seemed to be intent on measuring the floor as he plumped out the words—"I knew thy father—a bad lot—spent all t'wife's brass. No matter for that; what it him fits me; charge low; but not less than thou can afford, and t'brass is as safe as the bank." He then bolted out of the shop, and when safely in the street shook his head and muttered, "What an oudl fool—I didn't mean to tell her that—now she'll be wondering who I am—she'll look out for th' advertisement, and be hanging about me. I wont ha' her. She's her father's chick. Bad lot—no gumption about one of 'em. Couln't keep brass when others added it. Lost fifty pund and fun' a relation. The findings's war nor t'loising."

Her eccentric customer left Julia in a state of great perplexity. His reference to her father—the tones of his voice—his knowledge that she had a sister, and of the name of that sister, for, on reflection, Julia was certain that he was the first to refer to Susan—all showed that he had lived in the neighbourhood of her birthplace, and might be even more nearly related to her. She determined that she would not think about these things, until she was at home. She could not afford to indulge in day-dreams; she must not let her thoughts wander from the business before her, and the work she had to do. She sat industriously plying her needle, with longing lookings for the purchasers who would not come, listening to the tide of traffic which rolled so noisily and unceasingly past her door; but no part of which, not so much as the dashing of loose spray, reached the little nook where she sat, thirsting for employment, for gain, not covetously, nor avariciously, but only for that needful gain which might enable her to live, might obtain the sustenance which would let her continue to labour. Day sank until it was lost in the obscurity of the foggy evening, which gradually cut off from her the hope of counting this day among her days of profit, and she welcomed with a feeling of relief the hour of closing, when Miss Manks called to accompany her home.

Miss Manks and Miss Moore were friends of long standing. They had formerly been fellow assistants in the same work-rooms, and they were now fellow-lodgers, Miss Manks being, as she observed, not quite an orphan, but something worse, as her father was living, but had by his irregular life, and by the companions whom he forced upon his daughter, and one of whom he installed in his house, not only rendered home disagreeable to her, but also justified her in leaving it. This took place immediately after Susan went away, when Julia feeling the want of some friendly voice, and the presence of some familiar face to enliven her solitary lodging, offered to share it with Miss Manks, who gladly accepted a proposal which secured her a home at less cost than she could have expected. She was several years younger than Julia, and was a good natured, confiding girl, with a strong tendency to "hero-worship." A phrenologist would have said that there was a morbid development in her head of the organ of veneration. She had little else in character; her reasoning powers were small and

wholly uneducated. She could attach herself strongly to any one in whom she found more firmness of character, and a more practical intellect. It was as natural and as necessary to her to have some one to cling to, as for the ivy or bindweed to twine around a stronger plant, and the result was as graceful. She was pretty, and rather little—pretty in the style of those waxen effigies of humanity, which decorate the windows of artists in hair or clothes—as fair, smooth, and rounded a face, and just as little of expression. A pretty plaything for a good-hearted sister friend; a passing toy for any evil-intentioned and designing pretended friend of the other sex. She was now an assistant in a large mantle and jacket warehouse, not far from Miss Moore's shop, where her services of ten or twelve hours each day were considered to be properly remunerated by the weekly payment of nine shillings, out of which sum her worthy employers, Messrs. Ridge, Bridge, and Widge (who were very liberal contributors to advertised charities), expected her to find food, pay rent, dress well, and keep herself honest and "unspotted from the world." When Miss Moore opened her establishment, Miss Manks looked up to her as to one who had attained to a station far superior to her own, and was enthusiastic in her praises of that establishment to her fellow assistants; and unbounded, on all possible occasions, in her prognostications of the importance to which it would eventually attain.

On the evening in question Miss Manks's first inquiry, on joining Miss Moore, was, as usual, as to the success of the business.

"Any customers to-day, Julia?"

Miss Moore communicated to her very briefly the fact that she had had only one customer, who had not paid for what he purchased. This was said with some asperity, which led Miss Manks to infer that there was something even more unpleasant, which was yet uncommunicated to her; and being unwilling and rather afraid to make further inquiries, she walked on for sometime in silence, hoping that Miss Moore would become more communicative. This, however, she did not appear inclined to do, and few words passed between them during their walk home.

During the evening Miss Moore was very thoughtful and abstracted, and Miss Manks became, in consequence, more curious and desirous of having a full account of the day's occurrences.

"One would think," said she, "to look at you, Julia, that your customer made an impression upon you, and left his bill unpaid as an excuse to call again. Was he a nice man? I suppose I shall be losing you soon. I knew you could not be there long without some one finding you out—you have all the airs of a superior woman."

Miss Moore smiled sadly as she replied: "He did make an impression, Jane, but it was a painful one."

"Oh, I knew there would be quite a tale,—do let me hear it. Did he propose at once? I wish it had been me."

"There's very little of a tale—he came from my own part—he said he knew my father, and he knew of Susan, but he went away before I could ask him more."

"He'll be sure to come again—and take you away."

"Nothing of the kind, you silly girl. It may be all right for you to sigh for a husband, but marrying is not in my way. If even

Might we lasses nobbut go

And sweetheart them we like,

I'd neither sweetheart nor be sweethearted. There'll never be any tale about me. I have a trader's soul, and wish to make money—money for Susan, for she has a lady's heart if ever girl had. She would be happy as a wife. I think I've more of my mother and she of her father. Bentleys were always fond of getting money, and the Moores always knew how to spend it. There's nothing but work for me, and I'm fond of it."

They talked long together, but Julia never alluded to the loss of the note.

Next morning Miss Moore, in looking through her boxes to find something which a customer asked for, found in one of them the missing note. She then remembered that this box was on the counter when the owner of the note paid his first visit, and that immediately after he left she had closed it and put it away.

She hastily concealed the note. As soon as she was alone she spread it out on the counter to examine it. It was, as she had been told, a Bank of England note for fifty pounds. This was to her a large sum, and she was perplexed what to do with it.

She was too poor and too much engrossed with her work to be able or desirous to read the newspapers, and therefore she was ignorant that the morning papers contained advertisements of the loss and offered a reward to the finder of the note. Her experience in life had not been such as to make her acquainted with banking operations, and she was not aware that, on application at any of them, either to pass the note or for information, she would learn to whom it was to be returned; neither did it occur to her to give notice to the police authorities. She was not by nature dishonest, nor had she any wish to do otherwise than to restore it to the owner; but still the possession of it was a temptation and a trouble. It was a burden to her to have the care of it. She was afraid of losing it, and she knew not how to dispose of it with safety. She was not free from more painful thoughts. She had denied having it at the time when it was in her shop, and concealed it, as might seem, with design. She might be suspected of having acted improperly. Even if she now returned it she might be supposed to have done so only from a feeling of remorse or the fear of detection. The stigma of an original intention to retain it might attach to her. She was almost tempted to destroy it lest it should criminate her, but this feeling was instantly checked by the reflection that this would be the wanton destroying of so much money, as well as a wrong to the owner. She could not make up her mind to speak to any one about it. Her morbid anxiety prevented her seeking any advice. She would be silent and wait—wait until the owner again called—and then she would tell him everything, and throw herself upon his mercy. If he never came, then—she would not finish the thought—she thrust it away;

but again and again it would return, and all the day through she was vaguely speculating how she could or might act if he did not come. She found out all possible hiding-places for it, and tried and rejected them one after the other; and when she closed her shop at night she put it in her pocket and took it home with her—she could not part with it. She thought about it all the evening, feeling repeatedly in her pocket to ascertain that it was still there. The confused dreams of her broken sleep were about it, and the advantages which such a sum would give her—what profit might be made out of it before it had to be returned—all gain to her without any loss or injury to any one—suggestions which her waking thoughts put away as dishonest; and yet she never mentioned it to her friend.

(To be continued.)

SONNET FROM PETRARCH.

"Se lamentar angelli o verdi fronde."

THE birds' sad song, the young leaves' rustling play,
In the soft summer air, the hoarser sounds
Of lucid waters as they rush away
Between their verdant flower-enamelled bounds,
Where, lost in Love's sweet phantasies, I lie;
All these—the murmur of bird, leaf, and stream,
Are filled with *her*. To my fond ear and eye
Her voice, her living form, still present seem;
And to my passionate sorrow she replies
In pitying accents from the far-off shore—
"Why dost thou shed such tears from those sad eyes?
Untimely wasting! Weep for me no more.
I died to live; and when life seemed to close,
The dawn of God's eternal day arose." W.

THE STEADY STUDENTS.



WHILE residing in the old town of Lunenburg, I got acquainted with a German doctor of philosophy. To my knowledge he never did any-

thing but smoke, compare the different systems of metaphysics, and collect curious tales; but an honest or more truthful man I never knew; and one evening, as we sat together in his summer-house, he told me the following story:

I got my education at the university, or more properly speaking, the College of Brunswick. My father sent me there because somebody had told him the students' morals were better looked after, and also because we had a second cousin who held the office of notary to the Ducal Court. My father was also notary public to the town council of Lunenburg. He owned a considerable property in the town, which may have helped to make him careful of my principles, for I was his only son and heir.

Like most people of property at the time—it was a few years after the general peace—my father was ultra-loyal to the powers that were, and had a bad opinion of student life, as a school where not only loose practices, but revolutionary opinions might be learned. I know not which was considered the greater evil; but to Brunswick I was sent, placed under the surveillance of my courtly cousin, and appointed to lodge with Frau Subert, a clergyman's widow, famous for early hours, strict accounts, and all sorts of sober house-keeping. Frau Subert's dwelling stood in a quarter which had been built when Brunswick was one of the free cities of Germany, and was now decidedly unfashionable, owing to its distance from the court end. Quiet respectable burghers lived there, and carried on business in old-fashioned shops overhanging by the first floors. The houses had that antiquated yet substantial look common to the most ancient quarters of our German towns. Many of them had been occupied by the same families for five or six generations, and that was the case with Frau Subert's. It had a verse from Luther's bible cut in stone above the front-door; by the way it was in the gable, an outside stair; narrow and pointed windows, and some remains of fortification with which one of her ancestors had strengthened it in the thirty years' war. There the Frau dwelt with her son and daughter, and regularly let three apartments,—one on the first, one on the second, and one on the third floor. The two upper-rooms were occupied before my arrival; the first floor one being the most genteel and expensive, suited a young man who was heir to property in Lunenburg, and had a relation at court; there accordingly my cousin established me, saw that I matriculated properly—advised me to make no acquaintances without consulting him—gave me a solemn invitation to dine at his house on the first Sunday of every month, and left me, as he said, to pursue the path of knowledge. I had a great veneration for rank in those days, and some idea of attaining it by holding on to my cousin's skirts. His advice was therefore followed to the letter. I attended strictly to lectures and classes—eschewed all intimacy with my fellow-students, and magnified myself on the once a month dinner, which came off in the fourth floor of one of the large houses in the court end, where the ducal notary lived with the help of his old and

careful housekeeper, for he had steered clear of the rocks and shoals of matrimony—received his noble clients—awaited the grand duke's commands, and reckoned his own weekly expenses every Saturday night. My entertainment on those great occasions consisted of the pedigrees, connections, and quarterings of the illustrious families whose marriage contracts and settlements he had drawn up, together with such shreds of court-gossip as my prudent cousin thought suitable for my age and position, which I heard with profound attention and treasured up for writing to Caroline. You perceive I had left my heart in Lunenburg with a town-counsellor's eldest daughter. The honest man was blessed with seven girls, but Caroline was the prettiest. We were not yet betrothed, but the affair had been in progress for some six months, partly winked at and partly encouraged by my father, because the town-counsellor had a respectable dowry for each of the seven, and Caroline's godmother had left her a stock of plate and linen besides. Of course we had parted, with vows of eternal constancy, and a surprising number of letters passed between us, but one cannot live on letter-writing and dinners once a month. As I was allowed to make no acquaintances, and go seldom to public amusements, my mind naturally turned to taking notes of Frau Subert's house and its inhabitants.

The Frau herself was a large grey-haired woman, with a face which might have been carved out of Baltic timber, it looked so solid and immovable. Her daughter was her counterpart, some twenty years younger; her son was a masculine edition of them both, and served in a neighbouring shop, while they conducted domestic affairs. The nearest of my fellow-lodgers was a tall stooping man whom I never saw in any costume but a dressing gown and slippers. He had been a physician in high fashion when Brunswick formed part of the kingdom of Westphalia; but having come out strong for King Jerome and French domination, he lost place and practice when the province changed hands; lived quietly to escape police notice on a very small income saved out of the wreck of his good fortune, and being naturally an easy, intelligent man, I found him a pleasant, chatty companion. He was not in the list of proscribed acquaintances. Having taken the precaution to change his name, the doctor's antecedents were matters unknown to my courtly cousin; he and I equally wanted somebody to converse with, and from our first meeting on the stair we became familiar friends. It was the doctor who first interested me in the lodgers above. They were two young students of my college. Collegium Carolinum is the proper name of the institution in which I matriculated. I had noticed them in the class-room, for both were singularly handsome, though of such different types that one could scarcely believe they were brothers, which they had stated they were. The eldest was a tall, powerful man—moulded like the Greek Hercules—with jet black hair, a beard to match, and a brave high spirit flashing at times from his eyes. The other was a slender youth, tall in proportion, but many an inch below his brother. His face

and figure were cast in a mould too fine to be manly; he had a fair and delicate complexion, soft blue eyes, and hair the colour of the ripe corn.

There must have been six or seven years between their ages, yet the eldest did not look more than twenty-three, which is reckoned young in our northern Germany. They appeared in the college-roll as Henry and Hubert Hessing, natives of Hanover, but their accent was not of it or the adjoining provinces. Early in the preceding year they had come strangers to the city and matriculated. From that time their conduct had been so orderly and blameless—their application so steady and untiring—as to gain the special notice and praise of all the professors. They were advanced students, and both had taken honours, but in different departments. The eldest excelled in logic and mathematics,—the youngest in history and belles lettres; but my cousin might have set them before me as examples of avoiding acquaintances. Their fellow-students knew as little of them now as when they first came to college. They gave no offence, but declined all advances; even the Professors' invitations—given by way of reward and encouragement—were modestly but decidedly refused. They were evidently satisfied with each other's company, for no one ever saw them separate. In club, ball-room, or theatre, they were never seen, and seemed to have no amusement but taking long walks into the country and reading old books, for which they ransacked all the libraries in town.

There was something about the Hessings which kept impertinence at a distance. Sensible people concluded that such resolute reserve could spring only from pride, and left them to their chosen solitude. The doctor and I were solitary, too, but not from choice; the hum of talk or reading—the low laughter which came from their room as we sat by our evening fires, made us wish to know more of them. The doctor thought Frau Subert did—he had seen her show them extraordinary deference for lodgers in the third floor—and heard her speak in an earnest confidential tone to the eldest, but could never catch a word. One might as well hope to get intelligence out of the Holstein cheese she brought up every morning, as from Frau Subert. There was no getting the woman into a chat, beyond the state of the weather and the arrangements for breakfast and dinner, she had no conversation, and her daughter was, if possible, less communicative.

Nevertheless, we were to be acquainted. I had shown the Hessings' sundry small civilities on the way to and from college, yet so as to let them see I did not mean to intrude; when, returning home one evening in the twilight, I heard somebody slip on the stair, and was just in time to stop the youngest of the steady students in a descent more rapid than safe. His brother was on the spot in a moment,—both thanked me, and I pressed them into my room to see if the boy was hurt. To my great surprise and pleasure they accepted the invitation. Hubert had got a slight scratch by coming in contact with one of the steps. It was a

great opportunity for the doctor, he had a supply of court plaster—in short, from that hour, we and the Hessings became friendly—spent our evenings in each other's rooms—exchanged books and sometimes arguments. They were agreeable companions, silent on no subject but their own history, of which we never heard a syllable, thoroughly good-natured and perfectly well-bred. There was a remarkable similarity of tastes and opinions between them; though more than liberal on all points, they seemed to regard life only with the scholar's eyes in which to gather knowledge and live quietly is the sum of good. Their attachment appeared to us both strong and strange. It did not proclaim itself in overt words and actions, but the whole tenor of their lives proved that they loved, and could not live without each other.

Knowing that the court notary had ways and means of making out my doings, and also that my new acquaintances neither sang songs nor made speeches about Fatherland, I thought proper to mention them at the most convenient of the monthly dinners. It was seldom that any guest but myself partook of those entertainments; but, on this occasion, there was a Russian gentleman who spoke German well, and took such an agreeable interest in the account of my fellow-lodgers, that he drew me out considerably, and I think contributed to my cousin's approval of the intimacy, his remarks having uncommon weight, for he was private secretary to the Princess Woriskow.

Her excellency was related to the Imperial family of Russia, and in great friendship with the reigning Madame Krudener. She was also connected with most of the German courts, and now on a tour of visits among them, some said doing a little diplomatic business on the hints which Kotzebue and Co. had forwarded to the Winter Palace. The exertions of those gentlemen, seconded by our native princes, were then bringing Germany, as near as possible, to the state of a Russian province, and all Brunswick felt sure that the Princess Woriskow was doing her share of the work at the Ducal court.

The private secretary had been twenty years in her service. His name was Karlowitz—a regular Russian—with the Tartar face, small cunning eyes and powerful frame, a great amount of external polish, and an ability to become anything which the time, the company, or the business required. The experience I have since gathered convinces me that he had picked up acquaintance with the notary to get some knowledge of his courtly transactions, and my respected cousin was so flattered by the attentions, and so proud of having a princess's private secretary at his table, that Karlowitz was always there when not in better society, and to my own glorification, I began to be more frequently invited, too. It was first every second, and then every Sunday. I knew my promotion was owing to the Russian,—he had evidently raised me many degrees in my cousin's esteem, and he now took me into his friendship, professed a great regard for me, and generally walked with me part of the way home. I could not help noticing in these solitary walks,

that his conversation invariably turned on the princess the moment we got into the street. He told me what large estates she had in Courland—what magnificent diamonds she possessed—what royal and imperial connections she could reckon, and what immense patronage was at her command.

"She saw you last night at the theatre," he said, with a very knowing look, as we reached our usual parting-place one Sunday evening.

"Well, some young men are lucky if they can only be wise. Be at the opera to-morrow evening—wear this in your button-hole, on the left remembrance, and keep your own counsel."

Before I had recovered from my astonishment far enough to speak, Karlowitz was gone, leaving in my fingers a small bouquet of artificial snowdrops, so perfectly finished that any one would have taken them for natural, though the flowers had not yet come, for it was December, and Brunswick was busy with its Christmas balls and plays.

The Princess Woriskow concerning whose doings and diamonds all Brunswick was talking, in whose honour fêtes and dinners abounding in etiquette had been given at the palace, and the stiffest of court-operas was about to be performed at the theatre, taking such an extraordinary interest in me. It was enough to turn the head of a more experienced student. I went to bed that night without writing to Caroline. All through my dreams and through the next day's classes, "be at the opera to-morrow evening" sounded in my ears, and the artificial snowdrops danced before my eyes. Well, I went to the opera in my best attire and airs, not forgetting the said snowdrops. There was a blaze of fashion, if not of beauty—courts seldom turn out much of that article—but I looked only at the dual-box. There sat the princess superbly clothed in velvet, lace, and diamonds; placed between their serene highnesses the grand duke and duchess, but remarkably like her secretary, with the variation of blacker hair—by-the-by, they said it was a wig—and paint both red and white laid on with no sparing hand. Yet my heart beat quickly when—their serene highnesses being occupied with the piece—her glass was directed right upon me, and the princess smiled most graciously. At safe intervals, throughout the performance, I never could recollect what opera it was, the glance and smile were bestowed. Karlowitz gave me a look of mingled congratulation and warning as the cortège withdrew. The castle in Courland and the town-house in Petersburg, which he had so fully described, appeared to be places within the probable bounds of my travels, and I went home with the feelings of the shepherd who had slept on the hill-side and awoke in fairy-land.

Caroline wrote rather pettishly in the course of that week to know why she had not a letter, but my reply was a note of hurried grandeur. Christmas Eve was kept as a sort of Carnival by the young and gay portion of the Brunswickers—it fell on the Saturday after my opera night, and when leaving college on the preceding evening a link-boy handed me a billet which I read at the nearest street lamp, and it ran thus:

Some men are lucky if they can be wise. Be at the Winter Garden at seven to-morrow evening, in a black mask and domino, look out for a Russian officer of Hussars, and believe in your good fortune.

I did believe, as what man at twenty would not. Our winter garden was a greenhouse on a large scale, with the plants arranged so as to form parterres and alleys; there was a salon attached, where balls and concerts were held, and a number of retired pavilions where friends had talk and refreshments. I was there in mask and domino half an hour before the time. There were many in similar guises straying about the flowers and arbours, but at length I saw the Russian officer beckoning to me from the entrance of one of the most shaded bowers. I still believe, though I cannot prove it to myself, that the hussar was none other than the princess. The disguise was perfect; there was no mask worn, but a red beard which would have done honour to the taste of any Cossack; the black wig had been exchanged for a crop of the same colour cut in the most approved style of the north.

"Come in," he said: the voice was scarcely deep enough for a hussar, but had that hard metallic ring which I have never heard from good or honest people. "Come in; I want to hear your opinion of my uniform. How does it fit?—should you like to wear it? But I suppose you could not leave Fatherland, or trust yourself in Russia; yet who knows what promotion a clever young man might come to there."

"I don't understand you," said I, taking the seat to which he directed me by his side.

"Of course you don't; but I understand you. You are a steady student who mind your studies, keep out of clubs and mischief, and have such a nice circle of your own in Frau Subert's rooms, with that sensible old doctor and those clever young men in the third floor. Well, there are people in palaces who envy those snug social evenings of yours," and the Russian sighed like the wind through an old house. "If one of them stole in some night, would you let him warm himself at your fire?"

"A stranger should always get the best seat," said I.

Sensibly spoken; but would the stranger get it? And my new friend proceeded in the same halting, half-serious strain, showing a surprising knowledge of my life and society at Frau Subert's, and drawing out further information by well-directed questions. I observed, not at the time, but afterwards, that he made many sidelong inquiries regarding the young men in the third floor; and when, in answer to some of them, I mentioned that we had arranged to spend New Year's Eve together in my room, he promptly responded.

"I'll put your hospitality to the test that night. Your landlady is, doubtless, too prudent to admit strangers without question, but you will wear this," and he drew from his waistcoat a magnificent diamond pin. "And when a stranger comes inquiring how it suits you, have him shown in at once."

I protested against accepting such a costly present, but he rose, saying:

"Nonsense, you'll wear it for my sake; but don't follow me."

His command was obeyed, the pin went home with me, yet somehow I felt uncomfortable in the prospect of his visit. If it really were her Excellency, she had taken a strange fancy for seeing me at home, which, flattering as it was, I could have dispensed with. My friends were to be kept in the dark, of that I had been warned more than was necessary, for the secret involved a princess, and who that has lived under the small German courts does not know the danger of discovering such tales; but they would be present, and must get some explanation. So I wore the diamond-pin, and manufactured a story about winning it by a wager with a masker in the winter garden on Christmas Eve.

Before they were done admiring my jewel, the last night of the year arrived. I believe my arrangements for the supper rather astonished Frau Subert; but she set all down to the luxury and extravagance which we Hanoverians are supposed to have learned by our connection with England. We were all assembled, the Doctor, the two Hessings, and myself—a small but cheerful company. I had kept back every appearance of expectation, and the supper was progressing, when about the time that the select dinner-party given that evening at the palace might have terminated, there was a ring at the door-bell, and the Frau's daughter came up with the fact, that a gentleman had called to know how the pin suited me.

"Show him in," said I. "Now you'll see a regular Russian."

Before my companions had time to ask a question on the subject, the officer of hussars was in the room, looking exactly as I saw him in the winter garden, and with a general bow to the company, and acknowledgment of my flurried welcome, he took his seat among us, made a few polite observations on the contrast between the frosty night without and our warm cheerful room, which seemed to set everybody at his ease except Hubert Hessing, and I could not help noticing the look of terrible recollection which passed over the boy's face as he spoke. The Russian noticed nothing, looked at nobody, but addressing himself to me, said he happened to be in my part of the town, and could not resist the temptation of calling to see me and my friends, talked of our meeting in the garden in such a vague and easy manner, that my company could make nothing of it, but declined to join us at supper, saying he had agreed to meet a party in the theatre; gave me a grim smile at the door, to which I accompanied him, and walked away with a servant wonderfully like Karlowitz. My company were informed that was the gentleman from whom I won the diamond-pin, and that I believed he was an officer in the Duke's Guard, who chose to masquerade in the Russian uniform. This satisfied them all, and the rest of the evening passed merrily. Hubert recovered from that sudden attack of memory, and seemed more light of heart than I had ever seen the grave and gentle boy before. We sat to see the New Year in, drank his welcome, and parted in high spirits and friendship.

Early next morning I had a note from my cousin inviting not only myself but the doctor to dinner,

which the prudent notary explained by informing me that the princess's secretary had taken a great interest in my friend, and was to meet him that day at his house. The doctor had not many invitations. He accepted at once, and we went; but no secretary appeared till the dinner was almost spoiled, and then the notary received a message to the effect that her Excellency was indisposed, and he was obliged to remain in attendance. When we returned home in the evening, Frau Subert met us with a face of despair; the commissary of

police had sent a company of his familiars to her house an hour after our departure, who arrested the two Hessings with all their goods and papers, and carried them off to the police office. The honest woman said she knew not why or wherefore; but all our endeavours to comfort or quiet her were fruitless: she went about the house wringing her hands and crying, so unlike her usual composed ways, that we felt sure she had some part or lot in that matter. Still it was not possible that the Hessings could have been guilty



of any crime. I hurried to the office of the commissary to do a friend's part, as the doctor did not care for venturing into that locality. The only answer I could obtain was, that I must return on the following day, for business was not to be talked of on Sunday, and on applying next morning, I was told that the Hessings were Russian subjects, and had been arrested on a serious accusation; that they were now in the hands of the Russian authorities, and my most prudent course was to keep clear of the business. Nevertheless, in my folly and friendship I thought of the prin-

cess. Might not her Excellency be induced to use her powerful influence in behalf of the friends she had seen with me at supper, and talked of in the winter garden. I forthwith despatched a most moving petition, together with a letter to Karlowitz, to secure his good offices, but both were returned to me unopened the same evening, and the Brunswick papers announced that her Excellency and suite had left the palace *en route* for St. Petersburg.

It was now clear even to myself that I had been flattered and duped for some purpose involving

the poor Hessings. The doctor never got the whole story out of me, though he often returned to the charge concerning the pin and the hussar. I believe it was those inexplicable circumstances which made him withdraw from my society, and Frau Subert gave me to understand that she would prefer another lodger. The whole business was disagreeable. I changed my quarters, and in the following season my college too, having got my father's leave to study at Gottingen—but that was not all. As my visions of the palace in Petersburg and the castle in Courland melted away, Caroline resumed her empire over my heart, but in answer to my returning homage, she sent me a brief note to request back her letters, and assure me that we were not suited to each other. She married the town clerk of Laueburg in the course of the following summer, and my heart did not break, but I'm a bachelor as you see, and have been a great enemy to princesses and all belonging to them ever since.

Years passed. My father died and left me his property. I had travelled in Europe, and Asia, met with some adventures, made many acquaintances, but never got news or explanation regarding my lost friends. At last I settled in the capital of Hanover for some time, and at a coffee house there, chanced to meet a French physician in considerable repute among the rich and idle inhabitants of that particularly dull town. He had been with his country's army in the Russian campaign, escaped the frost by falling into the hands of the enemy, made himself professionally useful, and was detained in Russia for years. What reason he had for keeping out of the territories of the restored Bourbon I never learned; but he spoke German better than most of his countrymen ever can. He was solitary, and so was I; our acquaintance ripened rapidly, and in the course of it, I discovered that part of his Russian experience had been acquired in the service of the Princess Woriskow, to whom he had been handed over by one of her noble relations, who happened to be a general officer, as her Excellency's physician. My friend had resided in the castle of my early dreams, knew Karlowitz well; and one evening when we were particularly confidential over some capital Moselle, I took courage to tell him my story in hopes of some light on the Hessings' share of it. The doctor listened with a series of silent gesticulations, as if to give his feelings vent.

"Oh! you German goose," said he, when I had finished; "Monsieur will excuse the familiarity of a friend. Did you not see that the Princess and her secretary were making an instrument of you to identify and secure those unfortunate young people? Listen; when I lived at her Excellency's castle, in Courland, she had in her guardianship a boy and girl, whose parentage was kept a profound secret. Some said they were the last descendants of the Jagellons; some, that they were the grandchildren of the second Duke de Biren, which account was favoured by the fact that they bore his family name. All parties agreed in the statement that they were heirs to a duchy, though it could not be settled whether the rightful inheritance was Courland or Lithuania; and that the Russian

Government had sound reasons for keeping fast hold of them. The Princess had got them into her keeping; why, I cannot tell; except that her family had got a large share of the ducal lands in both provinces, and she stood in high favour with the keeper of the imperial conscience, Madame Krudener. Wherever the Princess went, the boy and girl went with her. It was said, she never lost sight of them for twenty-four hours together. As became their descent, both were beautiful; but the boy was evidently imbecile, while the girl had fine intellects, and a remarkable bent to learning. Her Excellency, doubtless for some politic reason, did not think proper to notice this difference in her wards. She was in the habit of boasting that they received a superior education under her management, and for that purpose there was kept among her retinue a young German, named Henrich Von Eslar. I know not how he came into the service, but being a well-bred, handsome young man, with a good deal of scholarship, and some accomplishments, he acted as teacher to both boy and girl; for the Princess never would employ a governess, it being a maxim with her, that such women were always prying. Von Eslar was civil to me, though I could not speak German then; what I know of the language was picked up in Courland, where it is the aristocratic tongue. All I ever learned of his antecedents was, that he belonged to a reduced family, and had been brought up by an uncle, who was a Lutheran clergyman, somewhere in the north of Germany. At all events, the young gentleman seemed on the high road to fortune, if he had been wise enough to keep it. It was whispered that her Excellency had a more than commendable partiality for the instructor of her wards, but unluckily his fancy went another way. One morning, neither he nor Mademoiselle de Biren could be found; and though the Princess spared neither time nor money upon it, her search failed to discover the place of their retreat. One thing, however, was ascertained, though not for her consolation. In the register of the poorest church of Liebau, the marriage of the pair was duly recorded as having been celebrated three days after their flight; but, fortunately for himself, the clergyman who performed the ceremony was quietly sleeping in the churchyard, and the clerk had run away to Sweden, before that entry was discovered. Yet she made them out, my friend, through your little adventure in Brunswick. The stars were not propitious when they directed you to lodge with the young man's relation, as I hold Frau Subert was; to mention your fellow lodgers before Karlowitz; and to receive that keen eyed visitor in the hussar's uniform, determined to identify her prey. What will not a woman do for jealousy and revenge? Their mode of concealment was unique and clever, but neither you nor I will ever learn their fate, and that pin is paste," said the doctor, twirling round the evidence of my folly in his fingers; to which I can add only that his verdict was confirmed by a jeweller next day, and his prediction has been fulfilled to the letter, for I have never since obtained trace or intelligence of The Steady Students.

LAST WEEK.

THE Emperor of the French has just shown himself infinitely superior in statesmanship and intelligence to the courtiers whom he has hitherto used rather as the instruments of his policy than as his counsellors and colleagues. For some nine years past France has been dumb. For nine years that great country which has contributed so much to the intellectual life of Europe has been struck with the curse of sterility in this respect. What has become of all the great speakers, and writers, and lawyers, and dramatists, and actors, and painters, who exercised so great an influence upon the thoughts, and who so much guided the taste of the human race? Without stopping to inquire whether in all instances this authority was exercised for good—the great intellectual stir and hubbub were a fact. But for nine years, with some inconsiderable exceptions, such as the work of M. E. About upon the Roman Question, there has not been a historical or political publication from the Paris press which has been spoken of in the capitals of other lands. If we make exception of an impure work or two, which had better remain unnamed, there has not for nine years been a work of fiction produced by French writers which deserves the name. What has become of Thiers, Guizot, Barante, Thierry, and of those who should have succeeded them when the hand of death had fallen upon any of the illustrious band? Balzac is gone; Dumas the elder has turned buffoon; Charles de Bernard, the most graceful of French novelists, will write no more pendants to the *Femme de Quarante Ans*; but where are those legions of busy pens which used day by day to contribute so largely to the amusement of France and of Europe? Lamartine writes no more "Reveries;" Victor Hugo seems to have hung up for ever one of the two only lyres which ever vibrated to French song. Even upon the stage Rachel, Bouffé, Déjazet, have left no successors. The great race of French painters has died out; and, with the exception, perhaps, of Rosa Bonheur, who is there to follow in the footsteps of Paul Delaroche, of Ary Scheffer, of Gudin in his prime? Music, too, that soft art which tyrants love, seems to have died an unnatural death in Paris. The pulpit and the bar have been reduced to equal silence, if we make honourable exception of two or three efforts made by members of the Parisian bar, at the risk of their own fortunes—perhaps of their personal liberty. They went down to plead, as our own great constitutional lawyers did in London in the arbitrary days of the First Charles or the Second James—true to the tradition of their order, and to their own dignity—whatever might be the cost. Of political eloquence the less said the better. The condition of Louis Napoleon's power has been that he must consign all French orators to the lock-up, or drive them out of a country which they might animate to moral resistance, if not to armed rebellion.

Now the small men whom the French Emperor has been compelled to use as the tools of his policy hitherto have not, as their Master has, the intelligence to comprehend that you cannot kill, though you may stamp under foot for a while, the intellectual energy of such a country as

France. The cuckoo cry of all tyrants great or small,—Francis-Joseph, now of Austria, or Squire Western, late of Somersetshire, has always been material well-being for the working classes—but against intellectual struggles—war to the knife! What does a man want more than a belly-full of victuals, and a kind master? It was not so long since in our island there were not wanting buzzards—Honourable Buzzards, too, duly girt with swords as Knights of Shires—who were not ashamed to say that Education was a country's curse. We—for our parts—have done with human folly in that kind, but it is just in the same spirit that the Mornys and Walewskis of France have counselled the Emperor to maintain the Imperial ban against Genius and Intellect. Louis Napoleon knows better. Shakspeare's Moor pauses by the lamp in Desdemona's death-room.

Put out the light—and then—put out the light!
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister, &c.

It is one thing to extinguish a lamp, and another to kill for ever that vital spark by virtue of which the eye sees—the ear hears—the brain understands—the heart thrills with sorrow or joy. Louis Napoleon, too, has paused for a time before his lamp—how dim it now is!—which represents the genius of the French nation—but he has arrived at a happier conclusion than the Moor. The parallel, to be sure, will not hold throughout, for in the war—had war à l'outrance been declared between Cæsar and his legions, on the one side, and that little flame on the other, the flame would have conquered in the long run. Louis Napoleon has had the sense to perceive this. Count Morny offers the extinguisher with a grin.

Amidst the signs of the times which may be looked to with reasonable confidence, here is one. Whenever Louis Napoleon is about to do anything, or to enter upon any course of policy which is really for the good of France, he sends for Count Persigny. Whenever he intends an act, or a course of policy which makes the judicious grieve, the first thing is to get Count Persigny out of the way. This Count Persigny is a Frenchman to the heart's core, which is his praise. He is a Bonapartist by political conviction, and who shall blame him for sticking fast to his party? More than this, he is a personal adherent of the present French Emperor, tried and found faithful through years of penny and adversity. Thus he has earned the right to speak out, and he does speak out. If Louis Napoleon never heard a word of truth from the lips of any other man, he would hear it from Count Persigny. The late French Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, and actual Minister for the Home Department at Paris, has shown that neither by threats nor by favour, neither by appeals to his fidelity, nor by apprehensions for his own future, can he be induced to give the sanction of his name to a course of policy which he deems injurious to the Emperor, and the Imperial cause. Louis Napoleon knows this, and he knows the value of the man. Neither Count Persigny nor any one else can be said to possess absolute influence over Louis Napoleon in last resort, if his mind were once made up; but in the

making of it up, Persigny's advice, no doubt, counts for much. It may be taken as a great guarantee of the Emperor's sincerity, that at so critical a time he has entrusted the direction of his domestic policy to Count Persigny. There is harmony between the measures announced, and the man who has been appointed to carry them into effect.

This resolution of Louis Napoleon's—independently of its influence upon the future fortunes of the French nation—has a direct and positive bearing upon the results of the time. To us, subjects of the British Queen, it is all important, because it is a pledge of peace. We shrink from an armed contest with France, not because we are under the influence of any unworthy apprehensions, nor that we have any reason to dread the issue of the contest more than our forefathers had, but because we know what the inevitable result of such a war must be. The records of Europe are there to show that during eight centuries England and France have attacked each other under many forms, and with alliances of various kinds; and after years of struggle, and misery, and bloodshed, each nation has remained just where it was as regards the other—but not so far advanced in wealth and civilisation as it would have been had the swords remained in the scabbards. What has been, will be—all Armstrong guns, rifled cannon, steam-rams, Minié and Enfield rifles, Cherbours and Portsmouths to the contrary notwithstanding. This nation or that might acquire a slight preponderance at the outset of a contest—it is probable enough that such momentary preponderance would not be in favour of England—but after a few years or months of fighting, and when each nation had brought its full strength into play, there would be little indeed—save slaughter—to show on either side in the way of gain. Therefore it is that all Englishmen of the present generation, who have outlived the first hot fervour of their youth, are anxious to avoid the renewal of struggles which have cost so much, and led to so little. Nor if we had it in our power to ensure the destruction of France, ought we to wish it.

The human race would not be the gainers if the continent of Europe were handed over to the stupid despotism of Austrian officers, nor to the guardianship of the Prussian police, as that notable institution is worked out by the Hinckeldeys and Stiebers of Berlin. We may go further, and say with perfect confidence that no Englishman of common intelligence does desire to see the nation engaged in war with France. The danger is all from the other side—and the danger mainly consists in this, that, from that second day of December on which Louis Napoleon seized the reins of empire with so firm a grasp even until now, the armed force and military energy of France have been at the disposal of a single man, and that man the most sober of speech, the most impenetrable in design, of whom we have had knowledge in these modern days. All the mischief might have fermented in the laboratory of a single brain. The first intelligence we should have received of the attack would have been that the expedition was about to set out, if we had been fortunate; that it had arrived at its destination, if we had at all relaxed in our vigilance

and suspicions. What had we in which we could trust but the bare word of the man who invited the Deputies to an entertainment at the Elysée on the very night which he had assigned for their arrest?—who had loudly declared that he was not prepared for war at the very moment when he was about to cover Lombardy with his legions, and to make trial upon the Austrians of his new and formidable artillery? We might indeed suppose that a ruler who has given proof of such strong sense as Louis Napoleon has done would not, save as a last desperate throw for empire, rush into a contest with England—but the calculations even of prudent men are sometimes mistaken.

In a word, all was mystery and darkness, and so it must have remained, had not the French nation been once more admitted to the privilege of self-government. Either the resolutions announced are a sham—in which case nothing is done—or the privilege of parliament at Paris will develop itself into its natural consequences. Freedom of debate means publication of debates. The publication of debates means the liberty of the press, and the liberty of the press means that a nation dwells in a glass-house, very much to their own advantage and to the advantage of their neighbours. If Louis Napoleon is honestly backed by the support of the great French statesmen, who have declined all share in the administration of public affairs since the *coup d'état*, the parliamentary system may again be established in France. They have the experience of the Past before them. They have seen to what deplorable consequences the abuse of parliamentary privilege, and of the liberty of the press, led during the years 1830-48,—are they willing again to try the event? Whilst Louis Napoleon lives and reigns, France can scarcely be a constitutional country—that is to say, a country where the sovereign is a state-cypher, and the minister a creature of a parliamentary majority. But if Berryer, Thiers, Guizot, in their old age, and other considerable French statesmen who have been too long under eclipse, would lend the Emperor their assistance to build up once more a parliamentary system more in accordance with the genius of the French people than the one which degenerated so speedily into mere licentiousness of speech and writing, happy would the day be for France, and for Europe! It must not, however, be supposed that Louis Napoleon would tolerate any form of parliamentary government which would give to individuals, or to parties, the power of conspiring against his throne or dynasty, or of animating the country to any serious resistance to his authority. Should it ever come to this, there is a 2nd of December in the calendar of every year!

It has been suggested that a minor and secondary object which the French Emperor has in view is to obtain the sanction of a free Chamber, which should in some degree represent the country, to the measures which he may deem necessary for his own extrication from the Italian—mainly, from the Roman difficulty. There may be truth in this. An inference may fairly be drawn from the juxta-position of events when such a man as Louis Napoleon is concerned. The position in which he is placed at Rome seems to us untenable

at the present moment, and the present moment is the one he has chosen for the summoning of a Chamber which may possess some claim to independent thought. He can scarcely, in the long run, persist in undoing at Rome, and in its immediate neighbourhood, the work which he did so well, and at the cost of so much French blood and treasure, in the north of Italy. He who has done so much to free the Italians from the Austrian yoke, must find himself but awkwardly placed if he remains one of the two great obstacles to the complete independence of the Peninsula. Arguing from the tortuous policy which he pursued with reference to Nice and Savoy, it has been supposed that he would never be brought to give his consent to the entire liberation from foreign influence, and to the consolidation of Italy as a strong and united kingdom, unless he were to obtain for France considerable territorial aggrandizement down about Genoa—in the island of Sardinia, or elsewhere; and no doubt both his past and present policy lay him open to such a suspicion. At the same time, it is difficult to suppose that a man who has shown himself possessed of so much foresight and prudence, should not discern that the inevitable result of such an acquisition of territory—so played for, and so won—would be that the cabinets of Europe would be drawn into a coalition against him, and that his isolation in Europe would be the price which he must pay for his gain of territory. Such a consideration might well give pause, even to a ruler of so firm a mind.

As the aspect of affairs stands at present, Louis Napoleon may still rest upon the friendship and alliance of England; and as long as France and England remained united, no French sovereign has ever yet been driven from his throne. Louis XVI. quarrelled with us about our American colonies;—his end—poor soul!—was tragical enough. Napoleon Bonaparte maintained a duel to the death with us for years—the end of his life was occupied in dictating the history of this contest at Longwood. Louis Philippe, after many years of ostentatious friendship, preferred the policy of Louis XIV. to that which had been the inspiration of his own common sense. He indulged himself in dreams of power in the Spanish Peninsula; and, as has been since pretty well ascertained, he was actually preparing for hostilities against this country when he was overtaken by the days of February. He invaded this country in person, landing one morning at Newhaven upon the Sussex coast. He died amongst us, and his children remain under the protection of our laws, and of our Government. We cannot conquer France; but it seems to be historically proved, that despite of all their expressions of national antipathy, the French people themselves will, in the long run, drive from power any one of their sovereigns who involves them in hostilities with the British Islands. The lessons of history are scarcely thrown away upon Louis Napoleon.

A true and cordial alliance with this country is to him a far better guarantee for the security of his dynasty, than an acquisition of territory which, if inconsiderable, would be of no great use to him, if considerable, would stir up against him

the jealousies and animosities of Europe, with England at their head.

The assent of a Chamber would be all important for the success of any measures which the French Emperor might deem it necessary to take for the evacuation of the Patrimony of St. Peter, and still more so, if he should have it in contemplation to bring about the secession of the Gallican Church from strict allegiance to the Roman See. The time chosen for so considerable a change in his policy as the restoration of free speech to the Chamber, coupled with the existing anomalies of his position at Rome, and with the annoyances he is now receiving from his own clergy, may lead one to the conclusion that he is about to invoke the assistance of the nation to help him out of the difficulty. But this is guesswork. We must see further into matters before we venture to accept the suggestion as more than a probable one. This summoning of the French Chamber—this tardy appeal to the French people, is certainly the most important event of LAST WEEK.

In all other respects the situation of affairs upon the continent of Europe remains unchanged. Cialdini has begun the bombardment of Gaëta, the young ex-King still lingers in the citadel, and the Pope remains at Rome. Hungary, indeed, by the latest accounts, is far more incensed than ever at the last attempt made by the Imperial Court to deprive her of the last rag of her liberties under the name of concession. The Hungarians refuse to pay the taxes, and the Austrians threaten to place the rebellious provinces at once in a state of siege, so that what between Hungary and Venetia, Francis Joseph seems to have business enough on hand for the ensuing winter and spring. But our domestic chronicles during the LAST WEEK have not been so devoid of interest as for some time past. We have had a *cause célèbre* in the trial of the cause Dent v. Denison, which was tried before Sir Cresswell Cresswell and a special jury down at Westminster last week. We have had a ludicrous attempt over in Ireland to galvanise the old Repeal Agitation into something like fresh vitality. Finally, in a letter from Lord Ebury to the Editor of the "Times," we have seen the discussion with reference to the best means of alleviating the miseries of our suffering Poor in London during the ensuing winter brought to a head. Of these three subjects the last is the only one of real importance—the other two only deserve to take their place amongst the follies of the day. A certain section of the Irish people, and more particularly a certain section of the Irish members, cannot be brought to understand why the patronage of the Treasury and of the Government is not more particularly exercised in their behalf, as in the good old days when Ireland was a source of serious uneasiness to British statesmen, and when Daniel O'Connell used to work up the Irish peasantry as fine raw material for his own political purposes. They have accordingly, under the chivalrous guidance of The O'Donoghue, sounded the first notes of a fresh Repeal Agitation. O'Connell, with all his gigantic aptitudes for the business he had taken in hand, miserably failed in carrying it

through. The glories of Smith O'Brien were eclipsed for ever in the cabbage-garden of Balin-garry; his colleague, O'Meagher of the Sword, having previously retired from the scene at Lime-rick under the influence of a nervous attack. The days have fled for ever when the Irish Brass Band in the House of Commons could command their price for silence as regularly as a troop of German musicians are accustomed to levy black-mail on a peaceful neighbourhood as the consideration for "moving on." Perhaps the death of John Sad-leir, a man who had a real head for political combinations, was the event which extinguished the last hope of the impudent political adventurers who trafficked in their country's name for their own personal advantage. John Sadleir might have organised an Irish Party which would have enabled him to deal with the Government face to face—but that hope perished one misty morning on Hampstead Heath, when the lifeless body of that keen-witted schemer was found by a passing labourer near where the donkeys usually stand.

There is little danger now to the country from the union of a Rump of Irish members in the Lower House, ready to sell their votes to the highest bidder. A political chief who had bargained for the support of such a band, would incur so much indignation from the country that his own lease of power would be brought to a speedy conclusion. The British Empire can no longer be governed by a combination between the representatives of a dozen, or even of a score, obscure Irish constituencies. Of Irish agitation there is an end, because it no longer represents a truth. If Irishmen, in the absence of any true grievances, should still remain of opinion that they do not enjoy that share in the government of the country to which they are entitled, they would do well to hold a conference with the First Minister of the British Crown—a countryman of their own—upon the point. Perhaps the abolition of the useless and vulgar pageantry in Dublin would be the best answer to this new cry. Lord Palmerston and his colleagues may justly congratulate themselves that they have held the balance with so even a hand in the administration of Irish affairs, that they have equally incurred the displeasure of the extreme Papist, and of the extreme Orange faction. A good word from either would have exposed them to the suspicion of the empire.

The story of Mr. Edmund Beckett Denison, and of his pertinacious fight for a legacy of 45,000*l.*, was certainly a curious episode in the intelligence of LAST WEEK. Here we find a gentleman of acknowledged ability and position, to say the least of it, so dead to all delicacy and propriety of feeling, that he absolutely prepared, with his own hand the draught of a will for the late Mr. Frederick Dent—the well-known watchmaker—added his own name as executor with full powers, leaving a blank for the insertion of the name of the residuary legatee. The name of Edmund Beckett Denison was subsequently inserted as such residuary legatee, and under the bequest—had it taken effect—he would have become entitled to the sum of 45,000*l.* The disposal of so large a sum in Mr. Denison's favour would have been to the

injury of Mr. Dent's own mother, and of others—his close relations. On the 1st of April Mr. Dent revoked the will, by causing it to be torn in his presence; and on the 25th of the same month he died. It was admitted that, on the 10th of March, Mr. Dent was of competent understanding to make a will. The question for the jury was, whether, on the 1st of April, he was equally of competent understanding to give directions for its destruction? The jury, after a very few minutes' consultation, found a verdict in favour of the plaintiff, Mrs. Dent, the mother of the deceased, and thus the family have not been despoiled of the property for the benefit of a stranger.

The third subject named is one which at the present season of the year is very properly attracting a large share of attention. As many of us as are blessed with the comforts of a cheerful fire-side, of warm clothing, and of abundant food, must not forget that in this huge town of London there are thousands and thousands of miserable creatures who are not so utterly and absolutely destitute that they will consent to apply for admission to the public workhouses, and who yet are suffering all but the extremities of human misery. Political Economy bids us leave such unfortunate persons to their fate—Humanity refuses to comply with the stern direction. Some persons are opposed to the granting of any relief save such as is doled out from the public funds; others, of softer feelings, are for giving almost indiscriminate relief. If we were absolutely compelled to make our election between the economists and the philanthropists, the more merciful course to the poor would probably be to cast in our lot even with the sternest devotees of the Poor Law. Should any such project as the one which has been talked about for the last few weeks ever take effect, it would do more to demoralise the poor of London, and to foster hot-beds of crime, than any which human ingenuity—misdirected—could devise. Let the vagabondism and idleness of the country once clearly understand that, here in London, food and shelter and warmth are to be found without labour, and the metropolis will soon be inundated with applicants for relief upon such easy terms. By all means let each of us give, and give freely, from our own abundance to the necessities of the poor whom we know to be deserving of such sympathy and assistance.

As soon as any one departs from this plain and obvious course of giving charitable aid *only* in cases which he knows to be deserving of relief, the chances are that he is doing not good, but harm, to the individual, and inflicting incalculable harm upon the community. It is not of course necessary that all of us, engaged as we are in occupations which exhaust all our energies, and absorb our whole attention, should convert ourselves into district visitors. That is clearly impossible; but at least, before giving alms, we can satisfy ourselves that each case brought before us has been investigated by persons on whose intelligence and firmness we can place reliance. For this purpose small associations, if associations there must be, are better than large ones. Where the area of inquiry is limited, the conclusions arrived at are more satisfactory.

THE SILVER CORD.

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS.



CHAPTER XIV.

"SOME breakfast, at your earliest convenience, Mrs. Hawkesley," said her husband, who, in an exceedingly comfortable easy chair, was making himself master of the forty-eight columns of close reading, acquaintance with which has become the rule of daily life for every man who supposes himself to be civilised, and fit for intercourse with the world. Who says that this is not a reading age? Somebody who utters his thoughts without due consideration. A gentleman who fairly reads his newspaper every day, gets through, almost as matter of amusement, more study of condensed matter in a week than any *helluo librorum*, whose omnivorous digestion of books continues on record in servile biographies, ever could have performed in ten times that period. Let us stand up for ourselves, and not be overridden by the fabulists.

"Well, what is your hurry?" said his smiling and still handsome wife, *née* Beatrice Vernon, who had just come down, looking exceedingly fresh and cheerful, as the British matron should look in the mornings. That simple, ample dress, plain in its neatness, was expressly invented to complete the idea of home. It is a dress, mind, and not a wrap, or anything that means slipping down to breakfast anyhow, and attending to one's toilette afterwards, as the manner of some is.

"I'm never in a hurry, Betty, but look at the clock."

"The clock's wrong, and we were late last night, and we are half an hour earlier than yesterday, when you made no complaint, and I won't be called Betty," said Mrs. Hawkesley, pleading several matters, as the lawyers say, and giving her lord the tiniest blow on the ear as she passed him to her place at the table.

"Make the coffee good, and I will condone that assault," said Charles Hawkesley, "but not otherwise. There are some awful warnings to bad wives in to-day's accounts from the divorce court."

"There are no bad wives," replied Mrs. Hawkesley; "and if there are they are made so by their husbands. Is there anything interesting?"

"An earthquake in Java has destroyed several towns, and about ten thousand people."

"Nonsense about earthquakes—what do I care about earthquakes."

"If some people continue to increase in size as they are doing," said Mr. Hawkesley, with an affectation of mumbling to himself, "the subject may not be so uninteresting to some other persons, one of these days."

"It's a great story, and don't you be impertinent, sir. Mrs. Orbit says I am a great deal

slighter than I was six months ago. Will you have anything beside the eggs, dear?"

"Yes, a good many things; but I think I see nearly all that I shall want. I have at last taught you how a breakfast-table ought to look."

"You taught me, indeed," said his wife, with a toss of her head in pretended scorn. "Much you knew of the comforts of a proper table when you were a bachelor in chambers."

"Bachelors in chambers are not exactly starved and miserable wretches," said Charles Hawkesley, knowingly.

"Then they ought to be, selfish creatures. Is your coffee sweet enough, dear?"

"I don't know, madam—ask at a proper time, and not when one is skinning a Negg."

Do you want any more of this, or is the above enough to show that Charles and Beatrice Hawkesley were a pleasant, affectionate couple, exceedingly fond of one another, and by no means displeased with a world that smiled on them both?

"There is nothing in the paper, I suppose," said Mrs. Hawkesley.

"Well—you scorn my humble earthquake—let's see. Would you like to hear what Lord Palmerston says about the state of the continent?"

"Does he say that you are to take me to Baden-Baden this year? If he does, read it out by all means, and write an article saying that he is the best man that ever lived."

"No, he does not say that, so far as I see. In fact his words seem to imply that you ought not to go, for he speaks of probable disturbances, and even revolutions."

"The very things I want to see. I should like to see a revolution of all things in the world, so you write about lodgings for us, do you hear, sir?"

"To hear is to obey," said Hawkesley; "that is to say, we'll take it *ad arisanandum*."

"We'll take it in July," said handsome Mrs. Hawkesley.

"Very smart, dear. You must have been surreptitiously looking into my new comedy, and caught a taste of repartee. No, there is not sugar enough."

"Yes, I have been looking at it, and I like it very much, and we will spend some of the money you are to get for it on the trip to Baden."

"And suppose it is dee, dash, dee?"

"It will not be—it is capital, I tell you—and if it should be—it will show that you want change of air, to put more oxymel into your system."

"Oxymel," laughed the author. "I never heard that mentioned as good for comedies."

"Well, oxygen," said Mrs. Hawkesley. "It's all the same. When is the play to come out?"

"In a fortnight, or else it must stand over till next season, which I should prefer."

"But I should not. I hate keeping things back; and in your case I am sure that does not answer, for you think over them, and find fault, and fidget, and try to make them better, and who thanks you for your trouble?"

"An admiring posterity, my dear, directed by the intelligent critics of the twentieth century, will thank me. Think of that, and reverence the pale student wasting his health and the midnight oil."

"Pale student, indeed," said Beatrice, looking lovingly at her lord. "I should like to catch you looking pale, or wasting my oil either. You work a great deal too hard as it is."

"And so, round comes the argument to Baden-Baden again?" said Hawkesley.

"You know I don't mean that," said his wife, hastily touching his hand affectionately.

"My dear love!"

They understood one another perfectly well.

"Graissessac and Beziers" read Hawkesley, recurring to his *Times*, "is not that one of Urquhart's lines?"

"Yes," said his wife, eagerly, "No accident, I hope."

"A fall of an embankment—no particular harm done—but the line is stopped until the engineer can set all right again."

"Then I suppose that Robert will have to be there."

"He is there by this time, depend upon it, and driving the clod-compellers before him like frightened sheep."

"But what a bore for Bertha, that he has to be always running away to attend to something of that kind. Why doesn't he build churches and theatres, or something that would keep him in Paris with her, poor thing?"

"One reason, my dear, which may be as good as a dozen, is that he is a civil engineer and not an architect."

"I thought it was all the same," said Mrs. Hawkesley, who, be it at once stated, was a woman to be loved and honoured, for she never pretended to understand everything, and received every correction of her originally imperfect education with the frankest good-humour, and by virtue of that abstinence and that practice, became really far better informed than nineteen out of twenty of the regularly educated women of her acquaintance.

"But," said Hawkesley, "it occurs to me that you are compassionating Bertha upon a subject on which she may not particularly want your sympathies. One does not care to talk much on such matters; but I have told you that I think she manages to endure Robert's absences exceedingly well, and like a strong-minded woman, and not as a weak creature like yourself would bear mine, if I were called away to get up plays in Belgium or the South of France."

"Indeed, yes," said Beatrice. "I frankly tell you that I could not endure it. I want you to be with me, and hear all I have to say, and—well, after all, one's husband is meant to be one's companion, isn't he?"

"I believe there may have been some such intention, when the marriage relations were devised," said Charles Hawkesley, demurely, "but we have improved all that."

"I should like to catch you improving it," said Beatrice, pouring her husband his second cup of coffee, which by the way was as hot and as strong

as the first. "But what you say about Bertha is quite true, though I do not like to admit it even to myself. Charles, it is a dreadful thing to say of one's own sister—"

"Don't say it, dear. I will say it for you. Bertha does not care for Robert Urquhart any more than I care for — for that girl who just brought the plate."

"Do not go so far as that, dear. Honour, and respect, and regard him she must—how can she help it? But as for loving him, Charles, I don't believe that she does."

"I do not think that she has—shall I say sense enough, to know how worthy he is of her honour and regard."

"Charles, you never understood Bertha. She is a very clever girl—much cleverer than I am, for instance."

"My dear child," he replied, warily, "if you will raise a comparison, you force me to say what it seems absurd in a middle-aged husband to be saying to his wife at her breakfast table, namely, that she is not worthy to hold your shawl. But leaving you out of the question, I do not believe in her cleverness, and I utterly disbelieve in her heart."

"You have said that before, Charles, and I have always assured you that you do not understand her. Perhaps it is because you over-refine, and get too subtle about her character, and perhaps you have heard so much about her from me, and have got prejudiced. You would judge her more fairly if she were more a stranger."

"We do not see a great deal of her."

"No, but I have told you so much, such heaps of little things, and you have put them together in your own way, and made up a person out of them, just as baby sticks the puzzle together after his own fashion, and calls it 'all wite.'"

"Well, if I am no nearer all right than baby, so much the better for Bertha and Robert," said Hawkesley; "but I am not shaken in my conviction at present. But we agree upon the most important point."

"I am sorry to say that we do, Charles."

"I think he loves her."

"As intensely as ever, Charles, that I am certain of. He is one of those men whose feelings are not easily detected, but I have no more doubt of that proud, cold, stern man's loving Bertha than I have of —"

"Of this proud, cold, stern man's loving Bertha."

"No," said Mrs. Hawkesley, earnestly, and with something of a tear rising to her eyes, "I won't say that, Charles, because that is like taking an oath. That you love me I know, and if I were made to walk through fire, nothing could burn out that belief—that is part of me. But as far as I can be certain of anything else, I am certain of his affection for my sister."

"And where, dearest, is the intellect you speak of, when the woman is not proud of having inspired affection in such a man as Robert Urquhart?"

"Well, I think she is, at times," returned his wife, slowly.

"I don't think much of temporary sanity."

"And then he is not the man to invite a woman's affection."

"I thought that a sort of general invitation was included in a certain Service which you know of. But, to speak gravely, ought she not, as I say, to be so proud of such a husband, that if there be a certain crust or armour that seems to come between her and his heart, she should devote her whole life and love to the breaking through it, and becoming the wife of his trust as well as of his admiration and love?"

"We were brought up very carelessly, dear Charles, and perhaps we derived some odd notions from the books we read, and the people we were obliged to know."

"I forbid you to place yourself with Bertha, even when you are using a sister's best efforts to excuse her."

"Well, I do not, dear Charles; it would be affectation if I did. I have had a great advantage in having married—not very unhappily," she said, turning an arch and loving look towards him, "and when a woman has learned the lesson of real happiness, she can easily learn any other lesson of good. But Bertha's marriage, though, as you say, it is a grand one, cannot be called happy. It is of no use—at least, it is of no use for you and me to try and deceive ourselves about it."

"It ought to be happy, with such a man, so truly devoted to her, and every comfort of life about her."

"In saying that, dear, you talk like a man, and you think as men insist upon thinking about us, measuring us out our privileges by line and rule—"

"And giving capital measure. Come?"

"Capital. But we are not to be measured and fitted, poor creatures, in that way; and you must not insist on our opening debtor and creditor accounts with you, and being good because we ought to be good. You will often find the books very badly kept; not that we mean to cheat you, on the contrary; we delight to throw everything we have in the world into your hands, in exchange for a kind look, but we cannot be made to pay love merely because we owe it."

"A most singular and objectionable way of conducting one's affairs, Beatrice, dear. I could put it a little more severely—"

"But you shall not. You know what I mean. And perhaps it is that very feeling on Bertha's part that all the world is looking at her, and expecting her to be a model wife in return for the great things that have been done for her, that checks her from being as good as she might be."

"And you consider it an excuse for not doing one's duty, that one is expected to do it?"

"Women don't like to be expected to do anything. But do not suppose—of course you will not—that I am making the least excuse for Bertha. That is only my nonsense, or at least something that may go a little way to explain things, not to apologise for them. I only mean, dear, that if it had been Bertha's good fortune to have a husband of a gentler nature—"

"If I, for instance, had not previously been made prize of?"

"No—you would have had no patience with her caprices. How dare you smile like that? I have none, sir. No, but I think that a husband like Arthur would have made her a better wife."

"Arthur has chosen much better."

"Yes, I know you think Laura perfection. What a pity it was that she was too young for you."

"She was not. But do you think it a pity?"

"You know what I think. And I love you better for loving her, for she is a darling in word and in deed."

"What on earth does that mean?" said Charles Hawkesley, laughing. "I never heard such an unearthly arrangement of ideas. A darling in word and in deed."

"Be quiet," said Beatrice, smiling. "It is one of my pet phrases, and I won't have it found fault with. I know when you did not find fault with it."

"What—was I ever one?"

"No. But somebody was foolish enough to tell you so. And it is like your ingratitude to have forgotten it."

"I never forget anything. And I agree with you, that though it would have been rather throwing away Arthur Lygon to hand him over to a girl who wanted so much done to her head and her heart, he would perhaps have been more successful than Urquhart. But possibly, Bettina, we may be begging the question after all, and in secret Robert Urquhart and his wife may be devoted lovers, preserving their appearance of distance when before the world."

"There, now, that is another of your book-writing notions—don't be angry, darling, you write beautiful books, and you don't want me at this time of day to tell you I think so—but people do not do those things. I defy a couple of people to love one another, and not let the world see it. Why one look, or one tone, when they are off their guard, tells the whole story. I only wish I could recall to my memory any single thing of that kind in the house at Versailles."

"You easily might, for *we* were there for a fortnight."

"Don't be a goose."

"Very well. By the way, are Arthur and his wife coming here on Saturday?"

"Why should they come to an empty house?"

"Do you call that any kind of answer which a decent man is bound to take at his own table? What do you mean, woman?"

"I mean Burnham Beeches."

"Eh? O!"

"Now, you mean Burnham Beeches."

"No I do not. I mean to ask you whether your seriously purpose to take advantage of a promise wrung from a man who was hungering and thirsting for a cigar, and whose case, as it is generally believed, you had hidden away in order to extort an excursion?"

"Of course I do. We will go on Saturday, and we will stay on Sunday at Mr. Skindell's, go to church, dine quietly, and in the evening go on the water. And come—I will make the affair

perfect for you—I will go round presently and see whether Laura will come with us and bring Arthur."

"And bring Arthur! And we spent twenty millions in liberating the blacks. However, let us rattle our chains—do as you like."

"I knew Laura's name would be a charm."

"So it is, and—well remembered—here is another charm, which I will bestow upon you."

Beatrice joined her hands, and caught the trinket.

"How very pretty. An hour-glass, with a pair of wings. Oh, thanks. Did you buy it for me?"

"Of course not. I found it between the leaves of a book at the British Museum."

"Story. It's quite new. I thought perhaps that one of your actresses might have given it to you, in gratitude for writing her a good part."

"You retain very vague notions about the manners and customs of those artists. However, it was not given me by one of my actresses,—I found it in Cockspar Street."

"Nonsense!"

"Yes, indeed, and in company with a quantity of lovely coral, and behind a thick sheet of plate glass."

"It is very pretty; but you need not buy any more ornaments for me. I have got quite enough. A winged hour-glass! What does it mean?"

"It means," said the author rising, and getting to the door, "that the Hawkesleys, of Maida Hill, ought to have finished breakfast before eleven o'clock."

And he darted out of the room, followed by a merry threat and laugh.

CHAPTER XV.

IN company with Arthur Lygon, we will shortly leave Liphthwaite for a time. Brief as his sojourn there had been, it seemed to him that an age had elapsed since he left Gurdon Terrace, and hurried indeed were his preparations for departure, now that he had obtained, as he believed, a clue to his wife's hiding-place. The only process which he permitted to delay him was the taking leave of Clara, who looked very disconsolate at the idea of being left in the charge of Mrs. Berry, and who had, perhaps, apprehensions that the venomous old Aunt Empson might make her re-appearance when there was no papa present to protect his child. However, Mr. Lygon gave her the most consolatory promises of his speedy return for her, and of the gift of a certain vast and splendidly-furnished doll's house, once seen in a beatific vision in the Lowther Arcade, and up to that time a thing to be whispered about, not dreamed of as a possession. And, finally, the assurance that her mother would be greatly pleased by Clara's showing that she could conduct herself like a lady in the absence of her parents, completed the moral strengthening, and Miss Lygon, wiping her eyes, declared herself equal to the endurance proposed to her.

"I need hardly ask," said Arthur Lygon to Mr. and Mrs. Berry, "that not a word on the subject of Mrs. Lygon may be said to Clara until I return."

"Not a syllable," said Mr. Berry.

"Or until you write and desire that any such communication may be made," said Mrs. Berry.

"That is not probable, my dear Mrs. Berry," said Lygon.

"I am a slave to my promises," replied Mrs. Berry, "and therefore I prefer to have them properly guarded and fenced before I enter into them."

"Quite right," said Arthur, in no mood to discuss anything just then.

"I will drive you over to the station," said Mr. Berry. "The next train will be there in an hour and a half from this moment."

"I thought I saw that a train arrived in half an hour."

"It does not stop here."

"But it stops at Hareton, and I could get over there in the time."

"Impossible."

"That is an answer, from *you*," said Lygon, "but it is vexatious to have to throw away an hour when it may be so valuable at the other end of the journey."

"That thought should remind you of a more solemn one, Arthur," said Mrs. Berry, "and lead you to recollect the folly of throwing away one hour, when we are in health and strength, and having to look back upon such waste when we are on our dying beds."

The remark was unexceptionable, if not cheerful, and Mr. Lygon did not care to oppose it. Mr. Berry, however, made more allowance for his friend's feelings than his wife's, and observed, with some asperity:

"Oh, bother."

"Nay," said Arthur, "Mrs. Berry is perfectly right, and we do not always think of these things."

For he was so thankful for the revelation that had taken place, and for the removal of so much weight from his mind, that he could not speak with unkindness even towards a person whom he had hated, and to whom a sort of false reconciliation had not made him draw with any closeness of regard.

"Do not think of speaking in my behalf, Mr. Lygon," she said, with the wronged woman's look this time very strong upon her. "It is our duty to submit to insult. I might almost say that it is our privilege."

"Nobody thinks of insulting you, Marion," said Mr. Berry; "but you must own that when a man's mind is intensely set upon an object dear to his heart, that's a bad minute to select for preaching him a sermon on dying beds."

"When I became aware," said Mrs. Berry, mournfully, "that we are enjoined to watch until it shall be pleasant to our fellow-creatures to hear what we are commanded to tell them, I shall, I trust, obey the injunction. Meantime, I cannot but remember that we are to be instant in season and out of season."

"Yes, but you are always out of season," said her husband, irreverently, and in some irritation walking away from the breakfast-room, muttering something about ordering the chaise.

"Clara has promised to be an excessively good

girl while I am away, Mrs. Berry," said Arthur, taking the child's hand; "and she, like yourself, always keeps her promises."

"We will endeavour to aid her in fulfilling it, at all events," said Mrs. Berry, almost kindly. "We will not talk about being excessively good, because that would be a presumptuous expression; but we will endeavour to avoid such faults as guardianship and advice can save us from."

"It will not be for long, my pet," thought Arthur, after the excellent lady had paraded her dictionary words.

"And as for lessons," continued Mrs. Berry, "I dare say that we can contrive not to be retrograde."

"O, suppose we give her a holiday, Mrs. Berry; she will be less trouble to you, and I dare say that she will have no objection."

"I dare say not," said Mrs. Berry; "we are all unfortunately prone to prefer our pleasures to our duties. But the beautiful little hymn says:

That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.

Those are the words, Mr. Lygon. Every day. Not every day except the day when I happened to be in the country, and thought I should like to play about the garden."

"It says healthful play," said Clara, colouring. "Books, or works, or healthful play."

"So it does, little lady," said her papa, smiling. "You see that we have taught her something, Mrs. Berry."

"I fear that it is better not to know, than to use our knowledge wrongly," said the lady, who had for once been tripped up by the memory of the child, but who was satisfied with the mildest form of defence. But for something that was in Mrs. Berry's head just then, Clara might not have been the gainer in comfort by this little victory. Mrs. Berry, however, looked at her quite gently for Mrs. Berry, and continued, "Healthful play, my dear, means play at such hours as those who have the care of your health prescribe for your relaxation. We will not forget the play, but papa will also allow us to remember the work."

"Clara will do as she is bid," said Mr. Lygon, though not much pleased.

The hour passed, and Mr. Berry, who had kept himself out of the way, came in to say that the chaise would be at the gate in five minutes.

"Why not at the porch?" said Mrs. Berry.

"Because it will be at the gate," said her husband, doggedly. He was in anything but an amiable temper, and snapped this reply in a way quite unusual with the good-natured old gentleman.

"I regret that in Clara's presence such an example of politeness should be afforded," said Mrs. Berry to Lygon; "but she should know that big folks often do and say things which little folks must not imitate."

Her husband's glance at her was a downright savage one, almost evil.

"If Clara learns nothing worse in this house

but what she will learn from me, she will not come to much harm. I can't say as much for everybody."

Mrs. Berry perfectly comprehended the meaning, that did not lie on the surface, but smiled and said:

"Mr. Berry is very properly thinking of the servants, with whom it is objectionable that a very young person should hold much intercourse. But we will take care upon that point."

"Now, Lygon, if you are ready," said Mr. Berry, turning from the window.

"If I am ready! Adieu, my darling," and he pressed Clara to his heart and kissed her affectionately. "Farewell, Mrs. Berry; I will thank you for all your kindness when I return."

"That will be quite time enough," said Mrs. Berry, very graciously; "I would charge you with messages, but you will have enough to think about. Let us hear of you, and farewell!"

He went out, and Clara was following to have a last kiss, when Mrs. Berry called her back.

"Your papa has said good-bye to you, Clara."

The child stood still at command, but her little heart was overflowing, and she gazed very wistfully down towards the gate.

"Would you like to say one more good-bye?" said Mrs. Berry, quickly.

There was a "yes" in the swimming eyes suddenly turned upon the monitrix.

"Then, here," she said, taking a little Testament from the table, "run and give papa this, and tell him he is to read it on his way."

Clara fled away like a bird.

Berry was in the chaise, and Lygon's foot was upon the step, when the child, with her hair streaming in the wind, rushed to her father's side, and delivered the volume and the message. Lygon smiled, but could not be displeased with what once more brought his lips to his child's forehead, and in another minute the friends departed.

"What was the book?" said Mr. Berry, gruffly.

"The good one," replied Lygon.

Evidently the old gentleman had resolved to be displeased with everything in the world.

"I don't mean that she is worse than anybody else in the same line," said he, "but it is gross impertinence, in my opinion, to treat other people as if they were heathens. What right had my wife to assume that you had not got the book in your travelling bag?"

"Ah, well," said Arthur, deprecatingly, "all people have their own ways and usages, and no very great wrong is intended."

"That's not the question," said Mr. Berry.

They drove on in silence for a few minutes, and Berry then said,

"There."

Without another word he put an envelope into Arthur's hand. Lygon looked at him inquiringly.

"Why of course," said Berry, pettishly, "there's eighty pounds, in five-pound notes. You need not count 'em, they are all right, you may take my word for it."

"I was not going to count them."

"Then you ought to have been. A man is a

fool who takes money without counting it. Put 'em up, can't you. I would have given you gold, but I had only twenty sovereigns in the house. There they are in this bag. Take them, and don't lose the bag, if you can think of it. Get on, horse, will you."

And though the appeal to the animal's volition was gentle enough, the cut that immediately followed it was inconsistent as well as severe.

"Ah," said Arthur, "you think I might—"

"I don't think anything, but a man can do several things with an odd hundred pounds in his pocket, which he can't do without it. I say, did Mrs. Berry have any more talk with you after breakfast?"

"Only about Clara."

"Nothing else. Not a word about your present business?"

"Not a syllable. Why, did not Mrs. Berry promise that upon that subject she would not open her lips?"

"Lips. I hate the word 'lips.' It puts me in a rage."

Arthur looked at his companion in some astonishment.

"Yes; Mrs. Berry has been good enough to find time to justify the statement which, to my utter astounding, she made this morning. She told you that she had heard of your sorrow from my lips."

"Which was, I know, an untruth."

"It was nothing of the kind."

"What, you did tell her, then?"

"No."

"I don't, of course, understand."

"I should think not, and I should like to know who ever did understand a woman, especially when she grafts upon duplicity, which is natural to her, religion, which is not. Nice crabs come of that grafting, and this is one of them. She heard of the sorrow from my lips. It seems that when I woke in the morning—not that I had much sleep, thinking of your affairs—I said to myself, 'Poor Arthur.' She never spoke. I thought she was asleep. But there it was from my lips, and she has been asking me what I thought of a husband who dared, in the presence of a third party, to accuse his wife, unjustly, of a falsehood."

"Those two words were all that passed before my meeting Mrs. Berry?"

"All. And on those two words hangs her entire justification of what she said to you. These are the notions of people who give away Testaments. Never mind. There's the station, and, by Jove! yonder comes the train. Look alive, you've just time. All right! God bless you!—and Arthur, a word, if the train were upon us. Do nothing rashly. In, in, and get your ticket!"

Lygon saved the train, and was fortunate enough to catch the next for Folkestone.

It was not until he had been travelling for some time in this latter that he had completed his meditations on all that he had heard that crowded morning.

Later, and when on board the French boat, he put his hand into the pocket where lay the Testament he had received from the hand of his child.

Opening the volume, though in anything but a spirit of gratitude to the donor, he perceived a note addressed to himself, and found that it had been slightly gummed between two pages to prevent its being lost.

Tearing it out and open, he read :—

"I was forbidden to speak, but not to write. You have heard but half the truth. What most concerned yourself has been withheld."

This, in the book of comfort, given by the hand of his darling, was Mrs. Berry's parting blow.

(To be continued.)

NOTES ON BELLS.

F bells, it may be said that they are a subject eminently English. Rabelais, in his description of the "Ringing Island," has been supposed, by a variety of commentators (whose suggestions a variety of other commentators have indignantly repudiated), to have intended to typify England, whose bell ringing propensities have been proverbial from very old times. Be this as it may, the bell has always been a favourite vocalist in this country, and any details connected with its history or capabilities are likely to be welcome, unless "a good tale be marred in the telling." So, though "Great Ben of Westminster is mute," I will pass on to bells in general, and endeavour to catch a few historic notes as I listen to them tolling, or pealing, or violently rung, as they sometimes are by people of various dispositions.

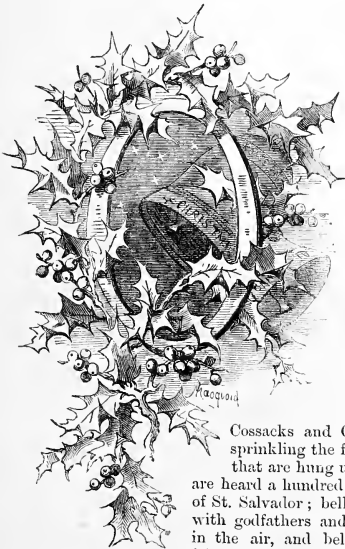
"Oh, the tintinnabulation of the bells—bells—bells!" from the Tsar Kolokol, or King of Bells, to the tiny bit of brass that tinkles in a baby's doll's-house: what countless shapes and sizes, what infinite concords and discords! Bells Pagan and bells Christian! huge monsters of bells that are rung by a congregation of unbelievers in Tartary, and which growl out their sounds as an elephant does when he is tortured; bells with great wooden clappers that are swayed by bearded

Cossacks and Calmucks, or happy clusters of bells, whose notes run sprinkling the frosty air as the sledge glides merrily over the snow; bells that are hung under a roof of cedar, as at the Bermudas, or bells which are heard a hundred miles away at sea, as they say was the case with the bells of St. Salvador; bells that have been duly baptised, exorcised, and provided with godfathers and godmothers who shall be responsible for their conduct in the air, and bells in and round whose metallic cups a whole troop of fairies seems to whirl and dance; bells utterly heathen, conceived and born

for the discomfort of all fine-nerved people, that ring us away from all that is pleasant; imprecatory college bells that hurry the "freshman" from his warm dreams and deep morning slumber; relentless railway bells that make us urge the cab-horse along the street, or which cut short our prandial efforts at the stations; fog-bells which sound desolately and with boding roar across the sea; fire-bells which seem to toss their torch-like sounds aloft like wild Maenades and startle a sleeping city; and bells which have garnered all the music of early summer into their throats, and ring us breezy recollections of lanes scented with hawthorn and roses and village sweetbriars, as we lean vacantly over the side of our becalmed vessel, or lie at full-length in our tent, so far away from England that we have even forgotten the day of the month.

The origin of bells, in connection with churches and divine worship, has been variously referred to the times of Constantine and of Paulinus of Nola. Be this, however, as it may, the first bell tower on record was built by Pope Adrian in front of St. Peter's at Rome. Southey somewhere says, that bells were not baptised under the idea of doing away with the original sin in the metal, for that nothing but recasting could effectually mend that. If not in their origin, in their use bells were always accounted sacred. The ancient Britons swore by them; and it is probable that Paulinus, who devoted himself to the composition of bells in the fourth century, was an estimable bishop. Bells, in those days, were better treated, and better made, apparently, than they are now. They had grand minster towers raised to receive them.

They were hung in lofty chambers, and had plenty of access to the air and the light. They were not left alone, as they frequently are now, in the company of jackdaws; but grave and musical old persons had the care of them, and kept the bell-chambers sweet and clean, so that beams of golden sunlight stole in through the wide windows, and slid down the walls, and even kissed the big sonorous lips. Abbots, in those days, did not think bell-founding beneath them. Many anxious days and nights were spent when a weighty bell had to be cast; its destiny was not entrusted to "a clerk of the works;" but a bishop, or a prior at least, watched over its safe ascent, and the whole neighbourhood repeated aves and paters in its behalf; godfathers and godmothers stood ready with a napkin for the christening, and when all



was duly done, and the magnificent infant gave forth a Christian voice, some oratorical person exclaimed:—"O blessed Tom or Peter! how dulcet are thy tones! How melodiously thou tinklest! How abundantly thou gratifiest the ear!" Then properly hoisted up in "the calm and serene air," and quite removed from the smoke and noise of neighbouring house-tops, a bell of the olden time led a noble and stately life; it felt the gloom or the radiance of the great passing cloud; its vibrations were supposed to ward off the storm and the thunder, and it heard strange news from the meteors and the stars. There was a fine sonorosity in the names of the old bells. Abbot Egelric of Croyland gave to his monastery seven great bells, of which Ingulphus tells us the names. They were Pega, Bega, Tatwin, Turketul, Betelin, Bartholomew, and Guthlac. The names of the bells of the Abbey of Osney have a softer sound:—Dounce, Clement, Austin, Haut-Clair, Gabriel, and John. Our later bells, if they are not continually appealing to the rate-payers and asking, with the bells of St. Martin's, "Who'll lend me five farthings?" are boastful, like the bell of St. Benet's, at Cambridge, which announces—
Of—all—the—bells—in—Benet—I—am—the—best,
And—yet—for—my—casting—the—parish—paid—least.

Occasionally, too, they neglect the rules of grammar, commemorating their author, as the third bell does at Himbleton, Worcestershire—

John Martin of Worcester he made wee—
Be it known to all that do we see.

The third bell at Calne makes a very singular economical communication—

Robert Forman collected the money for casting this bell
Of well-disposed persons, as I do you tell.

This is different from the tone of the great Roland at Ghent—

Mynen naam is Roland,
Als ik klep is er brand,
And als ik ring is er victorie in het land.
[My name is Roland,
When I toll there's a fire-brand,
And I ring when there's victory in the land.]

Guy of Rouen and Great Tom of Oxford do not speak with "bated breath," the first making "a lusty boom" and ringing a challenge to any mortal who can take him down and weigh him; and the latter sounding "him bom" to the praise of St. Thomas and for the admonition of members of the University, in a punctual, moral, and very cogent manner. The old bells, for the most part, do not raise their clappers "to sound the good subscriber's praise," or implore, as per inscription, that Carolus Secundus or Georgius Quartus may have a long and happy reign, nor do they desire local or parochial prosperity, or "prosperity to the Church of England as in law established," or testify, as a bell at Alderton does, their belief in the Trinity and "the Worshipful Charles Goare, Esq.," nor do they ever advertise the gratifying circumstance that

John Taylor and Son
The best prize for church-bells won,
At the Great Ex-hi-bi-ti-on
In London, 1—8—5—and—1.

Yet, making due allowance for their date, they are far from being unchristian bells. The earliest of them bear simply the names of saints. "Sancta Anna," for instance, or "Sancte George," or "Gabriel." Inscribed on some of them we find the letters of the alphabet, or the founder's arms or initials, or, as on a bell at St. Mary's, Oxford, an effigy of Time in high relief with the half figure of a man in the dress of the period, and the appropriate inscription, "Keep tyme in anye case." Mr. Lukis mentions the curious, and, as it would seem, purely accidental, circumstance, "that the key-notes of the several peals in Oxford form nearly all the notes of the chromatic scale." From the harmony and beauty of its bells, England was once called "the ringing island,"—perhaps in distinction from the practice of the continent, where bells are only chimed or tolled. Durandus gives us the names of the monastic bells, and enables us easily to fill up the tones. "Squilla" rang in the refectory, "Cymbalum" sounded in the cloister, "Nola" tinkled in the choir, "Nolula" or "Duplex" chimed in the clock, "Campana" tolled in the belfry, "Signum" swung in the tower, "Tintinnabulum" summoned the monks into the dormitory, and the quick, petulant tones of Corrigiuncula were heard whenever it was necessary for the flesh of some peccant brother to have bestowed upon it a rather uncomfortable amount of "the discipline."

Wonderful, as an old chronicler relates, was the ringing in those days. "Fiebat mirabilis harmonia, erat tunc talis consonantia campanarum in Angliâ." Either from the amount of ringing and the potency of bells, or from some other occult cause, Englishmen of that time were comparatively free from evil spirits. The ringing of bells was accounted curative. The sound of Guthlac, Fuller tells us, was good for the headache. Nervous English folk now and then thought to remove bodily or mental ailments by pealing the bells. It was commonly said,

In Heaven angels sing,
On earth bells do ring.

"The curious do say," avers an ancient believer, "that the ringing of bells does exceedingly disturb spirits."

The psychological experience of Wynkyn de Worde enabled him to add a still stronger fact: "Evil spirits do doubt moche when they hear the bells ringen." The louder the passing-bell was rung, so much the better chance had a poor disembodied soul of escaping the grip of the foul fiend. Evil spirits were kept at bay by the potent and dulcet notes of the bell; and the wind favouring, and a prayerful and sufficiently stout ringer tolling, there was little probability of the soul's being made a prize of on its way to the celestial haven. There is a touching verisimilitude in that German print of Retsch, representing an old ringer in the belfry. The light of the sun, too low for the spectator to see, is glistening in through the western window, as the old man has dropped down on the rough bench, after ceasing the bell. Death has silently taken his place, and in another moment or two the dull slow vibrations will be

heard swinging away over the fading summer landscape.

Delicious ghosts of sound rise up from wooded hollows and sandy creeks, as we recall the legends connected with bells. Come unto the yellow sands, and the wind will blow as Ariel's song, in soft sad music from a sub-marine belfry. Listen, listen! Those are the old bells of Bosham, carried off, people say, by piratical Danes, and long ago lost under the waves: on a still evening they may be heard chiming in with the new bells. There are similar chimes which fishermen have heard in Cornwall, in Norfolk, and in Normandy; and a sadder peal on the shore near Bangor, whither a sacrilegious, money-loving bishop, who afterwards became blind, went down to see the five fair bells of his cathedral shipped off.

We like that brave old Teutonic bell which refused to toll a requiem for the soul of a wicked emperor, though it rang full inspired tones while a poor man was dying.

The Emperor heard but the sinner's knell,
For the poor man tolled the emperor's bell.

The Gothic and Merovingian bells had plenty of mettle and right noble humours. They resented neglect and ill-usage. To keep them quiet, it was necessary to ring or toll them gently every evening, otherwise they might have proved troublesome, and unseasonably disturbed the ears of a town. The great bell of Soissons, indignant at being carried away by Clotaire, began to ring so violently, that the warrior was glad to put it down, and got away as well as he could with his army. These bells were endued with great locomotive powers, for they could walk across the sea, or even fly in the air. Though the great bells were too large to be made pets of, there were certain portable bells which the clergy and laity of Ireland and Scotland held in high veneration: in fact, they swore by them; and we can readily believe that they were more afraid of swearing falsely on them than they were on the Gospels. In Armagh there was a blessed bell of such marvellous and sudorific virtue, that a dying person by merely placing his hand on it has been known, on the evidence of several anonymous persons, to be cured.

St. Columba had a bell called *Dia Diogheltus*—God's vengeance—which visited perjurers in some terrible and undescribed manner. As an extreme instance of what bells could do, we need only refer to the Inchcape rock, and the fate of the rover who destroyed the bell placed upon it by the abbot of Aberbrothok.

Winding under oaken shadows along the low grassy meadows of Kent, we hear from the grey minster the pleasant peal that Chaucer's pilgrims heard, which required twenty-four men to ring. Ringing round the banks of the Cherwell come the notes of the merry Christ Church bells. Along the reedy Cam we can fancy ourselves lean and threadbare students regaling our ears, after a lecture upon Porphyry and the comments of Averroes, with the music of Pope Calixtus's peal ringing from the belfry of King's College. Then comes "a most tuneable ring" of bells from Wiltshire and Somersetshire, the old bells of

Sherborne which haply Dunstan cast; those of Malmesbury, we fear, have long since disappeared, in spite of the warning epigraph,—

In Heaven's blest mansion he ne'er sets his feet
Who steals this bell from Aldhelm's sacred seat.

Wafted far away along the plain the wind brings us the sound of the old bell in Sarum, one of the finest ever cast. And tolling with heavy music for a royal soul we listen by the willowy Thames to the three great bells which King Edward III. hung in Westminster, "whose ringings, it was said, soured all the drink in the town." Crossing the sea, we hear carillons from the belfry of Bruges, which Longfellow has so aptly caught. Along the Rhine or the Danube still clang a hundred tongues of bells, "now a sermon and now a prayer."

We know of a venerable old abbey, that of Tewkesbury, whose chimes have condescended to a song of Moore's—"Believe me, if all those endearing young charms;" and Mr. Thackeray, who was recently at Antwerp, detected the chimes of that stately cathedral profanely indulging in the "Shadow Dance," from *Dinorah*.

Sepulchurally sound the bells of Palermo and Paris, summoning thousands of souls to heaven or hell. There are the Exchange bells which rung of themselves in the great fire, and chimed, "There is no luck about the house." And that fine sympathetic bell of Trim, which they say became cracked on the day the great Duke died, has never uttered a true note since.

Latimer, in one of his sermons, tells even a sadder circumstance. "I heard," says he, "of a bishop of England that went on a visitation, and as it was the custom, when the bishop should come and be rung into the town, the great bell's clapper was fallen down and broken, so that the bishop could not be rung into the town. There was a great matter made of this, and the chiefs of the parish were much blamed for it in visitation. The bishop was somewhat quick into them, and signified that he was much offended.

"They made their answers, and excused themselves as well as they could. 'It was a chance,' said they, 'that the clapper broke, and we could not get it mended by-and-by; we must tarry till we can have it done; it shall be mended shortly as may be.' Among other men one was wiser than the rest, and he comes here to the bishop. 'Why, my lord,' saith he, 'doth your lordship make so great a matter of the bell, which breaketh its clapper! Here is a bell,' said he, and pointed to the pulpit, 'that hath lacked a clapper for twenty year. We have a parson that fetcheth out of this benefice fifty pounds a year, but we never see or hear him.'"

Truly there is significance in the sounds of bells, and some significance even in their silence. But never are their notes more universally significant than on a certain day, now near at hand, when, according to the old carol,

All the angels in Heaven shall sing
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
And all the bells on earth shall ring
On Christmas Day in the morning!

T. B.

FAIR AND FALSE.



THERE was a tender beauty in her face,
A smile like magic,
A mystic light within her soft dark eyes,
Half gay—half tragic;
As if the better angel of her life
At times were grieving,
To find that one so fair and young could be
Ever deceiving.

For, shame to tell! she trifled with *two* hearts,
With both coquetting,
And so I tore her image from my breast,
My love forgetting.
Yet blame not *all* because deceit lay shrined
In heart so youthful;
For *one* false woman, trust me, you will find
TEN THOUSAND truthful! B. S. MONTGOMERY.



SAM BENTLEY'S CHRISTMAS.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN SUSAN MOORE determined not to be dependent on her sister, but to find some employment by which she might earn her own livelihood, her thoughts turned instinctively to the scenes of her childhood. She had decided on leaving home from an exaggerated feeling of the difficulties which her

sister had to contend with, a sense of the wrong of relying upon her for any help, a long smouldering dislike to the rude notice which was bestowed upon her in the streets, and an irrepressible longing to be again in the neighbourhood of her earlier and happier days. She knew that there labour was always in demand, that in many instances the children, and not the parents, were the bread-

winner and supporters of the household, and to her excited imagination the hearts of the dwellers there were warmer, and their lives more orderly, than those around her. She therefore determined to go to Yorkshire. She had no settled plan of action, nor even any clear notion of what she would do when she arrived there. She would be among friends or acquaintances, for she was sure that all the old neighbours could not have forgotten the family, and if all else failed there was the factory. By the disposal of all such articles as she could possibly dispense with, she raised the sum required for taking her down.

Towards the end of August, after a long and tedious journey, as the sun was drawing westwards—its bright, dazzling rays shining on her face as she looked out anxiously from the narrow window of a third-class carriage, she began to recognise the scenes by which she passed. On her left were the bleak heights, pitted with quarry-holes and scarred with heaped-up clearings and stone-dressings, beyond which was Idle; down in the valley was the inky and torpid canal; and then a sudden turn, and on the right—seen for a minute between two brown hills—was the vale which led to Shipley, and then the dark-blue, dye-polluted brook, the steep narrow bridge, the clustering factories, and beyond them, hills dotted with grey-stone houses, and with mills blackened with smoke. To one coming from an agricultural district the scene might be displeasing and suggestive only of bustle, smoke, and dirt, but to her it spoke of home. The affections of her childhood shed a charm over it, and dimly in her poetic heart were hintings that in it was a manifestation of the glory of labour, and of the multitudinous sorrows and joys of the tens of thousands of busy, industrious fellow-creatures who had transformed the old wastes into new things of wealth and power. A few minutes more rapid travelling between long, dull warehouses, round the doors of which were white cotton flakes and tufts of scattered wool; past the corners of jutting mills; beneath the many bridges which flew past with a sudden shriek; by dilapidated cottages; alongside a dusty road, thronged with wool-laden drays, and busy crowds hurrying home; beneath unsightly slopes of rubbish, with glimpses of pleasant villas and large mansions rising above the verdant fields and trim gardens which slope up towards Manningham, and then she was at her journey's end, and stood lonely in the noisy, bustling, and dingy Railway Station at Bradford.

She stood awhile, doubtful where to go; the firmness of her purpose shaken as the decisive moment arrived. For the first time she became aware of the vagueness of her intentions. She hesitated when it was too late for hesitation to avail her anything. She looked round in an impotent desire to see a familiar face. The place began to assume a cold, dispiriting appearance—to repel her—to tell her that she had no friends—no home. The hardness of the world and the difficulties of life began to be realities, and to damp her courage.

"I wish Julie was with me," was her sorrowful thought; "but I've begun, and must go on. I must weave out my piece, but it's a tangly web."

She walked slowly up the Station. A good-

tempered porter, who had been watching her, inquired if she had any luggage.

"No," replied she, and added to herself, "none but my own burden, and that I am afraid will be a sad load to get through with."

She passed through the open gates into the dusty, dirty, disorderly yard, turned up Kirkgate, looking vacantly at the objects she passed, but scarcely conscious of what she saw. As she passed the watchmaker's, near the Manor Market, she noticed that it was nearly seven o'clock. Night would soon come on, and she must get a lodging somewhere. She went slowly on till she came to the end of Westgate. Towards the outskirts of the town a relation of her father's used to live—she might still be there. Susan would go there. She reached the place, weary and faint. She went to the house. It was one of a long low row of dingy plain stone houses, along which ran an unpaved road with a causeway of hard flags, which, with the proverbial house-cleanliness of Yorkshire, were daily washed, scoured with light-coloured stone, and sprinkled with bright red sand. Her heart rose as she knocked at the door. When it was opened she had no need to make an inquiry, for she saw the familiar face of her relative—an elderly woman, with sharp, expressive features, piercing and suspicious eye, her mouth puckered at the corners, and telling of a strong will, and if not of selfishness, yet of self-care and self-esteem. She looked keenly at Susan, as the latter stood silent on the step, and she then sharply said, "Can't ye say what ye want?"

Susan was chilled with her manner, and at the moment wished she was back with her sister, and half turned away, when the woman said, in a most repelling tone,

"Is she deaf or demented? bothering one in this way. Who do ye want?" and then looking in her face and observing and misconstruing her palor and agitation, added, "there's no lad here, my lass, thou'st made a mistake."

The innuendo conveyed by these words was felt by Susan as expressing a reproach, and turning to the woman with tearful eyes, she looked her boldly in the face and said, "I don't want any lads. I'm come from London, and I thought my aunt would not have turned me away—but ye can't be Bessy Womersley, or ye would have known Susan Moore, your own brother's lass."

Mrs. Womersley sprang forwards, seized Susan by the arm, turned her face to the light, looked scrutinisingly at her, and then said, in a cool tone,

"I know thee now, lass. Come in."

Susan entered. Though it had been a hot, autumnal day, there was a blazing fire, and the hearth was heaped up with ashes and cinders.

"Tak' thy things off," said her aunt, as she left her and went towards the fire.

Susan obeyed, and then stood uncertain what next to do. Looking round, she saw that her aunt was examining the articles she took off.

"Is that bundle all thou's got?" said her aunt, indicating by a nod the little bundle which Susan had brought.

"Yes, aunt."

Another nod showed that her aunt's attention had been drawn to Susan's mourning.

"Who's that black for?"

"My mother; she died a month ago."

"Humph. In London?"

"Yes."

"A happy thing for her. Folk should never cry for them that's dead, for its nubbint to the Elect going home with their wages when t'mill of this world loises." Then added, as she saw Susan's tears, "I expect thou will cry—it's a sign of the

Ungracions, which I 'spect thou'rt one on, so sit down and hav' it out."

Her aunt then went from her, and took no further notice of her, stirred up the fire, put on the kettle, cleared up the hearth, and prepared tea. When all was ready she called Susan, bade her bring a chair to the table, and then seating herself, poured out the tea without further invitation, and as though her visitor had for years formed part of her family.

Susan sat opposite her aunt; and as she partook



(See p. 711.)

of the substantial meal which had been so unceremoniously prepared for her, she saw that beneath the seeming coldness of her aunt's demeanour there was a hearty welcome and gladness, and could scarcely refrain from expressing her girlish delight at the large, well starched, and many-bordered muslin cap, the clean blue-and-white checked apron, and the clear healthy complexion of her aunt. As the hot tea, broiled ham, cake, and other piled-up viands which were pressed upon her, either silently or with the laconic invitation, "Reach to," renovated Susan's strength, she

began to feel at home, and to appreciate the kindness and affection which disdained to express themselves in words.

Her reflections were interrupted by her aunt saying to her,

"How long is thou goin' to stop?"

"Here, aunt, or in the town?"

"Altogether."

"Always—in one place or another. I'm come to get work."

Her aunt rested her elbow on the table, steadied her chin firmly on her hand, and bringing her

face almost close to Susan, exclaimed, "Bless the bairn, is there no work in Lun'on!"

"Aunt," replied Susan, "when my mother died, Julie had all to pay—had all to do. Whilst mother lived, I didn't go out. They would not let me. They said I was too young, and too—I don't know that I am, but they said—pretty. But I do think there's too little and too much work in London for girls like me. I knew sister could not leave her shop, and menfolk bothered me, and so I thought I'd come to my ain folk, and then Julie could not fret about me, and I could get work somehow, and be a trouble to nobody, and so I've come to you, and you must tell me what to do."

Her aunt listened attentively, but almost frowningly to her: then deliberately and slowly surveyed her from head to foot, and for the first time became aware how pretty her niece was. A clear, fair complexion almost white from fatigue and grief, an oval face with finely arched brow, bearing the indescribable impress of thought and pure feeling, her cheeks now, from agitation, flushing bright beneath the soft shadow of her long light brown hair, pensive meditative eyes; a face which once seen and noticed could never be forgotten, and having only one noticeable fault—the thinness and lightness of the eyebrows, which was rendered more conspicuous by the length and silkiness of the eyelashes; a tall, slim, symmetrical figure, and a voice deliciously sweet and metallic.

When Mrs. Womersley had finished her survey, she said, with a sigh, "Aye, thou'r't raight, lass. Thou'r't too bonnie to be let alone—too bonnie, I'm 'fraid, to be one of the Chosen, but may be not—we mun think about it—poor motherless bairn!" As she spoke, she got up, crossed to Susan, kissed her, and at the same time pushed her from her chair, saying, "We'll ha' no more chat to-night. Thou'r't tired, so come away to bed."

Next morning at breakfast it was decided by Mrs. Womersley that for a week Susan should be a visitor, and in all respects treated as such, and that at the end of the week she should ascertain what work she could do and could obtain.

The week was a pleasant holiday for Susan. She rambled about at her own will, uninterfered with, in the fields and woods. Fond of the rural scenes among which her childhood had been passed, she never wearied of her walks and of gathering the wild-flowers which seemed to her more beautiful than ever. After the first day, she noticed that, in her rambles, vary them as she would, she frequently met a young man, who, judging from his dress and deportment, was of considerable better position in the world than herself. Their meetings appeared to be accidental. There was nothing in his manner to suggest that they were intentional on his part, and yet Susan soon felt that they were. He scarcely looked at her, as she thought, as they passed; and yet their glances occasionally met, and he showed by his look that there was to him a pleasure in meeting her. She could not say that he followed her, though she knew that it was a certainty that she would meet him if she went out. She was half vexed and displeased at this, but still would have missed something if she had not seen him. Towards the

end of the week, as she was endeavouring, in a lonely field-walk, to reach a tuft of harebells which were growing beyond the ditch under a woodside, she saw him coming towards her. She at once desisted from her attempt, and walked hurriedly on. In a few minutes he came up to her, and when, as she thought, he was about to pass her, he suddenly paused and said, in a courteous and deferential manner,

"Don't think me rude. I have seen that you, like myself, are fond of wild-flowers—Will you accept these? They were gathered for you." He offered them as he spoke, and she, confused by his sudden address, and scarcely knowing that she did so, accepted them. He bowed, and bid her good morning, and walked on.

Her first impulse was to throw the flowers away. She was angry with herself that there should have been anything in her conduct or look which could have emboldened him to offer them to her. She stood in the path where he had left her, undecided whether to walk on or to return; she did the latter, still carrying the flowers. When her excitement subsided she noticed the beauty of the flowers, among which were many which were quite new to her, and which could therefore have been procured only by much searching and considerable walking. She thought she ought not to keep them, and yet they were too pretty to throw away. On examining them more closely she discovered that on the paper which was wrapped round the stems there was writing. She tore it off. On it were verses, addressed to her. This was an indignity—she threw the flowers on the ground, and passionately tore the paper, without reading, into fragments, which she flung into the grass. She walked on; her breast heaving with anger. After a while she stopped—turned back and walked to the place where the flowers lay, picked out a few and carried them home, saying, "They are so pretty." When at home she put them between the leaves of her Bible, repeating her words of self-excuse, "only because they are so pretty."

Next day—the last of the week—she again went out, but did not see him. She speculated much on the reason;—had he seen her throw the flowers away—was he ashamed of what he had done? Though she would not own it, she yet felt disappointed that she did not see him.

At the end of a week, Susan and her aunt endeavoured to find work for her. Dressmaking and plain sewing, to which she had been accustomed, could not be obtained without considerable waiting, and Susan was determined to go at once to work and rigorously fulfil her agreement with her aunt. At night she said she would go to the Factory until something better could be met with. There was then a great demand for "hands," and wages were good.

Mrs. Womersley did not disapprove of the decision. She was neither able nor willing to keep a young and able girl in idleness. The labour Susan was going to was honest, well remunerated, and such as the great majority of women in Mrs. Womersley's rank had, at one time or another, been practically acquainted with.

"They say," continued Susan, in explanation

of her plans, "there's a new mill by the canal—Bentley's—where I can be taken on at once. I shall try in the morning."

Her aunt was sitting right in front of the fire, her feet crossed and resting on the fender as she swayed herself backwards and forwards as if weighing opposing reasons or arguments. It was not until after a long pause that she replied, "Now, Susan, let us have a fair understandin'. So long as thou stops here, pays me what's agreed on, and's a good girl, thou'rt welcome; an' thou'll be a sort of company for me, an' I'll mak' thee comfortable; but if thou begin to stop out at nights—don't come raight home—goes wi' t'other lasses, or tak's up wi' a chap, then thou leaves me, there and then, for I know what it'll come to, and I won't ha' my door darkened wi' them that won't walk in th' raight way, or that begin to peep over t'wall down into t'other way. Dost thou understand me?"

"Yes. I will be like your own bairn, if you will let me; and you'll be my mother, won't you?"

As she said this, she went to her aunt and laid her hand on her arm. Her aunt pressed it closely, and without once looking away from the fire, said energetically, "I hope thou wilt. I shall watch thee. If thou does raight, as a young woman ought to do, thou'll cheer up my ould heart better nor wine or medicine; but if thou don't, thou'll be to me as that!" With a fierce gesture she dashed Susan's hand away, and starting up, shook off from her shoe the ashes which had dropped on it from the fire.

Susan was startled and astonished, and said, "Aunt, aunt, what is the matter?"

Mrs. Womersley walked up and down the room with a short quick step, put aside Susan who tried to cling to her, and then standing before her, said in a low voice, like that of one who is faint from inward wrestling, "I will, Susan, on the day thou deceive me—I will cast thee off, though it be not thy fault—though it ha' been predestinated for thee. Thou mun then go thy own gate, up to the moors and fells, or down into the pits, but no' by the green pastures. So, Susan, keep thyself from foolish ways, and thy foot fro' the scorner's walk."

Next morning Susan laid aside her mourning dress, and putting on a far-worn dark-coloured print, and folding, in factory-girl style, her grey shawl over her head, went to the new factory by the canal and obtained employment.

Through September and October, and on into November, she worked in cheerless routine. She was at first oppressed by the irksomeness and newness of the life she had entered on, and the unpleasant strangeness and boldness of her companions. On her first entering the factory her conversation had been free from the provincialisms or dialect of the district. At this the roisterous girls around her had giggled and sneered, and so, partly from a wish to be at peace, and partly from becoming daily accustomed to the speech of those around her, she soon assimilated her language to theirs. She knew that her aunt kept a strict watch upon her, for on more than one occasion when some ardent youth or potential overlooker,

unable to resist the attraction of her beauteous face, would insist upon walking with her, or waylay her as she returned home, her aunt had suddenly appeared and put them to flight.

She always, when she returned from work, found a tidy house, a cheerful fire, and a substantial meal. Her aunt was not unkind, but time seemed to develop more strongly her peculiarities, and these were as a separating barrier preventing full communion of thought or feelings. Her aunt was a member of one of the most thorough Calvinistic congregations, such as at that time were to be frequently met with in the rising towns and manufacturing villages of the West Riding. In no part of the kingdom were the doctrines of the Institutes more completely believed, and more uncompromisingly preached, undiluted by any modern sentiment. To Mrs. Womersley, as to the other members of this congregation (on the site of whose chapel now stands a German warehouse), there were but two classes of human beings—the Elect, who could not escape Heaven by any repugnancy they showed to Good, nor improve their hope of it by any abstinence from Evil, and the Non-elect, who could not avoid Hell though their lives were as pure as an angel's. She had had an assurance, and possessed a conviction, that she was among the Elect, but she was in grievous doubt—a very agony of doubt—lest her niece should be of the other class, and have been devoted, long before her birth, to perdition. These opinions and fears acting upon her naturally reserved disposition threw a coldness around the intercourse between the aunt and niece which robbed it of all enjoyment or hilarity. A laugh was never heard in her house, and a smile scarcely known. There was a gravity amounting almost to positive gloom always around the hearth. There was, it is true, with this a depth of feeling and even of affection which would, if the heart could have been read, have done much to reconcile the most impulsive and susceptible; but Susan could only at rare intervals catch a glimpse of this silver lining of the home-cloud, whilst its shadow was constantly on her heart. She longed for sympathy, for recreation, for something which should contrast with her daily drudgery, which should give an aim to her industry. The rigour of her aunt and the many dull and weary hours which were spent at home were often contrasted with the happiness of her first week, and put in dangerous juxtaposition with the attention and the undisguised interest of the Stranger, which she had then so strongly—and, as she now felt, too strongly—reprehended. A longing arose to see him again—a desire to hear, though but for a minute, a voice speaking to her in the tones of affection. Still she worked on, keeping resolutely to her aunt's instructions, and endeavouring to overcome all the annoyances of her present life by making her own thoughts and fancies the world of her pleasure and the sole sources of her happiness. One annoyance, however, she could not remove; on the contrary, it continued to increase. Her work-companions, the girls of the factory, were flippant, bold in speech, and lax in morals. It is well known in the neighbourhood that, at that time, the factory labourers of the town were sadly

deficient in all the purer feelings of womanhood, and were brazen in their expression of this deficiency. Susan was shocked with the language and conduct of those with whom she was forced to mix during work-hours, and unflinching in her determination to have no private acquaintance with them. This they resented and ascribed to pride and hypocrisy. They giped at her, taunted her, and coarsely told her that she was more cunning than they, perhaps looked higher, but was at heart like themselves.

Thus matters went on until the end of November, when, as Susan was returning one evening from the mill, a sudden and heavy shower drove her for shelter to the covered way which leads from the foot of Ivygate to the post-office. As she stood there waiting for the ceasing of the rain, she looked upon the open space in front of the Sun and Bowling-green hotels, which was dotted with stalls, noisy and chattering cabmen and troops of factory girls, who hurried across, unbattered, with gaily-coloured handkerchiefs or shawls drawn tight round their heads and tied below the chins, laughing merrily, chattering or singing as they clattered along the muddy roads. Girls of all ages and sizes, but all alike ready with a loud taunt or scoff at the peculiarities of any one who impeded their progress, and at bandying coarse jests with each other and with the "chaps" they met.

Others besides Susan sought shelter, and the place was soon crowded. She was anxious to reach home. She feared what her aunt would say if she were late—her clothes were already partly wet—she was chilled, and, besides this, she much disliked remaining out in the evening—her beauty attracted the idle and designing, and rude staring and bold remarks gave her pain. As she stood close to the entrance from the street, peering out for the first signs of the ceasing of the rain, a young man, who was passing by, caught sight of her face, and appeared to be struck with it, for after walking on a few yards he returned, and, putting down his umbrella, entered the passage. Susan instantly recognised him as the one whom she had met in her walks, and who had given her the flowers. He seemed to be in doubt, for, coming near her, he looked at her attentively for some time. She had on a plain dark brown cotton dress, which the wet had pressed close to her figure; over her head, and drawn round the lower part of her face, was a grey shawl, worn thin and threadbare, on which were specks of waste or "fluff," brought from the mill. It was a poor and ignoble setting of a beauteous picture; but from the sordid wrapping shone forth a lovely face which, though pinched with cold, worn with work, and paled with thought, was expressive of grace not to be surpassed. He started with joyful surprise as his doubts passed away, and, drawing close to her, emboldened by his discovery of her social position and the circumstances under which he found her, said abruptly:

"What! are you a factory girl after all?"

There was something in the tone and manner in which this question was put which jarred with Susan's cherished thoughts of the questioner, but as she had no wish to disguise for a moment her real position, she replied:

"I am, sir."

"Do you remember me?" was the next question.

"I do," replied Susan, without flinching, and without looking towards him, but steadily watching the rain.

He saw, however, that her cheek flushed, and that she nervously twitched her shawl more closely over her face, as though she would hide herself from observation.

"Do you live where you did—with Mrs. Womersley?"

Susan gave no answer. Her heart was beating fast. If her bold-faced fellow workers should come by—if her aunt were to see her—would they not misjudge her? Ought she not at once to bid him go? She could not—there was pleasure in listening to his voice.

He continued:

"If you do, you had better avail yourself of the help of this," holding up his umbrella, "as far as we go together."

She looked up to him with a timid but pleased look, as if to thank him for and to decline the proffered civility.

"Surely," he continued, "you may trust me so far." He saw she hesitated. "Come at once," he whispered, "you know not how much pleasure it gives me."

She went with him.

On the way he endeavoured to lead Susan into conversation, but she only replied to his questions in monosyllables. Her heart was too busy to yield words for her lips. She was with him. It was a pleasure which her cooler judgment condemned, and when they had gone a short distance down Westgate, she stopped, and said the rain was over. He showed her that it was falling in torrents. She then insisted that she needed no further help; that she would, she must go alone. Though her companion was evidently greatly disappointed, he did not press his services upon her when he found that she was in earnest, but said, "I have a friend living close by. I will not force myself upon you. Take the umbrella and go on, tho' I must say you misjudge me, as I am mistaken in you."

Susan would have refused the umbrella, but she feared that if she did he would follow her. As he gave her it, he had taken hold of her hand—he felt that she was trembling, and, looking at her, saw that she was much agitated, and that she glanced round on all sides, as if she were afraid of being seen. "Oh, sir," she cried, "do go—if you—go, sir, my aunt would never forgive me!"

"Can you remember where to take it to?" said he. "No, I see you are too much alarmed to remember anything. One moment." He took out a card, wrote on it, and gave it to her. She thrust it within her dress, and was hurrying away, when his hand laid on her arm stayed her. "I won't detain you, Susan. You see I know your name. You will not see me when you call at the address I've given you. I'm not afraid nor ashamed of being seen with you, if you are of being seen with me; I think, too much——"

With a sudden spring she freed herself from his

hold, and was gone before he could say, "Good night."

When Susan reached home, her aunt was sitting in her usual attitude and place before the fire.

"The rain has made me late," said Susan, going to the fire, and leaning on her aunt's chair.

"An' nought else? I thought I saw thee in Westgate?"

Susan cowered down on the hearth.

"Thou's brought his umbrella. Dost thou know who he is?"

"No, aunt; he would follow me. I got away as soon as I could. Indeed I did not want him. It was not my fault."

"Noa, it never is; it's nobody's fault, I knows that. But it's no matter." She swayed herself to and fro with her arms folded tightly on her breast. "The thing mun go on. It's no matter who picks t'shuttle if Satan lays t'web. No manner of cardin' can mak' burdocks into locks."

"Aunt, hear me—I'll tell you all."

"Noa, lass, tell me nought about it. There's no devil so handy as an excuse, an' noan wi' so long a tail. But rain or no rain, if thou tak's up wi' him again, thou mun bundle out o' here."

She leaned her head down on her knees, and Susan could hear, from stray expressions, that she was praying earnestly for relief against some fearful doubt. Susan waited awhile in silence, and then crept in the dark, hungry and faint, to bed.

She arose in the morning before daylight to go to her work. She was ill and unable to eat, but went out at the usual hour. She found in her pocket the card. On it was written: "For Mr. Henry Bentley," with an address. Turning the card over, she was surprised to find that it was one of her sister's. It recalled to her in her sorrow the dear sister to whom, week after week, she had neglected to write, and to whom her heart now turned with increased affection. She was perplexed at finding the card, and anxious to discover how it had come into the possession of Mr. Bentley, for such it seemed was his name, and to know if he was acquainted with her. This she must discover. She went at noon to the address he had given—a woolstapler's warehouse—but though now desirous to see him, she did not venture to inquire for him, but merely left what she brought, and went away disappointed.

During the afternoon she thought she might find out who he was from some of her fellow-workers. With this intention, she asked the girl next to her if she knew him. The answer was a loud giggle, and then her question was repeated to the next, who in like manner passed it on, so that in a few minutes it was known throughout the floor that Susan was asking after her man. She then saw the folly of what she had done, and to vindicate herself showed the card to her neighbour, and was about to give her an explanation, when it was snatched out of her hand, and her companion, reading the written address aloud, said, in a pert and meaning tone, "He's written down where she's to go for what she wants," and then, looking at the other side, burst into a scornful laugh, and added, "An' he goin' to mak' a fine lady on her, and send for clothes fro' Lun'on."

Susan had made the matter worse, and felt that whatever she might say it would be repeated, and distorted, and all would believe that she had met him clandestinely, and that her character must now be like that of the rest. Her cheeks burned with shame, but with a sudden effort she refrained from any further explanation or denial, knowing that it would not be believed, and would only expose her to further insults and ridicule. She must bear the reproach. That which she had endeavoured most strenuously to guard—her good name—would now be sullied by common talk. With an aching heart she went on with her work. After the first burst of merriment at the discovery was over, she might, if she had not been so deeply immersed in her own painful reflections, have noticed that those around her were now disposed to treat her with greater consideration. There was a feeling that the barrier which had separated her from them was now thrown down—the reproach which her reserve and womanliness had silently cast upon them, and which they had unconsciously owned in their tauntings and ill-will towards her, was now removed. She was as one of them, but only more clever. She had made a conquest greater than any of them could have expected, and, being so successful, deserved congratulation for having made so much of her charms. She was treated with more familiarity, but at the same time with greater respect. Her companion shortly came to her, and said, "Dost thou mean to say thou doesn't know who thy chap is?"

Susan remained silent, and the other went on: "Thou needn't be so pawky, lass, if thou has ta'en up wi' our master's nephew. Thou'll be turned off if it's fun' out, for Sam Bentley isn't the man to let his nephew gallivant with the like of us—an' I'll tell thee this"—waxing warm at Susan's indifference, "if thou gives us any more of thy airs, I'll tell Sam mysel' that Harry keeps company wi' thee."

Susan let her run on without interruption or reply. It was indifferent to her what was said. She was convinced that *he* would not disguise the truth, and that if the whole were fairly stated no blame could fall on her, but if it did, she could not parley with those who had so wrongfully condemned her. If she must suffer from the double loss of character and employment, she would suffer in silence. To one alone could she tell it—to her sister. She would write to her—irksome as the task would be—before anyone else could by a false account prejudice her. She saw how wilful she had been in leaving home, and the desire of her heart was to go to her sister—to be comforted by her, to learn to forget him, and to be at rest. Again her thoughts went back to the question, What knowledge had Henry Moore of Julia? how had he become possessed of the card? This she must ascertain, even if she had to see him again. This would be dangerous and painful, almost impossible to undergo if, in the meantime, he should hear the factory report, and believe that even in thought she could have deserved it. Then she recalled his looks, the tone of his voice, and his manner towards her, and was satisfied that hitherto he had respected her position, and must have approved of her conduct. She lived over again

and again the few minutes of their interview. He stood before her mental vision as distinctly as he had ever done before her bodily eyes. It was pleasant to dwell upon these pictures, but the pleasure was too sweet—it became painful. She sighed and endeavoured to dismiss the thought, but it would return—fancies would grow around it, her heart beat faster as she remembered him, and she could not but confess that he had, from the first, been dear to her; but what was she to him—what could she, the poor factory girl, ever be to him, the only nephew of the wealthy spinner?

A few evenings afterwards she unexpectedly met him near her home. When she saw him, she hesitated, and was about to stop. He saw this, and came up to her with a pleasant smile, and said "I am glad to meet you."

Susan hastily replied, "Let me thank you for your kindness, and permit me to ask you one question."

"A hundred, Susan, if you will, but let us walk on." He turned back with her.

"You gave me a card—do you know what was on it? I mean printed on it?" He shook his head, and she continued, "It was the address of a shop in London, kept by my sister."

"Your sister!" he exclaimed, with sudden interest.

"Yes. I want to know how you got it. Do you know her—have you seen her?"

He studied for a minute or two, and then replied, "Oh, I remember. It is one my uncle brought down in October. He had been at the shop, and something queer happened, but I don't know what."

Just as he had said this, two girls overtook them, looked back at him and Susan, and then gave a loud laugh. One shouted out, "There's modest Susan with her man. Let's know, Harry, when the fine things come down fro' Lun'on?"

Susan stood still, and could not look up. Henry was somewhat disconcerted, and, at the moment, inclined to suspect that Susan had been boasting of her connection with him. One look at her haggard and pain-stricken face dispelled the suspicion. He drew her arm within his, and led her on, saying, "Saucy, impudent sluts! they think all as bad as themselves."

Susan tried to free herself. "Leave me, leave me!" she repeated earnestly, though in scarcely more than a whisper. "Oh, sir, if you had never spoken to me, you would have spared me much."

"Is then my company so distasteful to you? Must I never see you again?"

"Never, never! They say—oh! I know not what they say, but it is more than I can bear."

She put her hand to her side, and Henry saw that she staggered. He held her up with his arm round her waist. They were then in the dark lane which led from Westgate to Mrs. Womersley's. No one was in sight. She hung heavily on his arm. He called her by name. He looked down at her face and felt that for him it was the loveliest that ever beautified the earth. He could not resist the impulse. He bent down in act to kiss her. As if divining his intention she started up, burst from him, and in a quivering voice ex-

claimed, "No, no, not from you, never!" and darted away. He was about to follow her, when immediately in front of him and between him and Susan, a woman came from one of the yards opening into the lane. He followed closely down on the opposite side, and at the first lamp discovered it was Mrs. Womersley. He then retraced his steps and went slowly homewards. The pale, beautiful face of Susan was before him all the way; the words and tone of her parting sentence rung unceasingly in his ears—"Not from you." It ought to have annoyed him, this strong emphasis on you. She would think less of it from any one else. Yet it did not annoy him—he could not tell how, and yet there seemed to be something pleasant in the very strength of the rejection—a something of hope for him, which he laid to his heart, for Susan was now to him the realisation of all his youthful dreams of beauty and happiness.

As Susan was opening her aunt's door on her return she was tapped on the shoulder, and on looking round saw her aunt had followed her. She had no time to speak, for her aunt thrust her back, unlocked the door, and then stood with arms akimbo on the threshold.

"Aunt," said Susan, "won't you let me in?"

"I'm no aunt to thee now, thou trash. I gav' thee fair warnin', an' I looked over it t' first time, but thou'rt as bad as t' rest. Don't speak to me!" raising her voice, and hurrying on with increased passion. "I saw it wi' my own eyes. I saw him cuddle thee an' kiss thee, thou unsaved sinner! Thou won't bide peaking. Thou never sets foot in this house again."

"Oh, you will not turn me out at night—only till morning."

"I do not turn thee out. A bargain's a bargain, an' I should be a liar if I brak' my word an' let thee in, an' thou'lt be as bad if thou brake thine. Thou hast turned thyself out. Go to him. Nay, nay, I won't ha' thee. The curse of God is on thee, an' will be on thy—"

"Stop!" screamed Susan. "You shall not say that. I may be foolish, but sinful I am not. If you can think that thought of me, I will not enter your house again. Good night."

She walked rapidly away. Her aunt stood at the door looking after her, wrapped her arms in her apron and folded them on her breast, and then walked after Susan to the top of the lane, and there listened until Susan's footsteps died away. She then slowly returned home, fastened her door, and took her old seat before the fire. She did not sit long. She rose and walked up and down, "tidying things." The few tridling articles belonging to Susan which she found she put carefully away, and, as she did so, furtively wiped her eyes, and then coughed vehemently as if to convince herself that the necessity for having done so arose entirely from physical causes. When she had no longer anything which she could set in order, she again seated herself.

The room was now almost dark, the fire having burnt down. "She's a bonnie lass," muttered she, "an' it wor pleasant to see her. But all her bonnie looks were wor nor the filthy rags of personal holiness. She's one of the lost I hav' little doubt, an' so it doesn't matter what becomes on

her. It wor no use gettin' to be fond on her when I had no ehance o' seein' her in the next place, an' so she's better goan. I dare say it wor a tempting o' the Bad One to mak' me mak' an idol on her, but I resisted him, an' now young Harry Bentley will hav' it all his own way. Nay, nay, not so! If he don't do t' raight thing by her, he shad suffer for't. I'll be to him as that other woman of God wor to Siserar. He shan't crow ower me nor mine. An' she be lost in t' next world, more cause to gi'e her some'at in this. Poor bairn, I'd hav' kep' her, but I fancied it wor a sin. God forgi'e me if I'm wrang, but no—I can't hev made a mistak'."

(To be continued.)

NUREMBERG.



N a summer so severe as the one which is now something more than past, the ardour for Alpine climbing flags, except in the very hardened tourist. Yet the long vacation and the recess of Parliament have to be bridged over, and travel of some sort must be accomplished. It is of importance, therefore, to find places in Europe where

one may be dry and yet interested; cities, for example, like Nuremberg, which, lying a little out of the main track, are, exactly in proportion to that deviation, less visited by summer pilgrims in their annual search after health and relaxation, or their flight from *ennui*.

Nuremberg, or Nürnberg, is far from being beautifully situated. Its *entourage* is flat. The level landscape, however, allows the tall spires of its churches to be seen from a distance, and, on a nearer approach, displays the towers which protect its wall, one hundred and twenty in number, as well as the castle, and the buildings of inferior height. Neither has Nuremberg, within, that picturesque crowding together of houses which is necessitated in many walled towns, and which imparts to Rouen such antique beauty and Prout-like effect. It is better to make these two preliminary remarks, lest when visited for the first time by those who think they know the appearance of the city well by report, a slight feeling of disappointment be felt, a hidden want, arising from the open and scattered plan of the town, compared with fancy's more romantic presentation. It is with architecture as it is with pears. There is an hour of perfect ripeness. After that is

attained, the fruit rots and drops—the building becomes a ruin—

“— whose only business is to perish.”

It is difficult to lay the finger on the exact line of demarcation, because none exists in reality.

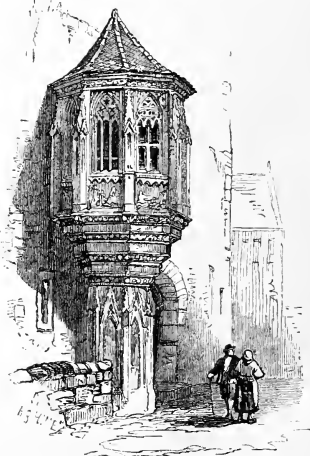


Dormer Window, Nuremberg.

Who, for instance, can say precisely when the imperceptibly increasing *emboupoint* ceases to add fuller beauty to woman? Who can tell the very measure of love, when—

“Altho' it could not live with less,
The heart would burst with more?”

We cannot decide theoretically, but we know intuitively; and, knowing, we desire to arrest that



Oriel Window, Nuremberg.

mellow stage of the pear, the abbey, the figure, and the affections, which is aesthetically the best.

Now it is the especial happiness of Nirmberg to have arrived at ripeness, and to have had the

agency of decay arrested. Time looks kindly on this dry Venice, and the shadow of his hand pauses on the dial of Ahaz. Venice has changed much in the last twenty years from the decay of buildings, the erection of new houses, and the introduction of railways. If, unhappily, it should be her fate to undergo a siege or bombardment in the approaching struggle, how will her remaining glories be quickly dispersed!

"Death seems to have forgotten us," said the younger of the two French octogenarians. "Kings have forgotten me," Nuremberg whispers. And truly the iconoclast has made a strange omission, and with an unwonted tenderness has spared both public and domestic architecture, and left them to their own calm decay.

It greatly redounds to the honour of the late King of Bavaria, that he did so much to prevent the inroads of modern Vandalism in this ancient city.

The same care is continued at the present moment in the conservation of this great memorial of past ages. The railway station is placed out of sight from the town, and, whilst it is excellently adapted to its proper purpose, it is made to harmonise and almost to sympathise in its careful architecture with the city to which it conducts. The journey hither from Frankfort, passing Würzburg and Bamberg, occupies nearly eight hours. There is a delay at the latter place of almost an hour—a stoppage too long for mere purposes of refreshment, whilst it does not afford time for the tourist to go up to the town and see its cathedral. The first part of the route produces a very agreeable impression of Bavaria, the old Hereynian forest clothing hill and dale for many miles, and pleasant villages and sun-inviting vineyards giving a changing interest to the journey. The scenery from Aschaffenberg to the tunnel at Laufach is particularly fine. The wide plain through which the Maine runs being reached, the beauty of the country is lost, only, however, to give place to pleasant anticipation, as the venerable spires of churches and the towers of the castle of Nuremberg begin to appear on the horizon. Then we ask ourselves whether we shall feel the usual disappointment which the first sight of a real object produces in displacing the image of it previously formed in the mind, and long cherished there. Will the houses be high enough, the streets sufficiently close, the stones properly crumbled, to identify the reality with our picture? In fact, will the peculiarities and beauties which we have heard for years to exist, be sufficiently compact and without interval to allow us to say at once, "Yes! this is the Nuremberg of our fancy's limning." With the majority of visitors, the response to such questions will be in the affirmative, as they drive through the gates into the town, and are immediately presented with gables and *tourelles*, oriels, and roofs rough with dormer-windows, sufficiently crowded together in this locality and unmixed with any modern buildings.

It is quite clear that the patrician and inferior burghers of this once proud and powerful free city had their dwellings built with a direct view to beauty; and used ornament, not as the humble handmaid of utility, but as an equal or a sister,

walking with her hand-in-hand. What, for example, led to the erection of such an oriel as that belonging to the house opposite St. Sebald's church, except an abstract love of the beautiful in art? It was the residence of the Nuremberg poet Pinzing, author of the "Theuerdank," and is now occupied by the pastor of the parish. His two fair daughters were sitting in their bower—"not unseem,"—as we scanned its outward enrichment of bas-relief and its interior vaulting; and they formed by no means an unpleasing feature in the picture. Ornament, indeed, appears to constitute a part of all the houses. Enrichment of form had become endemic in the city, and could not be omitted in the construction of public and private buildings. In the courts and galleries of the Rath-haus are many interesting specimens of carved wood, and we found almost the same patterns, having certainly the same date, in a second staircase of the antiquated but comfortable hotel, the Red Horse (Rother Ross). The house is indeed a good instance of a domestic building of the 15th century. Its corridors are decorated with numerous large pairs of deer's antlers. Its front is very plain and unattractive, but the house has the advantage of commanding a view of St. Sebald's church.

The river Regnitz, running through the city, divides it into two pretty equal parts or quarters; and these take their names respectively from the two great churches, St. Sebald's and St. Laurentz. The stream is spanned by numerous bridges, and is parted into two channels by an island, occupied by the Trüdel market, a sort of permanent fair, the stalls and booths of which seem innumerable. The market has existed there from ancient times; and, no doubt, the fluttering of its cheap ribbons, its toys, and comestibles, have from age to age drawn thither the same crowd of purchasers which frequents its rows and alleys at this day. Whether the wares were good we cannot say, but the prices of commodities struck us as decidedly moderate, and as if those inland chapmen had been universally seized with the determination "to meet the times." At other parts of the river's course high wooden houses overhang the water, and their picturesque fronts, reflected in the stream, show double, house and shadow.

Nuremberg has long possessed the distinction of being the great toy manufactory of Europe.* One feels surprised, therefore, at the small number of toys visible in the town. A single London street would make a greater display than the whole city. But thus it is with most things in which huge London comes into competition with other capitals; its proportions are so gigantic that it eclipses its competitors even in their own specialities. But Nuremberg has not confined its inventive reputation to toys. Its *eggs*, as the first watches were named, made it famous for ingenuity. Here was erected the first chain bridge. Playing-cards were invented, or at any rate made, here, in 1380. The first European paper-mill was set up here in 1590, perhaps to facilitate the card manufacture. The first cautions were *cast* in Nuremberg in 1356; the first wire-drawing machine set up in 1360; the first gunlocks made in 1517:

* See ONCE A WEEK, vol. i., p. 533.

the composition now called brass, was discovered here in 1550; the air-gun invented in 1560; and Denner produced the first clarinet in 1690.

For several centuries Nuremberg was an Imperial residence. Even now, the suite of rooms fitted up in the castle for the King of Bavaria, would not be a despicable residence for a monarch making short visits, without a large and costly retinue. In the Middle Ages, this important Free City was governed by an oligarchy; and a Council of eight seems to have lorded it over their fellow-townsmen, not without a spice of arrogance. Power and secrecy made them cruel; and the dark passages and chambers of the Rath-haus must often have listened to helpless and agonising

groans of prisoners subjected to torture, and afterwards consigned to the *Oubliettes*. Subterranean ways led from this same town-hall beyond the city walls, for the unobserved exit and entrance of the council, or of prisoners.

In walking through the town, denuded now of pride and power, rich only in memories and material relics, the visitor will be struck by a peculiar duality about it. Its two great churches have a considerable similarity. Each has two spires of equal height, and both have the peculiarity of the chancel being much higher than the nave. The churches belong to the Lutheran congregations; and owing to the great moderation which here marked the coming in of the Reformed



Street in Nuremberg.

Religion, altars, and roods, and triglyphs, niches and saints, and many of the other symbols of the Roman Catholic faith, remain untouched. The Roman communion occupy the Egidienkirche and the Frauenkirche: the latter possesses a magnificent west front and doorway, and near it, in the market place, stands The Beautiful Fountain, a high and elaborately carved cross, decorated with figures of the world's worthies, and supplying water to that quarter of the town. It is to be regretted that round this noticeable church there is a parasitic growth of shops and stalls, clinging to its lower walls, which detracts much from its beauty. It would require the strong file

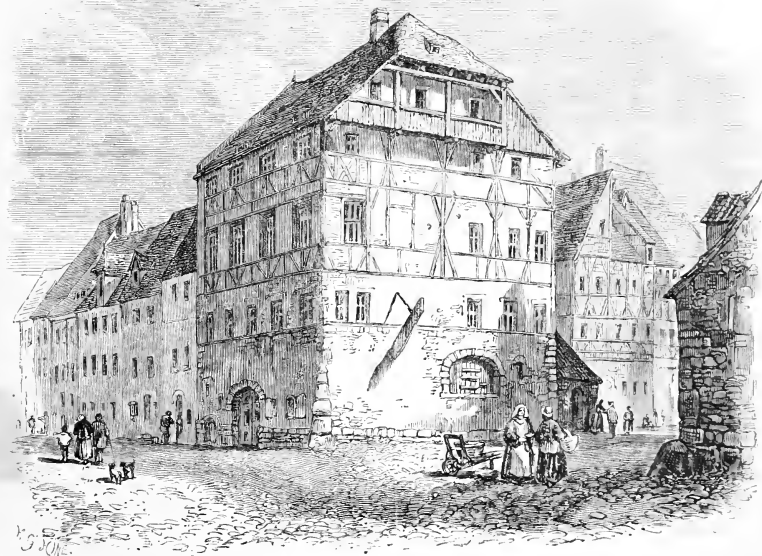
of public opinion to scrape away this rust of prescriptive rights.

The two great churches create a rivalry of interest in the visitor's mind. St. Laurentz, on the south side, is the larger, as well as the older edifice. It is particularly rich in its glass, and possesses the remarkable work of Adam Kraft, the Sacraments-Häuslein, a spiring canopy in stone, climbing upwards, as it were, against one of the pillars, and then gracefully bending its extreme point at the springing of the arch, like some tall grown plant that has reached the roof of a greenhouse. The same conceit is seen in the canopy of the pulpit in Antwerp Cathedral. Equal in

beauty, perhaps, though of less size, is St. Sebald's Church; and according to the principle of equality we have mentioned, it encloses Peter Vischer's Shrine of the Saint to whom the Church is dedicated, a design in bronze and silver, of elaborate workmanship and rare beauty. The outsides of these churches are adorned with carvings of Crucifixions, Assumptions, Marriages of the Virgin, &c., and the so-named Bride's door of St. Sebald's represents in the mouldings of either side the five wise and the five foolish virgins. There is a well-preserved specimen of A. Dürer in this church.

The Lutheran religion, which has appropriated these highly decorated edifices, as the hermit-crab ensconces itself in some rich voluted shell, is singu-

larly stiff and unornate. A marriage in St. Sebald's church illustrated this. A young soldier in his blue regimentals dragged in his betrothed by the hand. She was plainly dressed in black silk, with a black head-dress. The pastor, standing before the altar (on which, by the way, were lighted candles), had nothing white about him except his hands. On one side stood the presumable father-in-law, in sable suit, on the other a sexton or official, with a black funeral cloak reaching from the neck to the heels. No ring was given and received; the clergyman united his address and prayer in one unknecing speech, and then the husband dragged his bride into the outer world in the same manner as at their entrance.



House of Albert Dürer.

The Burg, or castle, and the Rath-haus are the two most important buildings of the secular order. The castle is highly irregular in design, conforming itself to a rock which forms part of the outline of the town, and it holds a commanding position. In its court-yard is a lime-tree which has seen out seven centuries. Its top has been lost, and its bole is plastered over to keep it from further decay. Round it have recently been set up four well-executed figures in bronze. Here, too, is a well, in depth 300 feet, and on which the garrison in the castle depend entirely for their supply of water. A chapel in the tower, of Transition-Norman style, and another chapel superimposed on it, the latter used by the Imperial occupant, are highly

interesting. The Rath-haus covers a large space. Its façade is in Renaissance, but it encloses the older hall of the city. Here the tendency of the place is seen,—always eminently conservative. This hall is a very fine room, and is adorned with some frescoes of A. Dürer and an imitator.

The most cherished names connected with Art in Nuremberg are those of Wohlgemuth, and his greater pupil, Albrecht Dürer; both painters, and the latter a carver in wood and stone besides. Dürer's house is carefully preserved, and though not handsome or interesting externally, is one of those lions which a visitor had better die than not go and see. The city also honours the name of Adam Kraft, a sculptor of great power and wonderful

diligence; Peter Vischer, who worked in metals; Hans Sachs, a cobbler and poet, who produced, *inter alia*, more plays than any writer except Lope de Vega; and who was consequently always going beyond his last; and Melchior Pfünzing, who sat in the pretty oriel at St. Sebald's, mentioned above, and wasted a good deal of time there (at least this is our opinion) in writing the long poem called "Theuerlank." Also is entitled to great praise the anonymous inventor of the Schöne Brunnen.

The churehyard of St. John's, outside the town must be visited, and the Dolorous Way leading thereto from the Pilate's House within the city. How Martin Ketzler travelled to Jerusalem twice to take measurements of the true Via Dolorosa, and employed Adam Kraft to execute the Stations, can be read in Murray. The way terminates in a Calvary, also the work of Kraft. Six of the Stations are in tolerable preservation, but somewhat weather-worn: others have been defaced or taken away.

St John's Church in the cemetery is a small and beautiful gothic building. In the burial-place are about 3,500 graves, covered by thick masses of stone, on most of which are bronze tablets, effigies and inscriptions, with dates and armorial distinctions; whilst wreaths of living flowers and of *immortelles* are plentifully strewn on the tombs. Some of the dates reach back 500 years. Among this crowd of dead lies Albert Dürer.

Visiting God's Acre on a September afternoon, and walking slowly back to the walled city, some impressions of tenderness stole into the heart. That city, which was once so "full of stirs," now quiet, still industrious, descended from its proud, defiant throne, stood there with its gates stretched wide,

"Open unto the fields and to the sky."

Age has, with hoar hairs, bestowed on it the greater blessing of a calm and peaceful decadence. It seems to have attained "the philosophic mind." Its children love it, and dwell with honest pride on the deeds of its manhood, the trophies of which are piled around. Let us hope that the great captains and conquerors of our own and of every future day will leave Nuremberg in its well-merited repose; and that

"—An old age serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,
May lead it to its grave." BERNI.

THE LEGEND OF THE REDBREAST.

- "There is a little bird, mamma,
Upon our holly-tree,
And with his twinkling great black eye
He looks so shy at me.
- "I love that little bird, mamma,
So gentle and so still,
To see him pluck the berries bright,
Between his slender bill.
- "That he is God's 'own bird,' mamma,
You very oft have said:
Why is his little eye so bright,
His little breast so red?"
- "It is a pretty tale, my child,
Come stand beside my knee,
And I will tell my little Kate
Red Robin's history.

"When Jesus for my little girl
And all his children died,
By wicked men unto the cross,
Nailed fast and crucified;

"There came a gentle little bird,
Who, with his efforts weak,
Pluck'd one from out the 'crown of thorns'
Within his tiny beak.

"And as he pull'd, the crimson stream,
The holiest and the best,
Flowing from where the thorn had been,
Stain'd Robin's downy breast:

"So ever when the snow comes round
To end the wintry year,
Perch'd high up on the holly-bough
The Redbreast warbles clear.

"No other songster on the spray
At Christmas time is heard;
But when the Saviour's birth we keep
We hear 'The Saviour's bird.'"

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

PUTTING UP THE CHRISTMAS.

WHAT mirth, what lightness of heart and harmless fun begin, when in every house the ensign of Old Christmas—dark green and vermilion—is set up amid sly jokes and merry laughter. We will lay a harmless wager that hid in that thick bough the misletoe peeps forth in a most convenient position for the due performance of the mystic rite attached to its worship. Why is it that the girls are always found thus feathering Cupid's darts behind the scenes in this flagrant manner? Ten to one but they will give their handiwork a wide berth in the most coquettish manner the moment that tiresome Charley or impudent Fred prepares to accept their invitation in the best possible spirit; and ten to one that before the dance is over, they will, by pure accident, of course, be passing close beneath its mirth-giving shade. Long may the holly flourish, and long may its bright red berries laugh from its midst, as fair hands and bright eyes weave them into pleasant man-traps.

Meantime the younger folk have been busy with the Christmas Trees. The children of the dark pine forest have of late been pressed into the service of Old Father Christmas. Torn from their bleak hill-sides, and abstracted from the monotonous long-drawn files of the nursery gardens, how they must be astonished to find themselves suddenly placed in the midst of a mob of bright-eyed children, laden to the very tips of their branches with sweets and packets, and burdened with the light of a hundred twinkling tapers.

But we elder ones also have our Christmas Tree on a larger scale. The great city decorates and lights up and holds out its million hands with presents suitable for the season. It is interesting to watch the slow degrees by which the advent of Old Father Christmas is made known. The grocer, for weeks before, makes preparations. His windows are burdened with hills of currants; a desert of brown sugar spreads away into the interior; there is an attempt at modelling the human form divine, in the shape of a man constructed of

dropsical-looking citron stuck upon two cinnamon legs. But art has penetrated even into the domain of the grocer in the shape of bombon cases from Paris, in which sweets to the taste are daintily wrapped up in sweets to the eye. The grocer is speedily followed by the bookseller. His window becomes a blaze of colour. By some mysterious process, every book that has failed to attract during the year is furbished up for the delectation of the laughing public at Christmas. It really is astonishing the number of articles which pushing tradesmen believe John Bull can be gulled into

purchasing at Christmas time. His pocket is supposed to be like the clown's at Astley's, into which every conceivable thing may be poked. One burglarious Christmas, we remember seeing in a shop window, a group of life-preservers flanked with blunderbusses, with a ticket underneath, inscribed "Presents suitable for the season." It is clear John Bull, when he has had a good dinner at this season, must go out into the streets and buy right and left, for the mere pleasure of bleeding a plethoric purse. As the great day approaches, the butcher's shop begins to be a centre of attraction.



We thought that the theory of turning good beef and mutton into so much suet had been exploded, but a walk about town during Christmas week convinces us that your jolly butcher is not going to give in to common sense quite so speedily.

But we must not pause at this season to pick holes in the "Roast Beef of Old England." Neither must we inquire too curiously into the quality of "fine old crusty port at 2s. 9d.," which goes to make merry the hearts of middle-class London.

Teetotalism at this season is moody, and refuses

to be comforted. Towards Christmas Day the pictures of "frightful examples" exhibited in the windows grow more exaggerated than ever; the drunkard beats his wife with tenfold violence; and we observe that the anatomical plate of the spirit-drinker's stomach is more than usually inflamed.

But we have no space for joking, nor inclination for controversy now; we have grounds of sympathy even with the toast-and-water moralist. Even he will help us to hang up the misletoe; and we wish him and all our readers a merry Christmas!

LAST WEEK.

THE intelligence from China which was published in London on Saturday last was satisfactory enough in a political sense. The march upon Peking, and the military occupation of that great city, which had been represented by certain of our public men as enterprises most dangerous, and difficult of accomplishment, have been actually achieved. The Emperor of China has fled to the northward, and has left our negotiators to deal with the municipal authorities of Peking in place of his own ministers. This is much as though Queen Victoria had fled to the Scotch Highlands, and left the Lord Mayor of London to settle matters with the leaders of an invading force which had actually succeeded in taking possession of the metropolis of the British empire. This last subterfuge in action will be of as little avail in the long run, as any of the diplomatic shifts and evasions which preceded it. It is the act of a debtor, who, instead of facing the impertunity of his creditor, runs away; or, if not this, it is as though a man should commit suicide in order to evade the chances of a fight. It seems that the Allied Armies must be content to occupy Peking throughout the winter—but at least we may comfort ourselves with the reflection that this can scarcely prove Sebastopol over again. This time we are within—not without—the walls of the city. There is shelter. The ordinary measures which have been taken by the Chinese themselves for victualling Peking during the winter will also suffice for the French and English troops. There is food, and for the same reasons clothing is also to be procured upon the spot. Reinforcements of men and additional supplies of the munitions of war will no doubt be forwarded without delay to the scene of action. Although the stormy seas of the north of China will scarcely admit, during the winter season, of the presence of a naval force in those waters, the basis of operations upon the coast appears to have been secured, and the communication between the sea-board and the capital is easy, is open, and is short.

There is, however, a very painful drawback to the satisfaction with which this intelligence would otherwise have been received. Six of our countrymen have been captured, not in war, nor in the course of warlike operations, by the Chinese, and as yet the fate of two is unknown. As we are precluded by considerations of space from discussing this subject in our present number, we will defer all remark upon it until next week. Indeed, sorrow and indignation at the possible murder of Captain Anderson and Mr. De Norman (if we are to credit the story brought back by the Sikhs), and our apprehensions for the fate of Captain Brabazon and Mr. Bowlby, to say nothing of the miserable story of the captivity

of Mr. Parkes and Mr. Loch, would scarcely permit an Englishman as yet to speak of these Chinese matters in a calm and temperate spirit. The facts themselves are but half known, and, as communicated thus far, they leave us a prey to all manner of perplexities. Under what circumstances did our countrymen surrender to the Tartar brute who commands the Chinese armies? Were they together at the time, and were they separated afterwards? or were they captured by twos and threes, and, separated from the first, did they endure apart their indignities or their fate? Of Mr. Parkes and Mr. Loch it is said that they do not know where the rest of the captives were; but suppose them still to be with San-ko-lin-sin's army, and whether in or out of Peking was unknown to them. From this we are rather inclined to infer that the six English captives had lost sight of each other before Mr. Parkes made his appeal to the Tartar general. Mr. Parkes could speak the language of the enemy; he could urge at once, with the energy of a man pleading for dear life, all the considerations of policy which entitled him and his companions to humane treatment, if appeals to the honour of the Tartar ruffian to allow them to return were in vain. If Mr. Parkes failed signally—if the only answer was a treatment at once contumelious and cruel—what hopes may we cherish as to the treatment of those who had not Mr. Parkes's facilities, but were left to combat in hopeless silence against the obduracy of their captors? We are told that two of them succumbed at last to the exhaustion inflicted on them by insufficient food, by lacerating bonds, and other inhuman tortures. We are left to our imagination to infer what the latter may have been, and to picture two of our countrymen sinking slowly, perhaps by the most atrocious cruelties, almost in reach of our triumphant forces. There is, however, a bare possibility, to which the "Times" adverts, that even they may be still living, and that the Sikhs may have brought us back a lying report. As regards Captain Brabazon and Mr. Bowlby, apparently nothing whatever is known. There is no reason why *they* may not be still in captivity at some distance from Peking; or, better hope still, they may have been already released, and we may learn this welcome intelligence by the next mail. The interest which attaches to their particular fate is the greater, from the entire obscurity in which it is hidden, and we feel on their behalf a deeper anxiety, because we can entertain a more reasonable hope. Encouraged by the "Letters from Head-quarters" which are now publishing at the very moment we are closing our third volume, we are rejoiced to hope yet, with some confidence, that they may eat their Christmas dinner with their comrades in Peking.

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Once a Week
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